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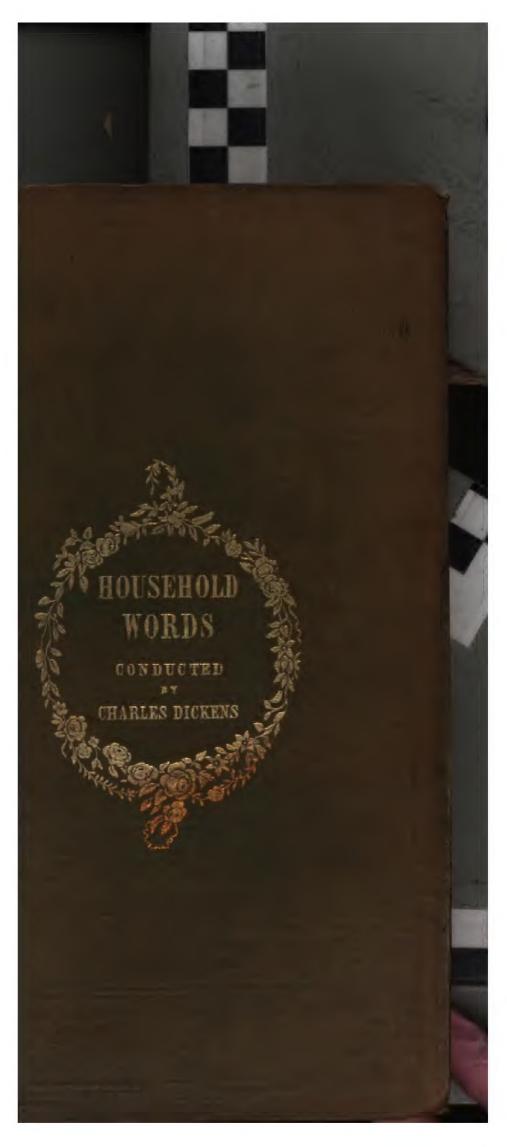
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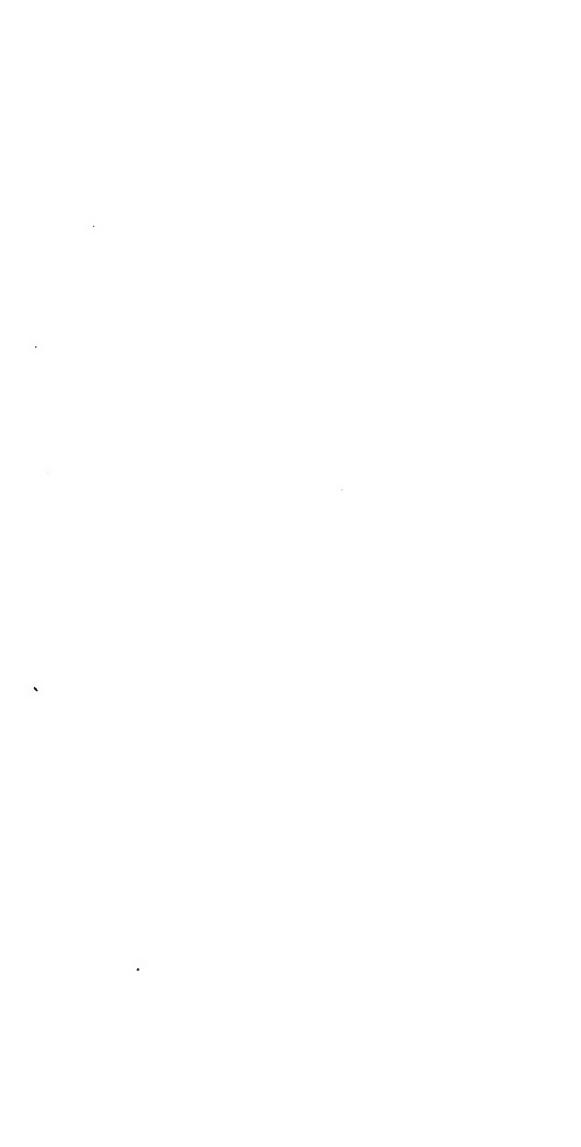
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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A Weekly Journal.

CONDUCTED BY

CHARLES DICKENS.

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-THE HOLLY-TREE INV-

The Bill .

The Extra Christmas Number-

WORDS. HOUSEHOLD

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Nº 280.7

SATURDAY, AUGUST 4, 1855.

THE GREAT BABY.

HAS it occurred to any of our readers that MAS it occurred to any of our readers that that is anrely an unsatisfactory state of society which presents, in the year eighteen hundred and litty-five, the spectacle of a committee of the People's representatives, pompously and publicly inquiring how the People shall be trusted with the liberty of retreshing themselves in humble taverns and tea-gardens on their day of rest? Does it appear to any one whom we now address, and who will pause here to reflect for a moment on the

one whom we how address, and who wan pause here to reflect for a moment on the question we put, that there is anything at all hamiliating and incongruous in the existence of such a body, and pursuit of such an enquiry, in this country, at this time of day? For ourselves, we will answer the question who can be attained. We feel indignantly ashumed of the thing as a national scandal. It would be merely contemptible, if it were not raised into importance by its shanderous aspersions of a hard-worked, havely-taxed, but good-humoured and most patient people, who have long deserved far heater treatment. In this green midsummer, here is a committee virtually enquiring whether the English can be regarded in any other light, and domestically ruled in any other light, and domestically ruled in any other muner, than as a gang of drunkara and disorderlies on a Police charge-sheet! ar a and disorderlies on a Police charge-sheet!
O my Lards and Gentlemen, my Lords and Gentlemen, have we got so very near Utopia after an long travelling together over the dark and murderous road of English history, that we have nothing else left to say and do to the people but this? Is there nothing abroad, nothing at home, nothing seen by us, nothing hidden from us, which points to higher and more generous things?

There are two public bodies remarkable for knowing nothing of the people, and for perpetually interfering to put them right. The one is the House of Commons; the other the Monomaniacs. Setween the Members and the Monomaniacs, the devoted People, quite

the Monomaniacs. Between the Members and the Monomaniacs, the devoted People, quite ut heard, get harried and worried to the last extramity. Everybody of ordinary sense, processing common sympathies with necessaries not their own, and common means of observation—Members and Monomaniacs are of contract excepted—has perceived for months that it manager that impossible that the

People could or would endure the inconveniences and deprivations, sought to be imposed upon them by the latest Sunday restrictions. We who write this, have again and again by word of mouth forewarned many scores both of Members and Monomaniaes, as we have heard

Members and Monomaniaes, as we have heard others forewarn them, that what they were in the densest ignorance allowing to be done, could not be borne. Members and Monomaniaes knew better, or cared nothing about it; and we all know the rest—to this time. Now, the Monomaniaes, being by their disease impelled to clamber upon platforms, and there squint horribly under the strong possession of an unbalanced idea, will of course be out of reason and go wrong. But, why the Members should yield to the Monomaniaes is another question. And why do they? Is it because the People is altogether an abstraction to them; a Great Baby, to be coaxed and chucked under the chin at eleccoaxed and chucked under the chin at elections, and frowned upon at quarter sessions, and stood in the corner on Sundays, and taken out to stare at the Queen's coach on holidays, and kept in school under the rod, generally speaking, from Monday morning to Saturday night? Is it because they have no other idea of the People than a big-headed Baby, now to be flattered and now to be seeded, now to be sung to and now to be seeded, now to be sung to and now to be kept in long clothes, and never under any circumstances to feel its legs and go about of itself? We take the liberty of replying, Yes.

And do the Members and Monomaniacs suppose that this is our discovery? Do they live in the shady belief that the object of their capricious dandling and punishing does not coaxed and chucked under the chin at elec-

reapricious dandling and punishing does not resentfully perceive that it is made a Great litaby of, and may not begin to kick thereat with legs that may do mischief?

In the first month of the existence of this

In the first month of the existence of this Journal, we called attention to a detachment of the Monomaniaes, who, under the name of jail-chaplains, had taken possession of the prisons, and were clearly offering premiums to vice, promoting hypocrisy and making models of dangerous scoundrels.* They had their way, and the Members backed them; and now their Pets recruit the very worst class of

criminals known. The Great Baby, to whom this copy was set as a moral lesson, is supposed to be perfectly unimpressed by the real facts, and to be entirely ignorant of them. So, down at Westminster, night after night, the Right Honourable Gentleman the Member for Somewhere, and the Honourable Contle-man the Member for Somewherelse, badger one another, to the infinite delight of their adherents in the cockpit; and when the Prime Minister has released his noble bosom of its personal injuries, and has made his jokes and retorts for the evening, and made his jettes and retorts for the evening, and has said little and done less, he winds up with a standard form of words respecting the vigorous prosecution of the war, and a just and honourable peace, which are espe-cially let off upon the Great Baby; which Baby is always supposed never to have heard before; and which it is understood to be a part of Baby's the Member for Somewhere, and the Member for Somewherelse, and the Noble Lord, and all the rest of that Honourable House, go home to bed, really persuaded that the Great Baby has been talked to sleep!

Let us see how the unfortunate Baby is addressed and dealt with, in the inquiry concerning his Sunday eatings and drink ings -as wild as a nursery thyme, and as in-

conclusive as Bedlam.

The Great Baby is put upon his trial. mighty noise of creaking boots is heard in an outer passage. O good gracious, here's an official personage! Here's a solemn witness! Mr. Gamp, we believe you have been a dry-nurse to the Great baby for some years? Yes, I have—Intimately acquainted with his character? Intimately acquainted. -As a police magistrate, Mr. Gamp? As a police magistrate. (Sensation.)—Pray, Mr. Gamp, would you allow a working man, a small tradesman, clerk, or the like to go to Hampstend or to Hampton Court at his own convenience on a Sunday, with his family, and there to be at liberty to regale himself and them, in a tavern where he could buy a pot of beer and a glass of gin-and-water? I would on no account conceder I would on no account concede that permission to any person.—Will you be so kind as to state why. Mr. Gamp! Willingly. Because I have presided for many years at the Bo-Peop police office, and have seen a great deal of drunkenness there. A large unjocity of the Bo-Peep charges are charges against persons of the lowest class, of having been found drunk and incapable of taking care of themselves.—Will you instance a case, Mr. Gamp? I will instance the case of Sloggins.—Was that a man with a broken nose, a black eye, and a bull-dog! Precisely so.—Was Sloggins frequently the subject of such a charge? Continually I may say, that a charge? Constantly.—Especially on Monday.—And therefore would shut the public-houses, and particularly the suburban public-houses, against is situated, abuts upon the fields. As I stand

the free access of working-people on Sunday! Most decidedly so. (Mr. Gamp retires,

much complimented.)

Naughty Baby, attend to the Reverend
Single Swallow! Mr. Swallow, you have
been much in the confidence of thieves and I have the hapmiscellaneous miscreants ! piness to believe that they have made me the unworthy depository of their unbounded conindence.— Have they usually confessed to you that they have been in the habit of getting drunk? Not drunk; upon that point? I wish to explain. Their ingenuous expression has generally been, "Tushy."—But those are convertible terms? I apprehend they are; still, as gushing freely from a peni-tent breast, I am weak enough to wish to tent breast, I am weak enough in significant stipulate for lushy; I pray you bear with me.—Have you reason. Mr. Swallow, to believe that excessive indulgence in "lush" lieve that excessive indulgence in "lu has been the cause of these men's crimes ! ves indeed. O yes!—Do you trace their offences to nothing else? They have always told me, that they themselves traced them to nothing else worth mentioning.—Are you acquainted with a man named Sloggins? O yes! I have the truest affection for Sloggins .- Has be made any contidence to you that you feel justified in disclosing, bearing on this subject of becoming lushy ! Sloggius, when in solitary confinement, informed every morning for eight months, always with tears in his eyes, and uniformly at five minutes past eleven o'clock, that he attributed his imprisonment to his having partaken of rum-and-water at a licensed house of entertainment, called (I use his own words) The Wity Tarrier. He never ceased to recommend that the landbord handledy young family nother and the landlady, young family, potboy, and the whole of the frequenters of that establishment, should be taken up.—Did you recommend Sloggins for a commutation of his term, on a ticket of leave? I did,-Where is now ! I believe he is in Newgate now .- Do you know what for ? Not of my own know-ledge, but I have heard that he got into trouble through having been weakly tempted into the folly of garotting a market gardener.

Where was he taken for time last offence of
At The Wiry Tarrier, on a Sunday.—It is
unnecessary to ask you, Mr. Single Swallow,
whether you therefore recommend the closing of all public-houses on a Sunday ?

unnece Bad Baby, fold your hands and listen to the Reverend Temple Pharisee, who will step out of his carriage at the Committee Door to give you a character that will rather astonish you. Mr Temple Pharisee, you are the incumbent of the extensive rectory of Camel-cum-Needle's-cyc? I am.—Will you

in the pulpit, I can actually see the people, through the sade windows of the building (when the heat of the weather renders it necessary to have them open), walking. I have, on some occasions, heard them laughhave, on some occasions, name curate's earsing. Whistling has reached my curate's ears (he is an industrious and well-meaning young man), but I cannot say I have heard it myself.—Is your church well frequented? I have no reason to complain of Pew-portion of my flock, who are eminently respectable; but, the Free Seats are comparatively deserted; which is the more emphatically deplorable, as there are not many of them. -Is there a Railway near the church? I regret to state that there is, and that I I regret to state that there is, and that I hear the rush of the trains, even while I am preaching.—Do you mean to say that they do not slacken speed for your preaching! Not in the least.—Is there anything else near the church, to which you would call the Comchurch, to which you would call the Com-mittee's attention? At the distance of a mile and a half and three rods (for my clerk has measured it by my direction), there is a common public house with tea-gardens, called The Glimpse of Green. In fine weather these gardens are filled with people on a Sunday evening. Frightful scenes take place there, Pipes are smoked; liquors mixed with hot water are drank; shrimps are esten; cockles water are drank; shrimps are esten; corkies are consumed; ten is swalled; ginger-beer is loudly exploded. Young women with their young men; voung men with their children; baskets, bundles little chaises, wieker-work perambulators, every species of low abouning tion, is to be observed there. As the evening class, in they all come strangling home tocloses in, they all come straggling home to-gether through the fields; and the vague sounds of merry conversation which then strike upon the ear, even at the further on I of my during room (eight-and-thirty feet by recenty seven), are most distressing. I consider Chapse of Green irreconsileable with one morality.—Have you heard of pick-acts resorting to this place? I have, I cleak informed me that his uncless by the rught, a marine store-dealer who went there to observe the depravity of the temple, in seal his pokethan ikerchiet when people, massed has pockethan Reference when as research home. Local ribaldry has represented but to be one of the persons who had their pockets picked at St. Paul's Cathedral on the last obtains when the Rishop of London preached there. I beg to deny this; I know those in lividuals very well, and they were people of condition.—Do the mass of h mabitants of your district work leard I the week ! I believe they do.—Early d late ! My curate reports so .- Are their ouses close and crowded! I believe they re .- Abolishing The Glimpse of Green, where only you recommend them to go on a San-as ! I whould say to church.—Where after thursh t Really, that is their affair; not

scalding to as at sight of the next witness, hanging his head and beating his breast. He was one of the great at drunkands in the world, he tells you. When he was drunk, he world, he tells you. When he was drunk, he was a very demon-and he never was sober. He never takes any strong drink now, and is as an angel of light. And because this man never could use without abuse; and because he imitated the Hymna or other obscene animal, in not knowing, in the ferocity of appetites, what Mobration was; therefore, O Big-headed Buby, you perceive that he must become as a standard for you; and for his buckshidings you shall be put in the corner evermore. Chost of John Bunyan, it is surely thou

who usherest into the Committee Room, the volunteer testilier, Mr. Monomunical Patriarch! Baby, a finger in each eye, and ashes from the nearest dusthin on your ashes from the nearest dustlin on your wretefied head, for it is all over with you now. Mr. Monom united Patriarch, have you paid great attention to drunkenness? Immense attention, unspeakable attention.—For how many years? Seventy years.—Mr. Monomaniaed Patriarch, have you ever been in White shape!? Mulious of times.—Did you

white shape I bit mone of times,—I'm con-ever shad tears over the access you have witnessed there! Oceans of tears.—Mr. Monomaniacal Patriarch, will you proceed with your testimony! Yes; I am the only man to be heard on the subject; I am the only men who knows anything about it. No counsaion with any other establishment; all others are impostors; I am the real original. Other men are said to have bushed into these places, and to have worked to raise them out of the Slough of Despond. Don't believe it. Nothing is genuine unless signed by me. I am the of Despond. Don't believe it. Nothing is genuine unless signed by me. I am the original fly with the little eye. Nobely ever mounted over the miseries and vices of the lowest of the low, but I. Nobely has ever been haunted by them, waking and skeeping, but I. Nobely would raise up the sunker wrotehes, but I. Nobely understands how to do it, but I.—Do you think the People ever really want any beer or liquor to drink? Certainly not. I know all about it, and I know they don't.—Do you think they ever

Certainly not. I know all about it, and I know they don't.—Do you think they ever ought to have any beer or liquor to drink? Certainly not. I know all about it, and I know they oughtn't.—Do you think they could suffer any inconvenience from having their beer and liquor entirely denied them? Certainly not. I know all about it, and I

know they couldn't True they couldn't

Tous, the Great Baby is dealt with from the beginning to the end of the chapter. It is supposed equally by the Members and by the Monogrammes to be incapable of put-ting This and That together, and of detecting the arbitrary nonsense of these monstrous deductions. That a whole people, a domestic, reasonable, considerate people, whose good-nature and good sense are the admiration of

certain to secure the affectionate esteem of such of their own countrymen as will have the even eatch a glimpse of these imposing anotherm.—that a whole people should be judged to be a most miserable among them, is a pranciple so shocking in its injustice, and so lunatic in its absurdity, that to entertain it for a moment is to exhibit profound ignorance of the remaining to the results of the control of the remaining to the rem a principle so shocking in its injustice, and so lunate in its absurdity, that to entertain it for a moment is to exhibit profound ignorance of the English mind and character. In Monomaniaes this may be of no great significance, but in Members it is alarming; for, if they cannot be brought to understand the People for whom they make laws, and if they so grievously under-rate them, how is it to be hoped that they, and the laws, and the

People, being such a bundle of anomalies, can possibly thrive together?

It is not necessary for us, or for any decent person to go to Westminster, or anywhere else, to make a flourish against intemperance. We abhor it; would have no drunkard about us, on any consideration; would thankfully see the child of our heart, dead in his baby beauty, rather than he should live and grow with the shadow of such a horror upon him. In the name of Heaven, let drunkards and ruffians restrain themselves and be restrained by all conceivable means-but, not govern, bind, and defame, the temperance, the industry. the rational wants and decent enjoyments of a whole toiling nation! We oppose those virtuous Malays who run a-muck out of the House of Peers or Exeter Hall, as much as those vicious Malays who run a muck out Sailors' lodging-houses in Rotherhithe. have a constitutional objection in both cases to being stabled in the back, and we claim that one kind of Monomaniae has no right than the other to gash and disfigure honest people going their peaceable way. Lastly, we humbly beg to assert and protest with all the vigour that is in us that the People is, in soher truth and reality, some-thing very considerably more than a Great Baby; that it has come to an age when it can distinguish sound from sense; that mere jingle, will not do for it; in a word, that the Great Baby is growing up, and had best be measured accordingly.

TWO DAYS IN RIO JANEIRO.

Ir there be one luxury in this world greater than another, it is that of coming to some fine tropical country after a dreary seavoyage; and if there be one sea-voyage more dreary and monotonous than another, it is that across the South Pacific from Australia round the Horn. A voyage into the Arctic regions may be more savagely cold, but it has more variety. You have, at least, bears, seals, ice-

stars, and clouds, by night.

With what delight, therefore, do you catch the first glimpse of land, as you advance into more genial latitudes. How airy and inviting look those mountain chains and peaks, that, at length, sever themselves from the delusive morkeries of cloudland, and firm and real in their azure distance, kindle your imagination with visions of new aspects of nature, and new forms of human life! How the sea changes under your prow from the intense blue of mid ocean to the green of shallower soundings; how bland breathes the air from land charged with spicy odours; how the naked tawny cliffs skirting the ocean grow and grow upon you, and the slender palms lift, here and there, solitarily, their leafy crowns into the clear air; assuring you that you are on the threshold of Indian lands, on the native shores of the palm, the cocoa, the about air, and the nine.

Plantain, and the pine.

There is no place that more frequently greets, in this cheering manner, the weary traversers of the ocean than Rio de Janeiro. There are none that are more calculated to delight them. A splendid climate, bright skies, a magnificent bay, the white walls and lofty towers of a great city, aurrounded by most picturesque mountains, by lovely villas, and plantations of plantain and banana, orange and cocoa-nut palm, and by a vegetation new and luxuriant, receive you from your sea-prison to all that is beautiful

and exhibitating.

The first point of land that we caught eight of was Cape Frio, a lofty bluff on which stood a light-house, and the white cottage of the keeper. As we drew nearer nothing could exceed the fineness of the approach to this capital of the Brazils. Bold ranges of mountains in extremely varied forms, and lovely islands studding the ocean at their feet, with palms showing themselves on their ridges, welcomed us to land, and made us think of the wonder and enthusiasm with which the first discoverers must have approached these shores. As we glided along on a splendid day, beautiful peeps of country at the feet of the hills, with villages, and soli-tary cottages, and country houses built in a quaint and antique style, raised every moment our desire for a further acquaintance with wariety. You have, at least, bears, seals, ice-bergs, and northern lights to vary your views; but the long five-thousand-mile track from Australia to the Horn has often none of these. Sometimes you are treated to a few icebergs slumbering, as it were, in a sublime isolation its very round form, and Raza, on which stands a lighthouse. The mountains, particularly on the city side, were extremely bold, and those on the very verge of the bay were strangely broken up, and, as it were, clustered together. Amongst these towered conspicuously the one called the Sugar-loaf from its smooth and conical form rising perpendicularly from the water nine hundred feet high. To all appearance its summit must be maccessible; yet not so, for we were informed that a party, including an English and an American lady, not long ago scaled it, carrying up a tent and all the requisites for a gay peene, and there spent not only a joyial day, but also passed the night. They had to be pulled up and let down by ropes in some places; but such matters are trifles to the mountain-climbing ladies of English blood or december.

descent.

These rocky hills on the margin of the bay are backed by much loftier ones, actual mountains, which are spurs of the mighty Andes, which ascend higher and higher towards the interior. High above them all towers the Corcovada, a huge square-headed mountainous cray, shooting up like some tower of the ancient Anakims, and the Gavia and their neighbouring heights look sublimely down on the noble bay of Nitherohy, or the Hidden Water. This range forms also a grand background to the city, and at its feet, some four miles beyond this, hes the emperor's palace of the bay are very fine, and near the entrance very hold too, having amongst them also a sagar-loaf. There are several forts, on the shores and on islands in the bay; the chief, Fort Santa Cruz, on the right hand as you enter, where all ships passing in or east are lailed, and required to give an account of themselves.

As you advance the city opens gradually upon you imposingly, stretching along the sacres, and crowning sundry hills, with its white-walled and recitiled houses, its churches, write, and the terraces; and the town of Power transle, or the trient Strand, on the option to shores, at a distance of several miles, on the street shores, at a distance of several miles, on the most enchanting panoramas in the of the most enchanting panoramas in the wood. At night, both Rio—or properly, St. Set 12 and—and Prain transle, are extremely seel lighted with gas, and the effect is to shore. Long circhag sweeps of lights, all apparently on an exact level, and at regular intervals, present the illuminated outlines of the towns on both sides of the bay. Above the restarble dottings, the illumination is chemical according as the streets and houses as each tree sides and crown the summits

By day, the eye wanders from the wondered group of cones, peaks, and broken emitted as hear the mouth of the bay, up to the lotty Corcovada; and thence, to the dense and the lone white.

stands a lighthouse. The mountains, partificates of public and private; buildings, inns, cularly on the city side, were extremely bold, hospitals, arsenals, academics, monasteries, and those on the very verge of the hay were and colleges of Jesuits, the domed towers of strangely broken up, and, as it were, clustered churches, intermingled with pleasant hills

haspitals, arsenals, academics, monasteries, and colleges of Jesuits, the domed towers of churches, intermingled with pleasant bills and deep-green masses of evergreen foliage. Rio is a city of two hundred thousand people, and presents a lively some of varied nationalities and costumes. Black, and white, and tawny faces vary the aspect of the throngs on the quays, the ample squares, and streets. Vessels of war, English, French, and American, lie off the town; further up a numerous assemblage of vessels of commerce and small craft shows itself behind the lse of Cobras. Steamers are communally plying across to Praia Grande, or downwards to Botabogo, whence gay music often sounds. Strong, active, merry-looking Africans, all slaves, but looking not a whit depressed by their slavery, pull your boat to the quay, where very moties groups surround you, and all sorts of cards are thrust into your bands by the touters of inns, and vendors of all imaginable things, from ships stores down to straw-hats and drapery, feather flowers and stuffed birds. Numbers of very blue cards offer you "wines, spirits, tobucco, cigars, soap, and grocenes of the best description." Others kindly invite you to the Hotel Pharoux, the Exchange Hotel, in the Rua Dueita, kept by your countrymen, Macdowall and Loader, and greatly frequented by the English merchants. Others entice you "to the Duck," and like genteel establishments.

Intending to make our way to the Hotel Pharoux, a large house facing the quay, and looking just like one of the great hotels on the Rhine, having its name blazoned in French, English, and Portuguese, along its front between numerous rows of windows, we found ourselves officiously attended by a waiter-looking personage, who on stepping on land, instantly, to our great astonishment, seized our hands in a most familiar manner and exclaimed, "How dye do! Glad to see you in Rio!" Preceded by this very amicable gentleman, we advanced into what we thought the Hotel Pharoux, but which turned out to be a shop, where our guide, with profound bows and most gracious smiles, begged us to survey his establishment, and honour his Magazine by an order. We made a rapid retreat, and perceiving a large French-looking stainase, at the back of the huge pile of building, ascended successfully into the mu-

Here we seemed at once transported to the European continent. There were the same groups of tables ready spread for lunching, or uning a la carte; the same sort of people seated at some of them; the same buz of conversation, in various languages, going on, the same French waiters, French dishes, French wines; the same half shabby, haif gentlemany host, paying no apparent attention to the guests, or the business of the house; and the same lady-like scanne houses.

and very brunette, seated at her bar, or desk, in the table-d'hôte moon, receiving and issuing orders, issuing bills, which looked astounding as calculated in ries and milries, and talking, not Portuguese, but French all the time.

Here we made a superb duner, enlivened by superb Chateau Margaux, and followed by superb bill, and then proceeded to arrange for the night; but now the prospect was not equally superb. We were assured that every om was occupied but one, and to obtain a glimpse of this, we followed a waiter along a number of great, desolate galleries and passages, up one pair of great stone stans, and down another, through a variety of rooms, in some of which ancient negrosses seemed to be getting up a wash, in others cooking appeared to be in progress; in one, an invalid negro man, with his head tied in a hundkerchief, was sitting on the floor; and in another, we surprised several young women, who, from dress and features, might have been sisters to the hostess. Herealittle plump black pudding had reared itself on end, and turned itself into a negro child, which came and, seizing one of our fingers, grinned merrily in our faces, showing a dazzling row of white teeth; and here a little white child in petticents, was playing with a cavi, or some such creature, about as big as a bare, and which our dog seemed very much inclined to treat as one. At length, after passing through various bed-rooms and bath-noems, we reached a large and lofty apartment, occupied with much lumber, and no beds at all, and with a very dusty, dirty floor. At this we shock our heads, but the waiter assured us that before night the lumber would be removed, and beds laid on the floor for us; and, probably for a great muny other gentlemen, as people arriving, must sleep somewhere. We thanked him for must sleep somewhere. his offer of such ample accommodation, and so much good company, and made our way to the Exchange Potel, where we found ad-mirable arrangements, clean private rooms, clean bods, a first-rate culsine, and numbers of Englishmen, ready to give us all sorts of information about the city and the country, and the bill not half so sujerb.

Issuing from our excellent inn to survey the town, we still telt ourselves on the European continent, and not in South America, so completely de Europeans take their habits and their architecture with them to every region of the world. Here were the tall white houses, with many windows and red roots, the narrow streets and ample squares, the rude paxing, the huge arched entrances into huge heavy quadratigular courts, the churches and the cathedral, with tall towers, capped with small Turkish domes, their doors thrown open, and mass celebrating: the pealing of the organ, and the odour of inconse; a miscricordia, or religious hospital, at your elbow, and an old gray convent perched on the hirl above you;—all was just as it might have been in almost any Catholic country on

the continent of Europe. Here, in fact, walked along the Catholic priest and the shaven friar. Here was one ecclesiastic, bearing along the insignia of the church, and there an official, with a long, and a silver (or plated) rod, beg-

ging for it.

The greater part of Rio being built on the levels at the feet of the hills, presents to the eye, from any of the immediate eminences, one dense mass of red roofs. It seems as if you might walk right across the top of the houses from one side of the city to the other; and, indeed, the streets are wonderfully narrow. They are paved with a slope from each side towards the middle, and along the middle week. dle runs a line of thestenes, which, in wet weather, is, in fact, the kennel; and becomes a little river in heavy rains. The carts and carriages as they traverse these streets, run with one wheel on this row of flagstones, and the other on the pave, so that you have constantly to cross the street to pass these vehieles, some coming one way, and some another. Most of the shops in these streets have no glass windows, but three or four tall doors, which all stand wide open in the daytime, just like some of the shops seen in Pompeci; and, indeed, the Roman character is retained by the Spaniards and Portuguese, not only in their language, but in many other particulars. One of the first things which strikes you is, that the houses are all roofed with the geruine Reman tiles, and this is universal all over the dominions of both the Spanish and Portuguese races in South America. They are tound, not only in Brazil, but in Peru, Chili, Paraguay, and Mexico. You have the stont, old, red, flat tile, with flanged edges, semicylindric tiles being hid over the flanges of made two addictions either mad imbadded. of each two adjoining tiles, well imbedded in mortar, so as to make a most solid, endur-ing, and waterproof roof. The projecting caves of those old Roman roofs are generally painted in bright colours, and have a picturesque effect. You see the Roman spirit turesque effect. not only in these roofs, in the forms and red colour of their pottery, in the narrow streets and open shops, but also in the aqueducts, which bring down the water from the moun-There is a noble aqueduct here which has quite a Roman look, as it crosses the valley on its lofty solid pillars, and which the inhabitants tell you was made by the Portuguese; for they are as careful to distinguish the Portuguese and the Brazilian eras, as brother Jonathan is to distinguish the days of the United States from those of the old Britishers, before the Independence. In the centre of most of the squares stands a massive centre of most of the squares stands a massive granite fountain; which, however, has very little effect on the eye, as the water is not thrown up into thenir, but gushes out of taps, and sluices in their sides. Bio, in fact, is excellently supplied with water. At almost every corner of a street, there is a brass tap to which you see the negroes very constantly analying their months. applying their mouths.

Any one coming hither, who looks for loaded with gold, or gilt ear-rings. They melancholy, baggard and despairing counterances, backs scored with the lash, and limits crushed and crapped by brutal treatment, looks in vain, and wonders. He beholds, instead, a swarming throng of Africans, men, women, and children, constituting two-distributions, and children, constituting two-distributions thirds of the population of the place, all vigourous, healthy, merry, and alert. No portion of the inhabitants appears more portion of portion of the inhabitants appears more care-free, none more at home; and, certainly, so far as physical development goes, none equal to them, except Europeans, who reside or visit there. The blacks are a fine, healthy, athletic, race, far superior to the native Brazilians of Portuguese descent. The latter are, generally, a very slightbuilt, and even feeble-looking, race. Many of the young men surprised me by the smallness of their stature, the slightness of their chests. ness of their stature, the slightness of their build, and the narrowness of their chests. The boys, too, had a spider-like lightness and fineness of frame. I never saw anything like it; one English school-boy would have made three of them. The same psculiarity characterised the women, though they exhibited, generally, unely-traced and delicate features. They strike me generally as an admost Lilligation. strike me, generally, as an almost Lilliputian ruce. But the negroes, men and women, were a steat, nerive, vivacious people. I noticed amongst the men, some of the most Heren-lean ugures that I ever saw, and I was as-tomshed at the stature of some of the women, who must have been full six feet. There were evidently two very distinct varieties of the negroes one being said to come from Congo, the other from Mozambique. portion were of a dusky sooty black, the other of a rich dark copper-colour, and the skins of these were peculiarly fine and glossy. In figure, bearing, and fresh roundness of limbs, they ought be pronounced handsome, although

that compliment could not be extended to then faces and woodly hair. The negroes, or the labourers of the place, were everywhere. You saw them by scores were everywhere. You saw them by scores in the shops, sitting at different employments. Tailors sat to their work on chairs, I not sa with us, on their boards cross-eged. Negroes were boatmen, porters, overs, labourers of all kinds; and in all legartments, they appeared contented and narket, and curried fruit, and fish, and vegeables, all over the city. You encountered hom in groups everywhere, and everywhere they were gossipping together, with a degree of case and leisure that amazed me. No-bod, seemed to hurry, or interfere with them. With their baskets on their heads, or rested on the pavement, they were holding the most animated dialogues, with loud voices, manuarers most unrestrained, and with exuberance of jest, and stream, and laughter. Their jest, and stream, and laughter. Their red beads, chiefly red and blue, their

Jonathan does his. True, I did not go up the country, to behold the condition of the slave on the sugar and cotton plantations; but, wherever I did see it in the plantations in the vicinity of the city, the nogroes, men and women, appeared just as well-conditioned. We came continually upon groups ditioned. We came continually upon groups of them at work in the fields, but we saw neither whip, nor driver; and ever and anon, in some retired nook, we found troops of women collected about a spring with their washing, who were all laughing and chattering as noisily as so many magpies. Neither could I perceive the same marked aversion to the coloured race as in the United States. I saw blacks in the steamers, crossing to Praia Grande, scated amongst the whites, quite at their case, and observed numbers of

quite at their case, and observed numbers of negroes amongst the city guards.

The manners of the negro porters are very amusing. You see them discharging the cargoes of ships. The moment they get their load upon their heads they begin to sing some old African ditty, and continue singing often in a sort of recitative, till they deposit their burden in the wavehouse. It is the same as they carry luggage or other articles along the streets. It saw four mon carrying a piane on their heads saw four men carrying a piano on their heads, two other negroes following behind to relieve the others in turn. They had each a rattle two other negroes following behind to relieve the others in turn. They had each a rattle in their hands, in form precisely like the rose of a watering-pan, and containing a number of small pebbles. As they went along they not only sung a tune, but danced to it, beating time with their rattles; yet it was wonderful to see how perfectly steady they managed to keep the piano, while they were all the time capering and making the most autic movements. They go bare-headed under a sun that would strike down a white man with coup de soleil, and their hair is cut very with coup de soleil, and their hair is cut very short. Their power of balancing—especially tall jugs—on their heads is amazing, and that even in very little children.

Our time being short, we exerted ourselves to see as much of the city and neighbourhood as possible, and the numbers of calashes or fraces which stand in the public squares, vehicles particularly light and upright in form, drawn by bandsome mules, and omnibuses also drawn by mules, and running to all parts of the city and anxieurs analysis. of the city and environs, enabled us to accomplish a good deal. One of our first achievements, however, was to ascend the Morro do Castello, or Flag-Staff Hill, which ruses in the very centre of the town. There

At our feet lay the wide extent of city, gardens green with the giant foliage of the bananas, and where the cocon-palm lifted adoft its feathery head interspersed amongst red roofs and airy spires. On one side the mountains rose grandly, the noble aqueduct spanning the valley betwirt them and the town. On the other lay the bay, the whole circuit of which embracing an extent of a hundred miles, was visible from this spot, with the villages and country houses on its shores. Nothing can exceed the courteous-ness of the people of Rio to strangers, and we had here a particular instance of it. The keeper of the telegraph station, as we were wandering round, came out and most politely invited us to walk into his garden, and whateverplant or flower we particularly admired, he broke off a blossoming twig and presented it to us with the most graceful bow and smile. Amongst these were flowers of the tiglia, the pimento, and the pomegranate. But he observed us noticing a cluster of mormobil apples, or, as Dampier styles them, municay-apples. These cluster around the top of the which appears like that of slender palm which has had its head cut off and only an odd straggling lenf or two left. These apples, as they are called, are much larger than real apples, of the yellow colour, and with something of the flavour of the melon. Our courteous telegraph-officer no sooner saw our eyes fixed on this singular fruit, than, hastening for a long pole, he climbed up an adjacent tree and poked some of them down for us, presenting them with all the grace of a nobleman. We could not help querying whether a group of foreigners would have met with such an official in our own country.

And yet we soon found some of our own countrymen as eager to oblige us. We found ourselves in the Passeio Publico—the public gardens—or promenade. This lies at once close to the city, at the feet of beautiful hills, and one side open to the bay. It is planted with tropical trees of great variety, and next to the bay is a noble promenade, to which you ascend by a flight of steps. It thus commands a full view of the gardens, and of the bay, the waves of which come dashing up splendielly against its outer wall. It is paved with alternating black and white marble; at each end stands a beautiful pavilion, and at intervals, along the parapet-walls, stand tasteful gaslights.

It is a spot admirably adapted to all the purposes of public enjoyment, fetes, concerts, galas, and promenules. The emperor was having the whole of the gradens fitted up with gas; and sceing two workmen engaged in laying down the pipes, we at once set them down for countrymen.

down for countrymen.

They told us they were Scotchmen from Glasgow, and finding that we were English strangers, at once quitted their work to show us the place. They pointed out such of the

trees as they had learned the names of, and amongst them the custard apple. There was ripe fruit upon the trees, and the young Scotchmen said, "Pelt away at them—anybody does that here." As we declined to "peltaway," however, in a public garden, they themselves gathered sticks and stones and sent them into the trees in good earnest. But the trees were tall, and they did not succeed. "Off with your shoes, Sandy, and up and throw some down," said one to the other. No sooner said than done. Sandy ascended a tree with the agility of a monkey, and soon sent down stores of truit. We did not, however, find these custard apples much to beast of. They resemble an orange in size and form, but are, when ripe, nearly black. Their rind is tough, and the interior is filled with a muddy-looking pulp—rather insipid—in which are alundance of seeds of the size of small beans of a spicy flavour, which the people cat with the pulp. Our Scotchmen informed us that when they had completed their contract, they meant to proceed to Australia.

proceed to Australia.

Quitting them we made an excursion in the opposite direction to see the emperor's palace, near San Christovao. An omnibus conducted us to the spot, proceeding over a green where hundreds of negresses were busy washing and spreading their linen on the grass, while black babies lay and kicked up their heels in the sun at their sides, and troops of bigger sable children tumbled about on the green sward. Our way then led through extensive suburbs and past pleasant villas, over a level country for four miles. We found the palace situated in a beautiful country, amongst quiet hills, with fine ranges of mountains on either hand. We passed through a handsome g deway at the commencement of the demesne, but unconnected with any fence, the whole seeming to lie quite open to the public. Over the gateway were placed the sex with living aloes and pine-apples in them. The gates were of gitt-bronze, and beautiful, with the royal arms in the centre. A paved road led up a gentle ascent, through an avenue of fine mangueira-trees, dark and rich of foliage. The house consists of two large square masses of building tinted of a pate salmon count, ornamented with Dorre plasters, and surmounted by a balcony, on a level with the second story; the roof flat, and enclosed by a stone bulustrade. These two buildings are united by a lower one of a different character. A time Roman gateway in front appeared never to have been used, but to be falling into disorder, the drive from the palace to the highway, passing not through it, but by it.

As we approached

As we approached, the emperor and empress in a carriage drawn by four handsome nules, and attended by a number of garrels in blue uniform, mounted, possed us. Their imperial highnesses returning our hathomage, as George Fox would call it, with

the greatest courtesy. One of our party, an American, refused, and lifted his straw hatted head as high as possible. Don Fedro, however, deserves a passing solute, especially from Englishmen, who are received and treated by him with every mark of favour. Indeed, he appears thoroughly popular amongst his own subjects.

Englishmen abound and flourish here. The merchants of our nation are amongst the richest people at Rio; and as we walked back again at leasure, many of their villas were pointed out to us, being for the most part the finest to be seen. These villas are cituated in beautiful grounds and gardens, where every tree, shrub, and flower are such as are known to our eyes in England only in the finest conservatories. Statuary and fountains make pleasant these gardens, and you may imagine the deliciousness of an evening scene there, such as Von Martius has described:—"The mimosas have folded up their leaves to sleep, and stand notionless besale the dark crowns of the mangueiras, the juca-tree, and the etherial jambos. Sometimes a sudden whal arises, and the juiceless leaves of the acaju rustle; the richly-flavoured grunnjama and pitanga let drop a fragrant shower of snow-white blossoms; the crowns of the majestic palms wave slowly over the alout roof which they overshadow, like a symbol of peace and tranquility. Shrull cries of the cicads, the grasshopper, and tree-freg, make an incessant hum, and produce by their monotony a pleasing metancholy. At intervals, different balsamic odoers fill the air; and flowers, alternately unfolding their petals to the night, delight the senses with their perfume. Now the bowers of paullinias, or the neighbouring orange-grove,—then the thick tutts of enpatorm, or the bunches of the flowering parms, suddenly bursting, disclose their blossoms, and thus maintain a constant succession of fragrance, while the silent vegetable world, illuminated by swarms of freches, as by a thousand moving stars, charms the night ty its delicious odours."

We returned into the city through the

We returned into the city through the Rua do Ouvidoe, the most wealthy street in the capital, abounding with the shops of jewellers, goldsmiths, drapers, and milliners. Here, instead of open fronts, there were splendid placeglass windows, and a great display of wealth and French tradespeople. We saw, also, two or three shops of old books, but were not able to discover one shop for the sake of new ones. The Brazilians, like their concerts, the Portuguese, are more addicted to concerts, thentres, and assemblies, than to reaching, except that of newspapers, which are numerous, and contain light hterature.

After refreshing ourselves at our no, we

After refreshing ourseives at our un, we were strongly recommended to go to the opera, to hear the prima doma, Signora Castillione, in La Seminamida. She appeared to be a collected for applies but not having come on

shore with opera dresses, we had no desire to be turned back; the late of some of our more adventurous fellow-passengers; the ctiquette of such places being as regorously enforced here as in Paris or Lomon. We contented ourselves, therefore, with witnessing the reopening of the Imperial Chapel, after a general repair, the whole front and towers being illuminated and mass going on inside, amid the thundering din of squibs, crackers, and explosions of powder in various forms, making noise enough for a great battle. An

odd idea of Christian worslep!

The next morning we took a stroll through the public market, which adjoins the Lago do Pago, or Palace Square. A market is, in every foreign country, an interesting spot, but especially in a tropical one. We found this most amply supplied with fowls, fish, vegetables, and fruits of a great variety of kinds; monkeys, parrots, and other birds. The fish were of numerous sorts and sizes, from one kind as large as a large pig, down to shrimps. There were prawns like small lobsters and a beautiful array of dolphins. Yams, potatoes ordinary, and sweet ones, oranges in endless abundance and of the most delicious ripeness, sweet lemons, guavas, pitangas, custard apples, tigs, bananas, both ripe and green, for exportation; fruit of the egg plant, breadfruit, vogetable marrows and quashes innumerable; mormolin apples, liquots, onions, garlie and shalots, with their stakes woven into long pieces of matting, on which they hung like tassels. In fact, the supply of all sorts of vegetables was most affluent. But the vegetable which excited my curiosity more than all the rest, was a species of green juicy stakes of about a yard long and three inches in diameter. These lay in heaps, and the market people were layin heaps, and the market people were layin heaps, and their outer coats, soft and succulent, till they left only a sort of evinder of pith about an inch and a half in diameter. They were bought up as fast as they were ready, and I found that they were the extremity of the flowering stems of the carnárdus palm (coryphera cerifera), which is considered one of the greatest luxuries of the table.

One of the most interesting objects connected with Rio is the botanic garden. Its magnificent avenue of palm-trees, its fountains, its trees and flowers from all the finest climates in the world, growing in the open air; its profusion of fruits—oranges, lemons, citrons, breat-fruit, bananas, grapes, &c.—the assembled luxuries of nature from her most favoured regions—make it a scene scarcely to be paralleled. Unfortunately, it is siturted ten indes from the city, and our limited time compelled us to a shorter excursion. This was across the bay, to Praia Grande, whose white walls and back-groun I of woody hills looked very attractive from the city. And we could have scarcely made a happier choice. It was not here that "distance lem enchantant to the view." The beauty increased on

of lovely villas, each standing in its garden; and the glare of the sun, broken by a row of dark, thick-foliaged mango-trees, the fruit dark, thick-foliaged mango-trees, the fruit yet hanging young and green amid the leaves. Whichever way we turned we literally found ourselves in one of nature's paradises. Sun and breeze played on the broad waters; and the distant city wore its brightest look. As we here sauntered along, one pleasant house after another gave us glimpses into the gardens behind, and the forest hills which overlooked them. These villas are generally built with a forecourt, or screen, on columns, through which you catch a glimpse of statues, fountains, and garden seclusions of the most inviting description. We followed a quiet lane leading beyond the village of St. Do-mingo, and soon found ourselves in a region of wooded bills, and valleys running every way amongst them, in which stood other isolated country houses amid their orange groves, interspersed with lofty clumps cocoa-nut pains, and the broad waving boughs of the verdurous bananas. Here, sloped down green crofts from the woods, and here, over hot and sunny swells, spread fragrant plantations of pine apples, many of them golden with ripeness, and gushing with their fruity aroma. Solitary winding lanes and little footpaths teeming with the most prodigal vegetation, all new to our eyes, all product vegetation, all new to our eyes, all studded with gorgeous flowers—Thunbergias, Paullinias, and still more brilliant, but to us unknown species—all speaking of tropical grace and luxuriance, led us between these different estates to still new scenes of retired beauty. At one moment we heard the distant roar of the ocean, and caught a sight of its flashing billows; at another, we were gazing up into steep hills buried in a perfect chaos of hanging boughs and blossoms. The figures of the negro labourers at work on the plantations, or bringing baskets piled with fruit down from the hills; the women washout their linen on the grass in embewered orchards, completed the tropical character of the scene. The huge cactus—a perfect tree in size, the intense colour of the flowers on the wild bushes, or growing under their shade—blue, and scarlet and arrange—and the -blue, and scarlet, and orange-and the brilliant deep-blue butterflues, large as your orange-and the outspread hand, and some of them having their wings studded, as it were, with jewels -the largest and most magnificent creatures of their species in the world—were all evidences of the atthemt nature of the Brazils. Reluctantly we turned away from those clegant abodes, with their delicately tinted walls, their vivid frescoes, and their broad, shady verandals, trelliged with chambering vines; from the overshadowed cottage, whence came the sound of music and of a pleasant odce; from the open windows, at which sate dark-eyed but delicately-featured maidens;

closer inspection. Along the finely-curved and we again issued into the hot sun of the shore, for more than a mile, stretched a line least shaded street of Prain Grande, where of lovely villas, each standing in its garden; the negro was sweltering and singing under and the glare of the sun, broken by a row of dark, thick-foliaged mango-trees, the fruit yet hanging young and green amid the leaves. Thick-foliaged mango-trees, the fruit yet hanging young and green amid the leaves. The broken of bananas and oranges; where Whichever way we turned we literally found dead fish almost seethed in the lazy waves ourselves in one of nature's paradises. Sun and broze played on the broad waters; and brats tumbled about in the dust, without the distant city wore its brightest look. As any superflued about in the dust, without the distant city wore its brightest look. As any superflued about in the dust, without the distant city wore its brightest look. As any superflued about in the dust, without the distant city wore its brightest look. As any superflued about in the dust, without the distant city wore its brightest look. As any superflued about in the dust, without the distant city wore its brightest look. As any superflued about in the dust, without the distant city wore its brightest look. As any superflued about in the dust, without the distant city wore its brightest look. As any superflued about in the dust, without the distant city wore its brightest look. As any superflued about in the dust, without the distant city wore its brightest look.

The land breeze, next morning, at six o'clock, hore us out to sea; and thus terminated our two days in Rio—two of the pleasantest, sunniest, most fragrant and golden days that we ever spent in any quarter of

the world.

But others of our fellow-travellers had there two days, as well as ourselves. Why not? And four clever youths spent them as fast young Britons often do on such occasions. For them, the Hotel Pharoux spread its beds on the floor of the lofty lumber-room, and its table in the lofty saloon; for them, a splendid carriage, drawn by four spirited mules, and driven by a splendid Jehu, in bright blue uniform, and cocked hat, and feather-bush, like any field-marshal, whirled them to all the wonders of the place; for them, the paims of the botanic garden waved over a champague luncheon al fresco; for them, the Signora Castillioné trilled, at the opera, her most entrancing airs; and foreign friends, most cordial and kind, most moustachioed and mellithous, started, as it were, out of the ground, and supped and sung with them at the delightful Hotel Pharoux.

"At six o'clock, gentlemen, on the second morning," said the captain, before leaving the ship, "I set sail positively." At eight o'clock, on the second morning, the four jovial youths was the race to the quay. "A boat! a boat! twenty pounds for a boat!"—the cry of the old Thames parrot—was heard once more on the strand of Rio. A score of boats, manned with two score of negroes, dashed their bows together on the beach. Away flew two of them with our heroes, negroes pulling, sails bending to the breeze. Was it a day or an age that that chace after the missing ship endured! Ten long miles the sons of Congo pulled, and still no ship. Yes! there she is!—but, to the pursuers' eyes, with all canvas stretched, and running before the breeze. It was not so, however; for British captains have bowels of compassion. We lay to, with adds backed, and waiting in impatient patience.

As the boats came dashing up, what rows of merry faces, peering over the tall ship's side! What kind greetings! "What! so soon!" "How are all friends in Kio!"

Silent, sullen, and anary, mount the delinquents, and are received amid the sharp raillery of more prodent men. Reader! didst thou ever see a picture of the Prodigal Son? There, thou hast four in one frame. Utysses had his lotus-eaters, who forgot their ship and country. There sit four forlorn ones, minus forty pounds per man! That, also, is a tale of two days in Rio.

ON THE DOWNS.

I have lived on the Downs from boyhood-by which I mean the Berkshire Downs, not those in the Channel; and the period of juvenescence, not the revolving object that marks the highway for the ships—and know every molehill betwixt Mariborough and Streatley. They form a vast expanse of indulating grass, interspersed with young plantations or great patches of gorse, and still more rarely with a single stanted thorn; a region where, in moonless nights and chill Nevember fogs, men have been often lost and found stone dead days after, though they themselves were born amidst the wastes, in some of our smail hidden villages which the well-pleased traveller comes on unawares. In snow time these mishings are very frequent; a score of places all about, are shown, where the starved tinker hay for days in the deep drift, and where the winding-sheet wrapt round the Swindon carrier; and always in the turf a long green cross is dug for In memoriam. But, in the summer, these bleak and windy howns are paradise to butterly and bee, and all who bove sweet savours and soft airs; they slope up from the broad rich counties underneath; and all along the verge, for many mides, the prospect is most fair. The teeming fields that fringe the banks of the Thames are thickly set, on either side, with halls and pleasant parks; the oldest churches in the land are there, with towers and steeples gray, and gaudy vanes above them, glunnering amadst the belts of wood like stars. See, from this heathy knoll lies Alfred's birthplace, westward; and further to the right, out Abingdon; beyond which, hidden by the boll, is Oxford, a great crowd of towers and apprex.

Still more to westward, and beneath us all, can the old Roman road, the highway one perhaps of Cresar's legions; from here the startled herdsman might have marked their termished eagles, and spear and helmet flashing back the sun. Upon our Downs, too, there are jet huge comps, miles round, with difficult terms and rampart trebly piled, where Dane and Saxon struggled for the isle; and high-ballt barrows, lefty mounds of green, the treal-places for the victors bones: we digitiem—impious work—from time to time, and find old swords and armour, Roman coins, and bits of what, maybe, were Roman noses; and over all now dance the little fays, or sent to dance, in many a verdant ring, and bloom the gay down-flowers, red and blue the shepherd's thyme, too, and the shepherd's weatherglass, that opens to the sun and shuts

Downs the best of all, the tufted plover papes along our leas; the quait, though not in such great flocks as Israel saw, the dottrel, the moor buzzard, have their haunts amongst us, and the kite with hoverng wings.

Along the summit of our range a level road Along the summit of our range a level road of grass runs, banked on either side, for thirty miles—the British ridgeway that once led from Streatiey, the chief town of the Atrebatii, to their great temple at Stouchenge: it passes by the high Cuckhamsley Hall that crowns the Downs—a lonely barren place (save for a young plantation) where once was a vast market held, until King James the First, to benefit a favourite lord, removed it to the town four mass away, in those good to the town four miss away, in those good old Protectionist times of his. On these same Downs the Cross of Christ was planted hrst in England; under this same hill, King Cwichelm, our first Christian king, was buried. Beside the hill, and parallel to the ridgeway—along which now, instead of make I Britons, pass luge droves of cattle out of Wales to the Saltmarshes—there runs the Daville, Litch, in the cattle of the cat Devil's Ditch; it is but five feet broad, and for what purpose made, except to mark the boundary of neighbour states, we cannot guess; but the people ascribe it to his Satanic majesty, who dug it in one night for twenty unles, and afterwards, scraped his spade upon the summit of the Downs, whence rose Cuckhamsley. So we have enough to think of here—Britons, Danes, Saxons, Romans, Christianity, and the Devil: and moreover, in the level bottom eastward, Cromwell encamped after the field of Newbury, and the next night the Loyalists occupied his ground. King Charles took up his quarters by the Ye, in this our own dear village, and supped, I doubt not well, with Bishop Goodman. Save for these wondrous memories of theirs, our Downs were little else but pasturage for sheep until the last half century. At lisley, eighty thousand sheep have in one day been penned, and for two days before its market all the air is white with dust and loud with backs and bleats, and every wayside hedge is fringed with wool. We ourselves, indeed the inhabitants—were almost unknown to the general public before that time; two or three musty antiquarian societies, and that small portion of the sporting world that small portion of the sporting works affects coursing—for nowhere is such coursing as with us—held us in praise and honour; but it was reserved for the present century to thrust upon us greatness and publicity, and make us in return (you may be sure) a source of very considerable profit. Our Downs are now, in fact, the haunt of what Bell's Life calls the Fraternity, and what people generally call the Betting Rug. They are in the hands of the hon, the members of the Jockey Club, of the owners of racehorses and of their administrators and assigns-which obviates using disagreeable expressions -the private and public trainers, studgrooms, public trainers, studgrooms

tracts of them have become—by sufferance, payment of rent, or tribute of manure—most

excellent and extensive galloping grounds.

Between Paddington and Delcot, among your fellow travellers in the railway carriage is pretty sure to be one at least of these gentry; an owner about to make a secret trial between two favourites; a tout whose object is to prevent it being secret ; or a sporting gentleman of some sort bound for the Downs, to pick up, generally, information. If you make a remark upon the weather being favourable at last to the country at large, all these three classes will reply: large, all these three classes will reply: "Ah, it'll make the ground deuced heavy for the Bath races, though." They are like engaged young ladies, and care nothing for any subject unconnected with the ring; they are full of the most solemn and sacred facts respecting the Brother to Boiardo, imparted to them in confidence by parties who ought to know; if you get very intimate with the two latter you get very intimate with the two latter knul, they will perhaps permit you to stand in for a good thing, upon the payment of a fiver or a tenner—which last is a bank-note and not a musical performer—according to the prospects of success. The higher members of this profession, it may be observed, are continuously sucking cane-tops and handles of hunting-whips, while the inferior orders devour vast quantities of straw.

Let us accompany any of these to the chief exercising ground upon the Downs any summer morning between nine and twelve. It is common to several trainers, and the various bodies of cavalry keep pretty wide apart. Most of the horses are in a complete suit of embroidered clothes, with coverings over the head and ears, and little gaiters above their fetlocks; they are entered probably in approaching race-meetings, and are sweating down every ounce of superfluous flesh; where parts of their natural coats are to be seen, they shine like mirrors; those without clothes start with one of these from under the hill, and race with them at utmost speed for dis-tances varying from half a mile to two miles; the trainers watch their every stride, and notice an improvement or something wrong, as the case may be

These men have all one wary and impassive look: dressed, too, almost exactly alike, with a white silk searf pinned with a horse's foot, and trousers tight to the leg. Some have the morning papers in their hands, and are comparing their books with the latest betting; some are what is called letting out at their lack, yellor misconduct, which they accomplish jock, ys for misconduct, which they accomplish with much energy and varied epithet; and some are standing with their legs very wide apart, doing nothing particular—except of course the suction before alluded to.

We have an acquaintance of some years with this particular gentleman, and are privi-leged to address him " Why. Mr. Claffrey, do you enter that little horse of yours for a

have not changed masters, but considerable race like the Derby, when you know he has no chance with Sharpshooter; don't intend to run him; and must needs pay twenty-five pounds forfeit?" "Ser," says he (and he will tell you the whole truth if there is no professional reason for adopting a contrary professional reason for adopting a contrary course), "one does pay a good many twenty-five pounds in this world for the mere satisfaction of being in with a good un!" This gentleman, it will be observed, is an acute philosopher; he is also a consummate man of business, and after the Derby is run next Wednesday, will be worth twenty thousand pounds, or remain no worse than at present. But here is the crack, Shaupshooter himself, about to take his second gallop; not a large horse he looks, and hampered with a weight of clothes—yet ace what he shall do! weight of clothes-vet see what he shall do! Three other (unclothed) horses are placed at equal distances of about half a mile apart; the hindmost starts with the favourite at full speed, and gets him into his stride at once; when they arrive opposite the second horse, when they arrive opposite the second horse, he takes up the running, and so on to the third, who finishes, and is also beaten off: these three animals have been kept entirely for the use and benefit of Sharpshooter for the last three months. Let us come as close to him as the jock will let ua—and that is not very close, for how does he know but that we have laid a plum against him, and are compassing his death l—and listen with what evenness he breathes. evenness he breathes, scarcely a sign of that long course of his at fullest speed. What indefatigable pains have been expended on his training, what watch has been kept upon his slightest change, what close precaution now over his safety, closer as the day draws near! To hurt that horse, ever so slightly, and to be detected by his stable, would be a murder matter for the coroner; two strong men and a savage bulldog are his companious every

He has been attended from his birth like a young prince, by lords in wanting and grooms of his chamber; his noble owner, so proud was he of possessing a colt by Musketeer out of Popgunetta, gave a party to commemorate his feating; his fashionable arrival was also in the Morning Post, for he was entered for the Derby after next, in the first month of his existence; at that miniature period he began to be calculated upon, and hedged about, and stood in with, and made a good thing of until this present time, when he has reached the culminating point of the "perfect certainty" of his stable. In some little shel-tered paddock about one of our Down villages he enjoyed a mother's love and the tender solicitude of his trainer; as soon as hay and bran and corn began to be palatable to him he got them; when he became bored with milk and domesticity they were withdrawn from him; when he was yet a yearling, his education was not neglected; a halter was cunningly contrived about his head, with a ring through it in front, and the youthral

Sharpshooter was "lunged,"—that is to say, was made, at the end of a long rope, to gyrate in great circles on the Downs; atterwards he dad this with cloths and blankets flapping all around him, to accustom him to civilisation and wearing apparel. The next scene of this strange history exhibits him with a dumb-jockey on his back—an artless and honest personage of wood, by whom he is trained to hold his head up properly, and to submit homself to control; then he is ridden by a child of eight or nine, whose every other word and of a countenance, not roguish, is an oath alas! but absolutely felonious, or by a dwarfed and stunted creature who is the child grown up—the personification of cunning and secretiveness. There are exceptions, of course, even among racing stable-boys: but, if either phrenologists or physiologists are to be trusted, there are very few. Come with me into Sharpshooter's own town and see the knots of idlers in its streets, the insolent leer, the bold dishonest eye, the hair cropped closely about the mere rim of forehead, and you do not need to hear the fifthy talk, nor to mark the wanteouts reaching to the knees, in order to recognise these genuine offspring of the turf. They are originally brought from far and near on account of their small stature, and, after having served honestly, some few of them get places as stud grooms; the mesonity, however, when too big to ride, are turned away to shift for themselves—which is has I on them, and a good deal harder on the world at large

But, let me return to Sharpshooter, whom I left on the exercising ground, with a heavy bit in his mouth and a light rider upon his back. somewhere about the fifteenth month of his He is rubbed down in the morning existence. by two valets, and taken out in his gay rai-ment on the Downs from nine to twelve; and ment on the Powns from nine to twelve; and if he takes a sweat or gallop, he is rubbed down on the ground itself in a house built for that especial purpose, lest he should suffer trom extarrh; he is rubbed down when he goes home, and he is rubbed down when he retires to his clean and well-spread couch; and he has a posset if it is supposed to be desirable. When the Downs themselves too are too hard for his delicate winged feet, a pageous strawyard is aflored to him. Upon whole, I wish, in this Christian country, hat one-half the pains to make him a good fetlow countrymen, foaled anywhere and lunged nowhere, good men. In return, at wa years old, our friend Sharpshooter is exsected to win his race, and from that moment is before the public, a dazzling but precarbons investment; he becomes the theme of half the mess-tables in England and its cabonial dependencies, the hoast of Berkshire yeomen, and the hope of his owner and a crowd of backers, as the possible winner of the Derby. From that day, also, he is the

of conspiracy among not a few. Previously to the great event it is necessary that his speed and endurance should be tested by so or severe trial. On the ground where we first became any minted with him we saw him but in the company of his equals, or of those who, though far older than himself, had failed a acquiring a reputation; behold him now as

he appears at the private trial.

His owner brings down with him from town some racer, twice the age of our young friend, accustomed to the shouts of applausive hundreds on many a successful course, and with all the contempt that a favourite of the country always feels for a debutant. At three or four o'clock in the May morning these two, with their trainers, owners, and two trusty joeks, are on the Downs; the boss who rode the horses thus fur-lest they should blab the secret—are locked up in the rubbing-house upon the ground, which has no windows; the high gorse all about, is carefully searched for touts—poor wretches who have passed a prickly night in this parsuit of knowledge under difficulties—whom, if the scarchers find, they drive away with whips. Sharpshooter beats the "old 'un" in the conmonest of centers, and home the conclave ride right merrily. Nevertheless, on one of the high downs, some tout, more cunning than the rest, lies on his crouching belly, and through a telescope sees what he wants to see. That a telescope sees what he very day, he, or that little bird the lark, mayhap reveals the secret. The telegraph to town is worked, and the odds fall from five to three to one.

To this purpose are our Downs now chiefly turned; a strange conclusion has their history led us to-from the bare Briton to the clothed horse. I will but add, that if "the crack" be said to be "amiss" (her sex forbidding it), and gets a sprain (just over her left shoulder), and does not run at Epsom atter all, our

Downs are not to blame, whoever is.

THE MASQUE OF LIFE.

The cannibal clother fattens upon The lean and hungry stitcher

The mountains of gold which some have roll'd From above, around, and under, Burn groomy-bright as a come: at night, And should make men weep and wonder.

Ghastly is the Dance of Death, Guarther the Dance of Being Slasque funtastical and steat To the hearing and the seeing.

One man lies on pulpy down, Amother lacks a bed ; One umn cate and dranks his ful, Another hath not bread.

The jule women in the factor e The children dwarf d and ugh, Dives (within his countrog-house They cry, "We rot in these dark dens;"
He careth not a tittle:
They cry, "We swoon with toil;" but he
Thinks Ten Hours' work too little.

Ghastly is the Dance of Death, Ghastlier the Dance of Being— A Masque fantastical and strange To the hearing and the seeing.

Lo! here comes a reverend Doctor, In the midst of all our troubles, Wranghing and grimacing wildly Over his own learned bubbles.

And he mingles with the Masquers, And he dances, and he sings, Scribbling on the eternal Heavens His grotesque imaginings.

Meanwhile, in the lanes and alleys, Souls are shim for want of teaching, Which might all have sung one tone Of round music, had they known More of love and less of preaching.

Ghastly is the Dance of Death, Ghastier the Dance of Being-A Masque fantastical and grim To the hearing and the seeing.

Here's a woman deck'd with pearls, As with stars the inidigite sky, Clad in smooth and warm excess And soft superfluity.

Here's another, hung with rags
As with weeds of snaky motion,
That clasp some mouldering palace wall
On a deserted shore, and crawl
Idly upon the idle ocean.

Here's a thing that's half a saint, Half a soldier, all a monarch, Weighing down a people's lite, Yet a most embodied Amarch.

Like a bloodhound, lean and fleere, He gnaws Europe; yet his curship Talks of God in every act, And blasphemes him by such worship.

Well, who's next? Oh, here's a flaving Bonnet Rouge; no mortal stitler In maintaining his own rights, And beheading tolks who differ.

Let those last two pair together,
With a death's head for a crown
And a thigh-hone for a scopine,
And they'll dance the notions down.

Chastle is the Dance of Death, Chastler the Dance of Being — A Marque fantastical and wild To the hearing and the seeing.

Next we have a little statesman Of pacific disposition, Frowning the a very Mars, And talking of his warlike mission.

After him there comes a trader, Bowing till be makes you sick, While he vends you a show poison Of red-lead and turmeric. Here's a lord with Sunday club,
Bright and light, to lounge and lunch in,
Closing up the wayside slop
Where the poor man used to stop,
To drink his beer and eat his hunch in.

Here's a set of idle follows
(Wrongfully call'd democratic),
Imagurating their Republic
By breaking glass with stone and clubstick,
Up from basement-floor to acue.

Let them mingle with the Masquers,
And with shouting shake each rafter:
In the midst of so much sadness,
These wild knaves but more our laughter.

Dost thou see this man! The morning Of his life was hard, stern work, And the evening closes round him, Desolate, and bare, and dark.

All the toil and sore endeavour,
The sharp light tought every day,
Loaves him stall the same grim forman
Now that he is old and grey.

Seest this other man? Birds dancing In the heavenward breath of Spring, Perfumed flowers in shelter'd gardens, Brooks that leap, and laugh, and sing:

Butterflies within the sunshine, Living in one smile of Fate, Knowing but the world's adorning, Are the symbols of his state.

Let both mingle with the Masquers,
And dance on. These sharp extremes
Are the miserable nightnates
That behag our waking dreams.

But the earth is slowly ripening, bike a great fruit in the sun, And will learn some better dancing Ere the centuries are done.

ROBERTSON IN RUSSIA.

Monsieur Robertson, whose acquaintance we made some months ago, and who was then introduced to us as an artist in ghosts, practising in Paris at the close of the last century, has to say, that he was not only a manufacturer of phantoms, but was a Power of the Air in another sense, as one of the most successful balloon travellers of his own time, and that he did not practise in France only, but raised ghosts and ascended to the sky in many countries. He spent seven years in Russia; and, of Russia as it was fifty years ago, he tells a trustworthy tale.

Inducement enough certainly there was for Monsieur Robertson's expedition to St. Potersburgh and Moscow. Since Peter the Great had decreed civilisation to his empire or his capitals—perhaps we may as well say only to his capitals—every effort had been made to carry out his design by oncouraging the visits of Italians, Germans. Frenchmen, or any other foreigners who had wits, or the

credit of wits, to bring into the country. Men! eminent in any way were lavishly remune-rated by the court of St. Petersburgh, and actively supported by the servants of the court. The Russians had very nearly everything to learn, and in the opinion of Monsieur Robertson, were destitute of any great power of intellect. They seemed to him light-minded and superficial, anxious to maintain the greatest possible show of knowledge, interrupting with an eternal "I know," any information that was being given them; but information that was being given them; but more capable of maintaining a sham of knowledge, than of supporting the weight of the real thing itself. Their princes too had a great faith in the abilities of foreigners. When a foul ditch about the Admiralty was being arched over, somebody suggested to M. Robertson that there was a good site furnished by the new ground for a coffee-house. The emperor Alexander, who stood near, asked, "Who proposes to establish that?" "A Frenchman, sire." "A Frenchman! I agree to that. Anything but a Russ. The Russians can do nothing properly." Frenchmen, therefore, Italians, Germans, and Englishmen, were encouraged to settle in St. Petersburgh. If they had anything to teach the town; and, above all, if they had anything with which to amuse it, they went to Russia to make toleto amuse it, they went to Russia to make tole-rably certain fortunes—and returned to their countries to spend them. M. Robertson, at the instance of the Russian ambassador in France, M. de Marcoff, resolved to go with the stream of fortune-hunters into the dominions of the Czar. No balloon ascent had ever been witnessed at St. Petersburgh, and there was nothing in those days like a well-managed bulloon for travelling upon the road to for-tune. M. Robertson's receipts by one ascent in a strange town several times exceeded a thousand pounds.

M. Robertson landed at St. Petersburgh to the year eighteen hundred and three, while people were still talking mysteriously at the assessimation of the emperor Paul two years before, and when the young and people at Alexander was new to the throne. I and had expected his fate, and had endeavoured to avert it by erecting for himself the pulsee of St. Michael near the summer garden; an imperial gaol, surrounded by moats and drawbridges, with hoophole windows through which sunlight dribbled, nevermon, and maintained always as if in a state of steps. Nevertheless, it was within this palace of St. Michael that Paul was assessmented. In M. Robertson's time it was the part of a good Parisian to believe as he believed, that the English government had part in the crime. Nobody holds that opinion now. The czar was a victim to the wrath of his nobles, whose will was accomplished by the hand of the most physically powerful among their number, probably at that time the strongest man in

said that he could bend the thickest mail into a ring about one finger. The count strangled his master, not—as Robertson reports the story—with a piece of British linen, but with an imperial scarf; and when the work was half done, it is said, took it off because the spangles on the scarf were an impediment, and cut them away with his sword while the czar fled, to crouch vainly in abject horror underneath a table. Alexander his successor, as all the world knows, waited—hoping that extremities might, perhaps, not be proceeded to—in a room below; he was the first who received the report of the conspirators; he assisted in declaring that his father had been killed by an apoplectic stroke; and he afterwards kept the murderers as friends and advisers near his throne.

A friend of Robertson in St. Petersburgh, the painter Orlosky, was rival to count Orloff in the character of Hercules. Orlosky was a Pole, hating the Russians, and allowed to express his contempt for them freely to the czar, his patron. He was considered the best painter in St. Petersburgh—his style something resembling that of Horace Vernet—and was a colossal man, generally to be found in a more sestate under the influence of ardent spirits. It is said that Orlosky once called on the Duke Constantine when he was out; and, instead of writing his name in the visitors' book, took up a baker's shovel that lay near, twisted it into a knot, and told the porter to give that to the grand duke. He did so, and Constantine immediately asked, "How long is it since Orlosky called?"

M. Saucesotte, the czar's dentist, was a hospitable entertainer of all his countrymen: to him and others, as well as to his own shrewdness, Robertson was indebted for the discovery, that he must, if he would prosper, do at St. Petersburgh as the St. Petersburghers do, that is to say, make all the display possible. Hotels in any decent sense, there were at that time none. He lost no time, therefore, in becoming tenant of the largest house he could find, at a rental of some five hundred pounds a year, and set up a carrage wherein he and his family might enter their appearance properly among the loungers in the Newsky Perspective.

The aspect of the St. Petersburgh streets did not please M. Robertson. All who can

The aspect of the St. Petersburgh streets did not please M. Robertson. All who can afford to ride, he says, and many who cannot, would consider it a degradation to be seen on foot. There is a roll of carringes along the road and no life on the pavement. Such a thing as a street-boy singing his young Russian version of Susannah don't you cry for me, or whistling anything corresponding to the chorus out of Vilkins, was never to be seen: there were no organs (blessed exemption); no bands, tumblers, or street amusements of any kind whatever. A boutisnik (a policeman) at the corner of most streets was bound to see the peace kept, in other words, to extinguish outdoor life entirely. In the theatre there was the

dissatisfaction was forbidden. The shops did not improve one's spirits; they were hung with emblems; and, at the corner of his own street M. Robertson was annoyed by the presence of an establishment festooned with shrouds.

In one time the new-comer made arrange-ments for his first balloon ascent. M. Sacharoff, ments for his first balloon ascent. M. Sacharoll, a distinguished chemist, was appointed to accompany him, and they ascended from the gardens of the School of Cadets, in presence of a vast crowd, on the evening of the last day in June. A little table had been fixed against one side of the car for the use of M. Sacharoll; who, when he entered, spread his papers on it and began to read them. The perfect smoothness of the upward motion through smoothness of the upward motion through the air is illustrated by the fact that M. Sacharoff was not in the least aware of the Sacharoff was not in the least aware of the balloon's having started until his companion pointed to the Neva far below. When a balloon rises above the clouds, they are seen from above rolling in high cones upon each other, and appear like mountains tumbling down with a swift fall to overwhelm the earth: while the balloon traveller fancies himself fixed immovably in space, and if it be his first trip, for the first time knows what perfect silence is. When the balloon has risen to a great height in the air, balloon has risen to a great height in the air, the unensiness felt by most aëronauts is compared by M. Robertson to the sensation of a man who holds his face in water; the chest dilates, and any attempt to swallow a small piece of bread is vain. On the occasion of this first ascent from St. Petersburgh a speaking trumpet was carried by M. Sacharoff, with which he began to nocke experi-ments as the balloon descended. Shouts directed into space were lost, those directed against the earth were echoed and sometimes returned with a vibration that affected sensibly the ear. Thereupon M. Robertson resibly the enr. ported to the St. Petersburgh Academy of Sciences, that the idea of man's power to divert rain or storms by the communication of violent shocks to the atmosphere, say by the discharge of cannon, was confirmed. that if this ingenious account were still alive, there can be little doubt that he would be found backing the theory of a French found backing the theory of a Freuch chemist who only the other day wrote a learned essay to demonstrate that the siege of Sebastopol is the true cause of this year's ungenial spring.

Monsieur Robertson descended in the

gardens of the general Peter Demidoff, sixty miles from St. Petersburgh, and was hospitably received by the ladies of the mansion.

The magic lantern business experienced at the outset a slight check. At Paris M. Robertson had concluded his entertainment with a homage to Napoleon, at St. Petersburgh it was thought proper to put Alexander turned to Moscow, and his account of travel in Nipoleon's place. The young Czar Alexis, that—pretty much as at present—there ander always were a dark green coat, and are only two roads, namely those joining dark green reflects so little light that it the capital to St. Petersburgh and Warsaw;

would not suit the magician's apparatus; would not suit the magician's apparatus; a change was, for this reason, made in the picture to scarlet, for the sake of brilliancy. The result was a commotion among the police. The exar shown in the colours of a Jacobin? Siberm for such a crime! The governor of the town threatened nothing less, if the offence were repeated. The exhibition was for some days closed by authority. The exhibitor was called upon to submit to the police a catalogue of all his plantoms; there being no freedom allowable in Russia even to a shadow. M. Robertson was foreven to a shadow. M. Robertson was for-bidden to make profane copies of the image of a czar again, and his ghosts were made to feel the punch of a strict censorship.

The show, however, soon recovered from the shock, and was visited by all the nobles in the town. It was indeed subject only to one other drawback, and that but a slight one. The entrance passages were lighted with a liberal supply of tallow candles; and, after the company had all passed in, these candles invariably disappeared! The company had to make its exit in the dark, or a fresh set of candles had to be supplied. The help of the to make its exit in the dark, or a fresh set of candles had to be supplied. The help of the police was at last sought, and space were set in the passage; whereupon it was discovered that the thief was a mason, who, being caught with a candle end in his mouth and beaten, confessed that he had breakfasted heartily at the expense of M. Robertson ever since the beginning of his exhibition.

while telling this story of the mason, Monsieur Robertson states his impression that the noble classes fasten with no less avidity on richer fare. He thinks that they eat much, not only on account of climate, and to pass time, but also because of the poor quality of half the food of a country which is in some parts so intertile that, as Forster relates of his travels in Siberia, cows may be seen who have nothing but morsels of dried fish for their fodder. uned ush for their fodder. As for the thievery, that was as characteristic then as it is now. The Russian tradesmen, after goods were bought changed them by sleight of hand, if the form of the changed them to sleight of hand, As for the if the face of the customer were for a minute or two averted; and, in the case of those very caudles which the moson stole, and which were bought by the hundred pounds at a time, M. Robertson discovered quite at the last that, while using every precaution he could think of, he had been cheated of five pounds in every hundred, by the dexterous slipping of a five-pound weight under the scale.

After he had spent some time at St. Petersburgh, the showman journeyed to Riga, and there made a balloon ascent, which has been described in Kotzebue's Recollections of a Voyage in Livonia and Italy. From Riga he went to Vienna; and thence re-

M. Robertson returned to St. Petersburgh at Christmas, and was in time to see the benediction of the Neva. Few things attracted more of his attention than the extravagance of the dress worn by the ladies, when they ode abroad to show themselves on the Newsky Per-pective. One lady's dress would sometimes be worth eight hundred pounds—how many seris! There was also the utmost rivalry for

the display of wealth in carriages and harness.
On New Year's day M. Robertson and his wife went to the imperial ball. Three to this annual entertainment—no person of any account in the town being overlooked. The czar—a ratner profligate married Adonis of the age of twenty-five—was a most noticeable feature in the evening's festival. The next thing noticed was the splendour of the impetable, laid with covers for three huniral laide, laid with covers for three number of guests. It recalled to his memory a feast still more gorgeous and profuse in its doubty, at which a table spread with rich crystal and costly percelain for four hundred guests of the director Earras proved upon comparison with the carr's table, that a republican can dine more splendidly than the most absolute of autograts. Another be most absolute of autocrats. Another hing to be noticed, and discovered to the cost of their life by not few Europeans, was the at and cioseness of the unventilated rooms, nd the fearful contrast of temperature out of

For, it should be understood, that to secure warmth in-doors the Russian nobles, knowing nothing about what is wholesome or unwholesome, indulged in double windows, double doors, closed chimneys, and the stoppage, with sand, of every erack that could admit the air. There was a French comedian, M. Frogère, in great favour with the emperor, who amused him off the stage with mimicries and buffooneries; for says M. Robertson, a man with a puppet in his hand had only to pull the string and earn more money and applause than was to be got at St. Petersburgh from any benefaction to the human race. One day M. Frogère was dining with a party at a country house near St. Petersburgh, when his presence suggested the idea of getting up, at once, a little comedy. The only dufficulty was that the season was severe, and that it would take two or three hours to heat the room in which the comedy would have to performed. So much decay would spoil the entire plan, and it was about to be abandoned, when the host suddenly declared that he had solved the difficulty. He would guarantee them a warm room in half-an-hour. Accordingly, he caused all the serfs, labourers, and mechanics in the neighbourhood to be hurried into the cold saloon, and, when it was quite full, shut and the doors, and left the poor men to establish a black hole for half an-hour—in his own phrase, to communicate their heat to the at-mosphere. The doors were then thrown open, the serfs were ordered to make a precipitate retreat; the smell they left was disguised with a profusion of choice perfumes, and the guests entered, clapping their hands with delight at feeling the warm air and smelling the sweet incense. So, they shut themselves up com-fortably in the warm, poisonous air, and played their little comedy.

On one occasion Robertson was ordered to display his phantasmagoria before the emperor and empress in the imperial library. After he had done so, and been well rewarded, while he was packing up his apparatus, helped by his wife and his assistant, he observed two ends of a cap projecting from behind a pillar. Moving his own place suddenly, he saw that it was the emperor himself, who was there playing the eavesdropper upon him. Without sceming to have noticed, he quietly warned his

ing to have noticed, he quietly warned his wife of his discovery; but in another number or two, the august spy was gone.

M. Robertson had a coachman named Timaphe, a serf. He asked leave of absence to go and pay his annual tribute to his mistress. Next day his eyes were very red. "My mistress," he explained, with a great lump in his throat choking his voice, "said that I did not take her enough money, and ordered me to be flogged." He had been sent to the stable to be flogged with hard thougs, and the nitiless old woman had gone down herself M. Robertson had friends who were the pitiless old woman had gone down herself

Such was the civilisation of the Russian empire fifty years ago. It is twenty-two years since M. Robertson's experience was published. How closely it resembles that of modern residents and travellers.

MISTRESS HANNAH WOOLLEY.

REFOREUS is a shabby-looking little old book, but bearing as frontispiece the pleasant countenance of a middle-aged woman-she must have been good-looking in her youth—with pearls round her neck, and pearl-drops in her ears, and her hair in little ringlets; and on the opposite page we find that this is the lively effigy, as they would have called it in those days, of Mrs. Hannah Woolley, a lady who in the turbulent days of the parliament, kept a ladies' school, and then became waitinggentlewoman to a person of quality; and who, during the Protectorate, kept, with her husband, a large school at Hackney, and initiated young ladies into all the mysteries of the still and stewpan, together with the more pleasant arts of making rock-work, waxwork, cabinet-work, bugle-work, upon wires or otherwise, together with marvellous flowers of various colours, made of wire and isinglass.

Mrs. Hannah Woolley was an important

person in her day-known, she tells us, by one or two smaller publications, and, by car nest entreaties of many friends-her publisher being one of them-she began to write this currous little book, which she entitles The Gentlewoman's Companion, and Guide to the Female Sex-sixteen hundred and seventytwo-a pleasant manual of all things neces-sary for the young lady two hundred years ago to learn; together with instructions for behaviour, instructions in letter-writing, and a choice collection of recipes both for the sick and well, both for lemon-cream and for plague-water. She relates to us how she plague-water. She relates to us how she became mistress of such varied information; which was based upon experience acquired between sixteen hundred and forty-two to sixteen hundred and seventy-two—a period of thirty years. She tells us she lost both parents while very young, "and before I was fifteen was entrusted to keep a little to keep a little school, in which I continued two years. Then a noble lady, finding I understood Italian, and could dance, sing, and play, took me to be governess to her young daughter. On this lady's death, another honourable lady took me as governess, and when the children had grown up. I became her stewardess and tary, writing all my lady's letters."

While in this situation, she benefited much by the conversation of divers ingenious persons, and was also often called

satisfy herself that his back had been scored portant science, and competent to wing the partridge, rear the goose, sauce the capon, chine the salmon, bark the lobster, according to that approved vocabulary, a extensive almost as that of hawking and heraldry, and just about as unmeaning. Moreover, as in so large a household accidents were not of infrequent occurrence, and the lady was a genuine Lady Bountiful, she obtained in addition great knowledge of physick and chirurgery. Thus qualified, our Hunnah soon after married. Her husband, Hannah soon after married. Her husband, had been master of Saffron Walden free school, but set up on his own account. Some years after they removed to Hackney, and there had a large school, sometimes of sixty chil-How long she resided there, she does not inform us, nor the date of her husband's death; but, she sadly concludes, "As I have taken great pains for an honest livelihood, so the hand of the Almighty hath exercised me with all manner of afflictions, by death of parents when very young, by loss of children, husband, friends, estate, and very much sickness, whereby I was disenabled from my employment." She therefore feels, that as she may lay claim to some experience, so, she trusts, she may be considered qualified to give such rules to ladies, gentlewomen, and young maidens, as may be their perfect guide in all ages and conditions.

The work begins with advice to young children; in which the maxims, Cut or break your bread, and do not bite or gnaw it,— Never drink with your mouth full, &c.,—all the rules which our grandfathers and great-grandmothers learnt from the pages of Eras-mus, down to Dilworth and Vyse, are to be found in order. The following rather long rule puts us in mind of those days of starched formality when sons and daughters, although grown up, were expected to stand in their fathers presence: When you have dined or supped, rise from the table, and carry your plate or trencher with you, doing your obeisauce to the company, and then attend in room until the rest rise.

The respect which young ladies are to show to their governess—the private governess is here meant—especially if she be elderly, seems to prove that governesses two hundred years ago occupied a higher station in the family than unfortunately they do now. The young lady is also admonished always to treat her servant with kindness, especially avoiding flying out into ill-humours while the important business of the toilet is going on; otherwise, as Mistress Hannah naively remarks, you will cause her to serve you only for her own ends, and whilst you are making a wry face in the glass, she will make another behind your back.

Respecting female education, Hannah Woolley's ideas are greatly in advance of upon to read aloud in Fronch and English Woolley's ideas are greatly in advance of to her lady and her friends. She here also carved at table, and thus became initiated into all the mysteries of that im- that women were far better educated during those of the trivolous, licentious age in which

was king

We have next a chapter on general behaviour; and in it young ladies are especially warned against awkward shyness at first entering into company, which, she remarks, they generally make up for afterwards by too they generally make up for afterwards by too great forwardness. In illustration, she tella us how Dr. Heylin having to travel in a coach—this was before the days of flying coaches—with a young lady, was greatly vexed on setting out to find her so reserved and silent, but how ere long he found that when her tongue once began, there was no stopping it, for its continual clicking by the doctor's watch kept exact time for nine hours? Still, ladies are to talk, but they should avoid filling up a narrative with said he and said she; they are also to be particular in giving each person the appropriate title. "In walking, always give your lady companion the right hand. If three walk together, the middle is the most honourable place; if the ladies, at your entrance, do you the civility of rising, never sit down until they are seated." The following anticipates Chesterfield: "If the lady you visit will do you the henour to accompany you out of the you the honour to accompany you out of the room, do not seem to oppose it, for that would imply she understood not what she went about; so receive the attention with thanks."

In her general rules for dress, Hannah

Woolley is no Quakeress; indeed, she thinks rich apparel and jewellery very proper, provided too much time is not spent at the toilet. One piece of folly then recently introduced, excites her vehement indignation—this is the fashion of wearing patches. From her remarks, we find that these were not only in the form of diamonds, half-moons, stars—such as our great-grandmothers wore —but were actually of all manner of animals, castles, and even a coach and horses. she says," Such is the vanity and pride of some gentlewomen that they have in a manner abstracted Noah's ark, and expressed a compendium on their forcheads and cheeks: pendium on their forcheads and cheeks: there are birds, beasts, fishes, so that their faces may be termed a landscape of living creatures." This practice, she says, much reminds her of the Indians, who paint animals upon their bodies: indeed, she natvely adds, that were any one of these ladies born with half-moons, stars, castles, or come and horses on their faces, they would have for more means to be freed from them. give far more money to be freed from them than a seven years' costly expense in following the fashion would amount to.

Subsequently she enters her indignant protest against the practice of tight lacing, urging upon her young readers the dangerous consequences of affecting to be as slender

the Parliamentary war and the Protectorate forgotten, the young ladies, as Spring drew than after the Restoration, when the habits nigh, set about stringing most, sorting small and manners of a profligate court spread their baleful influence far and wide, and dressing and flirtations, visits to the park and new Exchange in the morning, and to the play in the afternoon, seemed a fine lady's whole business. From an incidental remark, we find that even then girls, if educated at all, were taught Latin; for she bids them apply themselves to their grammars, to be discouraged in apprehending the first principles of the Latin tongue She recommends the study, too, of the French and Italien, Signior Terriano, who hath lately published a grammar, being the best teacher of the latter, while Monsieur Mauger, who has also published a French grammar, is an excellent instructor in the the importance of giving their daughters a really good education; remarking, in phrase that in its forcible quaintness reminds us of Thomas Fuller, that too many parents, not necessitous, " suffer their children to spin away their precious time, or pore over a sampler untill they have pricked out the very date of their life." In a short enumeration of books for young ladies' reading, we find some rather voluminous works, and some very dry; but Hannah Woolley is not at all of the Gradschool, for she boldly declares that it would be really injurious to proscribe lictitious works, and she points out how Cassandra, and Clelia, and the Grand Cyrus, and Parthenisa—those extravagant but fine old French romances—but above all the gorgeous and troble Arcadia of Sir Philip Sidney, are indeed valuable; for there are few ladies therein but are charactered as what they ought to be, while the magnanimity and courage of the men might entitle them to be orthy husbands to the most deserving of

fine needlework, and making pretty knickknowled are also to engage their attention and lessons are given in the latter part of the book how to make many pretty orna-Among these we may mention the fashionable madness of the day - Potichomanua, or painting imitations of china upon glass. There is also a very good plan for making worsted flowers, and minute direchow to dress up fire-places for the nummer in best rooms. go the stove, even in the best room, greatly combled a large tire-basket placed on four ga. This, when summer and cleaning up time rived, was carried away, and its place was upplied by large boughs. The ingenuity of Irs. Hannah Woolley suggested that a kind of rotte neight be formed there, by aid of moss and various kinds of shells. She accordpriv gives directions how to make a very co popular that long after her book was

tall of its height. However, she adds, after all, mothers and nurses were chiefly in fault, for, "by cloistering you up in a steel or whalebone prison, they open a door to consumption and crookedness." Many years have Many years have passed since this warning was given, and even

now how little is it attended to !

The very heading of the following chapter shows how important the subject of which it treats was considered. It is entitled, "Choice clservations for a gentlewoman's behaviour at table." The first rule is, "Never press forward for a chief place, but seem to be per-suaded with some difficulty to be seated;" " Neither be forward to carve; although the mistress, out of compliment, request you, yet refuse. The lady guest may, it appears, help any one near her to any of the side dishes, taking care, however, not to present it being to the point of the knife," but it being "dexterously taken up by your knife or fork, to be laid on a clean plate, and thus presented. At the lady's own table, however, she will be expected to carve the principal dishes, so "take care and carve well, for I have at dinner seen the good gentlewoman of the house sweat more in cutting up a fowl, than the cookneid did in reasting it." It is also "very comely to use a fork, for then the fingers will not be greased." How evident is in the attack that for the fashion of facks," said fingers will not be greased." How evident is it from this, that "the fashion of forks," said to have been introduced some thirty years before by Tom Coryat, of whimsical memory, had not, even at the Restoration, become thoroughly naturalised among us. "If chicken broth be the first dish"—our forefathers at this time seem to have had their fish brought in with the second course - " and you would help your principal guest, remember the best piece is the breast. The legs and wings are next, but in boiled fowl the leg is preferred to the wing." This chicken broth was a standing dish at our great grandfathers dinners; indeed, the white chicken broth was considered a dainty dish to set before a king, Charles the Second preferring it to every other kind of "spoon meat," as soups were then called. Hannah Woolley, in her subjoined recipes, gives us two methods of making it. The most elaborate of the two shall be presented to our readers, as a specimen of the of cookery patromsed at the court of Charles the Second :

Take three chickens, three pints of strong broth, and a quart of white wine. Stew them with a quarter of a pound of dates, a quarter of a pound of white sugar, some mace, the marrow of three marrow bones, and a handful of white endive. Then take the yolks of ten eggs, and thicken the broth therewith." A toleranly rich chicken broth this, with wine, marrow, and sugar; but our forefathers from the earliest times, had emphatically a sweet tooth, and it is amusang in looking over these old cookery books, how certain we are to find load sugar, or "raisins of the sun," in every made dish. The serving of these spoon-meats

was indeed easy enough; but with the "pièces de resistance," the goose, the turkey, sometimes the peacock, the lady carver's literally hard work began. Then pinning up her ruffles that they might not dip into the gravy, and spreading the large napkin, "bibover the rich stomacher or breastfashion. knots, the fair carver stood up and sawed away with the sabre-like knote at the huge bird, and numerous are the directions here given how to carve them, and how to serve

the best pieces to the principal guests.

Of larger poultry the best piece is on the breast, for roast pig the ears, the jaws, and the crackling; for smaller towls the and the crackling; for smaller towls the breast and leg. Of tish the head is the best. Fish does not, however, seem to have been greatly liked, and no wonder, since at the happy Restoration the nation was directed royal authority duly to keep Lent, and then they doubtless had enough of it.

But few kinds of fish were "presentable" at genteel tables ; thus, cod, salmon, sturgeon, and carp, together with the only fish our forefathers really seem to have taken kindly to-cels-are the only fish mentioned here. and strangely they seem to have managed with them; the salmon and large cels were baked, well stuffed with herbs and spice; the sturgeon, or rather a piece, was stuck with cloves and roasted; the carp was either baked in a pie with "good store of sweet butter, raisins of the sun, and orange peel, or put in the stew-pan with garlie and ancho vies, and stewed in white wine; while the cod—the head of which seems the only part cared for—was boiled in wine and water, with spices and sweet herbs, and served with shrimps, poached eggs, and anchovies. This last was, however, the favourite dish, and our authoress tells us it was dressed in so expensive a manner at some of the fish-ordinaries then celebrated in London, that a properly dressed cod's head, in Old or New Fish Street, hath made many a gallant's pocket to bleed freely. If a fish-pie be put before the carver, then it is proper enough to use your kmfe; but, if otherwise, serve it with your fork and spoon—fish-slices were for a long time after unthought-of - laying it hand-somely on a plate with sauce, and so present it. But should there be clives on the table, use your spoon, and not your fork, lest you become the laugh of the whole table.

The duty of the mistress having been thus set forth, the guests are next instructed. Never ask for dainties, and if pressed to choose, say,—"Madam, I am indifferent: or, Your ladyship's choice shall be mane." We should scarcely have expected to find the same eantion ad ressed to ladies, as had been given to children just released from the nursery, but, "cut or break your bread—do not bute it;" together with, "ginw.no bones with your touth," actually occur in this very chapter. It would appear too, from the following direction, that although the general appointments of the dimer-table were handsome, there were no extra spoons, but, in serving, each guest was compelled to make use of his own. "If you serve yourself to a dish that is near you, take whatever you want, at once, for it is not evil to be twice in a dish. Wipe your spoon every time you put it into the dish, otherwise you may offend aqueamish stomachs!" Guests are to guard against enting as though they had kept fast for three days in order to do justice to their good cheer; but, at the same time, to cat too sparingly looks as though you disliked the meat, or the cooking; and such folk are always laughed at, like the lady who, to show her high-breeding, instead of cating her peas with a spoon, cut them, and took up half a one at a time on the point of her fork; or that old lady who, determining to be "prodigious genteel," and at the same time feeling no inclination for a fast, made a hearty need on "corned beef and cabbage," before she went to a grand entertainment, all unconscious that a piece of the cabbage had lodged in the folds of her ruff. And then, how, when dainty after dainty was pressed upon her, and she, to the great vexation of her entertainer, took only infinitesimal morsels, protesting that she had already eaten the whole leg of a lark, a gentleman who sat next her, out of patience with her folly, pulled the piece of cabbage from her ruff, remarking, "Yes, here is one of its feathers." With some general rules, among which is this direction—"If you sit next to a person of honour it will behove you not to receive your drink on that side"—Hannah Woolley concludes this important chapter.

concludes this important chapter.

We are sorry that she did not here enter upon the minutize of after-dinner forms. From a later publication we find that first before the cloth was removed—"drawn" is the word,—a silver salver or basin was carried round, filled with perfumed water, into which the guests dipped their naphins and wiped their fingers. We also find that, at this period, the dessert was only occasionally provided, and these but for very grand dinners, when it was called "a banquet" In her second book, published about ten years later, and entitled The Queen like Closet, she gives very cutious directions how to set out a banquet. From these we find that it chiefly consisted of preserved fronts, except, during summer, when strawberries and cream, or cherries, and rather later, apricots and peaches, make their appearance. Large trays, mostly square, roughly made of wood, were to be provided, and into these the dishes were to fit, rising higher towards the middle, the spaces between them being filled with flowers. The onter row of dishes held fresh fruit, or the smaller kinds of preserves; the inner row, such delicacies as a whole red quince, apricots in jelly, or occasions after the Portugal fashion; while the middle dish, which was raised above the rest,

of the dinner-table were handsome, there was to present a miscellarly of sweets; among were no extra spoons, but, in serving, each guest was compelled to make use of his own. If you serve yourself to a dish that is near you, take whatever you want, at once, for it is not civil to be twice in a dish. Wipe your spoon every time you put it into the dish, otherwise you may offend squamish attemates! "Guests are to guard agnist eating as though they had kept fast for three days in order to do justice to their good cheer; but, at the same time, to cat too sparingly looks as though you disliked the ment, or the cooking; and such folk are always laughed at, like the lady who, to show her high-breeding, instead of eating her peas with a spoon, cut them, liesches.

We have next a rather dull chapter on ensamples for imitation by the ladies, in which Cornelia and Queen Eather, Octavia, Judith and Penclope, with some half-a-dozen modern paragons—are held up to admiration. This chapter—which perhaps was not written by the ingenious Mrs. Hannah Woolley, but, as was often the case, by some literary hack—is followed by more pleasant ones, giving minute information how to make almond puddings, and almond creams, and quince jellies, and quince marmalade, and a tart of green peas,—a work of supererogation this, we think—and a grand sallet, which was to be composed of almonds, raisins, olives, cucumbers, samphire, sliced lemon, and half a dozen more heterogeneous articles, each placed in order round the dish, and a wax tree pasted to the dish in the middle. Then there are rules for the dairy; a very sensible chapter on the care of sick people, and a most valuable one, as her fair readers doubtless thought, on distilling.

valuable one, as her fair readers doubtless thought, on distilling.

The chapter on the duties of servants is curious for the incidental glimpses we obtain of housekeeping two hundred years ago. The waiting gentlewoman stands highest, and she appears to have occupied a station very similar to that of a lady's companion. She must write well, and in good English too, for she may have to conduct her lady's correspondence. If she can read well aloud, so much the better, and also carve well. She should be able to preserve well, and do various kinds of fine needlework; and she should also know how to dress the lady. This last requisite seems to us very menial compared with her other occupations; but such it does not seem to have been considered at a time when ladies in waiting at court actually were waiting women to the queen, and stood holding the robe or the mantle while another laced the boddice, after performing the literal duties of the lady's maid. The housekeeper is next in rank, and very multifarious are her duties. In addition to the general superintendence of the household, she must preserve well, have a competent knowledge of distillery, also of making cates and spoon-

rt of their housekeeper a commenaids; for There are no rules for housemaids; for this class of servants was unknown. There were no carpets to sweep; for the few that were used were the small Turkey carpets, and these were last down when required. and taken up and shaken and beaten; there was no furniture to rub, for mahogany was only very slowly coming into use; and there were no bright stoves to clean, for the stove, even in the withdrawing room, was, as we have said, merely a fire-basket on four legs. So the few remaining housemaid duties were performed by the chambermaid, and very specific is the enumeration of her duties. She must first have some knowledge of dressing, that, in the event of the absence of the mg, that, in the event of the absence of the waiting gentlewoman, she may supply her place. She must keep the chambers clean, and well-dusted, attend to the bed-linen, do plain needlework, and know how to wash lawn, point, and laces, those three most valuable articles of a lady's wardcobe, and which were never allowed to go into the laundry. She must also be able to wash white and black sarcenet; and minute directions are given how this is to be done. sarcenet of this time was very different to the mo lern. Its texture was almost that of grosde-Naples, but much more glossy, owing to the fine Italian silk of which it was made, and its price was proportionably high. This sarcenet was used for hoods for summer wear, and tins style of head-dress continued down to the days of the Spectator, where the reader will probably remember the gratification he expresses at the introduction of hoods of various colours, remarking that the pit at the theatre appeared like a gay flower-bed. The chambermoid is also to be able to wait at the table if need should require. This was doubtless only when the lady dined with her female friends, in her own chamber.

The chapter contains some excellent advice to mistresses, urging them to watch over the welfare of their servants, and encourage the deserving by httle presents. They are also to watch as much as may be that they do not fall into bad company; and if the young woman is likely to marry suitably, to be sure and make her some useful present towards housekeeping, and, if a valued servant, to give her her wedding dinner. These are pleasant traits of domestic life in the past, and of the kindly feeling that existed between mistress and servant.

TO HANG OR NOT TO HANG.

salves and cintments for the poor, since good to turn over his stores. At the publishers in and charitable holies do commonly make this provincial towns in France, especially in part of their housekeeper's business. ment, you will often light upon curious information, which you may search in vain for in the metropolis. M. Chaumas may fairly boast of his departmental treasures, having rendered good service to the literature of the He now announces, in three sous Girande. numbers, an autobiography which, when com-pleted, will prove one of the most remark-able illustrations of criminal justice hitherto recorded-injustice was the word at the tip of my pen. It is to be completed with portrait, correspondence, fac-similes, and all of it. I am not aware whether the first number of this stirring history has yet appeared—I believe not. Manwhile, I sketch the leading events of the drama, which one of its principal actors proposes shortly to relate in full:—

Claude Gay, an old man of seventy, ailing and infirm, lived alone in an isolated cottage in the midst of a wood in the commune of Le Fieu, in the arrondissement of Libourne. He had sold this cottage and the small piece of land belonging to it to Lesnier the Son, a schoolmaster, for the moderate lifeannuity of six francs seventy-five centimes In the night of the fifteenth to per month. the sixteenth of November, eighteen hundred and forty-seven, the inhabitants of the bourg of Le Fien were awakened by a conflagration which burst forth from Gay's dwelling. The cottage, which was built of clay and wood, was soon destroyed by the flames. The body of the proprietor was found stretched at the entrance, with his feet on the threshold and his head on the floor of the only chamber of which his house consisted. After a postmorten examination, the medical men de-clared that death had been occasioned by violence

One Louis Daignaud deposed that, that same night he had been stopped by Lesnier the Son, the schoolmaster, and his father, Worse than that, Marie (born) Cessae married Frenchwoman never so completely drops her maiden name as an Englishwoman does)—Marie Cossac, the wife of a public-house keeper named Lespugne, but who was not living with her husband, having apparently been disearded by him, and who had entered into an improper intercourse with the younger Lesnier, denounced him, her paramour, as the murderer of Gay.

This double testimony, added to the interest which the younger Lesuier had in the death of his annuitant, Claude Gay, were the cause of his being condemned, on the second of July, eighteen bundred and forty-eight, to hard labour for life by the Court of Assize of the Department of La Gironde. In Eng-Is you walk up that handsome street the form of the Bepartment of La Gironde. In Engwill pass, on your left, the shop of Monsicur P. Chaumas, Libraire-Editeur, or bookselling publisher; and you will probably inspect his lave been carried into execution. Mister window on your way, if you do not step in have spared all trouble of reconsidering the judgment, and have saved the convict many years of indescribable torture. Lesnier senior, who had to stand in the dock by the side of his son, on the charge of complicity, was acquitted by the same verdict which

condemned his son.

The son protested his innocence of the murder-energetically, persistently, and desperately-in vain. On the twenty-seventh of January, eighteen hundred and forty-nine, he was taken to the bagne, or convict depôt, of Rochefort. He was at once leaded with double chains on account of the gravity of the crimes for which he had been condemned -no less than arson and murder; he was made to wear the yellow coat, the badge of the most atrocious and most dangerous cri-minals. He spent two years and a-half thus, and was then transferred to the bagne of Brest, in consequence of the suppression of that at Rachefort.

Subsequently he experienced a slight ameli-oration of his lot, which he owed rather to his educational acquirements than to his contimed protestations of imocence. He was found useful in helping to keep the prison secounts. Who believes the protested innocence of persons convicted of, or even seriously charged with, any grave offence ? No oneot even dearest friends and relatives. like the protest to be made, for form's sake, it gives them a pretext for hoping against hope, for cheating their own affect nate hearts—for screening, by the shadow of a shade, the full blaze of certainty which of a shade, the full blaze of certainty which pours down its rays on the culprit's guilt; but they do not believe it at the bottom of their hearts. It is said that genuine innocuracy pleads with such touching and permutative accents as to carry their own proof with them, and to be irresistible. But history process the contrary. To avoid alluding to the end mistakes that have been made in hancing innocent people in England, there is a trait ton that, many years since, a man was executed at Calais for the murder of his own house. The alleged subject of dispute was projects, to be divided between himself, his either, and his father. He persisted in declaring his innocence. On the scattold, to the very last moment, the priest kept shouting in his ear, "Confess! confess!" His last words, just before the axe fell, were, "I have nothing to confess! I did not murder my brother!" No one believed him: but, after a time, the father on his deathbed voluntarily confessed that he had murdered one son, and Bowsel the other to be beheaded unjustly. allowed the other to be beheaded unjustly. Monthailly, accused of parricide, protested against the charge with the utmost carnest-ties possible; but he was broken on the wheel and burnt alive, nevertheless. Even on the scaffold, and pressed importunately by the attendant minister, his reply was, "You treat may to say that I am guilty. I will con-

before God, the responsibility of the lie which you urge me to tell." It is doubtful whether anyone believed Lesnier to be innocent, except his father, who had personal knowledge of the falseness of Daignand's evidence, and, perhaps his counsel. M. Gergerès, to whom he wrote some remark-

able letters.

Read only this: "Monsieur, I thank you infinitely for the good advice you give me, and will endeavour to derive from it the strength necessary to bear the trials which Providence has put upon me. I have had my faults; I have yielded to all the errors of youth, but I am not criminal, and I cannot accept, as an expiation of those errors, the punishment which is now inflicted on me. I deplore the blindness of my judges, who have been led into a fatal mistake by two depo-sitions, which you cannot help remembering. In my position I should be an ingrate if I bailed to conduct myself well. Monsieur the Commissaire of the Marine has granted me a great favour; he has employed me in writing: I seem to find myself again in my usual sphere. I am resigned, and await with confidence the accomplishment of the designs of Providence." In writing to Monsieur the Procureur Imperial at Brest, Lesnier stated that "the idea of his father was the only thing that sustained him—without that idea, he about he have have accounted to the table. he should have long ago contrived to destroy himself." Let us not throw the first stone of repreach at the projected, or rather supposed, suicide till we ourselves have passed through some similar ordeal. His working days in the bureaux were bearable; his nights and his Sundays, spent in the midst of convicts, are represented as a succession of anguish and torture. Lesnier was thus civilly dead, and plunged in a terrestrial hell for seven

The father, meanwhile at liberty, sought for the means of justifying his sen, if such were to be found. Success at last attended his efforts. Lespagne and his wife quarrelled; she threw the secret, like a stone, at his head, and it went further than she intended. Louis Daignaud committed himself by imprudent talk. He let out that, at the time of the murder, he was indebted to Lespagne in the sum of fifteen francs, and that, to avoid a seizure for the same, he consented to state that he met the two Lespiers that fatal night. The woman Lespagne, tired of her passing acquaintance (lust akin to hate), and desirons of returning to her husband's house, had screened him, Lespagne, the real murderer, by fixing the charge on young Lesnier. An inquiry took place, which resulted in sending Lespagne, his wife, and Daignaud before the Court of Assizes of La Gironde—Lespagne as the perpetrator of the murder of Claude Gay, and of the fire, and also as a suborner of folse and of the fire, and also as a suborner of false witnesses, and the woman Lespagne and Daignaud as guilty of false witness. The

environs, an interest which will be easily uncerstood, and which filled the hall with an anxious and overflowing throng. The bitter reproaches which Lesnier's advocate directly addressed against the three accused were widdle by richly deserved, although they do not accord with our forms of criminal justice. Monoieur the President Delange summed up. The jury, after an hour and half's consideration, replied negatively to the questions of homicide and incendiarism relative to Lespagne, and affirmatively to those of blows resulting in death, without the intention of causing it, and of subornation of false witnesses. The woman Lespague and Daignand were declared guilty of false witness. Attenuating circumstances were admitted in favour of the three accused. In consequence of this verdict, the three accused were each condemned to twenty years of bard labour.

What the "attenuating circumstances" were, Heaven may know, but no mortal can guess. unless M. Lesnier will have the magnanimity to suggest any in his forthcoming autobiography.
All that one is able to make out of the meaning of " alternating circumstances" in France is, that they are the representatives, in so many letters and syllables, of an unwillingness to strike the last irrevocable blow; they are the sobering influence which time interposes be-tween the commission of a crime and its punishment; they are the angels of mercy who shout to justice, "Beware lest preventive punishment become revenge and retaliation!" they are benevolent fictions raised to temper the severity of deserved retribution; they are the John Does and the Richard Roes of

judicial forbearance. M. Gergerds instituted proceedings at civil law demanding the sum of fifty thousand francs damages. The court, in a subsequent audience devoted to this decision, allowed ten thousand france damages to Lesnier. It now rests with the supreme court (perhaps it now rests with the supreme court (perhaps it may be done already) to cancel the sentence of July eighteen hundred and forty-eight, as irreconcilable with that of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-five, and to remand the accused before a new court, to pronounce a final and definitive judgment on their fate. The man Lespagne will probably get hard labour for life.

The immense revulsion in the tide of Lesnier's existence can be appreciated only by himself; and scarcely by himself, yet. It takes time for such a series of events to ferment, and work themselves clear, in a man's thoughts and feelings. Lookers on can only say, that if similar judicial errors are happily becoming rarer from year to year, the real point to be arrived at is, to make their commission impossible. Again, too, that if committee, they should not be irretrievable. No man living can be secure that he shall never han fiving can or scenre that he shall never be the object of unfounded accusations; no man can be sure of not being surprised, un-consciously mixed up with doubtful and even

suspicious circumstances. And if things go wrong; if a sentence past recal is promoun ad-without entertaining the entire abolition of the punishment of death in certain cases—the facts thus briefly related are sufficient to make us ponder seriously the question, whether we have a right to hang, or not, criminals who have been found guilty of murder, by twelve men of fallible judgment, except upon evidence that amounts to demonstration of

The newspapers report that one of the jury, who condemned Lesnier, went and shook hands with him, expressing at the same time his regrets and his felicitations. We can sympathise with the tempest and struggle in that juror's mind, and congratulate him on the happiness mind, and congratulate him on the happiness he must feel now, on remembering that Lesnier was only sentenced to hard labour for life. But the judge who has ever hing an innocent man—can he banish from his presence, by night or by day, the carnest, tearful, pale, protesting phantom, to whom the last words he deigned to address were, "the Lord have mercy on your soul!"

In a French newspaper, bearing the date In a French newspaper, bearing the date of July the eleventh, eighteen hundred and hity-five, appears the following:—"By order of the Emperor, his Excellency the Minister of Agriculture, Commerce, and Public Works, has just named Monsieur Lesnier, Son, government commissary to the coal-mine company of La Mayenne and La Sarthe. Monsieur Lesnier, late schoolmaster, condemned in eighteen hundred and forty-seven to hard labour for life for murder and arson. to hard labour for life for murder and arson. had, by his exemplary conduct, merited the confidence of the commissaire of the Bagne, who employed him in his office when, seven years after his condemnation, his innocence was completely demonstrated, thanks to the pious and active devotion of his father. In consequence of a judgment pronounced against the real perpetrators of the double crime, whose mancenvres had misled the authorities, he has been discharged, by a decree of the Court of Assizes of the Haute Garonne of the twenty-seventh of June, from the accusation brought against him. This formal reparation did not completely pay the debt owed by society; and it has been the wish of his majesty, in giving M. Lesnier an honourable employment, to repair the ruin brought upon him by a fatal judicial error.

This is satisfactory, and as it should be. But if M. Lesnier, instead of being condemned to forced work for life, had been buried in quicklime within the precincts of a jail, all the reparation that society and the Secretary of State could have made would be the restoration of what remained of his remains to his friends, to receive the posthumous compliment of decent

burial.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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is of the last importance that the country should possess in a genuine state. Every class of the general public was included in this large Commission; and the whole of the analyses, tests, observations, and experiments, were made by that accomplished practical chemist, Mr. Buth.

The first subject of inquiry was that article of universal consumption familiarly known in Varietal as "Government." Mr. Bull produced a sample of this commodity, purchased about the mobile of July in the present year, at a whole alse establishment in Downing Street.

The first remark to be unde on the sample before the Commission, Mr. Bull observed, as alse excessive dearness. There was little doubt that the genuine article could be furto fore the Commission, Mr. Bull observed, as its excessive dearness. There was little doubt that the genuine article could be furnished to the public, at a fairer profit to the real producers, for about fifty per cent less than the cost price of the specimen under consideration. In quality, the specimen was of an exceedingly poor and low description; bring deficient in flavor, character, clearness, brightness, and almost every other requests. It was what would be popularly termed wishy-washy, unaddled, and flat. Mr. Buil printed out to the Commission, floating on the top of this sample, a volatile ingreduct, which he considered had no business there. It might be harmless enough, taken not the existen at a debating-society, or after a pardir dinner, or a comic song; but in its present connection, it was dangerous. It had not improved with keeping. It had come not use as a ready means of making froth, but froth was exactly what ought not to be found at the top of this article, or indeed in any part of it. The sample before the Commission, was frightfully adolterated with inspections of the common weed called lalk. Talk, in such combination, was a rank Poison. He had obtained a precipitate of

OUR COMMISSION.

The disclosures in reference to the adulteration of Food, Drinks, and Drugs, for which the public are indebted to the vigor and spirit of our contemporary The Lancer, lately inspired us with the idea of originating a Commission to inquire into the extensive adulteration of certain other articles which it is of the last importance that the country should moses in a genuine state. Every action upon compulsing to moreover. He constructed the presence of a Grey deposit in one large adulteration of certain other articles which it is of the last importance that the country weakness; indisposition to action to-day, and should moses in a genuine state. Every action upon compulsion to morrow. He considered the sample, on the wade, decidedly unnit for use. Mr. Bull went on to say, that he had purchased another specimen of the same commodity at an opposition establishment over the way, which bore the sign of the British Lion, and proclaimed itself, with the aid of a Brass Band, as "The only genuine and patriotic shop;" but, that he had found it could be keletarians, and that he had found it equally deleterious; and that he had not succeeded in discovering any dealer in the commodity under consideration who sold it

in a genuine or wholesome state.

The bitterdrug called Public Offices, formed the next subject of inquiry. Mr. Bull produced an immense number of samples of this drug, obtained from shops in Downing Street, Whitehall, Palace Yard, the Strand, and else-where. Analysis had detected in every one of them, from seventy-five to ninety-eight percent of Noodledom. Noodledom was a deadly poison. An over-dose of it would destroy a whole nation, and he had known a recent case where it had caused the death of many thousand men. It was sometimes called Routine, sometimes Gentlemanly Business, sometimes The Best Intentions, and sometimes Amiable Inca-pacity; but, call it what you would, analysis always resolved it into Noodledom. There was nothing in the whole united domains of the animal, vegetable, and mineral kingdons, so incommal, vegetable, and mineral king dones, so incompatible with all the functions of life as Noodledom. It was producible with most unfortunate case. Transplant anything from soil and conditions it was it for, to soil and conditions it was not fit for, and you immediately had Noodledom. The germs of self-propagation contained within this baleful posson, were incalculable: Noodledom uniformly and constantly engentering Noodledom, until every available inch of space

Commission, he conceived to be this :- Every wholesale dealer in that drug was sure to have on hand, in beginning business, a large stock of Noodledom; which was extremely cheap, and lamentably abundant. He immediately mixed the drug with the poison. Now, it was the peculiarity of the Public-Office trade that the wholesale dealers were constantly retiring from business, and having successors. A new dealer came into possession of the already adulterated stock, and he, in his turn, infused into it a fresh quantity of Noodledom from his own private store. Then, on his retirement, came another dealer who did the same; then, on his retirement, another dealer who did the same; and so on. many of the samples before the Commission, positively contained nothing but Noodledom—enough, in short, to paralyze the whole country. To the question, whether the useful properties of the drug before the Commission were not of necessity impaired by these malpractices, Mr. Bull residual that all the automorphism to the contained that all the automorphism to the contained that all the automorphism to the contained that all the contained were not of the contained that all the contained were not of the contained that all the contained were not of the contained that all the contained were not of the contained that all the contained were not of the contained that all the contained that the con plied, that all the samples were perniciously weakened, and that half of them were good for nothing. To the question, how he would remedy a state of things so much to be de-plored, Mr. Bull replied, that he would take the drug out of the hands of mercenary dealers altogether.

Mr. Bull next exhibited three or four samples of Lawn-sleeves, warranted at the various establishments from which they had been procured, to be fine and spotless, but evidently soiled and composed of inferior materials ill made up. On one pair, he pointed out extensive stains of printer's-ink, of a very foul kind; also a coarse inter-weaving, which on examination clearly be-trayed, without the aid of the microscope, the fibres of the thistle, Old Bailey Attorneyism. A third pair of these sleeves, though sold as white, were really nothing but the ordinary Mammon pattern, chalked over—a fact which Mr. Bull showed to be beyond dispute, by merely holding them up to the light. He merely holding them up to the light. He represented this branch of industry as overcked, and in an unhealthy condition.

stocked, and in an unhealthy condition.

There were then placed upon the table, several samples of British Peasant, to which Mr. Bull expressed himself as particularly solicitous to draw the attention of the Comsolicitous to draw the attention of the Commission, with one plain object: the good of his beloved country. He remarked that with that object before him, he would not inquire into the general condition, whether perfectly healthy or otherwise, of any of the samples now produced. He would not ask, whether this specimen or that specimen might have been stronger, larger better fitted for wear and tear, and less liable to early decay, if the human creature were reared with a little more of such care, study, reared with a little more of such care, study, and attention, as were rightfully bestowed on the vegetable world around it. But, the samples before the Commission had been obtained most serious and the most discouraging part of from every county in England, and, though his task. He would not shrink from a faith-

brought from opposite parts of the kingdom, were alike demonst in the ability to detend their country by handling a gun or a sword, or by uniting in any mode of action, as a disciplined body. It was said in a breath, that the English were not a military people, and that they made (equally on the testimony of their friends and enemies), the best soldiers in the world. He hoped that in a time of war and common danger he nught take the liberty of putting those opposite assertions into the crucible of Common Sense, consuming the Humbug, and producing the Truth—at any rate he would, whether or no. Now, he begged to inform the Commission that, in the samples before them and thouthat, in the samples before them and thousands of others, he had carefully analysed and tested the British Peasant, and had found him to hold in combination just the same qualities that he always had possessed. Analysing and testing, however, as a part of the inquiry, certain other matters not fairly to be separated from it, he (Mr. Bull) had found the said Peasant to have been some time ago disarmed by lords and gentlemen who were realous of their game and by adwho were jealous of their game, and by administrations hirers of spies and suborners of false witnesses—who were jealous of their power. "So, it you wish to restore to these samples," said Mr. Bull, "the serviceable quality that I find to be wanting in them, and the absence of which so much surprises you, be a little more patriotic and a little less timorously selfish; trust your Peasant a little more; instruct him a little better, in a free-man'sknowledge-noting good child'smerely; man sknowledge—not ma gost child smerely; and you will soon have your Saxon Bowmen with percussion rifles, and may save the charges of your Foreign Legion."

Having withdrawn the samples to which his observations referred—the production whereof, in connection with Mr. Bull's re-

marks, had powerfully impressed the assembled Commission, some of whom even went so far as to register vows on the spot that they would look into this matter some day—Mr. Bull laid before the Commission a great variety of extremely fine specimens of genuine British Job. He expressed his opinion that Eritish Job. He expressed his opinion that these thriving Plants upon the public property, were absolutely immortal: so surprisingly did they flourish, and so perseveringly were they cultivated. Job was the only article he had found in England, in a perfectly unadulterated state. He congratulated the Commission on there being at least one commodity enjoyed by Great Evitain, with which nobody successfully meddled, and of which the Public always had which nobody successfully meddled, and of which the Public always had an ample supply, unattended by the smallest prospect of failure

in the percunial crop. On the subsidence of the sensation of ful description of the laborious and painful nualysis which formed the crown of his labors, but he would prepare the Commission to be shocked by it. With these introductory words, he laid before them a specimen of Representative Chamber.

When the Commission had examined, obviously with emotions of the most porgnant and painful nature, the miserable sample produced, Mr. Bull proceeded with his description. The specimen of Representative Chamber to which he invited their anxious attention, was brought from Westminster Market. It had been collected there in the month of July in the present year. No particular counter had been resorted to more than another, but the whole market had been laid under contribution to furnish the sample. Its diseased condition would be apparent, without any scientific aids, to the most short-sighted individual. It was fearfully adulterated with Talk, stained with Job, and di uted with large quantities of coloring matter of a false and deceptive nature. It was thickly overlaid with a varnish which he had resolved into its component parts, and had found to be made of Trash (both man llin and defiant), boded up with large quantities of Party Turpitude, and a heap of Cant. Caut, he need not tell the Commission, was the worst of poisons. It was almost incomes able to him how an article in itself so wholesome as Representative Chamber, and have been got into this disgraceful state. It was mere Carrien, whelly unfit for human consumption, and calculated to produce nausea and vorniting.

on being questioned by the Commission, whether, in addition to the deleterious substances already mentioned, he had detected the presence of Humbug in the sample before them, Mr. Bull replied, "Humbug? Rank Humbug, in one form or another, pervales the entire mass." He went on to say, that he thought it searcely in human nature to endure, for any length of time, the close contemplation of this specimen; so revolting was it to ad the senses. Mr. Bull was asked, whether he could account; first, for this alarming degeneracy in an article so important to the Public; and secondly, for its a sprance by the Public? The Commission of trung that however the stomachs of the pole might revolt at it—and justly—still they did endure it, and did look on at the Market in which it was exposed. In answer to these inquiries, Mr. Bull offered the fol-

la respect of the wretched condition of the article itself (he said), he attributed that result, chiefly, to its being in the hands of these unprincipled wholesale dealers to whom to bod already referred. When one of those dealers succeeded to a business—or "came in," according to the slang of the trade—his first recording, after the adulteration of

aider how he could adulterate and lower his Representative Chamber. This he did by a variety of arts, recklessly employing the dirtiest agents. Now, the trade had been so long in the hands of these men, and one of them had so uniformly imitated another (however violent their trade-opposition might be among themselves), in adulterating this commodity, that respectable persons who wished to do business fairly, had been prevented from investing their capital, whatever it might be, in this branch of commerce, and had indeed been heard to declare in many instances that they would prefer the calling of an honest scavenger. Again, it was to be observed, that the before-mentioned dealers, being for the most part in a large way, had numbers of retainers, tenants, tradesmen, and workpeople, upon whom they put off their bad Representative Chamber, by compelling them to take it whether they liked it or not. In respect of the acceptance of this dreadful commodity by the Public, Mr. Bull observed, that it was not to be denied that the Public had been much too prone to accept the coloring matter in preference to the genuine article. Sometimes it was Elood, and sometimes it was Beer; sometimes it was Talk, and sometimes it was Cant; but, mere coloring-matter they certainly had too often looked for, when they should have looked for bone and sinew. They suffered heavily for it now, and he believed were penitent; there was no doubt whatever in his mind that they had arrived at the mute stage of indignation, and had thoroughly found this article out.

One further question was put by the Commission: namely, what hope had the witness of seeing this necessary of English life, restored to a genuine and wholesome state? Mr. Bull returned, that his sole hope was in the Public's resolutely rejecting all coloring matter whatsoever—in their being equally inexorable with the dealers, whether they threatened or cajoled—and in their steady insisting on being provided with the commodity in a pure and useful form. The Commission then adjourned, in exceedingly low spirits, sine die.

THE LITTLE CHORISTER.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

That day, Ange was very sad. He felt his heart heavy within him, it was so sad to be an orphan—so lone in the world, with nobody to love him. It was true Father Mathurin was very kind to him; but then he did not take much notice of Ange, for he was a very little boy; and old Jeannette was really cross, and scolded him almost every day, in spite of everything he did to please her. How different it was with the other boys of the choir; they had all homes, and mothers to love and tend them, and sisters to play with. Guillaume had a brother, a soldier, who took him on his

foreign parts when he went home from the It seemed as though two leaden weights were chorr, and showed him his sword and his gun, and taught him how he should use it if he lived to be a man. Little Charles had a about, and his voice sounded more like the sister who sung, and taught him to sing his part so well in the choir, that Father Mathu-The struggle lasted some time, and Angerin praised him above all other, and made rubbed his eyes again and again; but it him lead the others. Poor Ange! He had no brother, no sisters. He lived with Father head fell upon his breast, and Ange fell fast Mathurin and old Jeannette, who took no asleen. Mathurin and old Jeannette, who took no thought of telling stories to amuse him, and no one helped him with his lessons, so that he was often in disgrace, though he tried to do well, and loved Father Mathurin very much, wished to please him.

This day, Ange thought more than ever on This day, Ange thought more than ever on all these things. Jeannette had been unusually cross; and the lessons he had to learn seemed as if they would not stay properly in los head. It had been a very difficult mass that morning, and Ange felt that he was singing wrong. He thought Father Mathurin's eyes were fixed severely upon him all the time, and the whole church seemed to be filled with the discord of his little voice.

Accordingly, when Ange went with the other boys to the evening service, his large eyes were red with weeping, and there was something very like despair gnawing at his

very beautiful, sacred-looking place, that old Cathedral, those high Gothic arches of sad-coloured stone, now and then tinged with beautiful colours from the sun's rays through the windows of many-coloured stained glass. And the old carved oak pulpit, black with age; and the choir; and the very high seats where Ange sat, all curiously carved, and some with such strange hobgob-hu-looking figures, so unreal, and yet so lifelike, that they seemed almost to move in the twilight; and Ange would have been dreadfully frightened-only that he knew where he was, and in whose service, and he felt that no evil power could harm him so long as he put his trust in his Lord and Master.

The sun was not set; its rays still came through the stained glass, and rested first on one head and then on another of the boys in the choir; and last of all it came to Ange's head, and then it went away altogether, and the church grew darker, and the organ played solemn and grand music, and the odour of solemn and grand music, and the odour of the incense still rested on the air. And the church grew darker and darker, and lights were lighted in different parts, but they seemed to burn very dimly, and to make little aureoles round themselves, and leave every one else in darkness—the cathedral was too vast for anything but the sun to light it; and Father Mathurin mounted into the pulpit, to preach. And Ange, wearied with weeping and sorrow, felt a repose stealing over his troubled little heart. And he tried very hard to listen to what Father Mathurin was saying, and to keep his eyes wide open and fixed upon him; but he could not do it.

asleep

asteep.

Guillaume, who sat next Ange, was busy whispering to the boy next him, how his brother's regiment was ordered to Paris, and so Jean would see the beautiful queen, and perhaps be made a captain by her, for he was handsome man, so the queen could not fail to notice him, Guillaume thought; and Guillaume was in such a hurry to run home and talk to Jean about it, that he never thought of Ange; and indeed if he had, he would have thought that Ange was already gone home, for the arms of the seat were so large, and so much carved, and Ange had sunk down so much since he had fallen asleep, that he really did not look like a little boy at all, but more like a heap of something left in the choir that nobody felt inclined to take any notice of.

And Father Mathurin's sermon was ended, and the lights were all put out, and the people left the church one by one, and then the last step was heard echoing through the lofty building; and then the sound of the great key in the old lock, and the clink of the other keys on the same bunch, as the old verger locked the doors; and then a deep silence-and little Ange was still asleep in

the choir.

Still sleeping, softly, peacefully, innocently, as though he had been on the softest bed of down,-a sleep that refreshed his weariness, and made him lose all thought of trouble. First, he slept in all unconsciousness, every thought drowned in the world of sleep; then came a beautiful vision before him-an angel so pure and beautiful vis. of before him—an angel so pure and beautiful, there was a light of glory around him, and, as he drew near to Ange, he seemed to bring an atmosphere of music with him; and Ange, though he knew it was a spirit, felt no fear. And then Ange, in his dream, fell upon his knees, and prayed that Jeannette's heart might be softened towards him; that he might have strength to be some and that there might be some towards him; that he might have strength to be good, and that there might be some-body to love him like a mother. Then, by the angel's side, faintly shadowed out, was a pale, wan face, and frail, slender form, beautiful, but sad, and in her arms, resting its head upon her shoulder, lay a beautiful child. To these two mist-like figures the angel pointed, and Ange cried, clasping his little lands together, still on his knees, and with tears of hope and joy stealing down his face. face,
"Oh, how I would love her, angel, is she not my mother?"
And the figures faded away; and the angel

came quite close to Ange and leant over him; and then a peace greater than before came over him, and the sleep of unconsciousness returned.

What noise was that that startled Angeout of his sleep? How heavy old Jeannette trod—she who always were list shoes in the house! Ah, Ange must have or her sabots to go to market! But that sound—it was a key turning in a lock; and then, the sound of huge heavy doors being thrown open. "Where am I?" cried little Ange, getting up and rubbing his eyes; and then he stared round him, first amazed and then aghast. In the cathedral he had slept all night—in the cathedral! And then came the terrible thought of how old Jeannette would scold him, and how displeased Father Mathurin would be. And then he sat down and cried, fairly overpowered by this new trouble, dreading to go home, for fear of old Jeannette, and not knowing what in the world he should do. But then Ange dried his tears—for the thought of his dream came into his mind—and prayed that he might be guided to do that which was right; and then he rose and took off his little chorister's gown, and folded it up, as he usually did after service, and he smoothed his hair as well as he could, that he might not look disorderly, and watch as to the wide-opened church-door with a strengthened heart, prepared to make a full confession to Father Mathurin of how he had fallen asleep during his sermon, and siept all mght in the cathedral.

CHAPTER II.

Assermall the way to Father Mathurin's: he would not stop a moment, or even walk slowly, for fear his courage should fail him. He intended to throw himself first at Father Mathurm's feet, and, if he should be so fortunate as to procure his pardon, to prevail upon him to intercede with old Jeannette, of whom poor Auge stood so greatly in intercel.

When Ange arrived at Father Mathurin's house, he was surprised to find a group of neighbours round the door, for it was yet very early, and he had quite forgotten that it was the day when the boys of the choir were part their weekly salary. A mother or sister same with each boy; for though Father Mathurin gave the money into their own hambs, yet, when all had been paid, he came to the door, spoke to the parents, and saw that the money was safely delivered up to them, that it might not be ill spent. But poor Ange had forgotten the importance of the day, his heart was so full of his dream, and he thought it was some especial malice on the part of old Jeannette to make his distance more public. Poor Ange's heart sunk within him, and he would fain have run

he made his way manfully through the little crowd. Jeannette stood on the door-step, talking to the neighbours; but, when Ange came near her, she caught hold of him, and, turning his little face towards her, said, "Why, how bright thou art! Where hast thou been so early?" And when Ange had passed, he heard her say to the neighbours, "Is he not a beautiful boy, our Ange?" Ange was quite bewildered. It seemed as though he was still dreaming. How strange that Jeannette should never have missed him! And so Ange, lest in these conjectures, tried to find his way to Father Mathorn's room, but he was too late: the boys were all coming out.

Ange was very glad it was over, for he dreaded being disgraced before the other boys, and he knew he had done very wrong to fall asleep during Father Mathurin's sermon; so he crept quietly into Father Mathurin's room, and waited till he should come back again.

Now Ange had a little room all to himself, at Father Mathurin's house, and every night Jeannette put his supper there while he was at the evening service; for she loved to spend the evening with Margot, and then they gossipped together merrily about their neighbours, which they would not have liked to do so well if Ange had been with them in the kitchen; and Father Mathurin always spent the evening alone, reading and writing, and it would have annoyed him very much to have such a little boy as Ange in the room with him. So Ange always spent the evening quite alone; and so it was that neither Jeannette nor Father Mathurin knew that he had been out of the house all night.

been out of the house all night.

"Ange!" and Ange started up hastily, and his heart throbbed very much, for it was Father Mathurin who had entered the room, and the tone of his voice was angry! "How is it that thou hast lain in bel so late this morning? dost thou not know how many temptations laziness lea leth thee into?"

"Father," answered Ange, more and more surprised, "I have never been in bed all night.

"Father," answered Ange, more and more surprised, "I have never been in bed all night. I am very, very sorry, but I fell asleep during your sermon, and I slept all night in the cathedral, and it was not till Pierre opened the doors this morning that I awoke and ran here. Do, do forgive me," and little Ange clasped his hands together and looked up in Father Mathurin's face.

rasped his names together and cooked up in Father Mathurin's face.

"Poor, poor child," and something like a tear glistened in his eye, and his heart smote him for this poor little one; for who but a desolate and uncared-for child could have been a whole night away from his home and none miss him?

Ange had no kind mother or sister to take his money, so that he always gave his weekly salary back to Father Mathurin, but this day Father Mathurin told Ange to keep it.

art in want of a new cap, so go, my child, and choose it for thyself; and then Father Mathurin stooped down and kissed Ange, for he wished to be very kind, but he was naturally a very grave man, and not much used to children, and he really did not know how to seem kind to them. As soon as Ange was gone, however, he sent for Jeannette, and found fault with her for not paying more attention to Auge.

"Remember," said Father Mathurin, "who said 'suffer little children to come unto me, and forbid them not,' and think how much we ought to love and tend them for his

But old Jeannette was very angry at being found fault with, as people often are when they know they are wrong; and when she had left Father Mathurin she grumbled to herself about that troublesome boy, who was always getting her into some trouble or other, and then she went into neighbour Margot, who declared she would not bear it any longer, if she were Jeannette.

So Ange went out to buy his cap with the money Father Mathurin had given him, but he had not been out two minutes before he had forgotten all about it; he really could think of nothing but his dream, when he walked up and down the streets instead of looking for a fit shop to buy his cap; he looked everywhere for the two figures in his dream; he felt so certain he should find them somewhere, so sure that the angel had meant he should see them in reality.

Ange always loved to wander about that old town, it had been very large and pros-perous, and though now its brightest days were over, yet it had that sacred air of the past about it far more endearing than if it had been the newest and most flourishing of

towns.

The houses were built half of wood and there was a great deal of carving about them, and there were the oddest signs over the shops to indicate the occupation of the owner, and quaint inscriptions; and then the first story invariably projected over the street, and made a sort of areade for the passers by, and the pointed gables stood out in bold relief the grass did grow in some of the streets because there was so little thoroughfure, yet Ange knew the face of almost every one he met (and this could not have been in a thickly populated town), and many stopped to speak a kind word to the little charisme. speak a kind word to the little chorister.

Ange met Gullanme, who was in high glee, and invited him to come and see his brother's bright new regimentals; but Ange said he could not go that day, and then he came to the part of the town where the foir was, and there he saw a van of wild beasts and a dancing bear, and a polichinelle, which would once have amused him very much; there too were pop guns to shoot at a target, and many amusements, which would generally

have delighted Ange above all things. now he could not fix his attention on any-thing, his eyes were ever watching through the crowd for those two loved figures; and though hope grew fainter and fainter, faith in the beautiful angel cheered his heart, and little Ange wandered on determined not to

despair.

The sun sunk lower in the heavens, and the brightness of the day was over, and it gave the world a melancholy tinge like the rays of departing hope. Ange was weary and worn with hope deferred, and at last he sat down by a grotesquely-carved stone fountain, which was in a centre place where four streets met, and there, though there four streets met, and there, though there were many many people passing and the busy hum of voices all around him. Ange felt quite alone. He sat in the sunlight and it gilded his hair and made the ever-falling water behind him sparkle like diamonds, and he gazed upon the setting splendom of the sun, and accused as though he could see far, far beyond this world; and he thought how easy it would be to the great, and wise, and merciful Creator of that glorious sun to make his little heart happy, and give him to make his little heart happy, and give him to love those sweet beings the ang 1 had pointed to in his dream; and Ange prayed again with the intensity of all his heart, and the foun-tain ever falling murmured music to his prayer.

And now Ange saw by the sunbeams that it was time for evening service, but the cathedral was very near, and he thought he might venture to stay a few minutes longer; it was almost the first time he had rested that day. almost the first time he had rested that day. There he sat languid and tired, with his little head resting on his hand, when suddenly he started—a shudder passed all over his frame; he saw at the corner of one of those four streets the figure of his dream, pale and wan, with an expression of suffering and resignation that sanctitied her face. Poorly clad, jostled by passers-by to all of whom she seemed a stranger, she stood like a wanderer seeking a home, but the child ever clasped to her breast seemed sunk in sleep, unconscious for the time of sorrow or want. Auge would fain have run towards her, but he could not move; he had tried to stand up, but his little legs trembled, so that he was obliged to sit down again. But what was his joy when the figure moved across herself to meet him! How he stretched out his arms towards her! how anxiously he watched each trembling footstep! She seemed so work she could hardly stand. How he trembled lest any of the carts or carriages in the street should touch her!

"Stop a minute; that herse is going to sek now. Oh, quick-quick!" back now.

Ange could not help crying as he watched her, for there were now many more people than usual in the street on account of the lair, and it was impossible for her to hear him. "She is safe! she is safe!" creed Ange, in

a tone of joy and triumph. When, just as he spoke, her foot slipped, and the child fell from her arms.

Ange gave a fearful shriek. The child was almost under a horse's feet. Another instant, and his new found sister would be dead before his eyes.

"Thank God-thank God, he has saved

Without thinking in the least of himselfwhether of the danger he ran, or of how weak and powerless a little fellow he was— Ange dashed forward. Another second, and they would both have been trodden down; but he had seized the happy moment. The horse, frightened, reared; and in that moment Ange seized the affrighted little one from the round, and now she was safely nestling in his arms.

CHAITER III.

ANGE placed the little one gently on the ground by the fountain, and knelt down by the mother. The little girl cried bitterly, for she thought her mother was dead; and Ange tried to comfort her, though in his own heart he thought so too. But Ange sprinkled water on the mother's face, and little Marguerite chafed her hands; and then there came a taint sigh, and Ange's heart beat for joy, and little Marguerite kissed her mother's face and hands in cestasy, and bathed her in her tears.

"Where is your home !" said Ange. "We have no home," said Mary Marguerite, "since my lather died; and we have come a long, long way, and I am so hungry; and mother says she's no more bread to give me."

And nutle Marguerite cried again.

This made Ange very miserable. he thought he would run home, but then he recollected that Father Mathurin would be in the cathedral, and certainly Jeannette would give him nothing. Then he thought he would go to a baker's shop, and beg some trend. Marguerite's mether tried to rise but she could not; her strength was ex tried to rise, hamsted, and she sank back again. Ange and Margnerite managed to rest her to the comfortably against the stone coping of the fauntain; and then Ange began to think again what he should do. To assist him in trucing, he put his hands in his pockets; and there—oh joy!—lay the bright silver and there—oh joy!—lay the bright silver prece tather Mathurin had given him that morning to buy his cap, and which Ange— utterly unused as he was to have money had totally forgotten.

How supremely happy little Angefelt now, and how satisfully he avoided the carriages and carts; and how lightly and quickly he hw to neighbour Jacques, who kept a baker's

Will this buy a loaf, neighbour Jacques?" nexed Ange, putting down the silver coin.

out as loud as he could, "Stop, stop, my little

man; thou hast given me too much."

Ange gave some to Madelaine and some to Marguerite; and then he sat and looked at them; and he could not help saying to humself, "Oh how happy I am! And then he thought of Him who had heard his prayer, and given him his heart's desire; and Ange prayed a prayer of thankfulness, and tears of joy rolled down his cheeks, for his heart was very full. Now, it happened that while Ange was sitting there, enjoying the laxury of a good action, and Madelaine and Marguerite were enting their bread, Dame Pon-sard passed with her fair young daughter, both

very gaily attired, having come from the fair.

Dame Ponsard was the hestess of the Bell, and she was a kind motherly sort of woman, and knew Ange very well; for many a sou she had given him to run messages for her, and sweetmeats and apples, and many things she thought likely to please a little boy. So, when she saw Ange sitting by the fountain,

she stopped.

"Why, Ange, how is it that thou art not at church? Father Mathurin will reprove thee. Why doet thou dawdle here—hadst thou not all day to play?"

Madelaine answered for him. She told how he had saved her child, and how she was fainting from want, and he had brought her bread to eat; and then she clasped Ange to her bread to eat; and then she chasped Ange to her heart, and blessed him. And Dame Ponsard's daughter took Ange's little hand, and pressed it, and said, "Dear Ange!" And Ange blushed very red with so much praise, and wondered why they should praise him so nuch, when he had only done what had made him so vecy, very happy.

"Where is thy husband?" said Dame

Ponsard to Madelaine.

"My busband was a soldier, and was killed month ago in the war," answered poor fadelame. And then she turned so very, Madelame. And then she turned so very, very pale, Ange thought she was going to faint again. And the wind blew cold, for the sun was set; and Dame Ponsard wrapped her cloak closer round her, and then she

"Where dost thou sleep this night !"
"God only knows," answered Made
"for I have no money—no friends." Madelaine,

Then Dame Ponsard paused a and she looked at Madelaine, and she looked at Marguerite; and her daughter Elanche saw what was passing in her mind, and she said, "Do, dear mother." And Dame Pon-sard did not want much pressing, for her own heart had spoken warmly enough in own heart and spoken warmly chough in Madelaine's behalf. So she turned to poor Madelaine, and said, "Come, thou shalt sleep in my house to night." And then Blanche took little Marguerite by the hand, all brightly clad as she was; and Ange put his hand in Madelaine's, and they all went to and sup with them, but he thanked her very but said he must run home to Father Mathurin's.

This time, naturally enough, Auge did not in the least expect Jeannette would have missed him; but hardly had he seated himself in his own little room, and begun to eat his apples and bread, than Jeannette entered. Her face was quite red with anger, and she ran up to Ange, and shook him violently. "Where hast been all day, thou little torment I" she cried. "And why didst then not come home to thy dinner !- and where is the money Father Mathurin gave thee to buy a cap? Thou hast bought no cap with it, I warrant. And Jeannette felt in Ange's empty pockets, and drew them out triumphantly; and then she fell to shaking Ange again, and boxed his ears again, and took away his apples; and all this time Ange could not think of a single word to say to quiet her. And then Father Mathurin's step was heard, and he entered, and led Ange away to his own room.
And then Father Mathurin sat Ange upon his knee, and said very gravely, "Now, Ange, tell me the truth-where hast thou been all day, and what hast thou done with the money I gave thee! But, just then Jeannette came to say that neighbour Jacques wished to speak with Father Mathurin, and Father Mathurin told Jeannette to ask him to come in; and neighbour Jacques entered, cap in hand told low little American bad brought him a and told how little Ange had brought him a silver coin to buy a loat, and how he had wondered how Auge came by so much money; and finally, how he had brought the change back to Father Mathurin. And then Father Ma-thurin told Jacques how he had given Ange the money to buy a cap, and how Ange had the money to buy a cap, and how Ange had spent it to buy some bread for Madelaine and Marguerite; for he would not have little Ange suspected of so wicked a thing as having stolen the money. And then neighbour Jacques took his leave, and Father Mathurin bade Ange good-night, and said he was sure to sleep well, because he was a very good boy. And Ange felt so happy, that he should he should never get to sleep at all. thought he should never get to sleep at all; but there he was wrong, for he was soon fast, fast asleep, and dreaming the strangest jumble of things imaginable.

The next morning, Father Mathurin and Ange went to Dame Ponsand's, and there they found poor Madelaine very, very ill; and the doctor whom kind Dame Ponsard sent for said it was a fever, so every one was afraid to go near poor Madelaine for fear of infection, and there was only little Marguerite to watch by her and to smooth her pillow, and give her the medicine that Dr. Maynard had sent her. And Marguerite was a very little girl-much ger than Ange—and so it seemed to impossible that she could do all this by younger than Ange-and herself; and so Ange begged and prayed to be allowed to stay and watch by his mother, as he called Madelaine. And Ange stayed with Madelaine, and he walked about so gently on

his tiptoes in the room, that he might not disturb her; and he smoothed her pillow with his soft little hand far gentler than the gentlest nurse; and the instant she moved, he came to give her medicine, or some tisane to moisten her parched mouth; and he never wearied in this labour of love.

Sometimes, when Madelaine was getting better, when she fell asleep, Ange and Mar-guerite went for a walk, and it seemed to Ange that the birds sing clearer and flowers smelt sweeter, and the very river danced with a joy it had not known before; and they gathered large bouquets of wibl flowers to decorate the sick room, and made daisy chains as they sat to rest by the river's

CHAPTER IV.

Madelaine grow better and better; and when she returned to health she found she had two children to love instead of one. And Father Mathurin agreed that Auge should live with Madelaine and Mar-guerite; and Dame Ponsard found that Madelaine was a very good needlewoman, and she gave her work to do, and persuaded many of the neighbours to give her work too; so that with what Madelaine gained and what Ange gained they had enough to live very comfortably; and Marguerite went to the Sunday-school, and helped her mother about the house on week days. And then, when there was a market, she sold flowers, for where they lived there was a very preity little garden, and Ange worked in it all his leisure hours, and grew lovely flowers for Marguerite to sell at the market.

Oh, how different Ange's evenings were now!—how Marguerite's little face beamed with joy when he came home; and what a nice supper Madelaine always had for him ! Simple as it was, it seemed the daintiest of food to him-they were so happy enting it

together.

Time passed on, and Ange was no longer a very little boy; but grew to be tall and strong and handsome and Marguerite grew to be the neatest, prettiest little maid in all the village.

And when Dame Ponsard's daughter Blanche was married, all said Ange was the handsomest youth at the wedding-dance, and none danced so lightly or spoke so gaily as he.

And often when Marguerite went to evening service and walked home with Ange, they would rest together on the stone coping of that same fountain, with the ever-mur-muring water behind them, and the sun setting just as it did of yore; and Ange would tell Marguerite all that he had hoped and prayed on that same spot years before, and how fully his dreams of happiness were how tuny his dreams of happiness were realised now; and tears of gratitude would come into Marguerite's eyes when she thought of all that Ange had done for them. As the time passed on Dame Pousard

thought Marguerite might do something better than sell flowers at the market. And then she told how Fauchette was married, then she told how Fauchette was married, and she wanted somebody to supply her place, and thought Marguerite would suit exactly. And Marguerite, though she was very sorry to leave her mother and Ange, was yet delighted at the thought of doing something for herself; for though they were so happy, they were still very poor. And so Marguerite went to be Dame Pousard's little maid at the Bell, and Madelaine and Ange found it very triste without her at first though they went to see her very often. Marguerite became the neatest, handiest though they went to see Macquerite became the Marguerite became the neatest, handiest little maid possible, and with such a cheerful, lovenble face that everybody was possessed in her favour.

On Sundays how happy she was to wander in the woods and by the river with Ange; and they talked together of the future, and made such golden plans; and in their plans they were always together. It seemed quite impossible now that Madelaine, Marguerite,

and Ange should ever be separated.

And then came a busy time in the town, for it was the conscription, and some bearts beat high with hopes of glory, and some beatts beat high with hopes of glory, and some were both to leave their homes, and mothers' hours were anxions. The town was full of military, and there was Guillaume's brother dem, with gay ribbons in his cap, going about the town to persuade the young men how happy a soldier's life was, and how charming it was to travel and see the order so much better than remaining all one's life at this little stupid town.

Jeen tried to persuade Ange too, but that he could not do, for Ange know what it was to be without a home; and, besides, he would not have left Madelaine and Margarite of his own free will for any pleasures

that could be offered him.

that could be offered him.

At this time, too, the châtean was full of people, and there were to be very grand doorgs there indeed; for the young Count Isidore was coming of age, and so there were têtes and balls and hunts all the day long; and as it happened that the young tount's hirthday was on the first of May, the May-day fête was to be held in his beautiful park. And that morning there was to be a cared sang under his window which had by a carol sung under his window, which had been composed expressly for the occasion, and Monsieur Freron, the organ-master, occlared that Marguerite should sing the treet part and lead all the rest; and he taught her how she should raise her little that they taught her how she should raise her little hand when it was time to begin, so that they might all sing tegether, so that the voices might not come one after another, like birds lying, as he said.

Dance l'ensard, when she heard what an important part Marguerite was to play in the festivities, was particularly anxious

called upon Madelaine, and she said she nice; and so she gave her a very handsome dark blue silk quitted petticoat that had belonged to Blanche, and lent her some beautiful old lace for her little cap. And Auge had been secretly saving up money httle by little, so as to be able to buy Marguerite a pair of gold car-rings, and these he gave her on that morning, so that Marguerite did indeed look quite a little pearl that day. She had on clocked stockings and neat black shoes with high red heels, such as they used to wear in those days, and such a pretty chintz boddice and skirt, tucked up so as to show her quilted petticoat, and a black hood and cloak, and a dainty little muff, and, lastly, a beautiful bunch of spring flowers, which Ange had brought her from the garden.

And so, on that May morning, when the dew was still on the grass, and the sun's rays seemed to cover the whole earth with diamonds, the little choir took their way monds, the little choir took their way to the old château, and there ranged themselves under the window of the young lord, to waken him up that day, with melody. When they were all grouped lightly be-fore the window and ready to begin, Mar-guerite raised her little hand as a signal for them all. Then the chorus began; and, last of all the young lord himself are and his them all. Then the chorus began; and, last of all, the young lord himself opened his window wide, and looked down upon them. The boys took off their caps, and shouted, the girls curtised and waved their handkerchiefs, and the young Count threw down a number of bright gold pieces among them, and then there was a great cry of "Long live Count Isidore!" and then they went away.

Later in the day there was a beautiful Maypole, and a band for the dancers. The park seemed perfectly lighted up with the many gay dresses and happy faces that were scat-tered about it. The trees were in their freshest green, and the frolicsome wind seemed treshest green, and the frollesome wind seemed to carry the peals of laughter through their branches, and make them wave and quiver with pleasure. Then, about mid-day, came all the guests from the château, beautifully dressed, and the young lord in the midst of them, with a beautiful wreath of flowers in his hand; and the ladies with him were laughing and talking, and their silk dresses mustled and gleanned so in the sun and they rustled and gleamed so in the sun, and they wore high powdered hair, and then such dainty little different coloured hats to keep off the sun.

All the girls of the village were bidden Aft the girls of the vinage were bidden to come forward that the young Count might see who was most worthy of the crown. Of each he asked her name, and said some kind word, and held council of the two handsome ladies, and sent for Father Mathu-rin, and spoke to him. Then, to Marquerite's great surprise little Rosalic came bounding up to her where she sat under a tree with Auge. to her where she sat under a tree with Ange, and said, "Marg sente, Marguerite! you are to be Queen of the May, and you must

guerite blushed till she looked a thousand times prettier than before, and Ange felt happy and proud of her. Marguerite advanced before the young Count, and he spoke very kindly to her, and placed the crown gently on her head, and told her that, as he had put the crown upon her fair young head and made her queen, she must try more than ever to be virtuous and more!

virtuous and good.

One of the handsome ladies came forward, while she was saying this, she tied round Marquerite's neck a piece of black velvet, to which was attached a beautiful gold cross. which was attached a beautiful good cross. The other lady, who was much younger, and very lovely, gave Marguerite a bright cerise-coloured little purse, and said: "My name is Mademoiselle de Bruntière, and you must keep this for remembrance of me." Marguerite curtised, and thanked them very much, and returned to her companious; and they all crowded round her to see the beauthey all crowded round her to see the beautiful wreath, and cross, and purse, and hear all that had been said to her.

Then, in the soft twilight, each returned to his home, bearing bouquets of wild spring flowers from the woods, and the nightingales sang in the soft evening air, and there was a still sweeter murmur of happy voices as

they passed through the lanes.

CHAPTER V.

But the prosperity of the little family was destined not to be of long duration. Something occurred which promised to break up all their proceed has a second to break up all their peaceful happiness. Ange was drawn for the conscription.

On the evening of that dreadful day, Ange, with a heavy heart, came to see Marguerite, and acquaint her with the misfortune that had befallen them; the tears flowed silently down Marguerite's pale face, and Ange could find no words to comfort her as they stood and no words to comfort her as they stood together in the twilight, in the porch, and the old sign of the Bell swung drearily to and fro before them. Long it was, before Ange could tear himself away that night, and wearily and drearily poor Marguerite entered the house, after she had watched Ange down the house, after she had watched Ange down the street, an I seen his figure grow less and less in the dusk of the evening. Then Marguerite retired to her own little room, and threw herself on her bed, and cried as though her heart would break. Then she sat up, and

There was a way to set free Ange, but then that way seemed itself an impossibility. Blanche's husband had been drawn, had been bought off; but, to do that for Ange, Marguerite must possess twenty louis-and that seemed pericetly impossible—poor Mar-guerite's wages were only ten crowns a-year, and that was just two louis and a half, then there were the four sous that had been given to Marguerite in the little purse; and the where she thought she had left her handker-

bright golden louis the young Count had thrown from the window, all of which Made-laine had in keeping for her. Then Marguerite thought of her ear-rings and cross, and wonthought of her ear-rings and cross, and won-dered how much they were worth, the ear-rings dear Ange had given her, and Margue-rite kissed them for his sake; and with all this woe weighing upon her mind, poor Mar-guerite went to bed, and full asleep, murmur-ing Twenty louis—Twenty louis!

The next day, as she was dressing herself Marguerite remembered how Angelique, the daughter of Farmer Bouset, had admired her car-rings—how she had said they were the

car-rings—how she had said they were the prettiest she had ever seen, and that she should try and get a pair like them. Yes, should try and get a pair like them. Ye certainly, Angelique would buy the ear-ring and, perhaps, the cross, too; for he was a rich man, Farmer Bouset, and very fond of Angelique. So, Marguerite asked Dame Ponsard's leave to go out for the day; and she would not say a word about it to Madelaine or Ange, for fear he should try and prevent her selling the ear-rings. Marguerite put on her cleak and hood, and tied up her ear-rings and cross in her handkerchief, and she taen, with,

a heavy heart, took her way to Farmer Bouset's, quite alone.

set's, quite alone.

It was a long, long way, up hill and down dale, but a very beautiful road. The morning was fresh, and clear, and everything in nature looked very lovely with its young spring dress; and there were wild lilies and violets, and primroses, on either side of the road, and the birds sang very sweetly; but Marguerite took no heed of all these beauties now; and the birds songs did not seem for her, and the flowers looked faded

ties now; and the birds songs did not seem for her, and the flowers looked faded in her eyes, for the thought that Ange was going to leave them had taken all beauty

from everything.

And when Marguerite reached the top of the last hill she felt very hot and weary, and so sat down on the soft grass, mixed with wild thyme, and heather, to rest; and the wild ferns grew so tall around her, that they almost made a shade; and then Marguerite united her bandkershief, in which were the carrings and the cross, to look at them as her own, for the last time. And as the set there were the last time. And, as she sat there, Marguerite grew very thirsty, and then she bethought her of a little mountain-rill, which came out of a rock close by, that was celebrated for its delicious water, and so Marguerite put upon it—in a conspicuous spot, where she should be sure to see it again in a momentand then she ran to get the water; and the wind was so great that it almost blew Marguerite's petticoat over her head, as she stooped to catch the water in her hands; and it had made Marguer te's hair quite rough, so she stood for a moment to smooth it with her wet hands, that she might not look untury

when she arrived at the farm
But when Marguerite returned to the spet

chief, there it was not. She searched a to look after her ear-rings, for she had a long time in vain, without seeing anything great deal to do.

Allday these great people were expected, and last, at some distance from her, blown by the wind, she saw something white, that looked more like a piece of white paper than anything else. She ran after it, and it was blown on and on; still she followed, and at last reached it. Marguerite picked up the handkerchief, but ear-rings and cross were gone—it was the empty shell without the learner.

The whole day Marguerite wandered about the common, but, alas! there were so many tall ferns, and so much heather and wild thin terms, and so much nexteer and whole thyme everywhere, she could never feel certain of the precise spot where she had been. Sometimes she thought it was one place where she had sat down, sometimes another; and she searched and searched the whole day long quite uselessly, and then she saw that it was near sunset, and that for that day it would be no use searching any more. With a heavy heart and weary feet, Marguerite took her way home.

Once again by the fountain sat Marguerite and Ange; and Marguerite, foot-sore and sal, told Ange how she had lost the car-rings an teross, and so all hope of their being able to raise twenty louis was gone. Marguerite, quite exercome, hid her face in her handker-chief and wept bitterly. Just then came the sound of a horse's footsteps close to them, and Marguerate, despite her grief, looked up, and saw the young Count Isalore. And when he saw Marguerite's face, he stopped his

horse and said:
"Why' art thou not the Queen of May!

What has made thee so soon in tears?"

And then Marguerite told him how Ange had been drawn for the conscription, and how the handsome lady had given her to Ang inque of the Bouset farm; how on the turn the car-rings had been lost.

The young Count passed on, and looked very grave, for he had had so many petitions about the conscription that he had been about the conscription that he had been obliged to refuse all, and felt he could not openly do anything for Ange and

When Marguerite returned that night to Dame Ponsard's, she found some very grand people indeed were coming to dine there the next day, and the whole house was in a state of confusion preparing things for them. The dining-room was to be decorated with bure is and flowers, and the band of the coung Count's regiment was to play during door, and every honour was to be paid door, and every honour was to be paid them; for though these travellers were only them; for though these travellers were only extend the Comte and Comtesse du Nord, yet be courier said that was a fergued name, and hey were, in fact, heirs to one of the greatest

at last there was a great noise of carriages, and they stopped before the door of the Bell, and a great, great many people were there to see the travellers descend; and then Dame Ponsard, rather awe-stricken, but still a smiling and courteous hostess, stood in the porch to receive them, and showed them to their rooms. And then came the dinner; and poor Marguerite, with her pale face and red eyes, had to help others to wait at table.

And the young Count Isidore was there, and he sat on one side of the great lady, and her husband on the other; and they talked a great deal all the disner, but Marguerite never noticed whether they looked at her or not -she could think of nothing but Ange. But at the end of the dinner, when the dessert was on the table, and all the servants were going away, the lady beckened to Marguerite and called her by her name; and Marguerite came, and felt very shy and nervous, for it was all she could do to help crying, her heart was so sad.

"So thou art the Queen of the May," said the lady, kindly. "And now tell me, why are thy eyes so red with tears?"

"Ange has been drawn for the conscription, madame," answered Marguerite, in a sad,

low voice. "And dost thou love Ange so much?"

" Oh, "Oh, yes, very, very much," answered Marguerite; and, despite of herself, she blushed quite red, and the tear-drops came in her eyes again.

"And how much money would it take to free Ange from this conscription?" said the lady's husband.

more than we

"Oh, a very large sum; more that could ever have," answered Marguerite. "But how much ?" said the Countess

"But how much I said the Countess."
Alas! twenty louis, madame," answered
poor Marguerite. And then she wiped her
eyes on the corner of her apron, and made a
sort of half-movement to go away; for she
felt that if she stayed much longer she
should burst into tears.

"Hold out thy apron, my child," said the Countess, gaily. And then from her purse she took twenty louis and strewed them into

Marguerite's apron.

Poor Marguerite could not speak a word to thank a kind benefactress: she gave a little scream of astonishment and joy, and the louis rolled on the floor. And she knelt and kissed the lady's dress, which was all the thanks she could offer; for Marguerite's heart was too full for words

As soon as Margnerite had a little recovered from her agretation, she run off to their home to find Muderaine and Auge, and impart her joyful tidings. And then she was sailly disappointed to find that Auge was not there. He had here cet all day Afridakia. determined to hasten to the mayor's that her early years, that they might love the night, in spite of Ange's being away, and obtain his dismissal; for Marguerite felt quite uneasy at having such a large sum of meney in her possession, for fear something hould happen to it before it had accomplished its and plished its end.

And the mayor received Madelaine and Marguerite very graciously, and was very glad that they had been able to buy off Ange; for Ange had a good name in the town, and all loved him and thought well of town, and all loved him and thought well of him. And then, very joyfully, Madelaine and Marquerite walked back to the Bell, and there they found Ange sitting in the porch to receive them. And then they all retired together to Marguerite's little room, and Marquerite told how kind the great lady had been to her, and how she could not help thinking that the young Count had told their story, and interested the great lady in their behalf; and Marquerite drew from her pocket the little card which gave Ange his freedom. And then Madelaine clasped Ange to her heart, and kissed him again and again; to her heart, and kissed him again and again; and Marguerite felt as happy as though she had been a real queen.

And at that moment came a tap at the door; and it was dear, kind Dame Ponsard come to congratulate them on their happiness. And then Margnerite had to tell her story all over again; but she did not the least mind it; she could have told it all day long -she was so happy.

"But what a pity that thou hast lost thy cross and thy ear rings all for nothing," said Dame Ponsard. Now it was Ange's turn to tell his story; and he told that he had been all day on the common, searching for the said ear-rings and cross; and then, to the great astonishment and delight of all, he drew them both out of his pocket, and told how he had found them, almost hidden by the heather and moss, where they had fallen when the wind had blown the handkerchief away. Most joyfully, he tied the cross round Marguerite's neck,

and put the ear-rings found analyses a decay, and put the ear-rings in early, the travellers were to start again. Ange and Marguerite stood ready in the porch, strewing flowers for them to walk over, and in their hands they had becomes of their had bouquets of the choicest flowers of their garden to offer to the Count and Countess; and Ange and Marguerite waited some time and Ange and Marguerite water some time before they came; but when at last they did come, and they offered the bouquets, the Countess smiled so kindly, as she took hers, and said to Marguerite, "Is this Ange?" and Marguerite curtaied, and said, "Yes, ma-Marguerite curtsied, and said, "Yes, madame; this is Ange." And when the carriages drove away, all the people cheered them, for they had heard the story of the great lady's kindness; and Ange and Marguerite blessed them from their hearts. riages drove away, all the people cheered only of last year are set down, they lie them, for they had heard the story of the blackening our sea along the entire line of blackening our sea along the

Juner not; the workings of his brain And of his heart then caust not see; What looks to thy dim eyes a stain, In God's pure light may only be sear, brought from some well-won field, Where thou wouldst only faint and yield.

The look, the air, that frets thy sight, May be a token, that below The soul has closed in deadly fight With some infernal fiery for, Whose glance would scored thy smiling grace, And east thee shuddering on thy face !

The full thou darest to despise-May be the sluckened angel's hand Has suffered it, that he may ruc And take a firmer, surer stand; Or, trusting less to earthly thinge, May henceforth learn to use his wings.

And judge none lost, but wait, and see With hopeful pity, not dis lain, The depth of the abyss may be The measure of the height of pain, And love and glory that may raise This soul to God in after days!

WRECKS AT SEA

THE Wreck Chart of the British Islands for the wreck Chart of the British islands for the year eighteen hundred and fifty-four, and the last Admiralty register of wrecks, are grievous things to look at and to read. In spite of all that has been said about accidents at sea, they have increased in frequency; and whether they will be much diminished by the operation of those clauses in Mr. Cardwell's Merchant Shipping Act, which are intended to assist in their re-pression, is extremely doubtful. As the Act only came into operation three months since (on the first of May last), we can speak from no experience of its effects. So har as the prevention of accident is concerned it is a step in the right direction, though but a single step, we fear, where there are half a hundred needed. We feel pretty sure that the most callous man in England (whoever he may be) would be startled by the information given to him at a glance in the Wreck Chart of Great Britain and Ireland. Total wrecks are marked on it with black little eclipsed moons; others, according to their class, with crosses and other signs; each wreck is indi-cated by its proper mark in the sea adjoining that part of our coast upon which it occurred; and here on the chart in which the wrecks only of last year are set down, they lie

and Seaton Carew. At Liverpool the omi-nous marks are much less numerous, but then each commonly represents a wreck of greater magnitude, a much more terrible disaster. It is not, however, only near great ports that these calamities occur. Beginning with nine-teen wrecks (twelve of them total), on the shores of Shetland and Orkney, and so passing down to the main-land, a dotted line of distress runs without break round the whole country. Opposite Wick, opposite Golspie, opposite Cromarty, on the way to Inverness; opposite Port Gordon, opposite Banff, against Rattray Head and Buchan Ness, on the coast between Buchan Ness and Aberdeen; opposite Aberdeen, between Stonehaven and Montrose, opposite Arbroath and Dundee, at the entrance to the Firth of Forth, opposite North Berwick, Dunbar, Berwick, Holy Island, with rome thirty more between that Island, with some thirty more between that place and Newcastle; and in this way all round the island lie the dots, of which every one represents a dread calamity, and almost every one a calamity that might have been prevented. Upon the coasts, or near the coasts of the small islands inhabited by a great maritime people, who ought surely to be cunning in the build and management of ships, within thirteen of one thousand vessels were wreeked in the year last expired, of which four hundred and eighty-four were totally last, the rest stranded and damaged seriously, so that it was necessary for them to discharge their cargo. The waste of treasure was attended with the greater loss of one thousand five hundred and forty-nine of one thousand five hundred and forty-nine lives: which exceeds the sum of misery produced by shipwreck on the coasts of lantain in any previous year of which there are a record. In eighteen hundred and fifty-three, the deaths by shipwreck on our coasts were about one thousand, and the number of the wrecks themselves about eight bundred and thirty.

We do not mean it to be inferred that

We do not mean it to be inferred that this increase in the number of shipwrecks is due to an increase of culpable neglect on the part of shipowners and masters. Continued galox of unusual severity prevailed last year throughout the month of January, and that mouth alone was fatal to upwards of two hundred and fifty vessels and almost five hundred lives. In the whole half your from the first of April to the end of September, during which the summer weather was un-usually calm, there were not so many wrecks, by sixty, as in the one terrible month with which the year began. On the other hand, it to be said that although in January of the fear preceding there were fewer wrecks, there was a greater sacrifice of life; that element in the calculation being of course dependent alcosother on the nature of the vessels loss.

opposite Newcastle; opposite Sunderland not prove increase of neglect, it surely dethere is a regiment of forty, and there are about as many near the shores of Hartlepool fulness. Rotten vessels, or vessels ill equipped or improperly manned, are still sent to sea; or improperly manned, are still sent to sea; masters incompetent or wanting common prudence still miss their bearings, shave the coast to make short cuts, or run foul of other vessels through neglect of sharp look-out, or of the use of signals. Fifty-three vessels in the course of the year were sunk, and forty-one were shattered by collision. It is well for us to say that the sea is a dangerous and fickle element, and will always claim its victims. If the element is fickle we know all its monds and build shirs while to fight all its moods, and build ships able to fight through them; we know what is the law of storms, and by knowledge can escape the fury of the hurricane; we know how to guide our sailing vessels and our steamers—they are not sent out to drift before every wind that blows; the seaman knows how to tell where he is upon the ocean, and his chart tells him of the rocks and shoals that are to be avoided.

If owners having insured their vessels at Lloyd's did not become careless about insuring them at the shipbuilder's by help of his art if vessels were sent out seaworthy, efficiently manned, commanded by men competent and manned, communited by men selection of the watchful; we believe that a reduction of the number of our wrecks by at least one-half would immediately follow. Practically there would immediately follow. Practically there must always be a certain risk at sea, but practically it need not be large; and theoretically there need certainly be none, but theory leaves out of sight the properties of the human abstracts. the human character. Owners of ships of will equip them economically, saving their own money at the risk of sacrificing other people's lives; seamen, especially when overtasked, will sometimes fail in the performance of their duties; unskilful captains will constitute their duties. trive to get ships entrusted to their charge; and skilful captains will be found who put improdent faith in their own skill. Let any shipowner or sailor speak thus of his class if he please, but let him take good care that no one shall have reason to reflect in the same fashion on himself, as one of the class. Let every man only take heed that he at any rate is bound in honour to stand out as an excep-

tion, and there ends the rule.

We don't believe in the general perfectibility of man, within the next three or four centuries at any rate, but we equally refuse to believe that he is essentially wrong-headed or wrong-hearted. There is much in the annals of last year's shipwrecks to support a different opinion. On the twenty-seventh of April, the galliot Ariadne drove from her anchorage near Thurso in stormy weather and became a wreck: out started, in a common fishing coble, a merchant of Thurso, Mr. David Sinelair, with four fishermen, and bravely brought ashore nine meu, together with the master's wife and chiid. A boat I ladan with soaweed, shipped a heavy see and

of three men was drowning, and it blew a gale : ont started two men and two brave women The barque (God bless them!) to the resene. Mahomed Shah, on the fourth of May, bound to New Zealand, took fire at sea. Mr. Paddon, master of the brig Ellen, saved at great risk the crew and passengers, lifty-nine souls, and found means to care there is his one. found means to carry them in his own vessel to Hobart Town, a distance of two thousand miles from the scene of the catastrophe. man whose beat was wrecked during a heavy storm in Waltham Bay, was struggling in the water, when he was noticed by a farmer's boy, who rushed instantly into the surf, and imperilled his own life seriously in accomplishing a rescue. A Norwegian brig drove on the Holm Sand on the coast of Suffolk, during easterly gale on a dark night. The Pakefield life-boat, manued by Captain Joachim, put out to rescue, and in the midst of the darkness and the storm found a drunken crew madly swearing that they would stick by the ship, and resisting every effort made to save them. The heat returned, allowed the miserable people time to become sober, went to them again, and found them glad enough to come ashore. A smack was stranded on the eighteenth of October last on the Anglesey const, and its little erew was saved by men who went out in a shore boat, though the sea raged so fiercely that it took four hours to reach the wreck, only a mile distant. On the same night there was a brig wrecked three miles from Skegness, on the coast of Lincoln-shire. The coxswain of the life-boat, Samuel Moody, gallantly set out with his men through a violent storm, a heavy sea, and intense darkness. They brought ashore the entire crew with the master's wife and child. All persons on loard the schooner New Jane, totally lost on the Cornish coast five days before Christmas last, were litted out over the bowsprit of the wreck by one noble seaman, Charles Pearce, who was not then saving life for the first time. Once, while he was engaged about this work, and when there was a child in his arms, the sea dashed him away. The child was a the child make the sea dashed him away. The child was not to be recovered, but the bold sailor regained his footing on the rock, and finished his good service to

For, good service to humanity is always done when one man's act is of a kind that confers honour and credit on his race. the notes just recorded, we have shown how both the merchant and the seaman can forget his selfish interest to save men who are struggling in the actual horror of a wreck; and we believe that there are not many in either class who have not the same generous impulses. If men could only submit habitu-ally to a fifteeth part of the heroical self-smerifice with which they face an actual danger, that would be enough probably in three cases out of four to prevent any such danger from occurring. It is fearful to think of the fifteen hundred men, women, and chil-

dren, who, during the past year alone, have struggled in the water off those very coasts to which we are now repairing for a holiday

season of rest and refreshment.

The recent Merchant Shipping Act contains certain provisions which have been devised with the purpose of diminishing the frequency of accidents at sea. They are good for something; though we fear not good for very much.

It is required by this Act, that no British vessels, except wholers and steam-tugs, shall proceed to sea from any port in the United Kingdom unless provided with a certain number of boats, according to their tonnage, as fixed by a table annexed to the Act. But, it is abled, this enactment shall not apply to any ship holding a certificate under the Passengers' Act, eighteen hundred and fifty-Can any non-official mind see why the necessity of having a sufficient number of boats on board is not as great in an emigrant ship as in any other? Any non-official mind can, we are quite sure, understand the other defect in the clause. The declaration that boats must be had according to the scale in an annexed table, is good; but an official compromise makes up for that. The "annexed table," is a juke to all abrowwers. table" is a joke to all shipowners. For vessels of six hundred tons and under, the Board of Trade offers to be content with a much shorter provision of boats than ship-owners have been hitherto used of their own necord to place in them. A diminution instead of an increase in the provision of boats would so far, therefore, be the most natural consequence of this part of the enactment. The Act then, still excepting all certifi-

cated passenger vessels, directs, under defined penalties, that no vessel containing than ten passengers shall go to sea without a life-boat, or a boat made buoyant after the manner of a life-boat, or without also two lifebuoys, which shall at all times be left it for use. This seems to mean, that seamen must carry with them an agis of ten passengers it they hope to have on board, by the compulsion of an Act of Parliament, a life-boat or buoy. As for the buoy, since it is, in by far the greatest number of cases the common sen man, engaged on the ropes, at the must-head, and otherwise about the vessel, who falls overboard, it is rather hard that no consideration is had for the crew in ordering that life-buoys should be kept. A good cork life-buovs should be kept. A good corl-life-buov costs about thirteen shillings. Would it be a minous demand on owners of vessels sent out, even with less than ten souls on board, and none of them passengers, that every such vessel should have a life-busy on board? Men are, indeed, man likely to fall overboard from little backs and

schooners than from ships.

And why are we to be content, on a large vessel, with one life boat only, and only a limited number of other houts, the ordering or which is left to the discretic of the crew !

Every great wreck that is reported, tells owner may say; but in no other way-as we Every great wreek that is reported, tells us what that means; tackles foul, or are let go prematurely; oars and thowel pins missing; plugs out when the moment of sudden need is passing. And while, under the same dread pressure, with sea beating the ship's sides in, passengers know that there is only "a certain amount" of least accommodation; that as there is not of boat accommodation; that as there is not boat room for all, some must be lett behind to awnit the chance of their being alive when a return boat comes to look for them. A fatal rush is the consequence, and the one remedy against this, is the demand that every ship shall carry boats enough to admit of the immediate escape of all on board if necessary. Passengers and crew knowing that there are boats for all, will not then waste time in an agonizing struggle with each other, as well as with the element that threatens to destroy then; and it is not true that a provision of this kind is totally impracticable. There exists such a thing as a collapsible life-boat, which is perfectly trustworthy.

The Act then provides wisely for an inquiry The Act then provides wisely for an inquiry into the circumstances of every wreck or other casualty on our shores, by the inspecting officers of Coastguard and the principal officers of Customs; gives general superintendence of affairs concerning shipwreck to the Found of Trade, and appoints less wisely "Receavers of Wreck," along the coast, who are to have the chief authority at each scene are to have the chief authority at each scene of wreck that occurs in their district. The office of Receiver of Wreck, under the Board of Trade, has been given to many persons who were lately Receivers of Admiralty Droits.— tradesmen, and others perfectly guerant of seamonship. Whether the Inspecting Commander of Coastguard, who is a commander in the Navy, or the chief officer cammander in the Navy, or the chief officer of Coastguard, who is commonly a licutenant in the Navy, will be quickened in his desire to place his seamanship at the disposal of the people who are endeavouring to organise a resear, when he knows that he is to have Mr. Jones the hatter, or Mr. Smith the tailor, or Mr. Brown the grocer, from the next town, in chief command, and authorised by A t of Parliament to overrule his orders, as extremely appearanable. As a matter of is extremely questionable. As a matter of the very commonest sense, the Receiver of Wrock should be a skilful scaman, but that is not a matter of otheral sense.

It is then ordered that payment by owners wro ked vessels to the representatives of the drawned (assessed in each case at thirty the drawned (assessed in each case at thirty potods, and salvage to the rescuers of life), shall be the first claims due against them, and the first to be paid, in full, out of their fleeter, salvage of life having now for the text time distinct priority over salvage of property. For loss of life, and personal injury on beard any ship, the owner may be local ficible to the extent of the value of his adip, and of the cargo waved, but not any

have long since urged-is it possible to overcome the passive carelessness of life, which is produced by the habit of insuring vessels against money loss, and not merely leaving them quietly to their fate, but sometimes even, it is to be feared, half desiring their

destruction. The Act provides also for the increased efficiency of the life-boat service, by adding government help to private enterprise; so that the National Life-boat Institution, an admirable society supported by the public, which saved last year by its boats upwards of one hundred and thirty lives, by increasing the pay of its cox-wains and the reward to its servants who succeed in saving life, backed both by the people and the government, may do more than it has yet done to decrease the number of persons lost in shipwreek on our

It is evident from what we have said, that the new Merchant Shipping Act will un-questionally—so far as accident at sea is concerned—tend towards the lessening of an enormous evil; and as for its defects, it would not be believed to have come from a government office if it did not contain a few obvious blunders. Some such authentication was perhaps considered necessary by its author who, for what he did, apart from what he left undone, deserves the very hearty thanks of all men who go out to brave the perils of the sea.

SCHOOL-GIRLS.

Why should "like a great school-girl" be an uncomplimentary metaphor! Most of our mothers, our wives, our daughters have been school-girls in their time, and some of them school girls of a tolerable size. Jeannie Morrison was a school-girl, and the subject of the most charming of bulkals. Her tiny world of school-weans was not more rude and jealous than that of ordinary womankind, when they called up the roses in her cheeks and in those of her little lover, by remarking how they cleeked—I think it was cleeked—"they cleeked together hame." I remember, when at the premature age of ten, I visited my sister at a seminary in Reading, kissing a great school-girl on the stairs, and rather liking it. I remember also that she was condemned to confine her talk to the French lanschool-girls of a tolerable size. Jeannie Mordemned to confine her talk to the French language for one fortnight, in consequence of that act of gallantry of mine. Nay, when I was younger still, I well recollect how I went myself to a day school, one half of which was composed of the softer sex. I used to wear a small velvet shooting jacket, with short sleeves, and little red ribbons for shoulder-knots; and I was, I believe very much admired. I learnt Valpy's Chronology, the peace and shilling tables, and danging in

young gentlemen. I liked the girls-from nine old to fourteen they were-by ever so much the lost; the boys, who were younger, were continually putting their tongues out and shying things at me. Having then this substratum of interest in the subject, it is not to be wondered at that cousin Sophy has, to use her own expression, "piled it up" very considerably—she means by that, increased my sympathy with school-girls-by certain details which I intend to confide to the render.

Cousin Sophy is, I should perhaps remark, about seventeen, but looks nearly two years older. If I say in this publication and for the private information of the reader, that she is crumby for that age, I do not wish it to go She will receive, in three years and further. four months exactly (I took the trouble of calculating it once for fun), the sum of twelve thousand pounds,—and I wish, dear girl, from my heart that it was twice as much. We read portions of Tennyson together (the Miller's Daughter); play at back-gammon with one dice-box, whose fellow I have purposely mislaid that we may have little contentions for possession after every throw; and generally chaff one another in a pleasant way. She will not play at chess with me, because she is, she says, so stupid, and di-likes people to make bad moves on purpose to let her win. It was between and among these varied occupations that I became four months exactly (I took the trouble of among these varied occupations that I became possessed of her little school troubles, and of possessed of her little school troubles, and of the causes of them. She has even entrusted me (in the strictest confidence) with a copy of the regulations of the seminary, Acacia Lodge, in which her education is still being imparted; and I have extracted a few of them for the purpose of publication. Sophy, who is charmingly natural, and indeed forcible, in her language, says her schoolmistress. Miss in her language, says her schoolmistress, Miss Maigre, is a "disgusting creature," and "a nasty thing." Upon the whole, that lady appears to be a screw. Witness the folappears to be a screw. lowing extracts from the Code Maigre :-

"Rule 73. To eat two pieces of bread-and-butter at tea, and two at breakfast."

butter at tea, and two at breakfast."

These pieces, I am given to understand, are "as thick as that" (Sophy separates her hands, which I am playfully holding in my own, about six inches), and destroy all subsequent appetite for dinner. The butter is infinitesimally thin (pantominic explanatory action by rapidly bringing her palms together, and mine).

"Rule 63. Not to be allowed two cups of tea."

tea."

What a halfpennyworth of sack to this intolerable amount of bread! Supposing, as Sophy tells me, that these cups are perfect thimbles, I think this regulation cruel. Can it be that Miss Maigre has made this edict in temembrance of the orgies of the Rev. Stiggins and his shepherdesses! With all respect to the conductor of this journal, I think it probable that Miss Maigre would cut her bands off, mittens and all, rather than confess to have read Pickwick. She is "so very, so to have read Pickwick. She is "so very, so very genteel." Consider, for instance, "Rule 61. Not to speak more than is ab-

solutely necessary to a servant,

How right it is that young ladies who are able to pay two hundred pounds a year for their education should be taught to know their exalted position, and the gulf that lies between between them and those whom the Rev. Milkan Walters calls "our humbler sisters." To the same effect, and with a yet higher teaching, runs this "Rule 14. Not to kiss the governesses."

Not to bestow their well-born or richlyendowed affection upon peop people! The "know thyself" of the old philosopher is in the Code Maigre thus translated: "Remember, young lady, that you are the salt of the earth; keep separate from the common clay; never lose sight of the fact, that your first consin is a barroast of the fact, that your first consin is a barroast of the fact, that your first consin is a barroast of the fact, that your first consin is a barroast of the fact, that your first consin is a baronet and your mother a Bodgers; or that your uncle (who was in trade, and is personally to be forgotten) has left you ten thousand pounds with interest to accumulate; always stand on tiptoe in relation to your inferiors, and bestow on them the fewest possible words, and no thought whatever; beware especially of sympathy; no beauty of nature, and no richness of intellect, can make up, remember, for the want of money, or the absence of the Bodgers blood." The first rule in reference to the masters, is

"Rule I. Wear always gloves or mits in

presence of a master.

This, I think, must be a winter regulation.

This, I think, must be a winter regulation.
Rule twenty-two is more explicit:

"Rule 22. Not to go on your knees when a master is present."

Why not? This surely must be a law for the masters and not for the misses!
Cousin Sophy, for instance, never dreams of going on her knees in my presence. Quite the reverse. Can it be that Miss Maigre's going on her knees it my presence. Quite the reverse. Can it be that Miss Mnigre's young ladies habitually throw themselves into that attitude; or, is the rule only actually enforced during leap year?

Rule twenty rather puzzles me: "Rule 20. Not to have any matches." What kind of matches-those that are said

to be made in heaven, or lucifer matches Certainly not the former, when rule lorty is read in connection with it:-

"Rule 40. Never to wear white gloves."
With regard to the edicts which are to follow, I have no solution to offer, that wears the shadow of probability. Let us head them "To the Ingenious;" and, as the manner of some is, offer five thousand copies of our

journal to the clucidator.

"Rule 62. Not to burn paper seraps."

Now, my dear Sophy, let us sit upon the ground,—no, that is forbidden in ediet once ("never to sit upon the ground"). Let us talk this over then quietly together. Why not been paper scraps? Do you save them to make pillows for the nervous and insane? of six periodical visits! Some suspicious reor do you sow patchwork upon them for quilts? or do you preserve them for shaving-papers for the French and Italian masters? or for paper-chaises in the half holidays? or do you serew them up into spills for the economic lady, your mistress? Curl-papers being utterly out of fashion, imagination can no further go; and I turn for relief even to another conundrum:

Rule 69. Not to look out of window."

Gracious mercy, then, is Acacia Lodge a numery? Do its inmates stand, as the poor numery? Do its inmates stand, as the poor girls at Norwood did, for penance, with their faces to a whited wall, till they grow blind? Are the sky, and the trees, and the fair green earth forbidden to be gazed upon? Is the sun pronounced by the Code Maigre to be incligible and not to be regarded, and the moon to be no better than she should be! Indeed, the manuer in which those dangerous weapons of offence, the eyes, are legislated for is worthy of Confucius:—

"Puls 21. Not to look behind when

"Rule 94. Not to look behind when walking."

"Rule S3. Not to stare in church."

Far be it from me to question the ablutionary system of Miss Maigre's, or to bring town the Board of Health upon Acacia Lodge; bus, what does rule thirty-tour mean, if doesn't mean dirt?

"Rule 24. Univ to graph your!

Rule 24. Only to wash your hands before

dinner.

By rule twenty-five, you must not write in the week without especial leave. Can it be really meant by this that the whole of the epistolary business of Miss M.'s establishment is carried on upon the Sabbath! As rule thirteen, too, is not to write upon the desks, what a harnseing as well as irreligious affair heir writing altogether must be. lowever, have the pleasure of extracting this

"Rule 53. All letters, except to relations, to be inspected."
This is a wise and prudent edict: there is no knowing, else, with how many designto kept up. I seem to see Miss Maigre as she plys her task, à la Sir James Graham, and appreciate her position thoroughly; all letters in pink envelopes, directed to Henry Lovell. Exp. if you please, Miss Sophia, I must detain.—But "please, he's my cousin!" No matter. You need not write to gentleman cousins on rose-coloured paper. In fact ou must not.

There are several edicts in the code with regard to the getting-up-I mean the toilettes-of the young ladies, which I feel it would be unbecoming (however interesting) to

alluie to:

Rule eighty-four, however,-the governess to enter your rooms six times during the nightly toilettes,—is too remarkable to be

garding the natural wave in Sophia's hair, I confess have been awakened since reading the above. Any charitable suggestion of study is shut out by

"Rule 45. Not to take books into dor-

Nothing escapes in this microscopic code. The rng, the poker, the stairs, pocket-hand-kerchiefs, boots, the bed, the chairs, the windows, the desks, the keys of your boxes; your eyes, your hair, your teeth, your hands, your feet, your knees, your nose, your neek, your tongue (the tongue occupying almost half these statutes at large)—all have clauses made and provided for them are stringent as made and provided for them, as stringent, as if they involved the peace of Europe and the fate of unborn millions.

There are kou-tou edicts concerning Misa Muigre herself, suggesting the ceremonials of an Eastern court. The whole establishment rises at her entrance (rule ninety-three), as the roses and likes spring up at the footfall of the fairy-queen: and beware! beware! rash mortal, saith regulation twelve, who shall, on any pretence whatever, sit in Miss Maigre's Nay, you dare not even approach it;

for what says rule thirteen?
"Rule 13. Not to step on t

"Rule 13. Not to step on the rug;" where, of course, Miss Maigre's throne is placed.

Finally, I will extract one edict more—the one-hundredth. It closes the Code Maigre with a snap, and is, above all others, to be resolutely obeyed. It is defined, and dwelt upon, more emphatically than any; and the itatics (as the newspapers say) are all Miss Maigre's own:

"Rule 100. Not even to lock at a hove."

"Rule 100. Not even to look at a boys'-school."

BRIDES FOR SALE.

We have heard it said that there are to be We have heard it said that there are to be no more slaves in Egypt—a pleasant piece of news, if true. Mr. Breakchains has already commented on the circumstance, and told us that, "for the first time since the Nile began to deposit its sediment, the pellucid stream reflects the beauteous countenance of freedom," and so forth. This is not the first time there has been talk of this kind. Ten years ago, it was solemnly decreed by that "very magnificent Bashaw"—this is the true Egyptian pronunciation—Mohammed Ali, that in Alexandria, at least, conscientious residents and missionary gentlemen bound for India should not be shocked by the sight of flocks of human beings exposed for sale in public places. This was the result of a movement something analogous to that against Smithfield. The slave markets were com-plained of as a nuisance, not as a system. They were ordered to disappear. Accord-ingly travellers, fresh from London or Paris, who wished to convince themselves that such things could be—that boys and girls and

grown persons were actually to be seen for sale—at least, such was the reason given for the engerness with which the sight was sought—were compelled to hire a guide acquainted with the back-slums of the city. They then learned that the trade, instead of being carried on in the open street, was confined to certain small houses adapted for the purpose-ranges of rooms or cells round low courts. It was not customary, even for natives, to visit these places: a man in want of a slave used to send for four or five specimens, male or female as the case might be, and examine them deliberately as he sat smoking his pipe in his own divan; the jellab, or dealer, squatting by, ready to answer all questions as to age, temper, or origin. Euro-peans, however, obtained admission into the private slave-markets with tolerable case. There was always some grumbling and affectation of resistance, but a few piastres amouthed all difficulties. It was worth while going once or twice in order to appreciate the vulgar reality of the scene. Whilst passenger philanthropists were praising the great step towards emancipation taken by Mohammed Ali—supposed to have repented of his slave-hands-here was evidence that not the slightest real change was contemplated. Serving men and serving maids, of all classes and degrees, were constantly on hand, corstantly coming or going. In most cases, they were fresh from Soudan, clothed in a single rag, with their hair in a thousand plaits. It is not from avarice that the pollabs make their shaves preserve this miserable dress, but because they well know that new arrivals are most prized. Families like to educate them in their own way. It is not uncommon for girls already well civilised to be compelled to re-assume their native dress, pretend ignorance of Arabic, and affect pristine stu-

We have glided into the use of the present We have glided into the use of the present tense, because the same observations still apply. Indeed, in speaking of Eastern manners, the past tense is almost superfluous; and, for that matter, perhaps, so is the future. Nothing seems to change there but names—there is no progress, no development. When we hear, therefore, that slavery is to be abolished in Egypt by the will of that new joval pusha—that man-mountain invested with authority, and besieged by rival inwith authority, and besieged by rival in-fluences—we remain perfectly unmoved. The statement has the appearance of a contradiction in terms. Abolish Egypt, you may; but The whole of society is constructed on the sup-

the great, or bring their slippers, or watch over the women, if there be no more mem-looks or cunuchs? We will not absolutely despair of the future : but change must come

by slow degrees.
What, too, would the rich Turk or the merchant who cannot afford to take a wife from amongst his own people do without Abyssinian or Georgian slaves? Let us not have false ideas on this subject. In most cases the Orientals do not buy odalisques, but housewives. When white or bronze-coloured lactics are introduced into a harim, the transaction very much resembles a matrimonial one. The victims, as we are accustomed to call them, are very willing parties in most cases. They are eager to obtain an establish-ment. We remember once-during the time when it was said that no more slaves were to be publicly sold in Alexandria—being told that there was a Reorgan girl to be disposed of in the Broker Razaar. We went to see her. The poor thing sat a little back in a shop, closely wrapped up in a white woollen mantle, and only allowing her dark glancing eyes to be seen. Her owner was not then present, but the master of the shop, Sidi Abn Hassan, sat smoking his pipe before her, dilating from imagination, on her innumerable perfections. The moon, the palm branch, the pomegranate, and the gazette were, as usual, brought in as comparisons for her face, her figure, her form, and her eyes. The chief thing on which he dwelt, however, was the fact that the ornaments of her person were worth three thousand pastres (thirty pounds). We saluted him at the first period, and he made way for us by his side, jocularly informing his auditors that we should be the successful purchaser. Two or three seconds tremendously; but the rest laughed, saying that the Frank was very unfortunate that he could not buy so beautiful a companion. We learned that the girl's name was Nazlet; and it was added that she was fresh from her mother's side in Georgia. This we knew to be untrue, and, having shown our incredulity, we gradually ascertained that she had been lately sold out of the harim of a Turk. When the crowd had dispersed, we tried to talk to the girl, but she did not understand Arabie, and Abn Hassan was a poor Turkish scholar. She contrived, however, to ask whether the Frank intended to purchase her, and said-interested thetterer—that she had always desired to be the slave of a Frank. Her voice was sweet, and her gestures were pretty and expressive; but when, in accord-ance with the usual country of Eastern Elistern position that in every family above the positivoners, she allowed us to take a rapid glonce tion of a common labourer there shall be, at at her face, we discovered that care or sweleast, one bought assistant. Take away the loss had made surprising inroads on her slave girl, and who shall grind the corn, or youth. We shall never lorget that anxious point the coffee or the meat, or blow the fire and pallid countenance, lighted up for a with her breath, or turn the kababs, or wash moment by a foscinating suite—we fear the floor, or earry master's dinner to the shep not genuine, for it was expring before the in the bazaar t. Who shall light the pipes of veil rapidly returned to its place. Her

but the report had got abroad that she was thin and sick, and very low offers were made. We had resolved not to go and see her again; but she beekened to us in passing, and we could not resist. Her first words, as interpreted, were: "Nazarene! Cannot you find a substitute to buy me for you?" That is to say, a Mohammedan, to become the nominal purchaser, we infidels not being allowed the enviable privilege of possessing slaves in our own right. She seemed really to anticipate being left on the hands of her master, who, we were told, attributed her meagerness either to ill-humour or to the effect of the evil-eye. We did not attempt to explain to evil-eye. We did not attempt to explain to her that Christians abhorred slavery, and were liable to a fine imposed by the consul of a hundred pounds sterling (ten thousand prastres), for encouraging it in any way. We thought it best to affect poverty. That was decisive. Her manner changed like that of a young lady who learns that some impassioned suitor is dreaming of love in a cottage, because he has no expectations. She looked over shoulder at a huge greasy Turk who was A short time afterwards, waddling that way. she was parted with for about seventy pounds, orn aments and all.

White slaves are kept at Cairo, in Wakal-fahs, specially devoted to the purpose, but under the superintendence of the common sheikh of the slave dealers. They are brought there generally from Constantinople some half a dozen at a time, but almost always receive additions from the harim of the place, for there are always "a few fine oung ladies" for sale, forming part of the atone of some deceased Turk. In the best ones, each has a separate apartment, and a parate duenna, or attendant-facts, might have learned from report, but which happen to know from positive experience. We were some years ago at Cairo, in the beydry of youth and spirits, and changing to he of the existence of these curious hotels, as well as of the difficulty, not to say impossibility of penetrating into them, determined, at any rate, to try. Had we been better acquainted with Eastern manners, we should never have exhibited the blind of stimery which in such case can alone insure

We started one day, a party of four, mounted on donkeys equally spirited with undives, and dashed into the narrow, torwous, thronged alleys of the city, loudly inthing our guide that we never meant to cturn without having seen a depôt of white the fellow's single eye glistened the wooder, but he put his hand to his head, and exclaimed "Trader — ready" and attal before us, stopping to whisper to all numerous friends and acquaintances as he

master -a surly Turk -coming up to take learned, that he had four mad Franks in her home, put an end to the interview charge, whom he was resolved to lead a tre-Next day we heard some bidding for her; mendous dance, in order to tame down their mendous dance, in order to tame down their absurd curiosity. In the first place, he took us straight to the other extremity of the city, near the Bab-el-Zontona, where are the black-slave bazaars. We inspected them rather hurricelly, being already acquainted with that sort of thing, and then turning to our one-eyed cicerone, who pretended to forget what we really wished, said rather sternly: "Well, sir !" He apologised, and when we had satisfied the greedy demands of the jellabs, trotted away to the other side of the Bab-en-Nasr, where we saw some ladies from Eab-en Nasr, where we saw some ladies from Abyssinia of various degrees of bronze-colour, Abysemia of various degrees of bronze-colour, and a few Galla girls, black as coal, but wonderfully lovely in feature. This was not what we wanted, and some of our party began to talk of the propriety of cudgelling our guide. He understood the pantomime, and requesting us to mount again, promised with many solemn asservations to take us to the therkh of the slave-dealers; and so we rolle about a couple of hours, having interviews occasionally with several grave old white-bearded gentlemen who were always at first introduced as the sheikh, and who were admitted to be only deputies. They all made long speeches to us, which we partly understood, beganing by expatiating on the impro-priety of our wishes, and ending—when it was evident that we were perfectly inaccessible to reason-by referring us to a man in

the next bazaar.

We had started very early in the morning, and it was not until an hour after noon that we began to suspect we were being merely played with: that is to say, that our guide was in league with everyboly to prevent us from seeing these mysterious white slaves, We had learned one fact, however, namely, that a good number of Georgian and other beauties were lodging in a vast house in one of the principal streets—a continuation of the Goreevel, if we remember rightly—of course, under the care of a merchant. After a serious consultation, therefore, we gave Mohammed—he must have been named Mohammed—the slip, and resolved to do business on our own account. At that time of day the streets of Cairo are very quiet and lonely. Everybody is taking his siesta after dinner, and even the coffee-houses are empty. There happened to be one of these establishments exactly opposite the great house in question. We entered and called for pipes and Mocha—paid extravagantly for the first smade, and ordered a second. The kawajee supply, and ordered a second. and delighted, and gave a ready ear to our confidences. We told him what we wanted That great wall, striped horizontally with red and white, rising to the height of some twenty feet, without windows, and then having only a sort of range of bird-eages projecting, but jealously closed, stood between us and a mysteriolicity of the stood between us and a mysteriolicity.

The worthy coffee-man, whose was as brown as the berry in which he dealt, grinned and winked, but at first uttered that same absund word which had annoyed us all day. It was impossible, he said. The only means of entrance was that narrow thick door opposite. There was a wicket in it. It we showed our Frank faces and pleaded for admission, we should be laughed at. That was indeed probable, but we did not give up in despair. We waited for events, anoking, and drinking coffee to the imminent danger of our nerves. At last the kawaice, who really took an interest in us, drew our attention to a great, brawny, fellat woman, who was coming down the street on the sunny side, with a great pitcher on her head. She side, with a great pitcher on her head. She was going, he told us, into the sealed house, being a servant thereof; and if, he added, retiring with a cunning look towards the back part of his shop, we chose to go in with her, why we should find only a decrepit old porter, and a lot of women, to resist us. We porter, and a lot of women, to resist us. We thought not a moment of the disagreeable consequences the act suggested, which had somewhat of the character of a burglary, might entail. All means of satisfying our legitimate curiosity, appeared to us legitimate. The door was opened. The brawny fellat woman entered. We made a rush across the street and a jump—and before the old porter had time to understand what had happened, were scrambling up a long flight of narrow, dirty, shattered steps, as if we were taking a town by storm. Where they came from we did not know, but by the time we had reached a broad gallery on one side, overlooking a vast court-yard, we were surrounded by a number of women, not the beauties we were in search of, but ugly women of nondescript appearance. How y screamed and shouted, and gesticulated, threatened, and put their half-veiled and threatened, and put faces close to ours, and asked us what we faces close to ours, and asked us what we wanted and where we came from, and where we expected to go! Our answer consisted of handfuls of pinstres and parahs, which produced a most complete effect. Their gestures caimed down, their voices became gentler, they began to understand our curiosity. After all, where was the harm? The merchant and his men were away — the old porter, who at length came up, had received a dollar in the hand that had been stretched out to grasp one of our throats ceived a dollar in the hand that had been stretched out to grasp one of our throats—order was restored and then came explanations and a sort of bargain. By this time we had made out an individual figure in the crowd of our quendam female assailants. It was that of a round little old woman in a white woodlen mantle, with a muffler wrapped all round her head, above and below her eyes; she was the chief duenna, and when her eyes; she was the chief duenna, and when her eves; she was the elner ducums and avariee was satisfied, professed perfectly to appreciate our feelings, and agreed if we would only make haste to exhibit her caged

There were seven or eight of them, each occupying a separate apartment opening into the great gallery which we had reached by our first effort. The doors were opened one after the other. After crossing a small ante-room, we found ourselves in each case in a nice chamber furnished with a divan, on which the slave sat or reclined, whilst an attendant woman squatted near at hand attendant woman squatted near at hand ready to serve her. The first lady we saw received us sulkily and pulled on her veil. The second—extremely handsome, by-the-bye—greeted us with shouts of laughter, made us sit down, and affected to coquette with some of us. On being rebuked by the ducum, she laughed still more immoderately, and offered us coffee and pipes. A serious quarrel ensued, during which we left, after making our present—for we had begun to suspect that the least interesting specimens alone were exhibited to us. It was evident that these two ladies, though richly dressed and attractive in person, were not fresh arrivals. They had most probably been dready in some Cairo harin, and were for sale either as a punishment or on account of the poverty of their masters. There was a certain reckless, vicious look about them that suggested the former to be the case—told stories, in fact, of incompatibility of temper, which low feeding and the whip had not been able to overcome.

The third door had been passed over, which of course roused our curiosity. In the other apartments we saw one or two young girls, very innocent-looking and quiet, with several dames, evidently well-accustomed to that transition state; but we did not note them much, being too occupied in thought with the mysterious third chamber. At length, after a good deal of parleying, in which promises were not spared, we succeeded in procuring admittance, and understood at once the reason of the hesitation that had piqued our inquisitiveness. Here was the gem of the exhibition—for in that light we regarded the place—a magnificent young woman, with dark dreamy eyes, arched eyebrows, smooth low forchead, rich lips, and dimpled chin. The purple blood came to her cheeks, and went and came again rapidly in the first flutter caused by our intrusion. She was dressed in the usual embodiered vest, with a many-folded shawl round her waist and loose trowsers, as we are accustomed to call the Oriental jupe, because it is fastened round below the knee, and falls in double folds to the ancles. The lady were a small red cap, from beneath which her immenso profusion of small tresses, increased in volume by braid, and spangled with gold ornaments, fell over her shoulders. Her unstockinged feet were partially covered by bright yellow inner slippers, as they may be called. When the first surpuse was over, she received us in a courteous and lady-like manner, but still seemed puzzled to know

what we could want, and why she was made marked impulse of his nature, and became a show of to Europeans. The dignity of her dogmatical, appearance checked our somewhat boisterous. Now, I am, so to speak, a man made to gaiety, and we remained gazing at her in silence—a circumstance that did not seem at all displeasing; for she smiled approvingly at us and at herself, glaucing down over her splendid attire, of which she was evidently very proud. All our ideas of slavery were very proud. All our ideas of slavery were at once confounded; and it was not until some time afterwards that we understood the difference between the purchase of human being; to put them to hard labour and the purchase of them as members of a family.

We might at last have had some conversation with this bride for sale; but suddenly a tempest of human voices again whirled along the gailery. We were unceremoniously hurried out of the boudoir just in time to find ourselves in the midst of a dozen fiercelooking jellabs, armed with clubs and headed by an old man with a white heard, which he of the piace; and a mighty rage he was in. The scene that ensued was so confused—so many people spoke at once—that we could not make our apologies appreciated; and, though we distributed small pieces of money right and left to the whole garrison, and thereby warded off some of the blows aimed at us, yet we could not, in any degree, pacify the old gentleman, who, being past the age of action, offered us his beand to pull, slapped his face, took of his turban and threw it on the ground-all to denote that we had unjustrially violated his domicile-and so we had, Mingling, therefore, entreaties with counter-thrusts, opening a way with plastres when we could not do it with blows, taking the bruises we received as good humouredly as darrease and get into the street, where our lonker-boys, who had heard of our danger, beginning to whimper and collect a Getting into the saddle as fast as we could, we galloped off towards the European quarter, where we related to many unbelieving Franks the story of our visit.

DREAMERS.

MGREE, to a certain extent, with Mr. Luke Higginbotham, of Friars' Alley, in his reprodution of dreamers. And I say this, well knowing that he suspects me of belonging to the class. It may seem paradoxical to state that the place which I sometimes occupy at the great wine-merchant's table is due to his low estimate of my understanding. Such, however, is the fact. The city magnate, who however, is the fact. The city magnate, who board persons of quality or taste, deigns, for the reason I have given, to command such society as mine. His leading instinct was, doubtless, to be obsequious; but, finding no patron to flatter, he obeyed the second

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Now, I am, so to speak, a man made to order for the gratification of this propensity. Originally Mr. Higginbotham's clerk, and now but the salarned manager of a modest wine house in the country, there could be no better foil to the Barchie potentate, who boasts domains in Andalusia, on the Rhine-steeps, and in Champagne, and whose territories I have often pictured as flowing with rivers of tawny gold, of crystal with foaming eddies, of ruby smooth, swift, and deep-all hurrying to some great festive ocean which laves the coasts of an ideal Naxos. It is this tendency on my part to picture, to imagine— or, as Mr. Higginbotham phrases it, to dream—that yields one of the main points of his superiority, and of his consequent satisfaction in our intercourse. For example, last Thursday, after one of those statety and Thursday, after one of those statery and fligid dinners sometimes given at his villa in Berkshire, and at which, for the sake of my present employer, I am compelled to assist, our host produced a sample of his rarest Assmannshausen. After testifying to its excellence, I ventured to observe that the wine in question gained an added zest from the nicturesomeness of its native region, that the picturesqueness of its native region, those green steeps which hem in the Rhine gorge, with all its old-world life and natural

I was allowed to state this doctrine with-out serious interruption. True, Mr. Chipfield, the curate, had ejaculated "Now, really!" in the first stage of my proposition, and Mr. Thorneyside, the attorney, was at no pains to repress a contemptuous chuckle. They had been trained to their patron's humour, and might have shown their disdain for me more emphatically but for Mr. Higginbotham himself. Even as the experienced angler checks the impatience of the tyro to strike, checks the impatience of the tyro to strike, so did our host raise a warning and expressive hand, which plainly said—"Wait, wait, gentlemen—only give him line enough." A while, in careless mood, he dallied with his watch-seals, smoothed his portly chest, and telegraphed with an eye of cruel humour to his confederates. As I concluded, however, he grew erect—stiff and peremptory was he as his highly-starched collar, his short, inflexible fingers, or his iron-grey, stubbly hair—he took the rod into his own hands, and prepared to land me.

"Been up the Rhine, Thorneyside?" inquired my tormentor, with a wink.

"Not I—I've my hands too full," said the lawyer, with the air of one who thanked the

beauty, gave a stimulus even to the palate that, in fact, it would have been quite another thing to have qualfed the same fluid if de-rived from some level and uninteresting

district.

lawyer, with the nir of one who thanked the Maker of the world that he had seen very little of it.

" Heen up the Rhine, Chipfield ?" pursues the querist.

annum and no vacation, repudiates the idea. Nothing would induce him to go everybody goes there—he considers the libine a mere resett for Cockneys—no, not for Cockneys—observing Higginbotham's sudden frown—he doesn't mean that all—

"He means, for idlers—dreamers!" cries

Higginbotham.

"Of course, dreamers!" chimes the chorus.

"Now, gentlemen," resumes the angler, rapidly winding in line, "did you ever think of the Rhine when you tasted that Assusanshuasen!"

" No. I thought of the cellar," smirks Mr.

Chipfield.

Mr. Thorneyside also laughs a sardonic

negative.
"Yet you found the wine good—knew that it had body, flavour, bouquet!"
Chorus shouts in the affirmative, while I

feel each query a separate tug.

"Would you think that wine bad if it had been grown in Lincolnshire !"

"It might have been grown in my cabbage garden," exclaims Thorneyside. "If the article itself be prime, who cares where it

"Ho! ho!" rejoins our host, giving me a desperate jerk, "you're there, are you? You know things by what they are, do you? With you become sait, and peas are green! A thing's a thing and no more, wherever it comes from, is it? Egad, gentlemen, I'm with you: 1, too, am one of those plain, dull dogs who see with their eyes, and taste with their palates. But, then, I'm a slow coach, a vulgar wide-awake-I can't dream-I never was a dreamer. I never could be a dreamer, and, what's more astounding, gentlemen, I wouldn't be one if I could!"

A blow on the table gives emphasis to the last words. The lawyer and the divine go into fits. I am landed, and Mr. Higginbotham

We were next regaled with an account of all the dreamers whom our host had ever known, and whose special end in existence seemed to be his glerification by contrast. There was Tubbs, he said, who had such a first-rate power of dreaming, that he could make what he liked of the future, and nothing at all of the present. His youthful bent was towards the church, till Oxford disenchanted him. His next passion was for a forensic career. He imagined himself diving into the merits of causes by intuition, and thrilling juries with harangues that should have the convenience of costing no trouble in their preparation, while they should be irresistible in their effect. So enthrolling was this dream, that it needed three weeks' attendance at a that it needed three weeks attendance at a pleader's chambers, preceded by a fee of two hundred guineas, to disperse it. Tubbs was subsequently haunted by a vision of military glory, and a commission was obtained for him; but a brief experience of parade suf-

Young Chipfield, who has sixty pounds per ficed to lay that phantom. There was Redifeed to lay that phantom. There was Redivivus Smirke, too, who had a dream of remodelling society, and whose Harmonic Universe, illustrated by diagrams, might have been inspected for three months, in eighteen hundred and forty-nine, at his lodgings in Fudget Court—hours of attendance, from eleven to four. Whatever his logical powers, no one who heard Smirke could doubt that he had a large gift of invention; and if he had chosen to manufacture novels and if he had chosen to manufacture novelssays Higginbotham-he might have lived on the tastes of sillier dreamers than himself. But the regenerator, with whom life itself was one grand scheme of fiction, was far too superb to deal in the small imaginative ware booksellers. So he expounded the diagrams to various eccentries, while his wife took in plain work till she sickened, and, deserted by Smirke, became, with her children, dependent on the parish. As I have already said, I sometimes agreed with Higginbotham, and felt no very sente grief to learn that Tubbs and Smirke, after having so dreamed away the purposes of life, should at last be somewhat roughly awakanad to its scaling.

what roughly awakened to its realities.

I could, however, no longer sympathise with our host when, according to his wort, he wound up with the instance of my friend Merton, whom he denounced as a flagrant example of the visionary class. He impeaches Merton on several distinct counts. "First," says he, " Merton was nephew to one of our partners, and, with common prudence, might have become one himself." Yes, honours and emoluments little short of Higginbotham's own were within his reach. Merton, too, might have owned vintages abroad and man-Merton. sions in park-like domains at home. soons in park-like domains at home. Merton, too, might have been a chairman of boards, a creator of railway and insurance companies, a Presence in Threadneadle Street. "He was actually offered a stool in our counting-house, and—declined!" The accuser pauses that we may have time to weigh the enormity, then, in a vein of fine irony, resumes—" Yes, declined! his tastes were not commercial; he had a private independence—that there may be no mistake, it was just a hundred a-year, gentlemen. What did he want with a-year, gentlemen. What did he want with more ! He could live in the country, he had books, friends, and he could converse with Nature! His own words, I assure you. Only you over converse with Nature, Thorneyside, you ever converse with Nature, Thorneyaid, or you Chipfield, except on Sundays, when it's the habit of your cloth to say so? I never had any talk with Nature! I never dreamed! As for books, they're well enough, though a man who has his hands foll don't want 'cm, and they ruin the digestion. Then for friendship," observes Higginbotham, with chip," observes Higginbotham, with mere frankness than courtesy, we know it's humbug—we serve each other's turns—Thorneyside draws my leases, Chipfield has an eye to Easter offerings, and my dinner sometimes goes down better with a little talk to senson it. Between ourselves—hetween for

that's the long and short of friendship; for banks, friends, and Nature, this idiot flung

away a fortune.

balance so very large, Higginyour botham, in that account which every man keeps with destiny? No pure delight in God's work, no genial interest in man's; no sense of love and trust received, no sensestill more blessed—of love and trust bestowed; friendship a convenience, religion a routine. no aim beyond the hour, no use for time but to kill it; life straitened to its narrowest

point, and no horizon beyond it?

Merton's crowning delinquencies had, however, yet to be told—how the honorable and romantic Miss Busby was willing to consign to him the mature charms of fifty years and of as many thousand pounds, how the "idiot"—far from meeting the advances of that nowice cov. Phillip. wise coy Phelis—married a pretty governess with a dependent mother, and "took to liternare" to support the trio. "Yes," says Higgmbotham, "he was as shy of guineas as Higgmbotham, "he was as shy of guineas as a trout in the dog-days, but he rose at once to that bait of red and white called beauty.
Yes "-and here Higgiubotham evidently feels that Providence was just-" that was his investment, and a precious poor one, too; the gorl died in a twelvementh."

At this point I plead a head-ache, and rise.

My gracious entertainer has a parting fling at a and wonders that a gentlem in who can dream humselt well when he pleases should ever put up with a head-ache. The butter's ever put up with a head-ache. The butter's entrance, however diverts the attack. That domestic, having served the ice in a state approaching to solution, undergoes a produc reprinand; and, as I leave the room, I strictly processe amount of his wages, and the surprise of his master that they cannot

secure attention and obedience.

I take my way—carpet-bag in hand—through the park-like domains. Protected by the oak-shadows from the dazzling beams of July sunset, I strike through the ferns till I tall into the main sweep and emerge through the raw stone gates crowned by those two bettelche bears which prove that Higginbottam hunself had been weak enough to include romance one day; though, in this case, must be owned, with no very wide deviation to the fact. I wind along the lane festooned with its late wild roses and opening honey-su-kies, and in half an hour stand before the percent of Merton's cottage.

On entering I caught a glimpse of my friend On entering I caught a gimpse of my meta-as he crossed the garden-path behind, his form steeped in the gold green light that flower through the leaves. It may be fan-tanted to state this, and yet it was a pecu-liarity of Merton that all the happy accidents of nature seemed to serve him. If he stood of nature seemed to serve him. If he stood taking a tree, it was sure to form an admiration tack-ground; if he leaned by the mantle poice, some shadow would so slope on his figure as to bring his noble head into bold recial. With another, in the like position,

the same facts would doubtless have occurred, but not the same effects. His own grace and simple dignity made you note them. The inscriptions of Ecauty can only be read on

her own tablets.

The motion of his head, as he again turned to converse with some one at the window, revealed the countenance which of all, save my sailor-boy's, I now best loved to look on, Merton's face had always personified to me the idea of an English June. It was so in his the idea of an English June. It was so in his youth—the type of a life made vigorous by the gusts of spring, fulfilling to the heart its oft battled yearnings for the beautiful, replenished with abundant light and joy, yet stopping short of that fierce glow and rank luxuriance which precede decay. So had he seemed, especially on that far off afternoon, when to me and one who hung on my arm, he broke in sounds tremulous as those of the wind-stirred leaves the secont of his age. the wind-stirred leaves, the secret of his acthe wind-stirred leaves, the secret of his accepted love—of his coming union with Lucy Acton. I remember even now how these hushed tones gradually became buoyant as he spoke of that literary career by which he hoped, not only to benefit himself, but mankind; "For love," said he, "makes me feel the duties of life—what I owe to the Giver of so much happiness. I must deserve her." of so her."

Yonder, behind the orchard, is the spire of the church by whose gate we punsed as he uttered these words:—That church, which, having witnessed the growth of our friendship in a season of mutual joy, saw it afterwards strike still deeper root in a season of the strike still deeper root son of common grief. We, who within a few months of each other, had approached one altar—within a few months also bent over

neighbouring graves

had not seen Merton for months. met me with a greeting of child-like joy, and met me with a greeting of child-like joy, and bore me in triumph to the window, almost lost in clematis, where sat the mother of Lucy, and from which the arch face of Susan, Mrs. Acton's mece, peeped out into the clear twilight. I was next led to the well for the satisfaction of Hannah, who had served Merton in the old days of Lucy, and who now waited while a sturdy boy wound up her bucket. As a final measure, I was introduced to the gardener whom I consiliented mean to the gardener, whom I complimented upon the beauty of the beds and the picturesque sweep of the walks. "Nay, it he all Mr. Mer-ton's planning," replied the man. "A power of difference he have made in my taste, surely; though how he got at his notions I beant able to guess, unless he dreamed on 'em. Why, sir, at one time I were all for straight walks with square plots, and pineushion-beds. It was him as taught me the value of them curves, and as taught he the value of them curves, and how, at odd corners, to throw out a clump of shadows and hide what comes next. And mighty good the effect be, though why or wherefore I never could find out."

"Can you understand," asked Merton, "how dull your life would be, it you could

see to the end of it, and knew before-hand everything that would happen?"

"Life would be very day," said the man.
"The things one knew so long aforehand would seem state when they came."

"Undoubtedly," rejoined Merton; "and the use of curves, is just this; to prevent us seeing the whole at once. As the path winds, we know that something new will meet us at the turning; and because what we see is the turning; and Lecause what we see is beautiful, we believe what is still hidden will and because what we see is

beautiful, we believe what is still hidden will be the same. It is with a garden as with life; the charm of both would be gone if we could not expect and trust."

We passed through a wicket gate into the orchard, one fence of which overlangs the railway and the glinting line of the Thames beyond. It was pleasant from the silence of that rocky spot to look down on one of the world's great thoroughfares in the valley. Soon along the track of sinuous iron we heard Soon along the track of sinuous iron we heard the distant clang of a train, the snort of the rushing fire-steed. We saw the vivid blaze on his path, and the train whirled by. "What music in that crash!" said Merton, as, with reverting eyes of fire, the phantom plunged into the dusk. "It always sounds to plunged into the dusk. "It always sounds to me like a prean for man's triumph over the elements—a symbol of the time when each passion, like fire, evil only because ungo-verned, shall own the yoke of a higher law, and change from a fee into a servant. Nay, is not this very power of steam preparing for that this very power of steam preparing for that better time—annihilating distance, uniting nations, acquainting all sections of mankind with each other l. And by this knowledge—this intercommunion," he continued, "the cause of the World's Brotherhood is already cause of the World's Brotherhood is already half won. For, whatever the private selfishness of individuals, man loves his fellow in the race."

He was dreaming again; but I felt raised and touched by his words. Life seemed nobler as he spoke. For observe, whether his reasoning were true or not, his aspiration was so; and it was that which bettered me.

By this time the moon was up; and as we

turned towards the house we saw the near spire spiritualised in the soft rays. Merton pansed. I guessed why, and pressed his hand. "She is with me yet," he said, after a while. "I never pass a day unconscious of her influence—without hoping to be worthier of her—without a prayer that I may be made liker unto those who are already in His kingdom!" turned towards the house we saw the near kingdom !" Was that, too, a dream?

Here a quick, buoyant tread approached. It was that of Susan. As she drew near, how-ever, she modulated her step, like one who divined his thought, and we moved in silence to the house. Arrived there, we found their evening repast prepared-strawberries and clotted cream, cream cheese, honey, the whitest of bread, and eider which had a rarer zest than even the Assmannhausen of my quondam host. There was a charm in the scene which

no one could feel who did not feel too the love that pervaded it. The mother of Locy gazed on Merton with a wistful tenderness which showed that she had indeed found in him a son. Indeed, it was her habit to call him see.

"My son," said she, "works too hard. He is always at his books and papers, and needs

"What can there be happier in life than work," he replied cheerfully, "if you love it, and are of use in it?" Then he passed to the last new poet, some of whose verses he recited with infections enthusiasm. His day's work had been a critique of the poet, which was also produced and read at the instigntion of Susan. The criticism was full of appreciation, candid and decisive in its objections, yet, withal, it read like the counsel of a friend. There was a respect in it, too, which Merton felt was due to the man, however young, in whom he had recognised genius.

"I should have been much more severe." said Susan, with an anthoritative gesture of her crochet-needle, and throwing out an imperious little foot as if to repel all claims

on her lenity.

"Of course, women must put on severity," smiled Merton, "lest they should be thought weak; but men, whom nature made strong,

weak; but men, whom nature made strong, Susy, can afford to be gentle."

She kissed him—this severe Susy—and we all laughed. Then she extinguished the lamp, and sang to us a ballad in the moonlight, so plaintively, that it was clear some tenderness vet lucked in her stern composition. Candles were then brought, and we control for the wide. parted for the night.

I was conducted to a charming little bedroom, in the spotless and meely borned des-pery of which I saw evidences of Susy's hand. I looked from the lattice into the peaceful garden, and compared the condition of Hig-

garden, and compared the condition of Higginbotham with that of my friend.

"It is no mere metaphor," I mused, "to say that the man of pure imagination is richer than the worlding. We are happy, not according to what we lave, but according to what we enjoy. What are halfs to him around whom friends do not gather? What, domains, to him who has no eye for beauty? What is life, to him who has no future? Men What is life, to him who has no future ? Men of Merton's class are wealthy; and the world itself would be sensibly poorer if deprived of its dreamers."

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Na 292.

SATURDAY, AUGUST 18, 1855.

PARISH BROILS.

Hear! help! fire! fire! water! water! Eat there is no help, and little water; not all the water of our little brook—the pastoral, the winding, the beautiful Wallaston—not all the showers that fall in a thousand years upon our undulating, romantic Peverton Hall—no: nothing that man can do will ever extinguish the dreadful conflagration. A metaphorical conflagration; not vulgar flame and heat, but internal, mental, seorching-up thought and feeling—a frightful incremation of Christian charity, which goes on blazing, hought and reening—a rightful incremation of thristian charity, which goes on blazing, crackling, amountering, night and day, and gradually relucing us all to dust and ashes. It all the extinct volcanos of Auvergne were It all the extinct volcanos of Auvergne were subtenty to break out at once, and send their conical flame-floods forth in all directions—aplitting the solid earth with wedges of inexplicting the strength of the rivers with a inssing heat, and charring all the forest with a suffecting smell—they would be but a faint image and presentment of the devastation at this moment raging in our parish. And what a parish it was! Talk of Tempe: are beat it all to nothing. Did houses ever let in Tempe at ten and twelve guineas a-week t. Were there hot baths at Tempe? and a nice little subscription library! and in i a nice little subscription library! and concy-changes to be had at a shilling an hour? poncy-charses to be had at a shilling an hour? and an oronibus that took you into a Thesalian Harrowgate, in less than forty minutes, where there were excellent shops, and sometimes a concert at five shillings a head, where you heard the best London performers? No, I believe not. And Enna; people talk of Erna and the flowers that Proserpine was gathering when Pluto (under the alias of gloomy Dis) made off both with her and her bouquet. Hadn't we flower-shows every year, with geraniums, and cactuses, and

among us, and we were as united as a "happy family." If there were falcons among us, we never found it out; they sat on the same perch with the doves, and behaved delightfully. The proverb of a cat-and-dog life lost its application—that is, if there were any cats and does among us—for they lived fully. The proverb of a cat-and-dog life lost its application—that is, if there were any cats and dogs among us—for they lived together in perfect comfort; and, in short, a great artist could have painted us all as a frontispiece to that exquisite hymn of Dr. Watts, which describes the bliss of those in unity who dwell. Yes, we dwelt in unity, and drank tea together all the summer, and made pic-nics, and had little evening dances, and all went gaily as a marriage-bell; and plans were evidently in progress for the future. Mr. Baskins had only one son—Mr. Welford Jells had only one daughter; the mothers were always together—so were the boy and girl. It seemed quite an arranged thing from the time the young people were twelve years old; when they were respectively nineteen and seventeen, I believe the only reason they had not proposed and accepted—also respectively—was that they considered it a useless ceremony, and that it was quite as well as it was. Then there was Mr. Jollico who had written a book, and was looked up to accordingly. None of us knew what the book was about; he was modest, and never mentioned its name; but we had no doubt it was about natural history—perhaps a monograph of a worm—for he was always talking of vertebre and developments, and other points of anatomy, and gave admirable dinners, and looked so complacently down on the affairs of the parish—never scening to interfere, but, somehow, always knowing everything better than anybody else—that we deferred to him on all occasions, and he acced as a sort of magistrate in the moral acceptions. we deferred to him on all occasions, and he acted as a sort of magistrate in the moral car, with geraniums, and cactuses, and commission of the peace, and gave universal achera far finer than Proscrpine ever saw? commission of the peace, and gave universal satisfaction by the wisdom and kindless of the Proto-had they no police in those days? I satisfaction by the wisdom and kindless of the decision. Our clergyman was one of the finest old gentlemen I ever saw. It seemed as if he had intended in his youth to be prime minister, and, perhaps, commandering the lock-up before he got over the rige! Such a place, indeed, as Silverton pa was never heard of before. There were bout twenty families—all very genteel; in seemed to do the duties of the church out of a seemed to do the duties of the church out of a sort of a gracious condescension, and visited, and taught, and gave charities to the poor like as nobleman in disguise; inculcating humility.

perpetual right of such presentation, was bought by a gentleman of a very dark com-plexion, long straight nose, wide unshapely mouth, with remarkably long and thin legs, and a great habit of drinking gin-sling in the morning, and spitting at all times on the floor. His name was Smith—a good old English name, he said, and he was as decided a Britisher as ever was raised in Old England. Some people said he was an American, others that he had made a deal of money as a slave-driver in Cuba. But here he was, owner of Nettleton House in our parish, and patron of the living. None of us liked him. He was of the living. None of us liked him. He was always chewing tobacco, and looked as if he always chewing tobacco, and looked as if he thought we were going to try a garrotte robbery on him, for he never would let anybody get in the slightest degree behind his back or even parallel with his shoulder, but manged to keep us all right in front. I used to think I saw the butt-end of a nevolver bulging out of his breast-pocket; but he said it was a telescope, though none of us ever saw him look through it. He often picked his teeth, by way of amusement, apparently; for the act had no connection with his meal-time, and his toothpick was a long, sharp pointed, bread-bladed knife, which opened and shut with a noisy spring, as if it had been a dagger, and would have cut the sides of his mouth with its razor-like edges, if he had not handled it with the greatest dexterity. Mr. Jolico asked him to dinner. Mr. Jollico asked him to dinner, and examined him very carefully. of brain, and probably cognate with the plesiosaurus. We did not know what he meant, and at that time had never heard of the plesiosaurus; but we waited impatiently for the appearance of the new rector. We all got ready our best smiles and kindest manners to do honour to his reception. Mr. Smith—his Christian name was Jefferson,—Mr. Jefferson Smith bought a labourer's cost-tage for namety remarks and hid out fifth in tage for nmety pounds, and laid out fifty improving its appearance, telling us that he intended to present it as a rectory-house to the new insumbent; whereupon we all joined in furthering so desirable an object, and in less than a week made up a purse of two hundred and twenty guiness, which we presented to the generous patron, and were granfied in return with the name of our future friend, the Reversal Hieronymus Wicket. A runour got round the purish that he was young that he was rich, that he was handsome. Young Charlie Back in said he hated handsome elegyness, and Soohy Jellis del the same. Charlie was going into the Engineers, and raid to clergymen should

lowliness, and obscilence with such a majestic expression on his fine aristocratic features, that we all thought he was a beautiful specimen of meckness and self-denial to speak to anylody at all under the degree of a duke. He was him eif the patron of the living, and when he died, the advowson, as it is called, or perpetual right of such presentation, was bought by a gentleman of a very dark complexion, long straight nose, wide unshapely money? He couldn't hunt, or keep a yacht, with remarkably long and thin less. or have a box at the opera; it was wealth utterly thrown away. But there are ways of spending money upon horses without keeping spending money upon horses without keeping a stud at Melton; and on music, without keeping an opera-box. Mr. Hieronymus Wicket came down in the hundsemest curricle any of us had ever seen; he was possessed of more silver-mounted flutes and hundred-guinea fieldles than would have set hundred-gainea fieldes than would have set up a respectable music shop; he took the largest house in the parish; it had been built for a hotel, but a heenee could not be procured, because two of the licensing magnetrates had shares in the Quaen's Head; he furnished it handsomely; and in a short time made hinself very agreeable to half the congregation. I say to half, for the days of perfect unanimity were already past. Some thought it too bad, and savouring of p quality training, to appoint a clergymen over us without asking our opinion. Mr. Westerd Jells stuck up for what he called the lay element in parochial affairs; Mr. Baskins the clder was inclined to submit to the Church in all things. The ladies were equally divided; and Mrs. Baskins even hint of that Mrs. Jells' principles were nearly akin to Dissent. Mrs. Jells drew up a little, and said her family were as true Churchpa-per as the Baskinses; she tover had an uncher father. and her family were as true Churchiaspears the Buskinses; she rever had an uncle a Methodist preacher at York, and her father had atways been a Churchian, and hel not merely conformed when he retired from trade. How Mrs. Backins hated Mrs. Jells! morely conformed when he retried trade. How Mrs. Backins hated Mrs. Jells! But Mr. Jellico gave a party, spoke to the balics separately, reminded us that our only chance of retaining our comfortable society was by mutual forbearance; and we had a mee little dance, and a nice little supper, a great deal of laughter, some games at "v. and "no,"—and Charlie Biskins walked home in the monthight with the Jellics, ingering occasionally behind to show Sophy the effects of the shadows on the ripples in Walliston Brook, and on the ridges of Peverton Hill. There is certainly nothing so beautiful in young people's eyes as the glimmer and gloom of monthight on hill and stream.

Stream,
Mr. Wicket preached, and we were all delighted with his elequence. It was something quite different from what we bud heard before. None of us understood it, too even Mr. Joileo. Mr. Jefferson South sat in the principal pew, chewing tobacco, ned looking up at the preacher with purb and exultation. He economially looked round

"The man has been in Gernany," said Mr. Jodien, "and these are some of the nonsentical results of beer and metaphysics. Objective and subjective mean outward and inward,—a stick applied to any head is objective; my nead struck by a stick is subjective; and beh means 1. So the man means that if 1 did not exist the stick would not exist as results me, nor the head as regards the stick. The 1-h therefore is to blame for everything, it is there was no 1 there would be nothing at all. I should say he is still in the ochtematical spinal cord, and triple chambered theory.

However, he was a remarkably handsome crosside; fine dark eyes—tail and clastic figure.—and he drove the fiery greys at the rate of twike miles an hour; and it was on unicrstood he had quarrelled with Mr. Jufferson Sauth, and even threatened to interest his head in Walliston Brook, both objectively and suppectively, which created a scandal in the parish. Mr. Wisket had not called to the Spreins, or the Willigos, or the Greens. So that all sided with Mr. Smith, and thought the clergyman did not know his place and hold his head a great deal too high. Sometherly lound out that his father had made his fortune as a mercer in Liverpool,—and it was a torish of how he could give himself such airs. Mrt. Willigo, whose brother had assirted the niece of a baronet (afterwards to insported for forgery), refused to meet Mr. Jollico's, at dinner, as she said too fisting the Mr. Jollico's, at dinner, as she said too fisting the Mr. Jollico's, at dinner, as she said too fisting the Mr. Jollico's, at dinner, as she said too fisting the Mr. Jollico's Raith went from

nwoke the sympathy of half the inhabitants by his history of the ungrateful conduct of Mr. Wicket, to whom he had sold the presentation for half its value. He also said his religious feelings were in an everlasting fix, whereby he didn't know whether his head was his head or not, but sometimes he rayther believed it must be his heels, and he would apply to the bishop to set him on his pins again. But, he added confidentially, if he had catched sich a fella a-holding forth to any of his acquaintance some six or seven years since, he would have had him tied up to a tree and precious well wolloped with a strip of bull's hide, as he had done to many a better man.

And every Sunday the division grew wider and wider. The statements of Mr. Wicket astonished us more and more. He talked despairingly of the church—he almost laughed at the notion of people being improved by coming together to show off their best bonnets and vie with each other in gay apparel; he saw no good, he said, in people coming to listen with a sneer, and more prepared to find fault with the preacher than to benefit by what they heard,—to criticise the sermon than to practise the precepts,—and to gratify their evil-speaking, lying, and slandering, at the expense of their friends and neighbours. He told us that the church was a heap of stones—the pulpit a piece of wood—the Bible itself a combination of paper and calf's-skin,—and asked us in a tounting manner if we could derive any benefit from these, Then he told us of the Ich again, that gave a soul to stone, and wood, and paper, and made each man's own little chamber into a church, and our own private thoughts a bible. So Mia. Willigo and Mrs. Green threatened to join the Papists, for they couldn't bear to hear the church run down, after all the money spent on its decoration and repairs, and it was shocking to he in a cleegyman attack the Eible. Mr. and Mrs. Jells, however, scened to agree with all that Mr. Wicket said, and so did Sophy. She began the story of German, and talked about Goths by the hour, and said the rect of was soon going to give her a course of Higgle and Shillings; so it would be charming to be able to understand his doctrine, and expandit to Charlie Baskins when he came home; for he had gone to finish oil at Woodwich, and had no time for philosophical purs rits. But it was easy to be seen there would be few opportunities for any explanation, either of philosophy or anything else, between the young people; for the oid ones took different sides, and quarrelled on all subjects, particularly about objectivity and the Ich. Mr. Paskins beheved in neither, and said he consolered Mr. Wicket a very dangerous took with every absurd tenets on ma

who saw his brother ignorant and did not teach him, idle, and did not give him work: who, when he asked for bread in the shape of instruction, gave him a stone in the shape of the treadmill. Then he added in a whisper,—for the communication was too awful to be conveyed in his ordinary tone of voice—he is by no means sound about Satan. This was a settler. It was seen at once that a man might be unsound on many subjects, and yet be orthodox enough; but unsoundness in this was an overthrow of the Christian faith altogether. So the belief gradually spread that Mr. Wicket was a confirmed atheist, and worshipped the devil. Such a hubbub was never known. There was a complete cut between almost every two people in the parish. Mr. Jollico couldn't collect above eight or nine people to his nicest dinners. Charlie Baskins, when he came home on leave, was not admitted at Mr. Jells', when he called. And Mr. Jefferson Smith, who let the ornamented cottage, intended for the rector, for thirty pounds a-year, said it was intolerable that a parish should suffer such an infliction, and if the living were vacant, he should know what to do.

Strangely enough the living became vacant very soon. Mr. Wicket grew tired of so much opposition as he experienced, and resigned the rectory to go abroad. Mr. Jefferson Smith was now in supreme delight,—he sat for hours in front of his door, and peeled sticks with a bowie-knife, and spat at marks on the drive. He said he would gratify the parish with a gentleman who would put everything straight. He would have none of your Ichs or objectivities. He had taken the precaution to sell the next presentation to a society whose whole object it was to introduce real Christianity into a benighted land. So there came down a very little stout man, with a very bald head, and very short neck. A low brow corrugated itself in wavy folds, while his checks filled themselves with a great sound, and collapsed at each sentence like a broken bellows. Short bandy legs scarcely sufficed to support the weight of his rotund and shapeless body. He was married, and had many children. His wife, a thin, cadaverous person of fifty years of age; his children, sleek-haired, dirty-handed, short-jacketted little fellows, with red hair, and flat-topped heads. And again hope revived in the parish, for Mr. Howligin was said to be a surpusing orator, and did not understand a word of any language but his own—a phenomenon of self-culture. Originally designed for a tailor, but with an indomntable ambition to teach everybody he came in contact with, he had offended his master by dogmatising on the shape of trousers, and after many years' steady perseverance, had pushed himself up to his present station, by loudness of voice, and a perfect Niagava of words, over which, as in the real waterfall, hung a perpetual mist through

which it was impossible to see. "I have been in Plymouth Dockyard," said Mr. Jollico, "and I have noticed the skulls of the culprits with much attention. This man looks like a convict with a call; which many of them have, by the bye, to the great delight of the chaplains, and the easy obtaining of tickets of leave. He has the criminal development very strong, and I should fear will murder some of us acon, or die of delirium tremens."

He die of delirium tremens! The last man in the world to do any such thing. He

man in the world to do any such thing. He must have had a constitution of iron. In his very first sermon he told us he had at one time been the greatest rascal, without any exception, who ever escaped the gallows by the blindness of the law. For many years he had been a confirmed drunkard. He had broken every commandment every day of his life. He had never seen money without wishing to steal it; nor a woman of any kind without wishing to insult her; nor seen a neighbour in distress without wishing to increase his sufferings. He had never received a favour without wishing to injure his benefactor. He had never answered a question without telling a lie. He had never had a dinner given him without eating till he could eat no more. Murder he had not risen to, but it was only through fear of the law. Forgery he had not attempted, for he was afraid of discovery; but both murder and forgery he would have gloried in committing—for his heart was in a state of nature. So were all our hearts. "You would all rob, and slay, and cheat if you dared! Don't try to deceive me; my feelings once were what yours now are. You are all murderers, thieves, assassins, liars, drunkards. I know it—for wasn't I once all these things. And don't go plastering over your iniquities with what is called politeness. I had no politeness, even when I was the ruffian you are. Don't go and say to each other,—' My respected friend do so and so,' but say—' Unconvicted swindler, undetected murderer, unexposed forger, do so and so.' That's how the angels look upon every one of you; that's how they would once have been justified in looking on me! Go home then," he said, after his "finally, and in conclusion" had been repeated two or three times,—"Go home, and be sure there is one man in the parish who knows your hearts better than you do yourselves; for I have nothing to do but study my own. Don't I see in it all the vices it is possible to name!—and isn't it a human heart!"

"I should say not," said Mr. Jollico, as we

"I should say not," said Mr. Jollico, as we walked home, "I should think it is the very lowest stage of animal development—prior even to the silurian remains. In fact, I should say you had no heart at all, but that you were a sort of polyp, consisting of a stomach and a mouth. I will show you some feestlised specimens of the family," he added, "when

we get to my house. This fellow will do more mischief to the parish than fifty Mr. Wickets. It is impossible to ask him to dinner. He It is impossible to ask him to dinner. He would steal the spoons. He told us he was at one time in the habit of pocketing whatever he could; and the old propensity might break out. He would also find fault with my three glasses of Twenty Port, because he was once a deliberate drunkard, and might object to my asking Sophy Jells to tea, because he used to have curious ideas about any lady he saw."

So here we are in the widet of

So here we are in the midst of an internal So here we are in the midst of an internal confingration, which nothing seems likely to extinguish; and all because we have no voice in the appointment of our rector; anybody can buy the right of setting anybody to instruct us. Cannot some way be found out of consulting a parish on the settlement in the midst of it of a teacher and guide? Are German theologians to come and mystify us the midst of it of a teacher and guide? Are German theologians to come and mystify us with Ichs and other unintelligibilities, and turn the heads of silly young girls like Sophy Jods, who has lost both Charlie Buskins and Mr. Wicket; or a ranting Boanerges to escape by a miracle from being hanged, and paint poor human nature as black as pitch, as pitch only fit to be burned?—taking his wretched se. I as the model, his own wicked thoughts and deprayed imaginations as the weet hed sent as the model, his own weeked thoughts and depraved imaginations as the same thoughts and imaginations which softened the heart of Howard and ennobled the united of Mitten? I am going to dine with Mr. Jolheo to-day, and we are going to read a chapter or two of the Gospel of St. John. "It is like grinding one's own heat," he save "and baking one's own loaf after the adulterations of miller and baker. Is there no Dr. Hassall to spy out the deleterious mixtures and unwholesome poisons retailed in pulpits as well as shops—the alum, and phaster, and acid, taking away the purity and sustenance of the bread of life?"

WET GARDEN WALKS.

AFTER a stout pitched battle with the obstunte resistance of three dinner courses, concesting of fish, flesh, and fowl (not to mention the volunteer regiments of vegetables), with soup in the van, and dessert in the rear, thacked by a sharp-shooting company of trisky beer, popping seltzer-water, and explained lemenade, the whole covered by a powerful kitchen battery smoking and steamng close behind-at the conclusion of such a destructive onslaught, commencing at the caris hour of half-past twelve, the sated dring from warrier is apt to become lazy, especially if he has risen at five in the merring, and has occupied his time in an out-door campaign. At least such was the main myself when the great bell of St. Omer hearsely boomed out two in the afterna, to be immediately re-echoed by the boundaring watchman, who cobbles, strikes he have a dool of the local for fire on the

pleasant but windy eminence of St. Bertin's It was too early in the day, as well as too hot, to remain in-doors, tippling old Bordeaux, especially as the other voyageurs had left the Hôtel du Commerce to transact their own private commerce in town. So, after a blink at the dazzling sunshine, and a hesitating halt under the lotty archway, which used to swallow up, one after the other, whole diligences, horses and all, just as a hungry chicken bolts grains of barky, until the railway swallowed them altogether at one gulp, but which now serves mainly as the airy larder wherein crude shoulders of mutton, airy larder wherein crude shoulders of mutton, fair quarters of lamb, fat legs of yeal, and ruddy loins of beef find a temporary refuge—after a careless glance at those huge festoons of meat, I stuck my hands in my pockets and sallied forth. I longed for a cool and shady garden walk; but, as the proverb says, water goes to the river, and so did I. Like the pailful from the pump, with which the good "bonne" (she might have been bad, for aught I know, though I hope not, and do not really think sol ripsed and cooled have been I know, though I hope not, and do not really think so), rinsed and cooled her bucket before pumping another, I softly slided, rather than walked, down the gentle slope of the Rue de Dunkerque.

In that easy descent there are some cap In that easy descent there are some cap shops, tempting to look into on several accounts; there is a milliner's that is perfectly irresistible (it has a choice geranium novelty in a china pot atuck in the window to give you an excuse for stopping); there is a characteris (artist in pork), with a variabled ham, a french-polished tongue, a china hem that has been sitting upon the same eggs, my knowledge, for these eighteen mont past; and a large bouquet of finely-broken tulips expressly placed to shade half a sausage from the sunshine; there is a shoemaker's, where four-and-twenty Crispins sit all in two rows, who know better than the subtlest and rows, who know better than the success and the secretest agent of police the face and the business of every passer-by; there is a tobacco débit, where you find the newest fashions from Monsieur Fiolet's world-famous pipe-and-bowl manufactory—death's-heads with jewelled eyes, and (with shame be it spoken) the Empress Engénie's busts destined to convert the soothing weed into smoke and ashes; there are aristocratic porte-cochères closely shut, and stately windows densely muffled with double curtains of crochet and muslin : nobody ever looks out of those windows, except the greenhouse plants, of whom the master is so blindly infatuated that he thinks they can never do anything wrong; there is a book-seller's, where your choice lies between the Life of St. Mouldibones, the Meditations of St. Macharmad, the Antiquities of St. Out. St. Menghermeel, the Antiquities of St. Outotheway, the Gauger's Ready-Reckoner, and the Serjeant's Livret. There is not a soul to stare at all these fine things; for, except on market-days, and the hours of going to and from mass and vespers, you may fire a cannon-ball down any of the attents of St.

Omer without fear of committing homicide. Then there are the canalised river crossed by innumerable little bridges; the sentinelled and well-guarded porte, like a short dark tunnel; the draworidge, the octroi bureau, and the fortification ditches, which last are and the fortification ditches, which last are admirably adapted to the comforts of the fat carp and slippery tench, who flounce and wriggle among the reeds and water-lilies. There is the passage by which the road ducks beneath the rankway—and then you are walking in another world, amongst a people who have only two ideas to rub together—namely, gardens and water; unless whitewashing, colouring, painting, scrubbing, beerwashing, colouring, painting, scrubbing, beer-drinking, and smoking, may, between them, constitute a third. I do not, however, mean to assert, either that the natives are de-void of all sense of religion, tenderness, and duty, or that money-making is entirely a torgetten art.

Heigho! it is very hot. Why did we dine so heartily? Because we were hungry, and the dinner was good. Idly do we stroll by the hewe stone bank of the river An, which runs down the middle of the main street, constituting the l'aubourg du Haut-Pont. We stare in at the windows, rather rudely per-haps, to look at the flowers—fuchsias that would screen a south-west gale, and roses which might fence out a herd of bullocksand the more pointedly we gaze, the more compacently do the innates regard us. It shows in us, they think, such natural benevolence of disposition to admire a blooming well-tutored castus, and to smile complemently at a promising family of well-educated double stocks. Sorely this plot must belong to a professional; it is neatness itself, and gaver than harloquin's coat and nether garments.
If Hudibras were done into the Floraish tonque, we would quote and stick over the door as a motto-

> Though Paradise were e'er so fair, It was not kept so without care, The whole world, without act and dress, Would be but one great wilderness.

"If you please, undame, will you accord us the gratification of walking round your garden?"

"Willingly, monsieur. Enter the Accordingly I accept the invitation. Enter this way."

"And what is the price of this durling fat plant, plante grasse, or succulent?" "Ah! monsiour; my hosband does not sall flowers. He only rears them for his ewn enjoyment.

"I long exenses,""There is no occusion, monsiour, If you wish for a cutting, you are at liberty to take

Of course I took a strong cutting, inserting the knills so has to divine the a bleamagan tem, and bring away a fibre or two of vigor-on well. It was the prettiest plant I had a fer some time.

But, if you are curious about the name of the vegetable pet I thus carried off from that Haut-Pont parterre, I simply reply it was the plant then in vogue. Flowers are like fashions and the fair ones who set and wear them : each reigning beauty, each fresh-blown mode, is admired as the loveliest and the is admired as the loveliest and is admired as the loveliest and than more charming than the discussion of discussion of the state of th most becoming. the simple unaffected style of dress introthe simple unaffected style of dress intro-duced by the snowdrop, the crocus, the hepa-tica, and the primrose? But, as dogs have their day, so have flowers and beauties. "Like the waves of the summer, as one dies away, another as bright and as fleeting comes on." And we think them all the brightest for the time being. When the first generation of apring blooms are turned to hay and withered leaves, we rapturously admire and essintically adars the charges of hay and withered leaves, we rapturously admire and eestatically adore the glories of the tulip, the voluptuousness of the rose, the luxury of the carnation, and the noble presence of the dabha. And when they are standing with one foot in the grave, ready to be swept to their fineral amids the compost heaps of autumn, we can be ourselves for the loss of dear departed flavors. less of dear departed flawers, by gazing with rapture at the expanding petals of cirrysanthemums, dwarf, tall, and middle-sized, white, yellow, crange, red, brown, blush; in short, of every colour of the rainbow except the best,—blue and violet,—for these are the hues of love and friendship. Exactly so hues of love and friendship. Exactly so with milliner's foshions. Did you ever know a pretty and amiable woman look otherwise than charming, whether she wore a ruff, a farthingale, a hoop, or a Mary Start cap I Her hair, whether dusted with a bushel of powder, frizzed into a cloud, tortured into corkserews, braided into long cows tarls, plastered stiff with Handoline, or puffed into rolls like Bologna sausages, her hair still constituted the head-dress of a beauty; and you admired its arrangement while you beheld it, however absurd that arrangement might be. Were you not taken, in your youth, with coal scuttle hats, skin-ight sleeves, low-out hos ms, and high waists on a level with the arm pits? Have you not been level with the arm pits? Have you not been pleased with decorate dresses buttoned tight round the throat; with sigot-deeves, which only require inflation with gas to make your dearly beloved Jenny jump over the moon; with shot-silk skirts, which answer as admirable substitutes when the struct-averaging nuchines are out of order; with multiple series of graduated flounces reaching wheet to the ears of the weaver, as if a lady were a sort of pyramido conical obelisk, whose pinnacle was to be reached by climbing up a flight of external steps? I again assert that women, fast ions, and flowers, admit of no decrees of comparison. They are all smorthitive, while they last. The all wer season is a succession of bullists moons, a congress depetant of many brills such ters, art reton of culaistic perio, z male, and commence, from which all the rows of

morn and eve, all decline and fall, all sunset! fangled doctrine of her immaculate concepand autumn, are temporarily and provisionally excluded, till at last old Winter comes to wave his white wand again, and scatters his hear-frost over the earth, like burning

Every flower is a favourite with somebody. though everybody does not fix his affections on the same identical favourite. As in matters matrimonial, every Jack finds his Jul (chacun trouve sa chacune); so, in floral attachments, every object of attraction bewitches its own special object whom its in-flucture attracts. Rousseau had his periwinkle: fluence attracts. Rousseau had his periwinkle; Girchalo the painter, his gladlower, whence he derives his pictorial name. Linoseus fell into a rapture of adoration the first time he beliefed the golden blossoms of the furze; while Burns worshipped with fond devotion that wee molest crimson-tippe! flower, the daisy. The late king and queen of Otaheite were sufflowers in their bosoms on drawing-room days. There are memorial flowers the Flos Adonis, or pheasant's eye, sprang from the blood that fell from Adonis's thigh, when the savage boar inflicted the deathwhen the savage loar inflicted the death-wound; the hyncinth rose to perpetuate the reshing beauty of another comely stripling. The vergust-mein-nicht, or forget-me-not, is a mock in remembrancer of lovers vows. There are dynastic flowers; the lily of the Bour-lons, the world of the Bonapartes, and the broom-tw.g, the planta genista, or plante des Come are national flowers; the touch-me-not the sel Sextand, the delicate wood sorrel resume ck of Ireland, the blood-stained to the hatte and red) of England, the rise is rose of the orientals, the water-best of ladia, the tuberose of Italy; to which is it is added the geraniums of the Cape, a constant if America, the lilies of Guerral the double pomegranates of Morocco, the careet quince, and a hundred other beauties Alps and the blushing crab-blossom of berta. Here are religious and supertural flowers;—the passion-flower, which opt one in the parts of its inflorescence, and rial instruments of the Saviour's former, the box which (when properly than a dipped in holy water) drives off, by penallog, ad evil induced. I have seen it and effectually, with desection of tobacco, to and effectually, with desection of tobacco, to some malignant in cets from themeuted in the annual div-possessed wall-fruit trees; in mandrake, which, when torn up by the extra a wailing dry, and drives the common tree is Shakespeare's "little tim flower;" and jonbarbe, Jupiter's and Jonbarbe, Jupiter's or mid. There is Shakespaire south-tern flower;" and joubarbe, Jupiter's I, vidgo houseleek, "which," saith Sir an Browne, "old super sition set on the of bouses as a dof nation against light-or and thunder;" St. Anthony's white personal a legend of prince this of belief than the next

tion, that when her votaries sought her body in the tomb, they found that it had under gone apotheosis, and that its place was filled with a bouquet parfait, a mingled mass of sweet-smelling blooms.

There are even blossoms of county repute; hops in Kent, apples in Devonshire, barley-bloom in Norfolk, gooseberries in Lanca-shire. There are poor men's flowers (dou-ble-daisies and wall-flowers), rich men's flowers (orchidacce), weavers' flowers (tulps and ranguelluses), shoe-makers' flowers and ranunculuses), shoe-makers (auriculas and calceolarias); be button-hole flowers; flowers for the mouth; nay, some enthusiasts (I cannot call them savages), go so far as to stick flowers, in slits, in their cars. There are barometric flowers (the shepherds' weather-glasses); photometric (the snepherus weather-glasses); photometric flowers (mesembrienthemums, or noon flowers, not to mention a star or two of Eethlehem, and others); clock flowers (the white water lily), which shut at certain hours of the day; luminous flowers (tropwolum), from which bright sparks have been seen to flash. There are sweet-smelling flowers that intoxicate the soul; and stinking flowers (stapelie) which imitate putrid carrion so well as to take the very blow-flies in. There are ticklish flowers, which shrink and wince when you tickle them. I question whether there are any truly scentless flowers; but there are paradoxical flowers, that exhale a powerful odour, imperceptible nevertheless to most human noses; thus completing the circle of our perfect senses. As there are sounds inaudible to ordinary ears (the highest notes of chirping, and the lowest tones of colossal pedal pipes); as there are colours invisible to ordinary eyes (we know them to exist from the chemical action of the rays that produce them); so there are vegetable perfumes whose peculiar savour is not to be caught by vulgar hasal nerves. That there are such vulgar masal nerves. That there are such emanations, you will not doubt, after being closeted for an hour or two in a sung apartment, with sundry individuals of the cactus

So, pray, which are your favourite flowers,— the lily of the valley, the dandelion, or the daffre int of the valley, the dandelion, or the dan-fydowndilly, which comes before the swallow dares to come, and meets the winds of March with beauty ! I will candiday tell you which are mine. As Cowslip the dairymaid, when pressed to patronise a bird (after the teshion of Venus, Juno and Minerya, who selected doves, pencocks, and encocks, and owls respectively), answered, Well, I should like a mee reast duck," in like manner, if you put me to the question about my flowers, I must con ess that I have a weakness for caper-buds, whenever there is talk of boiled legs of mutton; for borage and nasturtium-flowers to crown a salad; for cowsleps and cream, while the en koo singeth; for a dish of cooked artichek's, whenever they are to be had (I cannot even yet manage

fomentations when seized with the face-ache; for marigold broth when I want to bring out the measles or the scarlet fever; for elderflower water to strengthen and cleanse the tew scant hairs that remain on my cranium; for a glass of clary wine as an exhilarator anti-lacrymatic; for a tisane of violets lime-tree blossoms when the doctor preseribes a cooling diluent; for decoction of rose-leaves when he says I am feverish; for the dried bouquet, which I treasure flattened between the leaves of a certain folio volume; and for the pretty little pot-flower (never mind what genus and species it belongs to) which Mary Jane presented on my birth-

But we have not quitted the Faubourg du Haut-Pont the more for having wandered amongst the flowers. We have not yet thanked the Flemish dame for her cutting, nor inquired the best way to walk to Chairmarias and view the floating islands

"Walk!" she exclaims, "impossible, from this place. Last winter you might have walked there easily enough."
"To drive then?" The lady smiled.

"At the corner, near the sluice, you will find a boat."

"And the floating islands ?" Another

smile, a shrug, and a bow.

Now, if you can give a full and particular account of eleven hundred and upwards of named canals that twist zig-zag into an aqueous network, which converts some two thousand acres of garden-ground into a Inhyrinth of watercourses and an archipelago of islands, I must confess that I cannot. My slip-shod boat, urged by a merry gossiping Charon with whom it would be a pleasure to pass the Styx, went sliding through the currentless water, as time passes over a man in a trance. Not a visible footmark on the bank, not a direction-post or wheel-rut, to indicate the direction of hourly traffic. The houses, whether isolated or standing in rows, had boats moored before their doors, often as the only means of escape; but which way they were to go when set in motion, none but a born Haut-Ponter could tell. Water, and gardens, and Flemings, and fregs, realised Hood's joke of a pastoral symphony in A flat. You gaw nobody walking about, because they couldn't. But you met women must fine their balaise to and few who will have punting their babies to and fro, who will hereafter be the punters of babies yet unborn. You passed parties returning from market, husbands pushing their dearly-beloveds backward through the water, — economy at the prow and industry at the helm, with a mass of leguminous material results in the middle. The wayside weeds were water-lilles; instead of flocks of hedge-sparrows, shouls of reach and dace glanced by; while tobacco-smoke imperfectly did duty for dust, and yelping curs were represented by quacking fowl as they gamboiled at their sport of ducks and

drakes. And thus we glided from Haut-Pont to Lyzel, a twin terraqueous horticul-tural district. In the heart of the suburb the streets are water, with rows of decent houses on each side; before them boats are moored at the edge of the canal, like strings of aquatic hackney-coaches, or those used-up things in art. Venetian gondolas. Close by, are huge stacks of what look like an infinity of rods for naughty boys, but really are sticks for ambitious peas that want to rise in the world, and look down disdainfully on their counter company. fully on their squatter comrades. What we call green peas the French style little peas. What, then, are great peas? I should like to raise a cut-and-come-again pen,—a great green pen, a bloated marrowint, which I might divide, like a peach, into two handsome portions giving half of it to the partner of my joys and joys and sorrows, and transferring the remaining half to the plate before my own sweet self. worth noting that the St. Omerian gardeners, amongst the most skilful in the world (as far as they go), sow their peas in two parallel dril's, some nine inches apart, bearing a wide in-terval of from five to six foot before the two next drills; down the middle of which intervening space they plant early potatoes. They stick the peas en bereeau, that is, in They stick the peas en bereeau, that is, in arches, or bowerwise, very early in spring; and it is found that the shelter of the sticks greatly aids both the peas and the

potatoes.

In front of the Lyzel houses, are flights of steps to the water's edge, down which descend, not noble maidens, but Flemish frowlings Single-planked bridges, worthy of Anne of Single-planked bridges, worthy of Anne of Geierstein, cross the canal at short intervals. On its edge, he beds of dung, of the consistency of ripe Cheshire cheese, with a thick crop of seedlings, instead of blue mould, covering their surface. Nor is there any scarcity of little auberges, redolent of brown beer and tobacco, where games known only to Flemings are played. One practical joke actually performed hereabouts was to drag the butt of the party up a chimney, landing him on the roof, by means of a halter suddenly slipped Gliding round his neck as he sat by the tire. noiselessly out of the faubourg, you continue your voyage through lorests of cabbage, woods of chervil, and palm-groves of haricots, intermingled with little bits of green carpet (sorrel, shallots, parsley, and other potherbe and garnishings), all ready to fly away to market. Little fields of strawberries, principally for exportation, take their places in egularly in the verlant patchwork. During the height of the strawberry season the railosier stools, which furnish twigs to bind the to rot unseen, and wastes its ketchup on the fruit-trees. The sconer we come to osier desert air. Unfortunately, some families of ligatures ourselves the better, now that plants which are marked by close relation-Kussia no longer gives us mats of bast. You ship and strong resemblance, contain both cannot see a weed, nor the semblance of one. Instrictions and deadly species. Thus, the um-In such gardens they are things insufferable,
-in fact, unheard of; but in farming hereabouts, the weeds drawn are the perquisite of the weeders (almost always women), who bring home at night a waggon-load on their backs for the benefit of their cow, their goat,

backs for the benefit of their cow, their gone, or their pig.

The Lyzelard gardeners would have quite the right to pass the winter, if they choose, like dormice, in a torpid state, to make up by a long three-months night, for the want of sleep they endure in summer. Often and often, instead of going to bed after a hard day's work, they sit up to shell peas. Perhaps by some compensating adaptation, the fingers acquire the faculty of keeping awake and doing, while the rest of their bodily frame is steeped in forgetfulness; exactly as the inhabitants of Great Yarmouth are reputed to habitants of Great Yarmouth are reputed to

sleep with one eye open. Often and often, when other folks would be holding a family concert by snoring in parts, they are up hence the dawn to gather vegetables and

It is worth while keeping our eyes open as botany. I wish my present and all my future plants when they see them. Amongst dethe heris, it really is a matter of importance. The Progress du Pas-de-Calais, of the eighth of July, announces a terrible event as taking place at Belluno, in Italy. The cholera had already destroyed several victims in that tour, when the boarders at the college (gramtout) mar whool) suddenly all fell ill at once. ctors declared that it was an attack of that ourge, and treated the lads accordingly. At the post-morten examination, it was discovered that the cause of the disease arose covered that the cause of the disease arose from the administration of the lesser hem-lock, which an ignorant cook had mistaken for parsley. Gipsy-parties are equally daugetous expedients for innocents who don't know blackberries from bitter-sweet. Out in the wilds, amidst pretty bright berries, dis-cretion is often the better part of valour. It is true that an unknown fruit may be almost

plants which are marked by close relationship and strong resemblance, contain both nutritious and deadly species. Thus, the umbelifiers include, besides the carrot and parsup, the benumbing hemlock, the pungent pig-nut, the aromatic dill, coriander, and caraway, the deadly burning water-hemlock, the treacherous fool's parsley, and the anise, beloved of distillers and liquor-shops.

And when you are out on a givey pic-nic.

And when you are out on a gipsy pic-nic, And when you are out on a gipsy pic-nic, don't pick up every flower you see (any more than you would pick up every decently-dressed acquaintance), and stick it into your mouth to make you look interesting. A lady of my acquaintance stepped into her garden, to listen for the church bell to ring for mass. Like the ploughman who whistled o'er the lea for want of thought, a wandering mood of mind caused her to pluck and nibble a bit of the nearest plant, whether flower or leaf she cannot remember. At mass, my leaf she cannot remember. At mass, my lady was taken ill; and, after a horrible afterlady was taken ill; and, after a horrible afternoon and night, got well in the morning.
But she no longer permits chapeau de prêtre,
or menk's-hood, to form one of her list of
border flowers. Lately, hereabouts, a little
boy, four years old, the son of an overseer of
customs at Pont-à-Mareq, was playing in a
meadow with his sister, his elder by a twelvemonth. The child gathered some flowers, it
is not known what, and ate them. The father,
when told of it by the girl, treated the circumstance as a matter of no consequence.
But, in the evening, the poor little fellow complained of violent pains, made repeated but plained of violent pains, made repeated but useless efforts to vomit, and in spite of all the doctor's care was dead within four and twenty hours.

Our cruise was in search of the longcelebrated floating islands of Clairmarais, the oft-reprinted wonders of travelling guide-books. They float, like corks, on the pages of many that grace my shelves. But, here we are on their aqueous locality, and there are no other floating islands than ourselves to be seen. The others have long since taken their departure, following in the train of a thousand and one humbugs and things of nought. The lady at Haut-Pont might well smile when we mentioned them. But the nought. The lady at Haut-Pont might well smile when we mentioned them. But the boatman accepts a chope of beer to compensate for the disappointment; and it is now time to go home and sup. We receive our summous—not from a bell, but from something floral approaching to it. Mark that green elongated bud. At word of command, (not from you or me, though we might hoenspoons and pretend to give it,) it bursts. An evening primrose comes forth, bearing inserabed on its banner the number four. The stem quivers. One yellow petal boldly protime that an unknown fruit may be almost time to go home and sup. We receive our always eaten with safety, if the stamens summons—not from a bell, but from sometime to the calyx, as is the case with the transferry. If they have grown on the received bud. At word of command, the bearty. If they have grown on the received bud. At word of command, not from you or me, though we might hoonspooned than ourselves. With the exception of wold strawberries and cherries, they are as the dark where about a sheep's being properly gardened at the dews are about a sheep's being properly butchered. Full many a fruit of purest the dark unfathan'd woods of and split their calyx the whole way down.

butterily spreads its wings to the sunshine Its motions are like those of a living thing of quiet habits. Like l Is it not alive l

REGULARS AND IRREGULARS.

Anour five miles from Poona, is situated the cantonment of Kirkee, where an English dragoon regiment is always stationed. During the time I lived at Poona, the corps quartered in Kirkee, was the Tenth Hussars; and, one of my greatest pleasures when taking my constitutional ride in the morning, was to go across country to the vast plain, where I could see this magnificant regiment—numbering some given hundred horses and meneither out at exercise, in "watering order," as they called it, or going through their various drill name curres, under their energetic little colonel. As a boy, I had lived many years in the neighbourhood of the Regent's Park, and had always been a great admirer of the Life Guards, stationed in the Albany Street barracks, as well as a regular attendant at all their parades. Finding myself, many years afterwards, living near an English dragoon regiment in Western India, and having, as a sick man, much time on my hands, I felt all my former curiosity and boyish admiration for the cavalry service revive, and I began soon to take an interest in all that concerned the gallant Tenth Hussars, which I now smile at when I recolect. By degrees I began to know some of the officers and regiment; and, from both them and the men, I gained no little information regarding the manner in which the English dragoons, serving in India, are armed, mounted, equipped, and dressed.

All ranks were mounted on horsesmares there were none in the corps, and but very few geldings. For the non-commissioned officers and men, they were provided by the Bombay Government, and were mostly pur-chased from Arab dealers, who brought them down from the Persian Gulf. Their average height was only fourteen hands and three inches, or nearly two hands under the average height of ordinary English carriage horses. The average height of the men of the regiment was about five feet eight inches; and, when in full marching order, carrying everything as on a campaign, the average weight which each man rode was upwards of twenty-one stone, or very nearly as much as if each horse carried three Newmarket jockeys-addles and all-on his back. the marching equipment of the Hussers, three things struck me as peculiarly suitable for cavalry soldiers going on service, and which I am sure the whole regiment must find the benefit of in the Crimes, where the Tenth now are. The first of these was a small compa t copper cooking pot, with cover, just large enough to cook the dinner of one individual, and well enhanted to make him perfectly independent on a campugu. This

fitted on the value, or saddle-bags, carried behind, and was strapped on in such a manner that it could not move. The next peculiarity which I observed in the regiment, was one which every Indian cavary soldier carries when on the line of marchplains, or wherever the regiment may be halted. I should mention that the horses of Tenth Hussars are never, at any time, or cover. There are no stables of any under cover. There are no stables of any kind—except for the sick horses—in the cavalry cantonment at Kirkee. The cight thoops of the regiment are picketted out in the open air, front and year rank horses of each troop facing each other, in eight double lines. In the third place, I remarked, as very sensible and appropriate for a hot country, that the chakes were covered with neat, white cotton cloth, palded, so as to guard the head against the effects of the sun. With this last excep-tion, the uniform of the Hussars was, when on mounted duty, exactly the same as if they had been quartered in England. They were tight leather stocks, tightly buttoned clock jackets, and hanging "pelisses" over the right arm. No allowance seemed to be made for the great heat of Imia. When on guard, or other dismounted duty, during the heat of the day, they were a dress consisting of a white they were a dress con-on jacket, buttoned up in unhary fashion, on jacket, buttoned up in unhary fashion, and trousers of the same material. The arms of the regiment appeared to be singuisely inappropriate. They consisted of a cut-acceptant sword which, from continual rubbing against the steel scabbard, was too blunt to cut. Even had an edge been put to it, the friction of continual drawing and returning of swords would have soon destroyed it. The officers of the corps, told me that their men were armed with the identical pattern of bear sword and earline, which are carried by the cavalry of the Household brigade, and indeed by all dragoon regiments throughout the service. This struck me as very remarkable; for the troopers of the Tenth are nearly four inches shorter than those of the Life Guntal, and the horses of the former are mere ponice. when compared to the big black horses when carry the latter. The carbines of the Tento appeared to be the most heavy unwieldy finaims for men on horseback that it was ju They were too heavy to be sible to conceive. sible to conceive. They were too neavy to used effectively with one arm, and every one knows that on horseback, one of the rider's hands must always be fully occupied with the management of his bridge. Their belts were heavy and comb roome, giving the beholder a notion of their being fushioned in the early part of the Last century. told that the cost of each soldier of the regiment, as he stood mounted at Kirkee, including all the expenses incidental upon chais the him, training has in England, bran a g has out to Indee, and finishing his training there, was calculated at one hundred and finy

pounds sterling. This was not supposed to regiment, include his horse; which, taking one with very much another, was supposed to cost about sixty the white pounds more. Thus the entire regiment, Guard manufacting seven hundred sabres, costs the coat is a country no less a sum than one hundred and forty seven thousand pounds, without calculating the enormous expenses attending passage of the regiment in steamers, from Limitar, up the Red Sea to Sucz, thence across the Desert to Cairo, down the Nile to Alexanden, and from that port, by steamers, to Balakla .a.

I left the Kirkee station with a deep in pression of the value and excellence of the acoptin of the Teath; but with the notion that there are many very grave faults con-meeted with the number in which the men are dressed and armed and the weight which their horses have to carry, which must de-tract from the efficiency of the regiment when in the field. It seemed in fact, as if govern-ment tried how effectively they could, by bad egulations and obsolete rules as to weapons ingulations and obsolete rules as to weapons and clottling, impede and hinder in every possible way the use to which light cavalry health be put on a campaign. Imagine, for an intent, a horse of fourteen hands two inches in height having to carry, for a long day's court by a bussar, who with all his accounterm at a weight them. We would have to bear, if a) out the builen he would have to bear, if eit er three Newmarket jockeys, or two accepts and whippers in of hounds, were to get up in his back! What chance would an at made currying this have, when the march mass over, of charging as a dragoon's horse with to charge,—or of pursuing an enemy of the eleghtest chance of overtaking him. If here, in addition to this, we take into consideration the very inferior weapons which the first iterature, and indeed, all English cavalry, for that to tit r, as all are armed alike—carry, is a patter of astonishment if, on more than the one-sion, our mounted troops, both in

men are clad in a most be coming native accountements, for a certain sum monthly,

On the head is worn a red turban, very much of the same shape and make as the white turban which the Zouaves of the the white turban which the Zounves of the Guard may be seen wearing in Paris. The coat is a sort of frock, which descends to the knee, of a dark-green colont, and fashioned round the neek so as to leave that part perfectly exposed, in the same way that the jackets of the Zounves are made. On their legs the men of the Poona Horse wear high boots of thin black leather, resembling those known in England by the name of Napoleon boots. But what struck me most forcilly were the arms of the regiment, and forcitly were the arms of the regiment, and their great superiority over these provided for English dragoons. Their carbines are light useful weapons, of excellent finish, and so light, that even a weak man might use them on horseback with perfect ease. Instead of the mere ordinary half-cock and full-cock, with which the arms of the English service are furnished, the carbines of the Poona Horse have a third cock, which raises the deghead or hammer well off the nipple, but is authorized to present the course of the poon and the cock of the poon the course of the poon deglical or hammer well off the impre, but is sufficiently near it to prevent the supper cap falling off. The use of this for fire-arms meant to be carried by mounted men, is obvious. Nearly all the accidents which happen to persons carrying loaded guns, arise from the deglical being left down on the nipple, and the gun, musket, or carbine being suddenly struck causing the cap to explode. But with struck causing the cap to explode. But with the carbines of the Poona Horse this is next to impossible. The swords are the curved native weapon, and are kept as sharp as razors; the scatbards being of leather, lined with wood. I felt many of the swords, and found them all almost sharp enough to shave with. The troopers told me that the drawing of swords is avoided as much as possible, and I observed that in general the sentinels and others performed their duties with their swords in the scabbards. The sword and pouch belts were one and all of black patent leather, so that no time was taken up it cleaning. a natter of astonishment if, on more than one one sion, car mounted troops, both in India and clsewhere, have failed in the hour of used to be fully up to that mark without which there can be no efficiency of any sort am aget soldiers?

From Poona, I proceeded to a military throm some seventy miles further inland in the Ibeccan, called Ahmedauggur. On my way thither, I stopped for some time at the small cantonment of Servor, which meet in former days to be the head-questers of the Poona division of the army; but is now only occupied by one corps, the Poona Auxiliary Horse. The men of this receipt are all natives of Hindostan, or the routh west provinces of India. Throughout the Goral and a half stone -exactly half that a like which each horse has to the Horse Coards."

The Poona Horse is a regiment of what are termed Irregulars. An Irregular Horse man, is one who provides his own horse, saidle, arms, and their regular of the Round formula. The Poona Horse is a regiment of what are termed Irregulars. An Irregular Horse man, is one who provides his own horse, saidle, arms, and their regular of the Round formula.

each Poona trooper, is twenty-seven rupees, or two pounds fourteen shillings, per month. This sum is not, however, considered sufficient with the present prices of grain in the Deccan, to feed and maintain both horse and man as they ought to be kept. Notwithstanding this, no sooner does a vacancy in the corps nappen, than there are twenty applications for it. Natives, who would never think of taking service in the regular cavalry or infantry, travel hundreds of miles on bare chance of finding employment in the irregular horse. These, unlike other troops, require no commissariat, either when stationary in cantonments, or upon taking the field. In quarters, and on the march, each man caters for himself no sooner does a vacancy in the corps happen, ments, or upon taking the field. In quarters, and on the march, each man caters for himself and his charger. The buggage is carried by ponies, of which there is one to every three privates, and so on in proportion with the other ranks. Of European officers, there are but three with the whole corps of Poonah Horse—a Commandant, a Second in Com-mand, and an Adjutant. The Native Officers mand, and an Adjutant. are, of course, much more numerous: there being two or three with each troop, besides a Native Commandant, and Native Adjutant, who carry on the duties of the regiment, under the immediate direction of their European

Judging from the letters which have been received from the Crimea for the last tweive months, what is more wanted than anything else with our army, is a body of real light horsemen? By this term I do not mean merely such cavalry soldiers as are of light weight, but self-dependent dragoons, who require little or no care taken of them in the way of providing commissariat, and who are capable of acting as the eyes, arms, and feelers of the army, when it is requisite either to know the whereabouts of the enemy, or to follow him up when routed. Since my return to England, much has been said and written about light horsemen for service in the Crimea, and this has induced me to pen these few remarks regarding English Hussars and Indian Horsemen. In the various disand indish increemen. In the various dis-cussions which have taken place about the anadgamation of the Indian and English armies, I have never yet seen it mosted that some practices of the one service might be copied by the other, although I feel certain that such a fusion would be perfeetly feasible, and in many instances highly advisable.

COMFORT.

Hast thou o'er the clear heaven of thy soul
Seen tempesta roll?
Hast thou watch'd all the hopes thou would'st have won
Fade, one by one?
Wait till the clouds are past, then raise thine eyes
To bluer skies!

Hast thou gone sadly through a dreary night,
And found no light;

No guide, no star, to cheer thee through the plain-No friend, save pain

Wait, and thy soul shall see, when most forlorn, lise a new morn.

Hast thou beneath another's stern control Bent thy end soul, And wasted sacred hopes and precious tears?

Yet calm thy fears, For thou canst gain even from the bitterest part, A stronger heart!

Has Fate o'erwhelm'd thee with some sudden blow?

Let thy tears flow;
But know when storms are past, the heavens appear
More pure, more clear;
And hope, when farthest from their shining rays,
For brighter days.

Hast thou found life a cheat, and worn in vain Its iron chain? Hast thy soul bent beneath earth's heavy bond?

Look thou beyond; If life is bitter, there for ever shine Hopes more divine!

Art thou alone, and does thy soul complain It lives in vain?

Not vainly does he live who can endure.

O be then sure,

That he who hopes and suffers here can carn

Hast thou found nought within thy troubled life Save inward strife

Hast thou found all she promised thee, Deceit, And Hope a cheat? Endure, and there shall dawn within thy breast

Eternal rest!

CORALIE

In one of the streets branching off to the right, as you go up the Champs Elysées towards the Barrière de l'Etoile, exists Madame Sóvèré's Pensionnat for young ladies: a tall, white, imposing building, as befits its character and purpose. Almost conventual discipline is observed at Madame Sóvèré's; the young ladies are supposed to know nothing of the gay doings in their neighbourhood. But as they pace round and round the moneto-nous garden, their eyes being in no way amused, their youthful imaginations go wan-dering to an extent little dramed of by their revered directress or their reverend confessor.

Love, lovers, and weddings are, sad to say, the staple of the conversation of that nearly grown up pair of friends, whispering as they walk. They are in fact discussing their pretty under teacher.

"Go away, my dear," says Miss Sixteen to Miss Twelve, who comes bounding up to her. But what are you two whispering about?"

asks little Currosity.

"Never mind, my dear," says Miss Importance, unconsciously imitating her own mamma's way of sending herself out of the room on the arrival of a confidential

friend. "Go and play at Les Graces with

"And so, as I was saying," continues the oldest girl of the school, "Madame called her down to give her the letter; and you can't think how awfully she blushed. I am sure she knew the hand.

And now the confidante wonders if Mademoiselle can be really engaged, and who to? moiselle can be really engaged, and who to? None of the masters, that's certain; for she never speaks to any of them, not even to Mons. Ernest, the drawing-master, who has more than once hinted what a capital study Mademoselle Fischer's head would make. The two girls think a great deal of this Mons. Etnest. School-girls generally do place a glory round the head of one or other of the gentlemen who have the honour of teaching them. them. A pretty young creature once owned herself to be desperately in love, as she called it, with her harp-master, a little elderly man in yellow slippers, who thoroughly despised her for her want of musical talent.

Corolle was tall, and had a commanding urriage; her large eyes were black, a velvet carriage; her large eves were black, a velvet black, soft not sparkling, with clear depths into which it was pleasant to gaze; her complexion, of a rich brown; and her well-shaped head, a perfect marvel of glossy braids and plaits. An elegant and accomplished girl, the was nevertheless filling the situation of unster-teacher in Madame Sévèré's school, with a salary of three hundred francs, or twelve pounds a-year, for which she engaged to teach grammar, history, geography, writing exphering, and needle-work of every description, to about twenty pupils, whom she was expected never to lose sight of during the day (not even in their play hours) and moreday (not even in their play hours) and moreover, being required every morning to brush the hair of this score of obstreperous school-garls. The half of Sunday once a fortnight was the only holiday Coralic was allowed during the half-year.

A terrible life this for a sensitive, wellcharated garl of twenty-two. However, coralic had endured it unfinchingly for four years, and looked plump and rosy still. Coralic was waiting with all the faith of a gore heart for the return of her affianced hashand. A year more, and he would be lack, and as that thought rises, how she hows her blushing face, and lays her hand over her heart, as if the strong heats must be seen by some of the tiresome mother's cherubs

and her chair.

Coralie was an orphan. Her father, a dical man, had died when the cholera was ging in Paris. He had been respected by his professional brethren, and as a matter of ourse beloved by his clientelle.

and I—the family dector, we mean.

Poor Dr. Frecher died, just as his prosent days had set in, leaving a widow and lattle girl to the tender mercies of the arbi. And the wind was tempered to these

of Dr. Fischer's patients obtaining for the widow the right to sell tobacco and snuff, which enabled that poor lady to support herself, and have her Coralic educated.

when Coralie was seventeen, Eugene Peroud one day came to pay his respects to Madame Fischer. He called himself Coralie's uncle, being the son of Dr. Fischer's stepmother by her first marriage. Madame Fischer therefore called him mon frère, and Mademoiselle Coralie at the beginning said, man oncle, very respectfully.

mon oncle, very respectfully.

This state of things lasted but a very short time. Though there was abundance of reason time. Though there was abundance of reason for questioning the relationship, there was none at all for doubting that M. Peroud was very handsome and only twenty-seven. The assumed uncleship allowed of unusual intimacy, and Coralie's young heart was irretrievably gone before she knew she had a heart to lose. Eugene left off petting her, and distressed her greatly by calling her Mademoiselle. Was he angry with her?

After various hesitations, whether "to put

After various hesitations, whether "to put to the touch to win, or lose it all," Eugene it to the touch, to win, or lose it all. made the manma acquainted with the con-dition of his affections. A cabinet conneil of the confessor and one or two distant rela-tions of the Fischer family was held, and then it was graciously announced to the anxious lover that his cause was won. Then it came out, how very stupidly every one had acted in making Eugene into an uncle; for, though it was allowed on all hands that he was a mere pretence of an uncle, still the pretence was substantial enough for the confessor to declare that a dispensation in form must be obtained, before the marriage could be solemnised. The lovers were vexed and be solemnised. The lovers were vexed and provoked; but it must be owned, that as they met daily to talk over their plans and provo-cations time did not hang long on their hands.

As it always happens, no sconer is a mar-riage decided on, than a host of difficulties show their hydra heads in the paths to its realisation. The spiritual maternal affection of the Church of Rome, produced number one; and the temporal maternal affection of one; and the temporal maternal affection of Madame Fischer, number two; and the bride-groom's love of his profession, number three, But Coralie was a girl in a thousand, without any selfishness in her love, at least, if there were a slight dash of it, it was a selfishness a deux. The case was this, Eugene Perond, though of a good bourgeois family, was, at the time we are writing of, only a segment in time we are writing of, only a sergeant in one of the regiments of the line. It is a common practice in France, for young men, very respectably connected to enter the army as privates, and to work their way up to a commission. Now Eugene, besides having every reason to expect his promotion within a reasonable time, had a life rent of a thousand francs a-year—about forty pounds of English money, and so Coralie considered sha

without a son of dowry, that she might be suspected of interested motives. Like many other mammes, Madame Fischer was of a precisely opposite opinion to her daughter. She thought that Corahe was throwing herself away.

I have yielded to my child's feelings," Madame Freeher, with dignified empha-"and the least I think I have a right to expect in return is, that the man for whom that child sacrifices so much, should willingly give up his ambitious views, to devote himse.f

to domestic felicity. "And how are we to live?" asked Eugene,

in a half-penitent, humble tone.

"As we have hitherto done," said the haly, in the same tone of migned worth. "I have duly reflected on the plan I now propose, and to carry it out, I shall make application to licence transferred to my daughter." liave my Eugene looked aghast. "As for me-," here Madame Fischer paused, and raised her handkerchief to her eyes—"I shall not long be a trouble or burden to any one." Engene laughed out at this assertion, while Corahe exclaimed .-

"Oh, mamma! how can you say such unkind words to your poor little Corolle. Trouble! burden! Oh, mamma! and when you have done so much for me; for us." Then

you have done so much for me; for us." Then forcing back the tears tilling her eyes, she smiled, and lifting off her mother's pretty little cap, give to view Madame Fis her's profusion of glorions black hair. Tenderly smoothing, and kissing the black braids, she said. "No, not one tiny, tiny silver line to be seen, look Eugene, is there? and mamma talking as if she were eighty."
"Foolish child," replied Madame Fischer, replacing the cap and its coquelicat ribbons. "What can my hair have to do with Eugene's giving up the army?" Coralie shook her head, and looked as if it had, but only said: "No, no, we will have no giving up of anything. Time enough when Eugene is bald and grey-headed for him to sell tobacco and and grey-headed for him to sell tobacco and and grey-headed for him to sell tobacco and snuff; and, who knows, mamma," continued the brave girl, "but Eugene may live to be a general. Wouldn't you like to see me a general's wife, mamma, a grande dame, and going to Court," and Coralio held up her head, and curtsyed gracefully, coaxing the mamma not to say again, that Eugene's love for his profession was no great proof of his love for his betrothed.

The day came at last, when there was no longer any time for discussing the matter. It had been supposed that the regiment, only lately returned from foreign service, would remain at home for some mouths. Now, however, it was suddenly ordered to Algiers. Passionately as Eugene desired military distmetion, as he now saw all Coralie's un-sellish devotion, he felt almost metinel to relinquish every ambitious hope for her dear

"You must go, Engene," she said, when

e expressed some feeling of this kind. You must go-we have delayed too long for any other decision now. My brave for any other decision now. My brave forcere, as brave as Bayard himself, must be like him, not only sans peur, but same reproche. I could not love Eugene as I do, nother," turning to Madame Foscher, who was murmuring some opposition, "if I said otherwise."

"Wounded? Maimed? did you say? Ah! well, so that he comes back, I will be his crutch, baten de sa viellesse," and she pressed her lover's strong arm on hers, flushing brow and bosom with the effort to subdue natural yearnings, natural fears. Catching up a terrible word whispered by the mother, she flung her arms round his neck, crying. "No, no, he will not die—he cannot die: but, "No, no, he will not die—he cannot une will not die—he cannot une work so, it is a soldier's duty to die for his country, and Eugene will do his duty, and Conalie will do hers." Poor heart, how it quivered, and how the tongue faltered, as No one knew spoke these brave words. hard victory over self Coralie had won. She -herself, only realised it when the fight was over, and she was left to long days of alternate

anxiety and hope.

Madame Escher had prophesical more truly of herself than she had intended. After what seemed a mere cold, she almost sud The reversion of her licence had dealy died. only been talked about, and not secured, so Coralie, at eighteen, found herself alone in Paris, her whole dependence, a f. w, very few, pounds, the poor mother had pinched herself for years to lay by for her child's dôt.

The brave-hearted Coralie went at once to those ladies who had befriended her mother. She told them of her engagement, she was very proud of being the promised wife of Eugene Peroud. She knew how willingly he would have given her his thousand fraces ayear, but she would rather try and su herself, until she actually became his Her mother's savings Coralie wished laid aside to be used as that dear lost one had meant

meant.

The ladies applied to their nicces or daughters, at Madame Sévérés, and through their exertions Coralie was received as some maître-se. For four years had Coralie brushed mattresse. For lour years had Corolle brushed hair, picked out mis-shapen stitches, heard unlearned lessons stammered through, and corrected incorrigible exercises. A letter from Eugene sufficed to cover all her loss I and heart weariness. What a delight the first letter had been—she peered at every word, till she learned the trick of every letter, loss he covered by the delight the covered by the covered by the content of the covered by how he crossed his t's and dotted his i's -the handwriting, indeed, seemed to her diff cent from all other handwritings. Countless were the times the thin paper was unfoded, to make sure that he had really put that feel word where she thought, and emetally we it refored, and not parted with night nor day, until another and another to be dear followed, each in turn usurping its prodecessor's throne. At last, she received the long looked for news; Eugene had men his epaulettes in open fight, and been noticed by the Prince himself. How Coralic cried for joy, and how Matame Severé scolded her for having flushed

Time went steadily on, hurrying himself for uo one, and now Eugene writes of his return in another year as certain. A year! Who, after thirty, says with learnielt confidence, only another year, and then! This certainty of roon having a husband's protection, soft of roon having a husband's protection, soft ened to Coralie the annoyance of leaving Markane Sérèré. Not that Coralie had any Miriction for that prim uncensurable lady; but she would have borne abrost anything to be permitted the shelter of a respectable roof, that Eugene came to claim her. Why Madame Severé had such an antipathy to the handsome, healthy, smiling girl, courageous and in expendent in her nearly mennal situation, but nordists explain. Too independent in terminal was the under teacher with pendent, permaps, was the under teacher, with net a scrap of that twining and clinging of parasite plants, which, whether he will or no, embrace and hold fast the rugged, knotty ak antal they make him subservient to their

Caralle had proved her courage by remain-

Caralic had proved her courage by remaining to many years a drulge for Madame Severa, but the proud spirit could not brook the name of being discharged as an ill-behaved servant, and Madame Severa had not been sparing in hints that she must either resign or be dismissed.

S. Madamoiselle Fischer left the pensional for young ladies, and, by the advice of Madame Ferry, one of those who had shown must inherest in her at the time of her mother's death, she resolved to try what she could make of a day-school for children, their than run the risk of encountering matter Madame Sévèré. There was no time for much pondering; the poor cannot afford for much pondering; the poor cannot afford the luxury of hesitation; so Corolic at once has discouple of rooms in one of the small a is absurmood abounding in small shops and populous with small children. To furnish these rooms, sovely against her wishes, our young schoolmistress had to expend her most or's savings. Corolie had no mortid o-nai thty, but she sorrowed over this in-fringement of her dead mother's wishes as if but mother could have been pained by the back. She listened thankfully to Madame been, who said the furniture would be as not a dot as the money, and tried to look within the judgment was convened, but her heart.

Madame Ferry went with her to the upsterer a to choose the walnut-wood furni-ne that oldest of ambition to young

the firm, well-poised ngure, the impersonstion of youthful vigour, contristed so charmingly with the blushing, fluttered manner, which betrayed to her friend how constantly the thought of the absent one entered into the choice of one or other article. One chair, quite a large reading chair, Coralie would have. Should it be covered! Oh, no! She would rather work a cover for it. "A piece of extravagance," said she to Madame Perey, "but it will last all our lives, and Eugene ought to have one. Don't very thath...t" ought to have one. Don't you think so!" And all sorts of fairy visions were dancing

before Coralie's eyes as she spoke.

Madame Ferey had taken up by dint. interests in real carnest, and had, severe canvassing, procured several little scholars. It was agreed that the usual monthly charge of five france should always be paid in advance. This considerate arrangement saved Coralie from running into debt at the beginning, and before the end of the first three months she was enjoying a great gale of prosperity. The mothers of her first pupils so boasted of her skill in teaching reading and writing, but, above all, of the wonderful stitches sho taught their daughters, that her little school prospered beyond all that her title school prospered beyond the hor expectations. Cordie even thought she should soon need a larger room and an assistant; but she would wait now for Eugene's advice. Perhaps he might not like her to keep a school after they were married. In his last letter he had bid her write no more, for the regiment was under orders to return to France. He was sure to be with her shortly after his own letter. Everything was ready for him, and it was wonderful what her industry and ingenuity had done for her humble apartment. She had worked a large rug, made the neatest and freshest of covers for the little sofa, while the famous great chair was a specimen of beautiful alaborate worsted work, a paragon in its way. There were helmets and swords and banners and the sand rankers and sand sand and banners. daning in charming confusion on the sent and broad back, in the centre of which last was a medallion with the interlaced initials E. and C. The pride of Coralic's heart, however, was the pretty pendule on the mantrl-piece. The only drawback to her pleasure as she looked round her was the absence of the two vases with their bouquets which ought to have flanked the pendule. They had yet to be earned, and during the pro-bation of this last month even Coralic's energy and spirit gave way. She could scarcely bear the sound of the little voices round her; she was hardly able to command She could patience enough to allot the work-to answer the never-ending questions about cotton and musho, and leaves and holes, and worsteds and cilks. She was nearly wild with impatience for the hour of release; but when it came, solitude appeared more insupportable to her than the hum and hum and movement. one of those hopeful anticipations she had ler own motive, "if I let them lie longer in longed for the hour of quictness to enjoy—the drawer," and with sudden resolution she not one of her former bright visions of the future would come at her call. She grew knew not what to do with the long day, and fearful and superstitious, and waking or sat down on her sofa in restless, yet happy, sleeping was pursued by a phantom dread—a dread she would not have clothed in words for empires—a shapeless dread that was withering her life, only to be guessed at by the sudden alteration in her looks. She grew pale and thin, and there came a stare in her sweet eyes, and an impatient hard sound in her voice.

in her voice.

The French are a kindly race, and the sympathies of all who knew Coralic were soon in full play. Heaven knows how every soon in full play. Heaven knows how every one was so well informed; but the milk-woman who brought the morning sous of milk let fall a drop or two over the with a smiling "Courage, mademoiselle, le bon temps viendra." The concierge and his wife were ready to lay violent hands on the post-man's giberne; the shoeblack at the corner of the street made daily inquiries; and as for the épicier and his spouse, M. and Madame Bonnenuit, they could talk of nothing in their conjugal tôte-à-tôtes but Madlle. Coralie their conjugal tête-à-têtes but Madlle. Coralie and her officier nancé. They perseveringly studied a mutilated weathercock, which had long given up service, and by which they always predicted a fair wind from Algiers.

When Eugene's return might be expected any day, or even any hour, Coralic begged for a holiday—all occupation had, indeed, become impossible to her. The parents of her little flock were enthusiastically unanimous in their consent:—" Mais oui, mais oui, mais oui, mais oui, and consent admissible allows done my chira ma pauvre demoiselle; allons donc, ma chère bonne demoiselle; du courage, ça va finir bientôt, le bon temps viendra.

"Le bon temps viendra!" repeated Cornlie, and this strong, lively girl would sit whole hours motionless, or move only to look at the hands of the pendule.

At last, one Sunday morning, Coralie awoke with an unusual feeling of cheerfulness; it was early spring, and a bright sun was shining merrily into the room, in defiance of her show-white curtains—some caged lark near was singing his pretty matins—and, as Coralie opened her window, a soft air wooed her heated cheek. A few warm team gathered in her eyes, her heart throbbed tempesin her eyes, her heart torooned tempes-tuously, and then she telt a presentiment, she would scarcely own it to herself, that he would come that day. First, Coralie prayed, as she had not prayed for weeks—poor soul, was she trying to bribe Heaven? Then she dressed herself in her pretty new blue muslin, her hand shaking so she could scarcely fix the buckle of her band, she smoothed and smoothed her hair till it shone like satin, laced on her new brodequins, and finally drew forth a pair of cutfs and a collar she had embroidered and had by in sweet antici-pation of Eugene's return. "They will grow uite yellow," soliloquised she, dissembling quite yellow,

listlessness.

About noon, there was a mau's step on the stair-Coralie was not startled, not astonished, she had known it would be so, only she panted hard as it came nearer, and at last stopped at her door. She rose, but had no power to walk—a low tap—"Entrez," she said, in a soft voice, with her hand outstretched as if she would have lifted the latch herself. A uniform appeared - Coralie sprang forward, and met a stranger—" Eugene, where is he?" cried the bewildered girl, retreating, and her eyes turning from the intruder strained, as if seeking some one following

in his rear.

"Pardon, mademoiselle," answered the visitor, "I have come by his wish. You, perhaps, know my name—Jean Rivarol—I

"He has often written to me of you," returned she; "but you have expected to find him too soon—he is not yet come—but he will soon be here."

The young man leaned his hand on the back of a chair, turned a strange look at the excited speaker, and then cast his eyes on

the ground.
"In truth," continued Coralic, "I thought it was him when you entered; and so, added, after a moment's pause, with a sweet smile, "to speak truly, the sight of you was a disappointment, and I was, perhaps, ungracious to Eugene's best friend—forgive me! Think, I have been waiting for this day five years-five weary years!"

These last few words broke forth with a

burst of long pent-up feeling. more composure she asked,— Then with

more composure she asked,—
"Where did you leave him?"

To this direct question Rivarol, who was still standing in the middle of the room, murmured something like " on the road."

"He will be here to-day, then !"

"He will be here to day, then ?"
"Not to-day, I think—I suppose—that isas he is not here yet."
"To-morrow?" persisted Coralie; "morning

or evening, do you think!"

"I cannot tell," said Jean "I cannot tell," said Jean, evidently subarrassed, and looking very pale. "Pacdon, mademoiselle, my intrusion, I will take my

Coralie thought he was hurt by the un-

Coraine thought he was nort by the ou-graciousness of her first reception.

"Nay," said she, gracefully, "you must look on this as Eugene's home. It will be his—ours, in a few days—and his friends will always be welcome. See," she went on, "there stands his arm-char, I worked the cover myself, and, to tell you a secret, those slippers, and that smoking-cap are for him. While he, poor fellow, has been going through toil and danger, it would have been too bad

if I had been idle. I think Eugene will be pleased with our modest home."

Rivarol threw a hasty glance round the room, which seemed to take in all and everything it contained.

"Sejour fait pour le bonheur,"
(A home made for happiness),

he exclaimed. He was strongly moved, his voice was husky, and his colour went and came. Fixing a look on Coralie's flushed, hopeful, expectant face, he rapidly uttered

some words about pressing business, and with one hasty bow darted away.

"Monseur, Monsieur!" screamed Coralie after him, on the stairs. She had some new question to put to him, as to in what exact place he had left Eugene, but Monsieur was already out of hearing.

"What a hurry he is in; I shall tell Eugene." And with this determination, the

a hurry he is in; I shall tell And with this determination, the stranger vanished from her thoughts, which esturned to their former train. Nevertheless, she had gathered one certainty, that her betrethed could not be with her before next

To-morrow!—how long! And yet it felt like a relief. Anticipation long on the stretch, as the intensely desired meeting nears, becomes somewhat akin to dread. So, the porteress, who was always running up on one retext or another, and other female neighbours also-all in remarkably high spirits-were told that M. Eugene could not arrive before the morrow

The repeating this assurance constantly was Coralle's only conversation with her humble friends that day. Her heart was full of disthe loss that day. Her heart was full of disquire, and when alone she often muttered to herself some of Rivarol's speeches, harping on "Separa fait pour le bonheur," or counting over her little treasures in a dazed sort of way.

On the Wednesday following, towards evering, as Madame Ferrey and her daughter

Parline, one of Cornlie's former pupils, were sitting together, talking pleasantly over Co-rales happy prospects, a ring came to the door of the apartment. Madame opened the door herself, and there stood a figure which for a few seconds she did not recognise. shrucken height, the stoop which brought the shoulders forward like two points, the shoul which hung over them in a wretched dangles, the blanched cheek and lip, the sunken eye, the premature lines and angles of ageal mity and forlorn despair.

"You are a real friend."

"And where would you go?"

"And where would you go?"

"To Oran." And then Coralie told her plan. It was a wild, adventurous scheme, point in her own, she asked in a whisper, by hat has happened?"

"It was a wild, adventurous scheme, plan. It was a wild, adventurous scheme, by hat has happened?"

"It was a wild, adventurous scheme, plan. It was a wild, adventurous scheme, plan it was a wild, adventurous scheme, by hat has happened?"

"It was a vide Coralie, eagerly;

"To Oran." And then Coralie told her plan. It was a wild, adventurous scheme, plan it was a wild, adventurous "Chire Mademoiselle Coralie?" at length burst from Madame Ferey, in a voice of surrowing surprise. And taking her by the hand, she led her in silence to a seat by the hand, she led her in folding one of the girl's heads in her own, she asked in a whisper, "What has happened?"

It was a most touching letter from Jean Rivarol, asking forgiveness for his courage having failed before the purpose of his visit to her on the preceding day. At sight of her, he had not had the heart to speak; his tongue had refused to tell her the fatal tongue had refused to tell her the municidings. Eugene had fallen in a skirmish for which he had volunteered only two days before the regiment embarked for France. Jean Rivarol had been by his side, and received his last instructions. He had carried ceived his last instructions. He had carried his friend's body within the French lines, and given it Christian burial near Oran, putting up a rude cross bearing the name of Coralie's affianced husband, to mark the place where he lay, with a wreath of immortelles, to show that a friend had mourned over that distant grave.

God alone knew what the poor widowed heart went through, for Corulic wrestled with her first grief alone; no eye had been allowed to watch those death-throes of happiness. What can any one say to the bereaved, but "Lord, we beseen thee to

Good Madame Ferey and Pauline cried as if their hearts would break, but Coralic shed no tear. She sat in a listness attitude, her eyes fixed on vacancy, as if looking at and seeing only her own thoughts.

"And when did you get this terrible letter, my dear?" at length asked Madame.
"I do not know—a long time ago—just when I was expecting him."

Madame Ferey looked up alarmed at this Allswer.

answer.

"I mean the day before yesterday," said Coralie, making an effort to collect her thoughts. "The day before yesterday—Monday. An age of grief has passed over me since then." And now, having broke silence, she went on talking. "I have lived in him—a love of so many, many years—it is very hard. I may say, no action of my life, however trifling, not even the gathering a flower, but was done with the thought of him in my but was done with the thought of him in my heart. He was the rodder of my life. And so he will be still. For, Madame Ferey, I have thought and thought, and settled it all in my mind. I cannot remain in Paris, to see ever around me all that I had prepared for his return—all I did for him; I should go mad." mad.

Madame Ferey indeed began to fear she might, and concurred in the necessity of a removal.

"you are a real friend."

"And selection of the selection

In taking this view, the kind lady underrated the term will of her protect.

Condic's aim and mabition was to bring back Engene's remains to France, and to lay them by the side of her mother in the cometery of Montmartre. She had already made inquiries; it would cost three thousand frances.

The writer of one of those extremely permanent spelling-backs, which defeeall excesses.

"I can perhaps carn as much at Oran, and if not I can pray by his resting-place, and mark it better than by a wooden cross; at last we will rest in the same grave, either in our native France or under the African soil where he fell. It little matters, so we are together."

That evening the wretched girl left Madame Ferey more calm than she had been since the fold news. The discussing her project with a friend had given it reality. She had none to help her in her inquiries or preparations. She felt that she must be up and doing, and instead of indulging in natural grief, she roused herself to action. Many days passed then it was rumoured among the scholars that Mademoiselle Fischer was going away ever so far, and would never have ever so far, and would never keep a school again. There was a sale, and all the furniture and other precious possessions, so hardly carned-objects around which were twined so many tender thoughts and joyful hopes-were sold and scattered abroad. Everything, except the arm-chair which she stid called his: that she begged Madame Ferey to keep in ease she ever returned. The slippers and cap she took with her. Grief—true grief, cap she took with her. Grief-true grief, has strange vagaries. She bade every one adies quietly, without having told any but adied quietly, without having told any but Madame Ferry whither she was going. Some months elapsed, and then Madame Ferry received a letter dated from Oran. Combe had made her way through difficulties and disagreeables of all kinds; but she was used to struggles, hardships, and self-reliance. She was now settled at Oran, and supporting herself as a day-governess among the families of the French officers. She was very kindly treated. Defore leaving Before leaving She was very kindly treated. Paris, she had even Rivarol again, and received all the information requisite to find out the spot secret to her affections. Each morning, before the heat of an African day, and before the toil of her avocation legins, she walks beyond the walls of the town to kneel and pany by the side of retired grave.

The native population by whose dwellings she pass a notice I this young Frenchwoman's diarnal pilitimage, watched her steps and di coverel its object. It ruised her high in

their veneration.

One more of an old negro, himself a toiling servent to Arabs, awaited her court, and present dilerance eggy with these woods.

" "In a men ces fleres a vors ere vom to me" We goe you these famous become you goods,

unment spelling-books, which defyall cavages of time, and changes of fashion, is extremely emphatic in calling the juvenile mind to the contemplation of the various virtues of the cow, as a source of beef, milk, butter, horn, and leather. To borrow a French expression for which there is no precise equivalent, the youthful reader is regularly taught to exploiter a cow.

Did some ancient Egyptian spelling-book fall into our hands, and were we able to read it, we should probably find the papyrus dilated upon like the English cow, as a matural lated upon like the English cow, as a matural concentration of general utility. It supplied not only the paper of the ancients, but food, physic, fucl, and a great deal more. Herodotus, when he introduces it to his readers by its other name, "byblos," puts down its comestible qualities first. "When," he says, "they pull up the byblos from the marshes, they cut off the upper part of it, and turn it to other purposes, but the lower part which is left, and is about a cubit in length, they cat raw, and sell."

According to the same illustrious authority.

According to the same illustrious authority, the refined way of emoying your bybles, is to steam it in a red-hot pan before you convey

to your mouth.

The other purposes of which Herodotus speaks so indefinitely are catalogued by Pliny in his Natural History. The roots, he tests us, were used as wood,—not merely as brewood, be it understood, but also as a material for the manufacture of divers utensels. From the stalk were made light boats; and the bark turnished sails, mats, raiment, ropes, and blankets. The combustible qualities of the plant were in such good repute, that the bier of a deceased person, before it was laid on the funeral pyre was strewed over with dried papyrus, that the corpse might burn the more readily. Martial, disamp auted of the legacy which he expected from one Numa, illustrates by an epigram, not only the well-approved operrine of the cup and the lip, but also this funereal use of the papyrus:

Upon the pile is light papyrus es The weeping wife buys scenes of holy smell; Couch, washer, not are ready, when at la-Numa makes me his heir, and them-gets well.

Papyrus also had its medical uses. We are informed by Plmy, that the whose of the paper made from it will promote sleep, if wallowed with a draught of wine, and that

the poper its I, more read with water, makes in allieint phineer.

Herewer, the manufesture of paper was the quart purpose for war holde persons was employed. According to Various has useful latticle was unknown before the Grae view.

t on of paper was so recent, and tells, in illustration of his doubt, an old story about Nama Pompilius, on the authority of Cassius Hemina, a very early Roman historian, of Whom only a few fragments now exist. It appears that in the year one bundred and aghts two before Christ, a scribe named Terestus, while discours up a field that belonged to him on the Janiculum, found Numa, who had reigned to be that of King and thirty years before. In this, were disand thirty years before. In this, were dis-covered some books, made of paper, and con-taining the doctrines of Pythagonas. They were turn if by the prictor Quintus Petilius, on the virgular ground that they were—phi-lamphocal Pusibly this reason is somewhat losselvented; for there is another version of the story told by Varro, and cited by St. Augustine, according to which the senate correct the books to be destroyed, because increating the causes of the religious estitution founded by Nume, which were so (ven), that they thought an exposure of that that they thought an exposure of the would bring the national religion into contempt. Moreover, by the net of destruction, trey complied with the will of the conditional to believe in the antiquity of were an assertion made by the Consul Muin it, but whole he was in Lycia, he read a of a r written on paper by the Homeric hero, Superior, exercise the natural historian not a little; because Homer, when he tells that and tale of Bellerop on, in which the conglicero is sent to Lycia with a written that is to cause his destruction, on has the folding pinax or tablet, as the reunent empkyed on the occasion. As you ent couple sed on the occasion. As the use of popyras in Egypt itself, manufig a large beau found by Champollion, the profession is estimated at three thousand Lumbrel Probably the best that of a fourthing all seeming contradic is to assume that it was not until about o time of Alexander the Great, that the use rappy is was generally known in Greece.

P...., has lest an account of the manner of the control paper from the papyrus, which has the control paper from the papyrus, which has the control paper from the papyrus, which has the control paper from the hard of a little control, may be filled up into an intellecture, ment. The layers of skin formed in which the back of the plant were, in the plane, detached from each other in party treats of a sharp instrument. The confident at the centre, became coarser and arrest as they approached the back, and the see which was trade of them, togulated the passing of the paper. After the structure of the paper. After the structure is in a care fully taken off, they were had they are in the care fully taken off, they were had they are made in a care fully taken off, they were had they are the care fully taken off, they were had they are the care fully taken off, they were that

the city of Alexandria was founded by the with the same liquid, which answered the Mucedonian computers; but Pliny, who cites double purpose of camenting and blenching. Varro, the expresses a doubt that the inventors of paper was so recent, and tells, in the operation of pressing followed, and unternation of his doubt, an old story about tooth or a shell.

Nothing can be more plain and intelligible than all this; but, here a little disagreeable circumstance intrudes itself upon us with terrible force. One of the French commentators, to whom we are indebted for the admirable Paris edition of Pliny, disbelieves altogother the sticky properties of Nile-water, while M. Poiret, another savant, doubts the capabilities of the papyrus for such a manufacture as that described above, and thinks that the popular plant has unfairly engrossed the reputation belonging to some other child of the Egyptian soil. We entreat our readers to forget this paragraph as soon as they can, for a firm belief that papyrus is papyrus, is absolutely necessary for the unity of our dissertation. Luckily the Italian method of making paper is less obnoxious to doubt. According to this method, a paste made of fine meal and vinegar, or of crumb of bread softened by beiling water, was the cement employed, and the paper, when the pieces had been pasted together, was besten out with a hammer. Manuser, pts by Augustus Cresar, Cicero, and Vurgil, upon paper thus manufactured, were seen by Pluny.

We have already stated that the finences

We have already stated, that the fineness of the skins or layers of the papyrus, increased in proportion to their proximity to the centre. On this account the paper made from the inner skin was employed for sacerdotal purposes, and was called hieratic, while the article derived from the cutside was merely used for purcels. However so great were the improvements in the days of the first Roman Emperors, that the old hieratic paper soon lost its prestige. The Egyptian priests were so jedous of this fiver article that they would not sell it till it had been previously written upon, but the Romans had a way of washing out the writing, that, it seems, remered it better than before, for the paper so washed bore the name of the Emperor Augustus, and a second kind, that of his wife Lucia, nothing higher than the third rank being left for the once supreme hieratic. The two kinds of imperal paper as they were called were in their turn eclipsed by another kind called Fannian, after the name of Rhemmius Fannius Palamon, a grammarian, who founded a paper factory in the reign of the Emperor Chancus. The fault ascilled to the Augustan paper was an unpleasant transparency and an inability to bear a strong pressure of the p.m.

with all these improvements, paper was far from becoming an exceedingly common atticle among the ancients, and even the more equient boil in their stores with economy and used it with cantain. Cicero, in one of his letters to his friend Attiens, offers have sum that he may buy paper, rather than

discontinue his correspondence, and attributes the seantiness of his own sheet to a scarcity of material. The offer and the observation are made in jest; but even a jest must have some foundation to rest upon. On one occasion, during the reign of the Emperor Tiberius, there was a veritable paper famine in Rome, and the senate, to meet the emergency, appointed commissioners, who allowed every one a certain ration of the article according to his necessities. This sor, of cala-mity is not to be attributed solely to a want of enterprise on the part of the Romans, but by the cupidity of the Papyrus itself, occasioned by the cupidity of the Egyptian growers, who reared the plant scantily on purpose to keep up its price, thus, as Strabo observes, "increasing their own profit to the detriment of the common weal." In the days of Alexanthe common weal." In the days of Alexander's successor, when the Ptolemies who reigned over Egypt were founding the famous Alexandrian library, they prohibited the exportation of the papyrus altogether, hoping thus to keep all the learning of the world to themselves. Fortunately for mankind, a themselves. Fortunately for mankind, a King of Pergamus loved books as well as the rulers of Egypt, and he accordingly invented a material, which has survived the use of papyrus itself, and has been the chief means of bringing down to us the treasures of ancient literature, --namely, parchment. Ety-mologists may, if they please, trace the English word parchment through a series of changes from the name of the kingdom in which its origin is placed. However, the authority of Varro is to be taken here, as in the other case, with reservation,—for Herodotus, who wrote long before the Ptolemies were thought of, tells us that the Ionians called books the name of diphthera (or skins), adding as a reason, that through the want of papyrus, they used the skins of goats and sheep for the purpose of writing. It would seem judicious to agree with the writer of the article "Liber," in Dr. Smith's admirable Dictionary of Antiimproved quities, that parchment was rather than invented by the King of Perganus. Whatever was his share in the production of such parchment as we have now, he was cer-tainly well entitled to his name of Eumenes,

or the Benevolent, as members of the legal profession will be most ready to admit.

Lastly, let us mention the fact that paper was taxed by the Roman emperors, and that it is narrated as great glory of the Gothic King of Italy, Theodoric, that he greatly lightened the oppressive burden. There is nothing new under the sun—not even a tax on paper!

DOCTORING BEGINS AT HOME.

The very few people who, in the vast and absorbing excitement of the war, administrative reform, and Lord Robert Grosvenor's Sunday bill, can afford to look back seven years, will remember a political event of our diseases and their causes, it allows the come importance in France, known as the reader perfect liberty to assume and set

revolution of eighteen hundred and forty-eight. They may also, by a great exertion of memory, call to mind that, among the numerous men of rank who were moved to launch their barques (more or less trail), on that stormy sea of polities, was M. F. V. Raspail, hitherto known only to the scientific world as an eminent chemist. M. Raspail's experience of political seamanship was short, violent, and disastrous. Unmindful of the pilot's reiterated advice to go down, and that it was no place for him, he persisted in declaring his inability to sleep, and his determination to come and pace the deck. He did so; but though he may have carried out the pilot's recommendations (as made metrical in the popular ballad), as far as fearing not and trusting in Providence went, his little skiff, like some other craft of far heavier tonnage, soon foundered, and he suffered a lengthened imprisonment in the Donjon of Vincennes and the Citadel of Doullens. He has since been enabled to pursue his chemical experiments in a larger and healther laboratory; and though still a republican of the "loudest" red, is content to view the raging of the waves, and the tossing of the shops, and the agonies of those who go down to the sea in them, from the shores of Brussels, and through the medium of a newspaper telescope.

The republicanism of François Vincent Ruspail having nothing to do with doctors or with the discount to which he seeks to bring them, I claim leave to discourse upon him here as the author of a remarkable book, called the Manual Annuaire de la Santé, published in France, at the close of every autumn, in the company of the crowds of almanaes and ephemerides in which the French neighbours take delight, and which in many parts of the provinces form the staple reading of the provinces form the staple reading of the population. This manual has had, from its commencement in eighteen hundred and forty-five, a predigious circulation in France. The author declares that five hundred thousand copies were sold of the first edition alone; in addition to which, there have been numerous Belgian and Genevese piracies, two Spanish translations, one German, one Brazilian, and one Anglomerican. The only translation in Great Britain dates from about two years back, and is a carefully edited pamphlet by Doctor G. L. Strauss.

In Strauss.

Three reasons prompt me to give an outline of the contents of this medical and pharmaceutical keepsake. In the first instance, M. Raspail is the inventor of an entirely new system of medicine; in the second, I should like the book itself to be known, because "while binding nature fast in fate," it "leaves free the human will;" that is, while stating many admirable and incontrovertible truths relative to our organisation, our diseases and their causes, it allows the reader perfect liberty to assume and set

down the author as a quack and a visionary. In the third, I believe M, Raspail to be, though in many instances a mistaken, yet in eases a thoroughly honest man.

It may also have contributed in no small degree to the interest I feel in the subject, that I have, or fancy I have, always something the matter with me; that I have been, to my sorrow, the patient and victim of pro-fessors of every system of medicine, orthodox and heterodox: from Doctor Saugrado, the phisiotomist and hydropathist, to Doctor Infinitesimal, the homeopathist; and that I have suffered in my miserable body almost every experiment, on this side of amputation, every experiment, on this side of amputation, that the old Latin axiom suggests should be made in corpore vili. So, with all due respect to the faculty, to Apothecaries' Hall, to the Pharmaceutical Society, and to Buchan's Domestic Medicine, let us see what M. Raspail can teach us towards that desirable consummation of—Every Man his own Doctor

Health. Raspail maintains, is the normal or regular state of life, fitting man for the per-formance of his natural and social duties. Illness is the exceptional state; it reduces him to the position of a useless encumbrance on society. The art of preserving the health is on society. The art of preserving the health is called hygidae; the art of recovering or restoring the health when lost or enfeebled is called medicine. Now, it being self-evident that health is a desirable, and disense a highly chaoxicus, state of life, it naturally follows that the study both of hygiène and medicine are of the greatest importance, and should be as widely disseminated as possible; yet by one of the strange and apparently inxplicable contradictions of our nature, mankind seem to have agreed, by a species of treet understanding, to neglect or ignore alt gether those branches of knowledge that concern them most. Thus, while we see the most abstrace and controversial kind eagerly sought after among all classes of society; while no man with any pretence to education would like to be deemed ignorant of the laws, at least, of his own country; while the physical sciences onecessfully resert their claim to rank as regular branches of popular education, and terms of scientific erudition are growing men's societies; while even that slow-going gentleman the British agriculturist begins to small ammonia, and to conceive some faint thread of a notion that chemistry may be, after all, a good thing for a farmer to know; the study of the laws of health and disease is almost entirely neglected. Thus far I have with M. Rosmail. I cannot, however, s almost entirely neglected. Thus far I gree with M. Raspail. I cannot, however, o with him quite to the extent of declaring go with him quite to the extent of declaring that the practice of medicine is abandoned to a small knot of men, by whom this most mable of arts is degraded to the level of an entitizing triale, carried on mostly with a external cause. The causes of disease are degree of ignorance and presumption that therefore external: illusts, in the first

would ruin the greatest botcher in the cobbling line. There are too many illustrious names and established reputations among the physicians of England and France among the physicians of England and France to warrant his sweeping assertion: yet M. Raspail might have strengthened his augment had he been familiar with the existence in England—a flagrant, shameless, unchecked existence, happily unknown in France—of the gentry who foist their cartloads of vile and noxious drugs, in the shape of pills and ointments, upon an ignorant and credulous multitude—the quacks whose putting advertugements are a scandal to our puffing advertisements are a scandal to our press, and whose colussal fortunes are a dis-grace to our civilisation.

According to Ruspail, the art of medicine has, for more than two thousand years past, made no real progress; and one of the latest inventions of the medical mind, homeopathy, affords a convincing proof that medicine has come back to the exact point from which it started, namely, to the simple dieteties of the ancient physicians. But, the homeopathists have ventured (according to him) to erect, on the simple and rational basis of a proper regimen as the most natural method of curing diseases, a dangerous superstructure of infinitesimals, and monstrous assertions of the curative power of the "high dynamisation" of medicinal substances. Yet homocopathy is surely vastly preferable to the Sangrado system, to the starving system (I was under a starving doctor once, when I was too young to rabel and if ever I come across him again. to rebel, and if ever I come across him again there shall be wailing in the Royal College of Surgeons, or I will know the reason why), to the salivating system, and to that most abo-minable form of empiricism—experimenting on the unfortunate victims of dire diseases with deadly poisons, such as arsenic, strychnine, prussic acid, bruces, veratrine, hyoscyamus, atropine, opium, belladonna, digitalis, henbane, stramony or thorn-apple, nux vomica, and other members of the distinguished family of other members of the distinguished family of poisons, vegetable and mineral. And especi-ally is Raspail wroth with "experimental-ists"—"eminent practitioners" who really do what the poor relatives of hospital patients suspect them of doing: such men as Bosquil-lon, physician of the Hötel Dieu, who coolly proceeded one morning, by way of experiment, to bleed all the patients on the right, and to purge all those on the left, side of his ward; or as Magendie, who killed, at one fell swoop, seven epileptic patients, "just to see how they would feel after a dose of prussic acid."

Illness, according to M. Raspail, is not a mystery of nature; it is not the result of some occult influence—some mysterious cause

instance, attacks us from without, and does not emanate from ourselves. To say that such and such a disease is caused by the blood, To say that the bile, the nerves, or the peccant humouta, is simply to give utterance to one of those name using plarases that mostly constitute the professional jergon of the schools, and are of the same family as that celebrated one. "Nature abhors a vacuum." These are hold words, François Vincent Raspail. You would tremble, I think, at your own boldness if you knew how many fishionable physicians there are here in England, whose fame, whose harvests of guine is, whose patents of baronetey, are due to that one talesmanic word "nerves." the bile, the nerves, or the peccent humours, are due to that one talismanic word "nerves How many practitioners have gained a reputation for vast and a'most boundless learning and wisdom by merely putting their thumbs in their waistcoat-pockets, with the head a little on one side, enunciating, soleunly, "Stommeh!" To ascertain what the external causes really are that affect our organs, we must have recourse to analogy, for in most cases they escape the scrutiny of our senses. When a point, or sting, or simple thorn, pierces your flesh, or gets into your skin, your sufferings may become exeruciating. Why? Because the thorn has violently torn the superficial expansions of the subdivisions of the nerves, and has opened to the external air free access to the tissues protected before by the epidermis. You know the illness in the case to be caused by the thorn or prickle, and would not dream of ascribing it to the and would not dream of ascribing it to the blood, the hile, or the nerves. But, let us suppose that, from some circumstance, the stine or proclide escapes our sight, and finds its way into the substance of the stomach or of the lungs; the presence of foreign bodies in either of these organs so essential to life will necessarily give rise to much more serious symptoms. Now, here the material cause of the evil not having been revealed to the senses, medicine will step in with a whole train of conjectures. One physican will asserbe the illness to the bile, another to the blood, a third to the nerves; and the patient will be called upon to ablicate his reasoning patient will be called upon to ablente his own free-will, and the use of his reasoning faculties, and to submit blindly to a course of treatment as little comprehended by the doctor as by the patient. A careful and minute post-mortem examination would reveal the presence of the little prickle, and show the do tor that the blood, the bile, or the nerves, had been most unjustly accused of having done all the mischief. The smilitude of the effects has never, in medicine, served to reveal the similatule of the causes; and, where the cause of a disease has been holden from observation, no one has ever had recourse to analogy to find it out.

M. Raspail enumerates, among the causes of diseases, the introduction of foreign bodies into the organism; of possons, or substances which, her from being adapted for assimilation and the development of the organic

tissues, combine with them only to disor-ganise and destroy them. Next, long-con-tinue i excesses of cold and heat, or suddetransition from one temperature to another; contusions; solutions of continuity of muscles; hurts and wounds; the introduction into our tissues of grammeals (grasses), dust, and sweeping of granaries, awns, prickles, down of plants or of grains: which, when present in the cavities of our organs, generate or develop themselves there, or swell e. Again, under the influence of moisture. Again, want or impurity of air; for, the most trifling alteration of the constitution of the atmosphere causes a disturbance of the regular functions of our organs. Pure air is the bread of respiration, Other causes are privation, excess, insufficiency of food, basiquality and adulteration of the alimentary substances. People die of indigestion as well as of starvation; the sufferings in the one case are equal to those in the other; and the indigestion of the rich, may be looked upon as a species of set-off to the starvation of the a species of set-off to the starvation of the poor. Others, again, are the external and internal phrasitism of hydatids, maggore, larvae of lies or caterpillars, tieks, maggore, coleopters, and especially intestinal worms that seize on the infant in the cradle, and often adhere to man through life, quitting him only in the grave, where they hand him over to other worms. Indeed, M. Raspail ascribes the "parecitism of the infanticely small" as the cause of nine-tenthal of our diseases. He through roughs among diseases. He finally ranks among our aids to it, it not causes of illness, moval make dies—violent impressions, wounded affections, decived hopes, disappointed ambation, weari-ness, and despair. Hereditary and constitu-tional discuss he seems determined to 20 to, and is even silent as to the diseases of differently and defective organisation. Their

can as are perhaps self-avident.

Now, having told us why we are ill, the author proceeds to tell us how we can keep well. Short and sententious are his hyperine procepts. You are to choose a dwelding expected to the sun, but sheltered from the auxious emanations of swamps, ditches, and rivers, go works and factories. You are not to inhabit the hitchen-short if you can help it. Let your dwelling-room be high, and look to any point of the compass but the north. (This would not suit artits, to whom a northern aspect is a desideratum). Don't turn your bedroom into a workfroom, library, or kitchen. Keep one window at least in a topen all day. Do not place anything in it that emits smell-, agreeable or otherwise. Esmish even flowers; they evolve suffocating cases. The walls should be printed; an papered with a good sound paper, pasted down firmly with size, scented over the trawith black pepper, alors, or garlie('), which M. Raspail terms the "camphor of the poor.' Have no paintings on the wids, no hangings to the bed. Sleep on a hard mattrees. Have

healthy all these arrangements, no doubt, M. Respail, but exceedingly ugly.

Stop the chinks between badly-joined boards with a paste of floor, pounded pepper, pounded aloes, plaster, and clay. By these means you will avoid draughts, need no vermin atmihilator, and he enabled to set rats, mice, burs, and flens, at defiance. I have seen a somewhat similar process adopted in the North of England; it is there called burging. Bats and mice abhor aloes; rat's-lane they don't much care for, especially if they can get a sufficient quantity of water to have they con't much care for, especially it drink afterwards. Put black pepper in grains, and small lumps of camphor, into the wool of your mattresses. Garnish the beds of infants of tencier years with picked leaves of the wood form (How far a border of the ferna of Great Britain, nature printed of course, would be a hardeneous in carried in a baby's of Great Britain, nature printed of course, would be a handageous in garnishing a baby's crib I am rather at a loss to know.) As an infant of tender years, I remember, myself, having had my bed garnished sometimes with the crimbs of French rolls, occasionally with the tristles of a hair-brush, cut up small, and on one occasion with a poker and a pair of tongs; but, beyond producing a sensible mritantial at uniteration of the epi lemms I am not a material to state what sanitary benefits I dereperced to state what sanitary benefits I derived therefore. M. Kaspail can at least quote traction in support of his leafy system of garnesteng—for did not the robin red-breats over the little children in the wood with leaves, and were not those infants of

totals transal

When is ar bedsteads frequently with camcherated brandy. Keep chloride of lime contamly at hand. Have a tire in your bedgar on a rea-hot iron plate. Have your bed well aired every day. Change your body from eacht and morning. Take a bath as often as ever you can. Never scour a floor; wax and dry-rub it. Let your clothes be made wide and easy. Gentlemen, have of the the wide and easy. Gentlemen, leave off burney jet tasts and all-round collars. The car press on the brow and chill the brain: I a served impede the respiration. Ladies, and the wear stays. Nurses and mothers, never a addle your babies. Tightness of dress is catture to an infant. When the weather is variable to the apen air: it will make them and toward strong.

Now hear M. Raspail upon culinary general thool cheer, he says, is one of the of preservatives of health. Keep regular ori preservatives of health. Keep regular ori for your meals. Eat and drink in aderation; vary your dishes. Never force arroad to eat if you have no appetite. Rest arroad half an hour after each meal: then to some bookly exercise. Never use any ar water for your drink or for culinary than prong water and well-filtered

no furniture in your bedroom but the bod, a arise entirely from the use of unwholesome was hand stand, and two chairs. Very water. Many epidemics might be traced to healthy all these arrangements, no doubt, M. the abominable compound of dirt and putridity which the water-companies are permitted to palm on us. Never drink water out of a ditch or pool, if you can possibly help it. You may swadow unwittingly small beeches even. If you happen to live in a country where If you happen to live in a country where gottre prevails endemically (which is caused by the use of water that has filtered through mercurial veins), put granulated tin into your esterns and drinking vessels. The lost bread for a hard-working man is made of a mixture of rye, barley, and wheat: the wheaten bread is more adapted for men of sedentary occupations. A good savonry potage (the French pot-au-feu, for which see Soyer), is one of the most nutritive and wholesome dishes, particularly for a weak stomach.

Hear Raspail on pickles, sauces, and condi-ments. If you can afford it, have always on your table by way of side-dishes, hams, your table by way of endeshishes, hams, sausages, anchovies, capers, green or black olives, marinades (pickled tish), tomato jelly, radishes, spiced mustard: in short, the best condiments you can afford; so that there may be a choice for various appetites. Do not listen to the tirules of the partisans of physiological doctrines, who, from an idle tear of increasing the gastric affections under physiological doctrines, who, from an idle tear of increasing the gastric affections under which they labour, dread and eschew the very things that would cure them. Season your stews and ragouts with bay-leaves, thyme, tarragon, garlie, pepper, pimento, or claves, according to circumstances. Druck water when you can procure it good, but take also a little wine for your stomech's seite. The addition of a reasonable quantity of aleabalic addition of a reasonable quantity of alcoholic liquor tends to accelerate a sluggish digestion, by supplying the excess of glaten with an amount of alcohol that the natural process couldn't produce under the circumstances. Hence the necessity for good wine, beer, and other alcoholic beverages for northern considerations. tutions. Flavour your cream or milk dishes with vanille, orange flowers, or cumiumon. Roast with vanine, orange nowers, or chinamon. Reast, vour joints, niways before an open fire; never have them baked. Legs and shoulders of mutton should be stuffed with garlic. A good salad is the most agreeable condiment, and the best promoter of a digestion fatigued by a long dinner. Wild and bitter endive make long dinner. Wild and bitter endive make an excellent and wholesome salad. Put in plenty of oil, and (if your senses can bear it), rub the bowl with garlie.

M. Buspail, as I have before binted, eschews hat he inculcates and strongly.

tee-totalism; but he inculeates and strongly recommends temperance—as what same man does not! He advises those who are blessed with the goods of this world to preter the light French wines (the so-called vins ordinaires) to the fine sorts, and either to the heavy Spanish and Portuguese wines-many of which (particularly the abonius tions compounded of bad brandy, geropico, and the onstitutions. It you can't get good and pure wine abstain from it altogether so with beer. As to the more potent alcohols, brandy, rum, gin, whiskey, arrack, their comparative parity may be tested simply enough: pour a few drops on your bands and rub them together briskly. Apply your nose to the palms, and the smell will at once tell you whether you have a pure article or a Fousel Oil counterfeit: the Fousel Oil, which immediately betrays its presence by its repulsive smell, is a poison that you account of the run all your of inner of inner or of the palms, and the thereof's gifts cheerfully, but in moderation; and be not deceived when you see a grey-haved glutton or a drunkard of fouracore, and say to yourself "O, I can feast, I can carouse without stint. Here is a hog that has grunted in Epicurus' stye for eighty years." Remember: That a drunkard who hath taken no burt by his drink is no more a proof of the innocuousness of drunkenness, than a soldier who hath been to the wars and hath never been wounded, is of the absence of danger in a battle.

A few more words on hygiène. Wearstrong and solid boots in winter. Instead of
an umbrella, which affords no real protection
against the rain, carry a hooded cloak, made
of light impermeable gauze, which, folded up,
may fit into your waistout pocket. Ladies,
instead of encumbering yourselves with a
parasol, wear a light broad-brimmed straw hat.
Eschew and denounce the use of spun-glass tissues and brocades, which, unhappily, are again
coming into fashion. They are confusion. Their
use was very properly abandoned during the
eighteenth century, because it was found that
the pulverulent particles of spun glass affected
the lungs most scriously, and often even
fatally. I can corroborate this statement of
M. Haspail from a fact within my own knowledge. Some years ago the Mistress of the
Robes of one of the principal metropolitan
theatres, told me that an accomplished
actress insisted upon wearing a dress of
some newly-introduced spun-glass tissue or
brocade in a Christmas piece. The dress
was made in the wardrobe of the theatre;
and, shortly afterwards, half the work-women
who were employed upon it were laid up
with sore fingers, wintlows, and severe
coughs. Workmen employed in the preparation of colours or other substances into the
composition of which mineral colours enter,
wash your heads and hands, first in lye-water
afterwards in soup-water, when leaving work,
at meal-times or at night. Bird-stuffers,
never use arsenical or mercurial preparations
to protect the skins you stuff against the
voracity of insects. It is fraught with the most
permicious and fatal consequences to yourselves
and to the collectors and curators of museums
of natural history. The desired object may
be obtained as fully, and in a perfectly safe

and preserves at home. Never boil halfpenra with your Brussells sprouts to green them. It is destruction. Let your spoons and forks be of silver, of tin, or of tinned iron, but on no account of therman silver, or of any other of the multinamed compositions precenting to mitate, or to be substitutes for gold and silver. The art of preparing a substance that hall in overy way replace gold and silver. silver. The art of preparing a substance that shall in every way replace gold and silver, remains as yet to be discovered. Keep your kitchens and dining-rooms scrupulously clean. A clean kitchen is, in nine-mid-three-quarter cases out of ten, the criterion of a clean housewife and a happy household. Governors, prohibit the sale of arsenic absolutely: the prohibition ought also to extend to rate-lame. Subject physicians' prescriptions of a dangerous nature to the prescriptions of a uniform matter to the control of a sanitary board; and make the apothecary who shall dispense a dangerous preparation, equally responsible for the consequences with the physician who has prescribed it. For, M. Raspail maintains that the materia medica of the old school contains not one accent of a deleterior or before the control of the old school contains the materia medica of the old school contains not one agent of a deleterious or dangerous nature, of which the therapeutic effects may not be as fully and effectually produced by an innocuous substance. Tramps, gipsics, you that sleep in the open air, on the ground, in trees or haystreks, stuff your cors with cotton, or tie a bandage round your head. Otherwise you will have ear-ache and affections caused by the introduction of seeds, beards of grass, &c., into the auditory tube, the meal chamber, or windpipe. Mothers, feed not your children upon sweets, biscuits, or mucilages. They feed not them, but ascarides, parasites instead. Give them, rather, sound condiments and wholesome pick ex. Wise men and women, all look early upon his as a duty, upon death as an accident or a necessity. Guard against the suggestions of hatred and the aberrations of love. Avoid enervating pursuits and expensive pleasures. hatred and the aberrations of love. As ordenervating pursuits and expensive pleasures. Rise in the morning as soon as you wake, go to bed at night as soon as you feel that it requires a strong effort of volition to keep your eyes open. Be angry as seldom as ever you can. Mever go to law. Be economical, never avaricious. Work, wash, and pray. So shall you live to a good old age, and your death, at last, be but an extinction of vitality without pain or suffering. Nay the length death, at last, be but an extinction of vitality, without pain or suffering. Nay, the length of human life might equal the fabulous longevity of the inhabitants of the sea, if we had in every season a constant and invariable temperature around us. But we

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL. CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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THE WORTHY MAGISTRATE.

Under this stereotyped title expressive of deference to the police-bench, we take the earliest opportunity afforded us by our manner of preparing this publication, of calling upon every Englishman who reads these pages to take notice what he is. The circulanages to take bottee what he is. The circumstant of this journal comprising a wide discretify of classes, we use it to disseminate the information that every Englishman is a drunkard. Drunkenness is the mational characteristic. Whereas the Germanian characteristic, whereas the Germanian characteristic is the content of 3. It is altogether a mistake to suppose it to be very questionable whether, even in declade, are always cober, the English, degraded Naples at this time, a magistrate esting at nought the bright example of the ture Germans domiciled among them, are always drunk. The authority for this politic and tauthful exposition of the English character, is a modern Solomon, whose taught fears its head near Drury Lane; the wise Mr. Hall, Chief Police Magistrate, sitting at Bow Street, Covent dividual out of between six and seven hundred national representatives, to be so far jealous of the honour of his country, as insignantly to protest against its being thus grossly stigmatised.

for at law.

A we hope to keep this household word foundard, affixed to the Englishman the awful Mr. Hatt from whom the no appeal, pretty steadily before the realers, we present the very pearl disvered in that magisterial oyster. On hursday, the math of this present month August, the following sublime passage to be in the virtuous laughter of the thiefvirtuous laughter of the thiefkers of How Street :

M. Hatt -Weie jon sober, Sir?

Herr - Yes, certainly.

reso utor. I am a German.

In Harr. — Ah, that accounts for it. If you had a Buglishman, you would have been drunk, for

occutor (similing),-The Germans get drunk

t. Hatt.—Yes, after they have resided any time his country. They acquire our English habits.

In reproducing these noble expressions, unly honourable to the Sage who uttered on, and to the Country that endures them, will correct half-a-dozen vulgar errors with within our observation, have been thee prevalent since the great occasion on the Open of the Sagest spake.

1. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that if a magistrate wilfully deliver himself of a slanderous aspersion, knowing it to be unjust, he is unfit for his post.

2. It is altogether a mistake, to suppose that if a magistrate, in a fit of bile brought on by recent disregard of some very absurd evidence of his, so yield to his ill-temper as to deliver himself, in a sort of mad exasperation, of such slanderous aspersion as aforesaid, he is unfit for his post.

3. It is altogether a mistake to suppose

dignantly to protest against dignantly to protest against grossly stigmatised.

5. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that the Home Office has any association whatever with the general credit, the general self-respect, the general feeling in behalf of decent uttorance, or the general resentment when the same is most discreditably violated. The Home Office is merely displayed and of the self-respect o

resentment when the same is most discre-ditably violated. The Home Office is merely an ornamental institution supported out of the general pocket.

6. It is altogether a mistake to suppose that Mr. Hall is anybody's business, or that we, the mere bone and sinew, tag rag and boltail of England, have anything to do with him, but to pay him his salary, accept his Justice, and meekly how our heads to his ligh and mighty reproof.

to his high and mighty reproof.

AN ACCURSED BACE.

We have our prejudices in England. Or if that assertion offends any of my readers, I will modify it. We have had our prejudices in England. We have tortured Jews; we have burnt Catholics and Protestants, to say nothing of a few witches and wizards. We have satirised Puritans, and we have dressed up. Gays. Hot, after all I do not think

we have been so bad as our Continental friends. To be sure our insular position has kept us free, to a certain degree, from the introdes of alien races; who, driven from one land of refuge, steal into another equally unwilling to receive them; and where, for long centuries, their presents is largely endured. centuries, their presence is barely endured, and no pains is taken to coneoal the repugnance which the natives of "pure blood" experience towards them.

There yet remains a remnant of the miser-

able people called Cagots in the valleys of the Pyrenees; in the landes near Bourdeaux; and, stretching up on the west side of France, their numbers become larger in Lower Brittany. Even now, the origin of these families is a word of shame to them among their neighbours; although they are pro-tected by the law, which confirmed them in the equal rights of citizens about the end the equal rights of citizens about the end of the last century. Before then they had lived, for hundreds of years, isolated from all those who boasted of pure blood, and they had been, all this time, oppressed by cruel local edicts. They were truly, what they were popularly called, The Accursed

All distinct traces of their origin are lost, Even at the close of that period which we call The Middle Ages, this was a problem which The Middle Ages, this was a problem which no one could solve; and as the traces, which even then were faint and uncertain, have vanished away one by one, it is a complete mystery at the present day. Why they were accursed in the first instance, why isolated from their kind, no one knows. From the carriest accounts of their state that are yet remaining to us, it seems that the names which they gave each other were ignored by the population they lived amongst, who spoke of them as Crestian, or Cagols, just as we speak of animals by their generic names. speak of animals by their generic names. Their houses or huts were always placed at some distance out of the villages of the country folk, who unwillingly called in the services of the Cagots as carpenters, or tilers, or slaters-trades which seemed appropriated by this unfortunate race—who were forbid-den to occupy land, or to bear arms; the usual occupations of those times. They had some small right of pasturage on the common lands, and in the forests: but the number of their cattle and live stock was strictly limited by the earliest laws relating to the Cagots. They were forbidden by one act to have more than twenty sheep, n pig, a ram, and six geese. The pig was to be fattened and brilled for winter food; the fleece of the sheep was to clothe them; but, if the said sheep had lambs, they were forbidden to eat them. Their only wirdless with the said sheep had lambs, privilege arising from this increase was t livet they night choose out the strongest and finest in preference to keeping the old sheep. At Martinuas the authorities of the commune came round, and counted over the stock of water, was forbidden to the Cagoterie. A cash Cagot. If he had more than his appointed number they were forfeited; half the town, was liable to be flogged out of it

went to the commune, and half to the baillie, or chief magistrate of the commune. The poor beasts were limited as to the amount of common land which they might stray over in search of green. While the cattle of the in search of grass. While the cattle of the inhabitants of the commune might wander hither and thitter in search of the sweetest hither and thither in search of the sweetest berbage, the deepest shade, or the coolest peod in which to stand on the hot days, and inzily switch their dappled sides, the Cagot sheep and pig had to learn imaginary bounds, beyond which if they strayed, any one might snap them up, and kill them, reserving a part of the flesh for his own use, but graciously restoring the inferior parts to their original owner. Any damage done by the sheep was however fairly appraised, and the Cagot paid no more for it than any other man would no more for it than any other man would have done.

Did a Cagot leave his poor cabin, and venture into the towns, even to render acreices required of him in the way of his trade, he was bidden by all the municipal laws to stand by and remember his rude obl state. In all the towns and villages in the large districts extending on both sides of the Pyrenees—in all that part of Spain—they were ferbidden to buy or sell anything extable, to walk in the middle (esteemed the better) part of the streets, to come within the gates before sun-rise, or to be found after sun-set within the walls of the town. But still, as the Cagots were good-booking men, and (although they bore certain natural marks of their caste, of which I shall speak by-and-by) were not easily distinguished by casual passers-by from other men, they were compelled to wear some distinctive peculiarity which should arrest the eye; and, in the greater number of towns, it was deshould be a piece of red cloth sewed conspi-cuously on the front of his dress. In other towns, the mark of Cagoterie was the foot of a duck or a goose hung over their left shoulder, so as to be seen by any one meeting them After a time, the more convenient budge of a piece of yellow cloth cut out in the shape of a piece of vellow cloth cut out in the shape of a duck's foot, was adopted. If any Cagot was found in any town or village without his badge, he had to pay a fine of five sous and to lose his dress. He was expected to shrink away from any passer-by, for fear that their clothes should touch each other; or else to stand still in some corner or bye-place, If they were thirsty during the day which they passed in these towns where their presence was barely suffered, they had no means of quenching their thirst, for they were farbid-den to enter into the little cabarets or taverns. Even the water gushing out of the com-mon fountain was prohibited to them. Far away, in their own squalid village, there was

In the Pays Basque, the prejudices-and for our time the laws-ran stronger against the Canada than any which I have hitherto men-Cagots than any which I have hitherto mentioned. The Basque Cagot was not allowed to pessess sheep. He might keep a pig for provision, but his pig had no right of pasturage. He might cut and carry grass for the ass, which was the only other animal he was permutted to own; and, this ass was permutted, because its existence was anther an advantage to the opposite which rather an advantage to the oppressor, who constantly availed themselves of the Ungot's mechanical skill, and was glad to have him and has tools easily conveyed from one place

They were repulsed by the State. Under the small local governments they could hold no post whatsoever. And they were barely tolerated by the Church, although they were good catholics, and zealous frequenters of the mass. They might only enter the hurches by a small door set apart for them, through which no one of the pure race ever present. This door was low, so as to compel hem to make an obeisance. It was occamountly automided by sculpture, which invanaily represented an oak-branch with a they might not go to the holy water used by others. They had a beuitier of their own; nor were they allowed to share in the consecuted of the one when that was handed round to the training of the pure race. The Cagots are in after off, near the door. There were contain boundaries -imaginary lines on the mare and in the aisles which they might not the Promean villages, the blessed bread was offered to the Cagots, the priest standing a one sale of the houndary, and giving the When the Cagot died, he was interred

war, in a plot of burying-ground on the who of the cemetery. Under such laws and pre-criptions as I have described, it no wooder if he was generally too poor to heart; but, certain descriptions of it were forth-ded to the commune. The only pos-cession of his which all who were not of his That was trainted, infectious, unclean—fit for hut Cagnits.

Who were, for at least three centurnes, the prevalent usages and opinious with regard to this oppressed race, it is no wonder that we read of occasional outbursts of ferore violence on their part. In the Basses from years since that the Ungots of Rehouilhes

a against the inhabitants of the neigh-

could, kept their houses for fear of coming and slain, and their ghastly bloody heads in contact with the accursed race.

In the Pays Basque, the prejudices—and for play at nine pins with! The local parliaments had begun by this time to perceive how oppressive was the ban of public opinion under which the Cagots lay, and were not inclined to enforce too severe a punishment.

Accordingly, the decree of the parliament
of Toulouse, condemned only the leading Cagots concerned in this affray to be put to death, and that henceforward and for ever no Cagot was to be permitted to enter the town of Laurden by town of Lourdes by any gate but that called Capilet-pourtet: they were only to be allowed to walk under the rain gutters, and neither to sit, eat, or drink in the town. If they failed in observing any of these rules. parliament decreed, in the spirit of Shylock, that the disobedient Cagots should have two strips of tlesh, weighing never more than two onnees each, cut out from each side of

their spines. In the fourteenth, fifteenth, and sixteenth

centuries, it was considered no more a crime to brill a Cagot than to destroy obnoxious vermin. A "nest of Cagots," as the old accounts phrase it, had assembled in a deserted castle of Manvezin, about in a deserted castle of Manvezin, about the year sixteen hundred; and certainly they made themselves not very agreeable neighbours, as they seemed to enjoy their reputation of magicians; and, by some acoustic secrets which were known to them, all sorts of monning and groanings were beard in the neighbouring forests, very much to the alarm of the good people of the pure race; who could not cutoff a withered branch for firewood but some unearthly sound seemed to fill the air, or drink water which was not poisoned, because the Cagots would pensist in filling their pitchers at the same running stream. Added to these grievances, the various pilferings perpetually going on in the neighbourhood, made the inhabitants of the neighbouring towns and hamlets believe that they had a very sufficient cause for wishing to murder all the Cagots in the Château de Mauvezin. But it was surrounded by a moat, and only accessible by a drawbridge; besides which, the Cagots were fierce and vigilant. Some one, however, proposed to get into their confidence; and for this purpose he pretended to fall ill close to their path, so that on returning to their strong-hold they perceived him, and took him in, restored him to health, and made a friend of him. One day, when they were all playing at nine-pine in the woods, their treacherous friend left the party on pretence of being thirsty, and went back into the eastle, drawing up the bridge after he had passed over it, and so cutting off their means of escape into safety. Then, going up to the highest part of the castle, he blew upon a horn, and the watch for some such signal, fell upon the the Cagats at their games, and slew them creatl. For this murder I find no punish-tell ment decreed in the parliament of Toulouse, gatlor elsewhere.

As any intermarriages with the pure race was strictly forbidden, and as there were books kept in every commune in which the names and habitations of the reputed Cagots were written, these unfortunate people had no hope of ever becoming blended with the rest of the population. Did a Cagot marriage take place, the couple were serenaded with satirical songs. They also had minstrels, and many of their remances are still current in Brittany; but they did not attempt to make any reprisals of satire or abuse. Their disposition was amiable, and their intelligence great. Indeed it required both these qualities, and their great love of mechanical labour, to make their lives tolerable.

At last they began to petition that they might receive some protection from the laws; and, towards the end of the seventeenth century, the judicial power took their side. But they gained little by this. Law could not prevail against custom: and, in the ten or twenty years just preceding the first French revolution, the prejudice in France against the Cagots amounted to fierce and positive ab-

At the beginning of the sixteenth century, the Cagots of Navarre complained to the Pope, that they were excluded from the fellowship of men, and accursed by the Church, because their ancestors had given help to a certain Count Raymond of Toulouse in his revolt against the Holy See. They entreated his holiness not to visit upon them the sins of their fathers. The pope issued a bull—on the thirteenth of May, fifteen hundred and fifteen—ordering them to be well-treated and to be admitted to the same privileges as other men. He charged Don Juan de Santa Maria of Pampeluna to see to the execution of this bull. But Don Juan was slow to help, and the poor Spanish Cagots grew impatient, and recolved to try the secular power. They accordingly applied to the cortes of Navarre, and were opposed on a variety of grounds. First, it was stated that their ancestors had had "nothing to do with Raymond Count of Toulouse, or with any such knightly personage; that they were in fact descendants of Gehazi, servant of Elisha (second book of Kinga, fifth chapter, twenty-seventh verse), who had been accursed by his master for his frand upon Naaman, and doomed, he and his deacendants, to be lepers for evermore. Name, Cagots or Gahets; Gahets, Gehazites. What can be more clear? And if that is not enough, and you tell us that the Cagots are not lepers now; we reply that there are two kinds of leprosy, one perceptible and the other imperceptible, even to the person suffering from it. Besides, it is the country talk, that where the Cagot treads the grass withers, proving

the unnatural heat of his body. Many credible and trustworthy witnesses will also tell you that, if a Cagot holds a freshly-gathered apple in his hand, it will shrivel and wither up in an hour's time as much as if it had been kept for a whole winter in a dry room. They are born with tails; although the parents are cunning enough to pinch them off immediately. Do you doubt this! If it is not true, why do the children of the pure race delight in sewing on sheeps' tails to the dress of any Cagot who is so absorbed in his work as not to perceive them? and their bodily smell is so horrible and detestable that it shows that they must be heretics of some vile and permicious description, for do we not read of the incense of good workers, and the fragrance of holiness?"

Such were literally the arguments by which the Cagots were thrown back into a worse position than ever, as far as regarded their rights as citizens. The pope insisted that they should receive all their ecclesiastical privileges. The Spanish priests said nothing, but tacitly refused to allow the Cagots to mingle with the rest of the faithful, either dead or alive. The secursed race obtained laws in their favour from the Emperor Charles the Fifth; but there was no one to carry these laws into effect. As a sort of revenge for their want of submission and for their impertinence in daring to complain, their tools were all taken away from them by the local authorities: an old man and all his family died of starvation, being no longer allowed to fish.

They could not emigrate. Even to remove their poor mud habitations, from one spot to another, excited anger and auspicion. To be sure, in sixteen hundred and ninety-five, the Spanish government ordered the alcades to search out all the Cagots, and to expel them before two months had expired, under pain of having fifty ducats to pay for every Cagot remaining in Spain at the expiration of that time. The inhabitants of the villages rose up and flogged out any miserable Cagots who might be in their neighbourhood; but the French were on their guard against this enforced irruption, and refused to permit them to enter France. Numbers were hunted up into the inhospitable Pyrences, and there died of starvation, or became a prey to wild beasts. They were obliged to wear both gloves and shoes when they were thus put to flight, otherwise the atones and herbage they trod upon, and the balustrades of the bridges that they crossed, would, according to popular belief, have

become poisonous.

And all this time there was nothing remarkable or disgusting in the outward appearance of this unfortunate people. There was nothing about them to countenance the idea of their being lepers—the most natural mode of accounting for the abhorrence in which they were held. They were repeatedly

instance, the surgeons of the king of Navarre, in sixteen hundred, bled twenty-two Cagots, in order to examine and analyse their blood. They were young and healthy people of both sexes; and the doctors seem to have expected that they should have been able to extract some new kind of salt from their blood which some new kind of salt from their blood which should account for the wonderful heat of their bodies. But their blood was just like that of other people. Some of these medical men have left us an account of the general appearance of this unfortunate race, at a time when they were more numerous and less intermixed than they are now. The families existing in the south and west of france, who are reputed to be of Cagot descent at this day, are, like their ancestors. descent at this day, are, like their ancestors, tall, largely made, and powerful in frame; fuir and ruddy in complexion, with grey-blue eyes, in which some observers see a pensive heaviness of look. Their lips are thick, but heaviness of look. Their hips are thick, but well-formed. Some of the reports name their sail expression of countenance with surprise and suspicion—"They are not gay, like other folk." The wonder would be if they were. Dr. Guyon, the medical man of the his century who has left the clearest report on the health of the Cagots, speaks of the recovery old age they attain to. In one rigorous old age they attain to. In one fa miy alone, he found a man of seventy-four years of age; a woman as old, gathering cherries, and another woman, aged eighty-birse was lying on the grass, having her hair mited by her great-grandchildren. Dr. above of the horribly infectious smell which he Cagots were said to leave behind them, of upon everything they touched; but they and upon everything they touched; but they all perceive nothing unusual on this head. They also examined their ears, which, according to common belief (a belief existing to thay), were differently shaped to those of they people; being round and gristly, without the lobe of flesh into which the car-ring They decided that most of the exote whom they examined had the ears of its round shape; but they gravely added, had they saw no reason why this should to the power of holding office in church and the table. They recorded the fact, that the believe of the towns ran basing after any streets to make purchases, in allusion to the peculiarity of the shape of the ear, which have some resemblance to the ears of the same p as they are cut by the shapherds in this district. Dr. Guyon names the case of a matter of the case of a continuity of the allowed to sing canticles in a proper to be allowed to sing canticles in a proper to the companist, more musician than bigot, allowed her to come; but the indignant congregation, finding out whence that the contract that the c

examined by learned doctors, whose experiments, although singular and rude, appear to
dung her "remember her ears," and not comhave been made in a spirit of humanity. For
mit the sacribege of singing praises to God
instance, the surgeous of the king of Navarre, lalong with the pure race.

along with the pure race.

But this medical report of Dr. Guyon's—bringing facts and arguments to confirm his epinion, that there was no physical reason why the Cagots should not be received on terms of social equality by the rest of the world—did no more for his clients than the legal decrees promulgated two centuries before had done. The French held with Hudibras, that—

He that's convinced against his will Is of the same opinion still.

And, indeed, the being convinced by Dr. Guyon that they ought to receive Cagots as fellow-creatures, only made them more rabid in declaring that they would not. One or two little occurrences which are recorded prove that the bitterness of the repugnance to the Cagots was in full force in the time just preceding the first French revolution. There was a M. d'Abedos, the curate of Lourbes, and brother to the seigneur of the neighbouring eastle, who was living in seventeen hundred and eighty; he was welleducated for the time, a travelled man, and sensible and moderate in all respects but that of his abborrence of the Cagots; he would insult them from the very altar, calling out to them, as they stood after off, "Oh! ye Cagots, damned for evermore!" One day, a half-blind Cagot stumbled and touched the censer borne before this Abbé de Lourbes. He was immediately turned out of the church, and forbidden ever to re-enter it. One does not know how to account for the fact, that the very brother of this bigoted abbé, the seigneur of the village, went and married a Cagot girl; but so it was, and the abbé brought a legal process against brun, and had his estates taken from him, solely on account of his marriage, which reduced him to the condition of a Cagot, against whom the old laws were still in force. The descendants of this Seigneur de Lourbes are simple peasants at this very day, working on the lands which belonged to their grandfather.

This prejudice against mixed marriages remained prevalent until very lately. The tradition of the Cagot descent lingured amongst the people, long after the laws against the accuraed race were abolished. A Breton girl, within the last few years, having two lovers each of reputed Cagot descent, employed a notary to examine their pecification, and see which of the two had least Cagot in him; and to that one she gave her hand. In Brittany the prejudice seems to have been more virulent than anywhere else. M. Emile Sonvestre records proofs of the hatred borne to them in Brittany so late as eighteen hundred and thirty-five. Just lately a baker at Hennebon, having married a girl of Campt descent lant sile his curtom. The

godfather and godmother of a Cagot child became Cagots themselves by the Breton laws, unless, indeed, the poor little baby died before attaining a certain number of days. They had to eat the butchers' meat condemned as unhealthy; but, for some unknown reason, they were considered to have a right to every cut loaf turned upside down, with its cut side towards the door, and might enter any house in which they saw a loaf this position, and carry it away with them. About thirty years ago, there was the skele-ton of a hand hanging up as an offering in a Breton Church near Quimperle, and the tradition was, that it was the hand of a rich Cagot who had dared to take hely water out Cagot who had dared to take holy water out of the usual benitier, some time at the beginning of the reign of Louis the Sixteenth, which an old soldier witnessing, he laid in wait, and the next time the offender approached the benitier, he cut off his hand, and hung it up, dripping with blood, as an offering to the patron saint of the church. The poor Cagots in Brittany petitioned against their opprobious name, and begged to be distinguished by the annellation of be distinguished by the appellation of landrins. To English ears one name is Mulamirina. much the same as the other, as neither conveys any meaning; but, to this day, the descendants of the Cagots do not like to have this word applied to them, preferring the term Malandrin.

The French Cagots tried to destroy all the

records of their parish descent, in the commo-tions of seventeen hundred and eighty-nine; but it writings have disappeared, the tradition yet remains, and points out such and such a family as Cagot, or Malandrin, or Oiselier, according to the old terms of abhor-

There are various ways in which learned men have attempted to account for the unipowerful race are hold. Some say that the antipathy to them took its rise in the days when leprosy was a dreadfully prevalent disease; and that the Cagots are more liable than other men to a kind of skin disease, not precisely leprosy, but resembling it in some of its symptoms; such as dead whiteness of complexion, and swellings of the face and extremities. There was also some resemblance to the ancient Jewish custom in respect to lepers, in the habit of the people; who, on meeting a Cagot, called out, "Cagote! Cagote?" to which they were bound to reply, "Perlute! perlute!" Leprosy is not properly an infectious complaint, in spite of the horror in which the Cagot furniture, and the cloth woven by them, is held in some places; the disorder is hereditary, and hence (say this hady of wise men, who have troubled themwhen to account for the origin of Cagotorie) the reasonableness and the justice of proventing any mixed marriages, by which this venting any thired marriages, by which this some new country, where their race might be terr ble tendency to be prous complaints might be unknown. Here was mother proof of their be spread far and wide. Another authority descent from Abraham and his nomable

says, that though the Cagots are fine-looking men, hard-working, and good mechanics, yet that they bear in their faces, and show in their actions reasons for the detestation in which they are held; their glance, if you meet it, is the jettatura, or evil eye, and they are spiteful, and cruel, and deceitful above all other men. All these qualities they derive from their ancestor Gehazi, the servant of Elisha, together with their tendency to leprosy.

Again, it is said that they are descended from the Arian Goths, who were permitted to live in certain places in Guienne and Languedoc, after their defeat by King Clovis, on condition that they abjured their hereay, and kept themselves separate from all other men for ever. The principal reason alleged in support of this supposition of their Gothic descent, is the specious one of derivation,— Chieus Gots, Cans Gots, Engots, equivalent to Dogs of Goths.

Again, they were thought to be Saracens, coming from Syria. In confirmation of this idea, was the belief that all Carots were possessed by a horrible smell. The Lomidea, was the owner.

possessed by a horrible smell. The Lombards, also, were an unfragrant rave, or so reputed among the Italians: witness Pope Stephen's letter to Charleman, daughter of from marrying Bertha, daughter of hun from marrying Bertha, daughter of Dudier, King of Lombardy. The Lombards boasted of Eastern descent, and were noisome. The Cagots were noisome, and therefore must be of Eastern descent. What could be clearer? In addition, there was the proof to be derived from the name Cagot, which those holding the opinion of their Saracen descent held to be Chiens, or Chasseurs des Gots, because the Saraceus chased the Goths out of Spain. Moreover, the Saraceus were originally Mahometans, and as such obliged to bathe seven times a-day; whence the badge of the duck's foot. A duck was a water bird: Mahometans bathed in the Proof upon proof! water.

In Brittany the common idea was, they were of Jewish descent. Their unpleasant smell was again pressed into the service. The Jews it was well known had this physical service. sical infirmity, which might be cured either by bathing in a certain fountain in Egyptwhich was a long way from Brittany-or anointing themselves with the blood of a Christian child. Blood gushed out of the body of every Cagot on Good Friday. No wonder, if they were of Jewish descent. It was the only way of accounting for so portentous a fact. Again; the Cagots were capital carpenters, which gave the Brotons every reason to believe that their ancestors were the very dews who made the cross. When first the inde of emigration set from Brittany to America, the oppressed Cagots crowled to the ports, seeking to go to

people; and, the forty years' wandering in the wilderness and the Wandering Jew himself, were pressed into the service to prove that the Cagots derived their restlessness and love of change from their ancestors, the Jews. The Jews also practised artsmaric, and the Cagots sold bags of wind to the Braton sailors, enchanted maidens to love them—maidens who never would have eared for them, unless they had been previously enchanted—made hollow rocks and trees give out strange and unearthly noises, and sold the magical herb called bon-succès. It is true enough that, in all the early acts of the fourteenth century, the same laws apply to Jews as to Cagots, and the appellations seem used indiscriminately; but their fair complexions, their remarkable devotion to all the ceremonies of the Catholic Church, and many other circumstances, conspire to forbid our believing them to be of Hebrew

Another very plausible idea is, that they are the descendants of unfortunate individuals afflicted with gottres, which is, even to this day, not an uncommon disorder in the gorges and valleys of the Pyrenees. Some have even derived the word goltre from Got, or Goth; but their name, Crestian, is not unlike retin, and the same symptoms of idiotism; were not unusual among the Cagots; al-though scar-times, if old tradition is to be created, their malady of the brain took rather the farm of violent delirium, which attacked them at new and full moons, Then the workmen laid down their tools, and practice up and down the country; perpetual action was required to alleviate the agony of that seized upon the Cagots at such the seized upon the Cagots at such the seized upon the Cagots at such the seized. In this desire for rapid movement, be attack resembled the Neapolitan tarancila; while in the mad deeds they personed during such attacks, they were not take the northern Berserker. In Bearn 19-2-2-21y, those suffering from this madness erro mended by the pure race; the Beargreat forests that lay around the base of the P renees, feared above all things to go too bear the periods when the Cagoutelle sized on the oppressed and accuraed people; urda whom it was then the oppressors' turn of that, who had married a Cagot wife; he must to beat her right soundly when he saw the first soundly and, and, having reduced her to a wholesome state of a limition and insensibility, he locked her up mul the moon had altered her shape in the heavens. If he had not taken in decided steps, my the oldest inhabitatta, there is no knowing what might have

trom the thirteenth to the end of the masternth century, there are facts enough to prove the universal abhorrence in which

in this unfortunate race was held; whether called Cagots, or Cahets in Pyrenean districts, Caqueaux in Brittany, or Vaqueros in asserts. The great French revolution brought some good out of its fermentation of the people; the more intelligent among to them tried to overcome the prejudice against

the Cagots.

In seventeen hundred and eighteen, there was a famous cause tried at Biarritz relating to Cagot rights and privileges. There was a wealthy miller. Etienne Arnauld by name, of the race of Gotz, Quagotz, Bisigotz, Astragotz, or Gahetz, as his people are described in the legal document. He married an heiress a Gotte (or Cagot) of Biarritz; and the newly-married well-to-do couple saw no reason why they should stand near the door in the church, nor why he should not hold some civil office in the commune, of which he was the principal inhabitant. Accordingly, he petitioned the law that he and his wife might be allowed to sit in the gallery of the church, and that he might be relieved from his civil disabilities. This wealthy white miller, Etienne Arnauld, pursued his rights with some vigour against the Baillie of Labourd, the dignitary of the neighbourhood. Whereupon the inhabitants of Biarritz met in the open air on the eighth of May, to the number of one hundred and fifty; approved of the conduct of the Baillie in rejecting Arnauld, made a subscription, and gave all power to their lawyers to defend the cause of the pure race against Etienne Arnauld — "that stranger," who, having married a girl of Cagot blood, ought also to be expelled from the holy places. This lawsuit was carried through all the local courts, and ended by an appeal to the highest court in Paris; where a decision was given against lasque superstitions; and Etienne Arnauld was thenceforward entitled to enter the gallery of the

ohurch.

Of course the inhabitants of Biarritz were all the more ferocious for having been conquered; and, four years later, a carpenter, Miguel Legaret, auspected of Cagot descent, having placed himself in church among other people, was dragged out by the abbé and two of the jurats of the parish. Legaret defended himself with a sharp knife at the time, and went to law afterwards; the end of which was that the abbé and his two accomplices were condemned to a public confession of penitence to be intered while on their knees at the church door, just after high mass. They appealed to the parliament of Bourdeaux against this decision, but met with no better success than the opponents of the miller Arnauld. Legaret was confirmed in his right of standing where he would in the parish church. That a living Cagot had equal rights with other men in the town of Biarritz seemed now ceded to them; but a dead Cagot was a different thing. The

inhabitants of pure blood struggled long and hard to be interred apart from the abhorred race. The Cagots were equally persistent in claiming to have a common burying-ground. Again the texts of the old Testament were referred to, and the pure blood quoted triumplantly the precedent of Uzziah the leper the precedent of Czzini the reper-turenty-sixth chapter of the second book of Chronicles), who was buried in the field of the Sepulchres of the Kings, not in the sepulchres themselves. The Cagots pleaded that they were healthy and able-bodied; with no taint of leprosy near them. They were met by the of leprosy near them. They were met by the strong argument so difficult to be refuted, which I have quoted before. Leprosy was of

which I have quoted before. Leprosy was of two kinds, perceptible and imperceptible. If the Cagots were suffering from the latter kind, who could tell whether they were free from it or not? That decision must be left to the judgment of others. One sturdy Cagot family alone, Belone by name, kept up a lawsuit claiming the privilege of common sepulture, for forty-two years; although the curé of Biarritz had to pay one hundred livres for every Cagot not interred in the right place. The inha-bitants indemnified the curate for all these fines. fines

M. de Romagne, Bishop of Tarbes, who died in seventeen hundred and sixty-eight, was the first to allow a Cagot to fill any office in the Church. To be sure, some were so spiritless as to reject office when it was offered to them, because, by so claiming their equality, they had to pay the same taxes as other men, instead of the Rancale or poll-tax levied on the Cagots; the collector of which had also a right to claim a piece of bread of certain size for his dog at every Cagot dwelling.

Even in the present century it has been necessary in some churches, for the archdeacon of the district, followed by all his clergy, to pass out of the small door previously apprepriated to the Cagots in order to mitigate the superstition which, even so lately, made the people refuse to mingle with then in the house of God. A Cagot once played the congregation at Larroque tricks auggested by what I have just named. He alily locked the great parish-door of the church while the greater part of the inhabitants were assisting at mass inside; put gravel in the lock itself, so as to prevent the use of any duplicate key,—and had the pleasure of seeing the proud pure-blooded people file out with bended head, through the small low door used by the abhorred

Cagots.
We are naturally shocked at discovering, with which innocent and industrious people were so recently persecuted. Gentle render, am I not rightly representing your feelings ! If so, perhaps the moral of the history of the accursed races may be best conveyed in the words of an epitaph on Mrs. Mary Hand,

who lies buried in the churchyard of Stratford-on-Avon.

> What faults you saw in me, Pray strive to shon; And look at home there's Something to be done.

THE CHILD-SEER.

THE little story I am going to tell, is a true story of pioneer life in America. It is known to many descendants of the early settlers among whom it happened, and I write it in that country.

One of the darkest pages in American history is that relating to the sufferings of the inhabitants of Tryon county, New York, during the war of the revolution, from the attacks of the Indians and Royalists under the Mohawk chief Brant and the more savage Captain Walter Butler. Early in the war, Cherry Valley was selected as a place of Cherry valley was selected as a place of the inhabitants of the refuge and defence for the inhabitants of the smaller and more exposed settlements. Blockhouses were built, fortifications were thrown up, and finally, a fort was erected, under the direction of General La Fayette. The inhabitants of the surrounding settlements came in and lived for several months as in garrison, submitting to strict military regulations.

Among the families which took temporary Among the families which took temporary refuge in this fort, was that of Captain Robert Lindsay, formerly a British officer,—brave and adventurous, who, only at the entreaty of his wife, had left his farm which stood in a lonely unprotected situation, several miles from any settlement. This Captain Lindsay was a reserved, melancholy man, about whom the simple and honest pioneers wondered and speculated not a little. His language and manner besnoke a little. His language and manner bespoke at once the man of education and breeding. His wife, though a quiet, heroic woman, was evidently a lady by nature and association.

Captain Lindsay had a native love of solitude and adventure,—the first requisites for a pioneer; and for several years no other reason was known for his seeking the wilds, and exposing his tender family to all the perils and privations of a frontier life. But at length an emigrant coming from his native place, in the Highlands of Scotland, brought the story of his exile, which was briefly this.—Captain Lindsay, when a somewhat dissi-pated young man, proud and passionate, had quarrelled with a brother-officer, an old friend at a mess-dinner. Both officers had drunk freely; and their difference was aggravated by hot-brained, half-drunken partisans. In-sulting words were exchanged, and a duel on sulfing words were exchanged, and a duel of the spot was the consequence. Limbary escaped with a slight wound; but his sword pierced the heart of his friend. He was hurried away to a secure hiding-place, but not before he had learned that in the first matter of dispute he had been in the wrong. Lindsay made all the reparation in his

power, by transferring his paternal estate, for the term of his own lifetime, to the homeless widow and young daughter of his friend.

Then, with his wife's small property, and the price of his commission, he secretly emigrated to America. He left his family in New York, while he went up the Hudson, porchased a small farm, and built a house for their reception. He was accompanied in this expedition by an old family servitor; who, with true Highland fidelity, clung to his unfortunate master with exemplary devotion.

Mrs. Lindsay's heart sank within her when she found that her new home was so far from any settlement,-literally in the wilderness; but the understood her husband's misauthropic gloom, almost amounting to melauther forest home was very beautiful,—a small valley-farm, surrounded by densely-wooded hills, dark gorges, and mossy dells. The house was a rough, primitive-looking structure, containing but three small apartments and a low chamber, or rather loft. But it was comfortably and securely built; and, overluing by noble trees, and overruin by wild vines was not unjecturesque. Under the wild vines, was not unpicturesque. Under the trateful care of Mrs. Lindsay, a little garden soon sprang up around it, where, among many strange plants bloomed a few familiar flowers,

The family at the period of their taking refere in the fort at Cherry Valley, condisted of three sons and an infant daughter (the last, born in America), the man Davie, and a maid-servant. Douglas, the elder son, a lad of twelve or thirteen, was a brave, high-spirited, somewhat self-willed how, tall and handsome, and the especial prote of his mother; not alone because he san her first-born, but because he most vividly recalled to her heart, her husband in a happy days. Angus, the second son, was a slight, delicate, fair-haired boy, possesing a highly sensitive and poetic nature. Inconsciously displaying at times singular and startling intuitions—dreaming uncomprobability displaying at times singular and startling intuitions—dreaming uncomprobability verified, and uttering involuntary troplexies, which time often fulfilled—he was always spoken of as "a strange child," and, for all his tender years and sweet pensive have, was regarded with a secret, shrinking sisted of three sons and an infant daughter was regarded with a secret, shrinking the even by those nearest to him. In truth, the child seemed to be gifted with that weild, mysterious faculty known as second-

Archie, the youngest son, his father's own tarling, was a stundy, rosy-cheeked, curly-headed boy of five. Effic was yet at the mother's breast, a little rosy bud of beauty, a fair promise of infinite joy and comfort to her mother's saddened heart.

As I have stated, this family took refuge

of Captain Lindsay—who, as he remained neutral, had little fear of the Indians—and also of his eldest son, who funcied there was something cowardly in flying from their forest-home before it had been attacked. The latter, however, was soon reconciled by the opportunity afforded him, for the first time for several years, of associating with lads of his own age, of whom there were a goodly number at the fort and settlement. The sports and exercises of the men and youth were entirely of a military character; and Douglas, who had inherited martial tastes from a long line of warlike ancestors, and who had been instructed by his father in military rules and evolutions, soon became the captain of a company of boys, armed with formidable wooden guns, and fully equipped as mimic soldiers. Angus was made his lieutenant; but this was a piece of favouritism, the child having little taste or talent for the

profession of arms.

profession of arms.

One bright May morning, as these young amateur fighters were parading on the green before the fort, they had spectators whom they little suspected. Upon a hill, about a mile away, Joseph Brant had posted a large party of his braves, where, concealed by the thick wood, they were looking down on the settlement. It had been his intention to attack the fort that night; but this grand parade of light infantry deceived him. At that distance, he mistook the boys formen, and decided to defer the attack till he could ascertain, by his acouts, the exact strength of the place. In the meantine, he moved his party northward a few miles, to a point on the road leading from Cherry Valley to the Mehawk river, where he concealed them behind rocks and trees. At this spot, the road passed through a thick growth of evergreens, forming a perpetual twilight, and wound along a precipice a hundred and fifty feet high, over which plunged a small stream in a cascade, called by the Indians Tekaharawa.

Brant had doubtless received information that an American officer had ridden down from Fort Plain, on the Mohawk river, in the morning, to visit the fort, and might be expected to return before might. This officer had come to inform the garrison that a regiment of militia would arrive the next One bright May morning, as these young

had come to inform the garrison that a regiment of mulitia would arrive the next regiment of militia would arrive the next day, and take up their quarters at Cherry Valley. His name was Lieutenant Woodville; he was a young man of fortune, —gay, gallant, handsome, and daring. He was dressed in a rich' suit of velvet, wore a plumed hat and a jewel-hilted sword, and let his dark waving hair grow to a cavalierish length. He rode a full-blooded English horse, which he managed with case. This Lieutenant Woodville lingered so long at the settlement, that his friends tried to persuade him to remain all night; but he laughed, and, as he mounted, fance

saying, "I will call for that to-morrow."
When it was nearly sunset the little garrison came out into the court-yard to watch his departure. Among the spectators were the boy-soldiers whose parade of the morning had daunted even the terrible Brant. Fore-most stood the doughty Douglas, and by his side the timid Angus, gazing with childish curiosity on the dashing young officer, and marking with wondering delight his smiling mustery over his steed.

Suddenly the boy passed his hand over his eyes, grew marble white and rigid for au instant, then shuddered, and burst into tears. Before he could be questioned, he had quitted his brother, rushed forward, and was clinging to the lieutenant's knee; crying, in a tone of

the most passionate entreaty,
"Oh, sir, ye mann stay here to-nighthere, where a is safe! Dinna gang; they is safe! Dinna gang; they'll

kill ye! Oh, dinna gang!"
"Who, my little lad, who'll kill me?"
gently asked the officer, looking down into delicate face of the boy, struck by its

agonised expression.
"The Indians. They're waitin' for you in you dark, awfu' place by the falls," replied

Angus, in a tone of solemnity.

"And how do you know all this, my little man?" asked the officer, smiling.
"I has seen them," said Augus, in a low, hourse tone, casting down his eyes and trendling visibly.
"Seen them! When?"

"Just noo. I : I saw them a' as weel as I see It's the guid God, may be, you and the lave. It's the guid God, may be, that sends the vision to save you frae death. So, ye mann heed the warning, and not put your life in peril by riding up there, where they're waitin' for ye in the glosming."

"What is the matter with this child?" exclaimed Lieutenant Woodville, turning to a friend in the little crowd. The man, margly touched his forwhead

to a friend in the little crowd. The man, for answer, merely touched his forehead significantly. "Indeed! So young!" replied the officer. Then, laying his hand gently on the head of the boy, and smiling pityingly into his wild beseeching eyes, he said, "But indeed I must go, prophet of evil. Indians or no Indians, a soldier must obey orders, you know. Come, dry your tears, and I will bring you a pretty plume for your soldiercap when I return. Adeu, friends, until tomorrow!"

Saying this, he bent to love the said.

Saying this, he bent to loosen Angus's hands from the stirrup; but the child ching convulsively, shricking out his warnings and entreaties, until his father broke through the crowd, and bore him forcibly away. Lieutenant Woodville galloped off, with gay

words of farewell; but, as some noticed, with an unusual shadow on his handsome face.

Mrs. Lindsay took Augus in her arms, and strove to soothe him in her quiet, loving way. Yet the child would not be comforted. He hid his face in her bosom, sobbing and shuddering, but saying nothing for several

minutes. Then he shricked out—"There! There! Oh, nither, they has killed him! I has seen him fa' frac his horse. I see him noo, lying amang the briars, wi' the red bluid rinning frac his head, down on to his braw soldier-coat. Oh, mither, I could us holp it; he would na believe the vision!"

After this, the repose of a sad certainty seemed to come upon the child, and, solding more and more softly, he fell asleep; but not until the return of Lieutenant Woodville's horse, with an empty saddle stained with blood, had brought terrible confirmation of the vision. Next morning, the body of the unfortunate young officer was found in the dark pass, near the falls of Teksharawa. He had been shot and scalped by Brant himself.

As may be supposed, this tragic verifi-cation of Angus Lindsay's prophecy excited surprise and speculation, and caused the child to be regarded with a strange interest, which, though not unfriendly, had in it too much of superstitious dread to be altogether kindly. The boy instinctively shrank from it, and

grew more sad and reserved day by day. Some regarded the prediction as naturally resulting from the omnipresent fear of savages -common to settlers' children-taking more vivid form in the imagination of a nervous and sickly boy, and the fate of Lieutenant Woodville as merely a remarkable coincidence. But, more shook their heads with selemn But, more shook their heads with selemn meaning, declaring the lad a young wizard; and went so far as to intimate that the real wizard was the lad's father, whose haughty and melancholy reserve was little understand by the honest settlers, and that poor little Angus was his victim: the one possessed.

The expression of this feeling—not in words, but in a sort of distrustful avoidance—made Mrs. Lindeau consent to the promisi-

-made Mrs. Lindsay consent to the proposi-tion of her husband to return to their home for the harvest. Several families were venturing on this hazardous step, encouraged by the temporary tranquillity of the country, and thinking that their savage enemies had quenched their blood-thirst at Wyoming. thus rather taking courage than warning

that fearful massacre.

Lindsays found their home The had left it three mouths before; nothing had been molested; they all speedily fell into their old in-door and out-door duties and amusements. And so passed a few weeks of quiet happiness. Captain Lindsay and his man always took their arms with them to the harvest-fields, which were in sight of the house. The two elder sons usually worked with their father. On the last day of the with their father. harvest, when little remained to be done, the boys asked permission to go to a stream, about two miles away, to angle for tront.

In his moody abstraction, or fearlessness, Captain Lindsay consented, and the boys set

out in high glee. Little Archie, who was also with his father for that day, begged to be taken with them; but the lada did not

No, uo; he'll only fright the trout, and

"No, no; he if only fright the troughthe we cannot wait. Come awa."

The lads reached the creek in safety, crept stealthely along its shaded bank, selected their places in silence, and flung their bait upon the water. Douglas seemed to enjoy the sport

the water. Douglas seemed to enjoy the sport beenly, but Angus was remorseful for having and day to his little brother's entreaty.

"Oh, Louglas!" he exclaimed, at last, "I causa forget Archie's tearfu', wistfu' face. I'm see sorry we left him!"

"Dinum fash yer head about Archie, but mind yer fish!" replied Douglas impatiently. Angus was silent for another half-hour. Then he suddenly gave a short, quick cry, made a start forward, and peered anxiously hown into the water.

down into the water.
"What noo?" said Douglas, petulantly, for the cry and movement had scared a fine tro t that seemed just about to take his hook.

Oh, brother," answered Angus, trembling,
"I has seen Archie's bonnie face in the burn,
and it had sie a pale, frightened look. I doubt
countrying awfu' has happened! Let us gang

Douglas laughed as he replied, "It's yer own fact ye saw in the burn, and no Archie's. How could it be his, when he's maist twa mile and "I dona ken, Douglas," replied Angus, hunsiy, "but I mann believe it was Archie's

And Davie's! Ob, brother, the Indient these words, the father's,

Shreeking out these words, the poor boy taggered backward and fainted. Douglas, though a good deal alarmed, had sufficient though a good deal alarmed, had sufficient presence of mind to apply nature's remedy, for onately near at hand; and under a copious procking of cold water, Angus speedily revived. Douglas no longer resisted his entraties, but silently gathering up their ing tackle, and taking their string of trout, at out for home, walking slowly, and supporting the trembling steps of his brother. As they neared the borders of the clearing, where they were to come in sight of the harvest-fields and their home, Angus absolutely slowk, and even the cheek of the bold Douglas grew white.

The first sight which met their eyes, on their emerging from the wood, was their

The first sight which met their eyes, on their emerging from the wood, was their the contained in flames, with a party of fiendish avages dancing and howling around it. The expectant leach into the wood, and, crouched down together beneath a thick growth of and abrush, lay sobbing and shuddering in

pered joyfully, "Oh, brother, I've seen mither, and wee Ethe, and Jenny—an' they're a' safe—hid away in the bushes, like us."

and wee Ethe, and Jenny
—hid away in the bushes, like us."

"But do you see father, and Archie, and auld Davie t" asked Douglas, believing, at last, in the second-sight of his young brother.

"No, no," replied Angus, mournfully, "I cama see them ony mair. They main be a' dead, Douglas."

"I'll no believe that," said the elder brother, proudly; "father and Davy baith had their arms wi' them. Davie is no' a bad tighter, and ye ken a braver soldier could na be found in a' the world than father."

They lay thue, talking in fearful whispers, and weeping silently, until the shouts of the savages died away, and silence fell with the twilight, over the little valley. Then, slowly and cautiously they crept from their hidingand cautiously they event from their hiding-place, and stole through the harvest-fields to the spot where they had left their father and little brother, and Davie.

And they were all there—dead. They appeared to have fallen together—faithful old Davie lay across his master's knees, which he seemed embracing in death. Little Archie had evidently lingered longest alive; his flesh was yet soft and slightly warm, and he had crept to his father's arms, and lay partly across his breast.

All, even to the sinless baby, had been tomahawked. Yet, bathed in blood as they were, the poor boys could not believe them dead, but clasped their stiffened hands, and kissed their lips, felt for their heart-beats, and called them by their names in every accent of love and sorrow. At last, finding all their frenzied efforts vain, they aban doned themselves utterly to grief.

The moon rose upon them wildly over their murdered father and brother—stained with their blood, and shuddering with their death-chill. Never did the moon look on a more desolate group. Captain Lindsay's brow seemed more awfully stern in its light, and his unclosed eyes shone with an icy gleam. Archia still tearful form thusin its light, and his unclosed eyes shone with an icy gleam. Archie's still tearful face showed most piteously sad; while the agonised faces of the two young mourners, now bent over their dead, now lifted despairingly toward heaven, seemed to have grown strangely old in that time of terror, and horror, and bitter grieving. Thus the hours wore on; and, at last, from utter exhaustion, they slept—the living with the dead.

the living with the dead.

They were wakened by the warm sunlight and the birds who sang—how strange it seemed :—as gaily as ever, in the neighbouring wood. The boys raised their heads and looked, each into the other's sad face, and then on the dead, in the blank, speechless anguish of their renewed grief. Douglas was the first to speak. "Come, brother," he said, in a calm tone, "we mann be men noo, let us in a calm tone, "we mann be men noo, let us gang back to the fort: may be we shall find muther there, wi' Jenny and the bairnie, 'gin " But we canna' leave these here to their

"But we canna' leave these here to their lane," said Angus.

"We mann leave them; we are no' big enough to bury them; but we'll cover them ower wi' leaves and the branches o' the pines, and when we get to the fort, we'll ask the soldiers to come and make graves for them. Come wi' me, Angus, dear."

Augus took Douglas's hand, and rose; but soon staggered and fell, murmuring, "Oh, brother! I'm sair faint and ill. I think I am dying. Stay wi' me a little while, and then ye may cover us a' up togither and gang awa."

awa'."
"Dinna say sic sorrowfu' things, Angus; yer no dying, pair laddie; yer but fainting wi' hunger, and I the same," said Douglas, in a tone of hopeless despondency. Just at the moment, his eye fell on a small hand-basket, in which the labourers were accustomed to take their luncheon to the harvest-field. It was now lying where the dead had left it, against a pile of wheat-sheaves, and was found to contain some fragments of bread and

meat, of which they partook.

Somewhat refreshed, the boys set about the melaucholy duty. They did not attempt the partons in their melancholy duty. They did not attempt to move the bodies from the positions in which they had found them; they left little Archie on his father's breast, and faithful old Davie with his face hid against his

maater's knees.

mater's knees.

Douglas took out his pocket-knife to sever look of hair from his father's and his little rather's heads, for mementos. "Oh! dinna brother's heads, for mementos. "Oh! dinna tak that lock, Douglas," said Angus, with a shudder, "did ye na see the bluid on it?"

Alas! it was difficult to find a lock on the

head of either father or child not darkened

and stiffened with gore.

When they had taken the last look, the last kiss, and had completed their mound of boughs and leaves, the two children knelt beside it, and prayed. Surely the God of the fatherless was near them. Better in His sight, their pious care of the dead, than the most pompous funeral obsequies: sweeter to Him, the simple prayer they sobbed into his

ear, than the grandest requiem.

It was nearly noon when the boys left the little valley, and took their way toward the fort. They had first visited the ruins of their house, and searched around them and the garden, diligently, but vainly, for any trace of their mother, and nurse, and sister. From a tree in the little orehard, they filled their bas-

ket with apples, and set forth.

They had advanced but a mile or two on the dark, winding, forest path, when they heard before them the sound of footsteps and voices. In their sudden terror, thinking only of savages, they fled into the thickest recesses of the wood. When their alarm had passed, and they sought to regain the path, they found to their grief and dismay that they had lost it. Still they kept on—apparently at random—but angel-guided, it seemed, in

the direction of the fort. Yet night came upon them in the dense, gloomy wood; aud, at last, very weary and sorrowful, they sank down, nurmured their broken prayers, and clasped in each other's arms fell into a chill and troubled sleep.

Douglas was wakened in the early morua touch on his shoulder. He sprang by to his feet, and confronted—Brant! the chief stood a small band of savage at-tendants, eagerly eyeing the young "jule-faces," as though their fingers itched to be among their curls.

"Who are you?" asked the warrior,

sternly.

"I am Douglas Lindsay; and this is my brother, Angua Lindsay."
"Is Captain Lindsay your father?"
"He seas our father." replied Douglas with

"Is Captain Lindsay your lather?" He was our father," replied Douglas with a passionate burst of tears; "but ye ken weel enough we hae no father noo, sin' ye've murdered him. Ay, and puir auld Davie, and the wee baim Archie, ye divils!"

"No, boy," replied Brant, in a not ungentle

the wee bairn Archie, ye divins!

"No, boy," replied Brant, in a not ungentle tone, "we did not murder your father. I am sorry to hear he has been killed. He was a brave man, and never took part with the rebels. I promised him my protection. It must have been some of Captain Butler's men: they are about now. I would have risked my life to have saved his. I will protect his children, Where were you going?"

"To the fort," put in little Angus, eagerly. "may be we shall find mither and Effie, and Jenny a' there. Oh! Mister Thayendenaga, tak' us to the fort, if it's no' too far, for we has lost our way."

Brant—who was an educated man, and had little of the Indian in his appearance or speech—smiled to hear himself adoressed by his pompous Indian name (a stroke of policy on the lad's part), and replied: "That is easy to do. Cherry Valley is just over the hill; only a little way off. Let us go." Saying this, and briefly commanding his

warriors to remain where they were, until he should return—an order received in sullen silence by the savages, who glared ferociously upon their lost prey—the chief strode forward through the forest, followed by the two lays. When they reached the brow of the hill overlooking the settlement, he paused and said, "I had better not go any further. and said, "I had better not go any further. I will wait here till I see you saie. Good bye! Tell your mother that Brant did not kill her brave husband. Say he's sorry about it—go." The children sought to express their thanks, but he waved them away, and stood with folded arms under the shade of a gigantic oak, watching them as they descended the hill.

Mrs. Lindsay's part in the sad story is soon told. On the day of the massacre she heard the firing in the harvest-field, and, from the windows of the house, witnessed

the brief struggle of her husband and but clouds a' rosy and golden, and the glory Davie with their foes. The fearful sight o' the sunlight spread a' abroad, like the at first benumbed every faculty—but one cry from her baby roused her from her world. And,—look!—look! Oh, mercifu' Gud.—there are the bairns!" cry from her baby roused her from her stuper of grief and terror. She snatched the infant from the cradle, and rushed with it into the woods, followed by Jenny, the maid. The two women concealed themselves of effectually in the thick under-brush, that they remained undiscovered, though the houts of the savages came to their ears with horrible distinctness, and even the blaze of their burning home reddened the sunlight that struggled through the thick foliage

When, at length, the party left the little valley, it passed within a few yards of the fugitives. Oh! how fervently the mother thanked God that her baby slept tranquilly on her beson, and by no cry betrayed their hiding-place! They did not venture to leave their leafy sanctuary until evening. They were on the side of the clearing opposite the harvest fields, and near the road leading to Cherry Vailey. This they found, and set out at once for the settlement, which they reached at once for the settlement, which they reached in safety about midnight, and were kindly received at one of the fortified houses. The next day a party of brave men, moved by the passengate entreaties of the two women, set out on what was thought a hopeless search for Captain Lindsay, his sons, and servant. They reached the harvest-fields safely, found there the bodies as they had been left, the safety had been left, ally buried them; and, after vainly seeking r the mosing boys, returned to Cherry

per to the afflicted wife and nother.

Producted by her fearful bereavement, yet another and fatigues, Mrs. Lindsay at last catched over by her faithful nurse.

The another in the early morning, raised herself grely from her pillow, looked around, and any watched to the tears.

then sank back in tears.

"Oh, Jenny," said she, "I hae had sic a bicased dream! I dreamed I saw my twa beps—only twa noo, Jenny—my brave Donglas, and the bonnie Angus—coming over the ball wi' the sunrise. But they'll no' ome ony mair—they are a taken frae me—a but this wee bit bairnie," she murmured, ing its brow with the bitter haptism of her bases. Frame minutes she lay thus, weeping with all that fresh realisation of sorrow and disclation which comes with the first awakening from sleep after a great beteavement. Then she arose and tottered away from the bed, saving, "Lift the window, Jenny, I main look on the hill o' my dream."

Juny obeyed, and supported her mistress, one looked out on the lovely landscape, and ing in the light of an August morning.

A. Juny," she said, "it is a as I dreamed.

God,-there are the bairns !

This history, fortunately, has nothing to do with the terrible massacres and burnings, which, a few months later, desolated Cherry Volley and the neighbouring settlements.
Mrs. Lindsay and her children were then safe
in the city of New York. Immediately on in the city of New York. Immediately on the close of the war they returned to their friends in Scotland.

Among the Highlands, Angus Lindsay lost his extreme delicacy of health, with it, gradually, his mysterious faculty; yet he was ever singularly sensitive, thoughtful, and imaginative; and when he grew into manhood, though not recognised as a seer or a prophet, he was accorded a title which comprehended the greatest attributes of both—Poet. of both-Poet.

Mrs. Lindsay returned to the family estate with her children; but the widow of her husband's friend was not deprived of her sad sanctuary, to which she had finally a dearer, if not a more sacred right, as the home of her daughter, the wife of Douglas Lindsay.

WILD COURT TAMED.

In October last we described a Heathen Court—Wild Court, in Great Wild Street, Drury Lane—which it was proposed to convert and civilise. The Society for Improving the Condition of the Labouring Classes had obtained leases of thirteen out of the fifteen or sixteen capacious houses whereof it is composed; five leases for twenty-one years, and the rest for thirty, at a ground-rent of not quite two hundred pounds a-year. As we before said, in their early days, these houses in Wild Court seemed to have been well tenanted; they were built when Drory Lane was almost a fashionable thoroughfare, and were probably tenanted as chambers by law-They contained, therefore, well-proportioned rooms, had solid staircases, and in other respects seemed to admit rather easily of conversion into decent and well-ordered dwellings. We need not repeat what we have already said of the condition into which they had sunk before the naterations. were attempted. One does not easily for-get such facts as that there were open troughs of ordure passing through the appear rooms into a half-stagmant open sewer in the parapet, immediately below the upper most windows; that the cellars were full of refuse filth; that the open stairs were the night haunt of the filthy, and the back yards of a morning ankle deep in all abomination. We have now to add to the preceding report that what we saw was not by one-touth so

lurking there unseen. It was thought to be an exaggeration when the sanitary reformers used to aver that there lies stagmant under London as much filth as would make a lake six feet in depth, a mile long, and a thousand feet across. We begin to believe that this calculation was very much indeed under the

Wild Court, as we said at the time, did not by any means impress us as the most squalid or the filthiest place we knew in the metrepolis. It was indeed far from that, and it was tenanted by people, certainly poor, but by a whole grade more prosperous than they are commonly to be found in Rotherhithe or Bethnal Green. And here, though there were only thirteen houses, all calculation was by the filth that was found under The active business of conversion was April, the carting away of corrupt matter was the main process; actually more time being consumed in that work than in the whole business of reconstruction by bricklayers, carpenters, plumbers, and other workmen. We are inclined to turn with loathing from the details that we must express—for very shame's sake — with the utmost brevity. shame's sake — with the utmost brevity. There were more cesspools than houses, sixteen cesspools to the thirteen houses, each or some of them sixteen feet deep and about five feet square. Out of these, before they were filled up and obliterated, there had to be taken one hundred and fifty loads, all be it remembered lying under thirteen houses; and that was but a fraction of the evil; for, in addition to that, from under the same thirteen houses, there were removed three hundred and thirty there were removed three hundred and thirty cart-loads of accumulated filth, animal and cart-loads of accumulated with, annual sand vegetable, collected in the basements and elsewhere, including vermin. The vermin lay hidden in crusts five and six inches thick, comprising, according to a fair and sober estimate made by an eye-witness and superintendent, a ton of bugs.

If all calculation is exceeded in this way, by the discoveries made on excavation under only thirteen houses in a court of scarcely more than average fithiness, who dares to reflect upon the whole mass of abominations that lies at the roots of London!

In Wild Court, as it used to be, there lived two hundred families, numbering in allapart from the unlicensed crowd that nestled at night on its staircases—a thousand people. In Wild Court as it is to be—omitting the house or two at one end, which the society has not yet been able to obtain—there will be accommodation for a hundred families, or between three and four hundred people in a hundred and eight rooms. Already eighty-three families are in occupation of ninety-two well ventilated, decently appointed rooms. Twenty-two were tenants of the court in its days of filth, who abide by it in its days of deconcy; the rest are new-comers. They submit

It was thought to be to a few simple rules for the preservation of wholesomeness, which forms part of their contract with the society. They are, as weekly contract with the society. They are, as weekly tenants, to pay their rents every Morony morning, and with exemplary punctuality they do it. After two or three months' working, the arrears due from the eighty families are not found to amount to fourteen shillings, and even that does not represent loss, but very recent debts, that will be wiped out in a week or two.

The cost of reconstruction has exceeded the original estimate. The vast accumulation of fifth was not only a source of expense for quicklime and disinfectants, but it had

of filth was not only a source of expense for quicklime and disinfectants, but it had rotted the foundations of the houses to an extent which made it sometimes necessary that they should be strengthened by new masonry. The lower walls are still impregnated with a foul moisture; and it is impossible until next year to convert the basement storeys into airy and well-lighted workshops for such tenants overhead as may require them. But, notwithstanding the defeat of previous calculation in this manner, experience thus far goes to show that the profit realised upon the outlay incurred by transforming foul dens into wholesome dwellings, will not in this case fall short of twelve per cent, the rents being rather below than above those paid (or left owing) formerly. owing) formerly,

The transformation, we w re glad to find on visiting the premises, has been effected the wisest way. Nothing has been done for mere effect, with a view to the creation of a mere effect, with a view to the creation of a show place. A large water-tank at the top of each house supplies the tap and the water-closet. Upon the little gallery attached to each floor of each house there is not only the tap over its own drain, for water supply, and perfectly distinct from that of the water-closet, but there is also a shoot by which all dust and refuse may be poured into a covered bin below, and enough of surrounding railing to be used by the people of that floor, for the drying of such little stocks of linen as they wash for themselves in a place appointed for the purpose. These railings, and the back yard common to all, form a sufficient drying-ground, and supersede the use of the drying-poles which are thrust out of window, and, when duly festooned, obstruct what circulation of air might otherwise be possible in most of our close London courts. most of our close London courts.

The internal arrangement of these houses is very simple. Most of the rooms are of good size and height, and as the majority of those people who inhabit places of this kind can afford the rent of one room only, wooden partitions, not reaching entirely to the ceiling put up, without any additional charge, to the tenant—shut off a space on one sale of every large room so occupied. A decent arrangement for the sleeping accommodation of the family is thus made possible. Single rooms are not willingly let to families numbering more than four, and no tenants are allowed to admit lodgers, or to give sleeping accommodation to more than the number agreed upon when they entered. Nor are they suffered to keep animals in their apartments. Each tenant's room must be scrubbed at least once every week. A superintendent lives upon the spot, who is to have access to all the sportments, and right of interference for the preservation of the property, and the maintenance of the conditions under which aione it is possible for the houses to con-tinue wholesome. Beyond that, there is no

attempt to exercise control.

The quality of the rooms, according to the original plan, is lowered a little as one mounts the stairs, and thus a variation occurs in the rents, the price diminishing as one ascends; the scale of charge also, and for the same reason, is lower for back than for front rooms. The rent of the front rooms varies from be-tween three shillings and two and threepence. The rent of the back rooms varies between alf-a-crown and one and eightpence, provision of a decent room for one and eightsecutial to be borne in mind by those who would sorve society to the best purpose in providing better dwellings for the poor. The ingle room provided for the highest pricethree shillings, wairy and spacious, provided with an excellent fireplace, cupboarded, and well-partitioned. Throughout the houses, inneed the Preplaces are good, and there is room without an ample cupboard. These are ventilators in the doors and walls, are a grating in the centre of each ceiling ur No ornamental work whatever has been atroined; the rooms are precisely such come as their tenants have been used to feel at home in, with the one vast difference, that they are clean and wholesome.

Some tenants with large families, or better means than others, occupy two rooms; but the majority, as we have said, content them-tely as per force, with one. They all seem to he able to earn their living without falling into half, are costermongers, the rest are tailors or showmakers; one, we observed, called his ground floor room a dairy. Every room con-tained the necessary articles of furniture: the cheap upper rooms-through

this respect happened to be afflicting Wild Court when we paid our visit. In the way of all wholesomeness and cleanliness stands that which should be made their main sup-port—the system of water supply in this metropolis; which is as bad as trading com-panies can make it.

It is not much to say, that in the short time since Wild Court was reconstructed there has been no case of fever in it; it is more to say, that not only the superintendent notices, but the tenants themselves notice, the change made even by so short an experience of good lodging, in the aspect of the children. Health has come to their cheeks, light is at home in their eyes, they are more brisk, active, and happy at their play. Of their elders, we saw none who looked discontented, and there is no reason to doubt that they will, in due course of events, come by the

"Spontaneous wisdom breathed by health, Truth breathed by cheerfulness."

POOR ANGELICA.

In the fasta of gifted, beautiful, good, wronged, and unhappy women, there are few names that shine with so bright and pure a lustre as that of Angelica Kaufinann. The flower of her life was spent in this country; but she is scarcely remembered in it no even among the members and lovers of t profession which she adorned. Those w Those who wish to know anything definite concerning a lady who was the pet of the English aristo-eracy, and the cynosure of English painters for some years of the past century, must turn to foreign sources, and hear from foreign lips and pens the praises of poor Angelica. Though undeniably a foreigner, she had as undeniable a right to be mentioned in the records of British painters as those other foreigners domiciliated among us at the same epoch : Listard, Zucchi, among us at the same epoch: Lastard, Zucchi, Zuffani, Bartolozzi, Cipriani, Roubiliac, Michael Moser, Nollekens, Loutherbourg, Zuccarelli, Vibares, and Fuseli. Of all these worthies of the easel there are copious memoirs and ana extant, yet the published (English) notices of Angelica would not fill half this page. In Sir William Beechey's Memoirs of Sir Joshua Reynolds, there is no mention whetever made of my hereing. mention whatsoever made of my heroine; nor, which is more to be wondered at, is she named in Mr. Allan Cunningham's excellent which an open sower ran when we last saw the action and healthy woman was perfuming the arr with beans and bacon. Somebody, in a room below, scented his entire floor with a stock of lavender. We will not affirm that we smelt nothing whatever, worse than the for it is one thing to erect water tanks, another thing to get an efficient water supply out of a London company. An occasional hitch is the matter of water will occur even to the rich, since nobody has power to protect himself, and a temporary difficulty in as cognisant of, it not accessory to, the Life of Sir Joshua. Yet Angelica painted

conspiracy by which the happiness of Angelica Kauffmann was blasted, In Smith's Nollekens and his Times there is a silly bit of improbable scandal about the fair painter. In Knowles's Life of Fuseli we learn in half-a-dozen meagre lines that that eccentric genius was introduced to Madame Kauffmann on his first coming to England, and that he was very nearly becoming ena-moured of her; but that this desirable con-summation was prevented by Miss Mary Moser, daughter of the keeper of the Royal Academy (appropriately a Swiss), becoming enamoured of him. Stupid, woeful Mr. Pilk-ington has a brief memoir of Angelica. Wolcot, better known as Peter Pindar, once, and once only, alludes to her. In Chalmer's Biographical Dictionary there is a notice of Angelica about equal, in compass and that he was very nearly becoming enanotice of Angelica about equal, in compass and ability, to that we frequently find of a deceased commissioner of inland revenue deceased commissioner of inland revenue in a weekly newspaper. In the vast cata-logue of the Museum Library I can only discover one reference to Angelica Kauffmann, personally, that being a stupid epistle to her written in seventeen hundred and eighty-one by one Mr. G. Keate. I have been thus minute in my English researches, in order to avoid the imputation of having gone abroad, when I might have fared better at home. I might have spared myself some labour too; for my travels in search of Angelica in foreign parts have been tedious and painful. That which M. Artaud, in that great caravanserai of celebrities the Biographie Universelle, has to say about her is of the dryest; and a Herr Bockshammer, a German, from expected great things, merely referred me to another A. Kauffmann, not at all angelical; but connected with a head-splitting treatise on the human mind.

I will try to paint my poor Angelica. Calumny, envy, biographers who lie by their silence, cannot deny that she was a creature marvellously endowed. She was a painter, a musican; she would have made an excellent tragic actress; she embroidered; she danced; she was facund in expression, infinite in variety; she was good, anniable, and virtuous; full of grace, vivacity, and wit. Fancy Venus without her nole; fancy Minoreva without her aggs (which was, you may be sure, her ugliness). Fancy Ninondel Enclos with the virtue of Madame de Sévigné. Fancy a Rachel Esmond with the wit of a Beeky Sharp. Fancy a woman as gifted as Sappho, but not a good-for-nothing; as wise as Queen Elizabeth, but no tyrant; as brave as Charlotte, Countess of Derby, but no blood-spiller for revenge; as unhappy as Charissa Harlowe, but no prude; as virtuous as Pamela, but no calculator; as fair as my own darling Clementina, but no fool. Fancy all this, and fancy too, if you like, that I am in love with the ghost of Angelen Kauffmann, and am taiking nonsense.

She was born (to return to reason) in the

year seventeen hundred and forty-one, at Coire, the capital of the Grisons, a wild and picturesque district which extends along the right bank of the Rhine to the Lake of Constance. She was baptised Marie-Ame-Angelique-Catherine. Angelica would have been, enough for posterity to love her by. But, though rich in names, she was born to poverty in every other respect. Her father, John Joseph Kauffmann, was an artist, with talents below mediocrity, and his carnings proportionately meagre. He came, as all the Kauffmanns before him did, from Schwarzenburg, in the canton of Voralberg, and appears to have travelled about the surrounding cantons in something nearly approaching the character of an artistic tinker, mending a picture here, copying one there, painting a sign for this gasthof keeper, and decorating a dining-room for that proprietor of a clateau. These nomadic excursions were ordinarily performed on foot. In one of his visits to Coire, where he was detained for some time, he happened, very naturally, to fall over head and ears with a Protestant damsel named Cléofe; nor was it either so very unnatural that fraulem Cléofe should also fall in love with him. She loved him indeed so well as to adopt his religion, the Roman Catholic; upon which the church blessed their union, and they were married. Hence Marie - Angelique-Catherine, and hence this narrative.

If Goodman Kauffmann had really been a tinker, instead of a travelling painter, it is probable that his little daughter would very soon have been initiated into the mysteries of burning her fingers with hot solder, daumning with her infantile fists upon battered pots, and blackening her young face with cinders from the extinguished brazier. We all learn the vocation of our parents so early. I saw the other hot, sunny evening, a lat undertaker in a fever-breeding street near Soho, leaning against the door-jambs of his shop (where the fasces of mutes staves are), smoking his pipe contentedly. He was a lusty man, and smoked his pipe with a jocund face; but his eyes were turned into his shady shop, where his little daughter—as I live it is true, and she was not more than nine years old—was knocking nails into a coffin on treesees. She missed her aim now and then, but went on, on the whole, swimmingly, to the great contentment of her sire, and there was in his face—though it was a fat face, and a greasy face, and a pimpled face—so boneficent an expression of love and fatherly pride, that I could forgive him his raven-like hugh, and the ghastly game he had set his daughter to.

the ghostly game he had set his daughter to.
So it was with little Angelica. Her that
playthings were paint-brushes, bladders of
colours, maul-sticks, and unstrained canvases; and there is no doubt that on many
occasions she became quite a little Joseph,
and had, if not a coat, at least a parafore of

many colomba

Kautimann, an honest, simple-minded fellow, knowing nothing but his art, and not much of that, cherished the unselfish hope that in teaching his child, he might soon teach her to surpass him. The wish—not an unfrequent event in the annals of art—was soon realised. As Raffaelle surpassed Perugino, and Michael Augelo surpassed Ghirlandajo, their masters, so Angelica speedily surpassed her father, and left him far behind. But it did not happen with him as it did with a certain master of the present day, who one day turned his pupil neck and heels out of his studio, crying, "You know more than I do. Go to the devil!" The father was delighted at his daughter's marvellous progress. Sensible of the obstacles opposed to a thorough study of drawing and anatomy in the case of females, he atrenuously in the case of females, he atrenuously directed Angelica's faculties to the study of colour. Very early she became initiated in those wondrous secrets of chiar' oscuro which produce relief, and extenuate, if they do not redeem, the want of severity and correctness. At nine years of age, Angelica was a little

In those days Father Kauffmann, urged perhaps by the necessity of opening up a new praspect in Life's diggings, quitted Coire, and established himself at Morbigno in the Validine. Here he stopped till seventeen hundred and fifty-two, when, the artistic diggings being again annusted, he removed to Como, intending to reside there permanently. The limbop of Como, Monsignore Nevroni, had heard of the little painter prodigy, then only cleven years of age, and signified his gracious intention of sitting to her for his postrant. The prodigy succeeded to perfection, and she was soon overwhelmed with Moseonases. The dignitied clergy, who, to their hour be it said, have ever been the most to offer Angelian commissions. She painted the Architishop of Milan, Cardinal Pozzobnicii, Count Firmiani, Rinaldo d'Este, Duke of Moseonas John Joseph Kauffmann's little daughter was welcome in palazzo, convent, and villa.

and willa.

I am glad, seeing that Angelica was a prodey, that J. J. Kauffmann did not in any way resemble that to me most odious character, the ordinary prodigy's father. There was the little producy with flaxen curls, in a black veret tunce, with thunder and lightning bottom, who used to play on the harp so divucty, and used to be lifted in at carriage windows for countesses to kiss; and had at home a horribts, smully, Italian monster of a father, who are up the poor child's earnings; who drank absorbe till he was mad, and pulled his miserable son's flaxen hair till he was tused; who was insufferably bazy, unimaginably proud, mean, van, and dirty—a prodigate and a cheat—who was fit for no place

but the galleys, from which I believe he came, and to which I devoutly hope he returned. Miserable little dancing, singing, guitarplaying, painting, pianoforte-thumping, horseriding, poem-reciting prodigies have I known;—unfortunate little objects with heads much too large, with weary eyes, with dark bistrecircles round them; with rachitic limbs, with a timid cowering aspect. I never knew but one prodigy's father who was good for anything, and he was a prodigy himself—an aerobat—and threw his son about as though he loved him. The rest,—not only fathers, but

mothers, brothers, and uncles,—were all bad.

But J. J. Kauffmann loved his daughter dearly; and, though she was a prodigy, was kind to her. He delighted in sounding her praises. He petted her: he loved to vary her zentle name of Angelica into all the charming diminutives of which it was susceptible. He called her his Angelia, his Angelina, his Angelinetta. He was a widower now, and his strange old turn for vagabondising came over him with redoubled force. The father and daughter—strange pair, so ill-assorted in age, so well in love—went trouping about the Grisons, literally picking up bread with the tips of their peneils. Once Angelica was entrusted, alone, to paint, in fresco, an altarpiece for a village church; and a pleasant sight it must have been to watch the fragile little girl perched on the summit of a lofty scatfolding, gracefully, piously, painting angels and lambs and doves and winged heads: while, on the pavement beneath, honest J. J. Kauffmann was expatiating on his daughter's excellences to the pleased curate and the gaping villagers; or, more likely still, was himself watching the progress of those skilfal, nimble little fingers up above—his arms folded, his head thrown back, tears in his eyes, and pride and joy in his heart.

The poor fellow knew he could never hope to leave his daughter a considerable inheri-

The poor fellow knew he could never hope to leave his daughter a considerable inheritance. Money, he had none to give her. He gave her instead, and nearly starved himself to give her, the most brilliant education that could be procured. He held out the apple of science, and his pretty daughter was only too ready to bite at it with all her white teeth. Besides her rare aptitude for painting, she was passionately fond of, and had a surprising talent for, music. Her voice was pure, sweet, of great compass; her execution full of soul. Valiantly she essayed and conquered the most difficult of the grand old Italian pieces. These she sang, accompanying herself on the claveein; and often would she sing from memory some dear and simple Tyrolean ballad to amuse her father, melancholy in his widowhood.

she sing from memory some dear and simple Tyrolean ballad to amuse her father, melancholy in his widowhood.

But painting and music, and the soul of a poet, and the form of a queen, how did these agree with poor father Kauffmann's domestic arrangements? Alas! the roof was humble, the bed was hard, the sheets were coarse, the bread was dark and sour when won. Then, while the

little girl lay on the rugged pallet, or mended pocket, as if he had fallen into the hands her scanty wardrobe, there would come up of the brigands of Torracina.

—half unbidden, half ardently desired—resplendent day-dreams, gorgeous visions of Apelles, the friend of kings, of Titian in his Apelles, the friend of kings, of 180am in his prilace, of Rubens an ambassador with fifty gentlemen riding in his train, of Anthony Vandyke knighted by royalty, and respected by learning, and courted by beauty, of Rafaelle the divine, all but invested with the purple pallium of the sacred college, of Venezuer with his radder key. lasquez with his golden key—Aposentador, Mayor to King Philip—master of the revels at the Isle of Pheasauts—as handsome, rich, and prood, as any of the thousand nobles there. Who could help such dreams? The prizes in Art's lottery are few, but what can equal them in splendour and glory that dies not envily !

At sixteen years of age, Angelica was a brunette, rather pale than otherwise. She had blue eyes, long black hair, which fell in tresses over her polished shoulders, and which she could never be prevailed upon to powder, long beautiful hands, and coral lips. At twenty, Angelica was at Milan, where her voice and beauty were nearly the cause of her career as an artist being brought to an her career as an artist being brought to an end. She was passionately solicited to appear on the lyric stage. Managers made her tempting offers; nobles sent her flattering notes; ladies approved; bishops and archbishops even gave a half assent; nsy J. J. Kauffmann bimself could not disguise his eagerness for the syren voice of his Angelianetta to be heard at the Scala. But Angelianetta to be heard at the Scala. But Angelianetta to be heard at the Scala. But Angelianetta to be heard at the senda. She knew how indoor a mistress Art. is; with a sich but jealous a mistress Art is; with a sigh, but bravely and resolutely, she bade farewell to music, and resumed her artistic studies with

nusie, and resumed her accessed some renewed energy.

After having visited Parma and Florence, she arrived in Rome, in seventeen hundred and sixty-three. Next year she visited Naples, and in the next year, Venice; painting everywhere, and received everywhere with builliant and flattering homage. Six years of translaneage the masternices of Italian art, travel among the masterpieces of Italian art, travel among the masterpieces of Italian art, and constant practice and application, had entered her talent, had enlarged her experience, had given a firmer grasp both to her mind and her hand. Her reputation spread much in Germany, most in Italy; though the Italians were much better able to appreciate the specific or the state of the second s ciate her talent than to reward it. the eighteenth century, the two favourite annuscinents prevalent among the aristo-racy of the island of Britain were the grand tour and patronage. No lord or baronet's education was complete till (accompanied by a reverend bear-lader) he had passed the Alps and studied each several continental vice on its own peculiar soil. But when he rea hed Rome, he had done with vice, and went in for virth. He fell into the hands of the antiquaries, virtuosi, and enriosity dealers of Rome with about the same result, to his

Some demon whispered, Visto, have a taste.

But the demon of virtu was not satisfied with the possession of taste by Visto. He instead that he should also have a painter, a sculpture a medallist, or an enamellist; and scare-is lord or baronet arrived in England free the grand four without bringing with hom French cooks, French dancers, poolles, broken statues, chaplains, led captains, Dres-den china, thill cabinets, Viennesse clocks, and Florentine jewellery—some Italian artist, with a long name endure in all who with a long name ending in elli, who was to be patronised by my lord; to paint the portraits of my lord's connections; to chisel out a colossal group for the vestibule of my lord's country-house; or to execute colossal monuments to departed British valour for Westminster Abbey by my lord's recom-mendation. Sometimes the patronised elli-turned out well; was really clever; made money, and became eventually an English R. A.; but much more frequently be was R. A.; but much more frequently he was Signor Donkeyelli, atrociously meanable, conceited and worthless. He quarrelled with his patron, my lord, was cast off, and subsided into some wretched court near St. Marinto some wretched court hear St. Mar-tin's Lane, which he pervaded with stubbly jaws, a ragged duffel coat, and a shabby hat cocked nine-bauble-square. He haunted French cockshops, and painted clock-facea, tavern-signs, anything. He ended miserably, sometimes in the workhouse, sometimes at Tyburn for stabbing a fellow-countryman in a night-cellar.

a night-cellar.

My poor Angelica did not escape the widespread snare of the age—patronage; but she
fell, in the first instance, into good hands.

Some rich English families residing at Venice
made her very handsome offers to come to
England. She hesitated; but, while making
in undertaking the study of the English in undertaking the study of the English language. In this she was very successful, Meanwhile, Father Kauffmann was recalled to Meanwhile, Father Kaulmann was recalled to Germany by some urgent family affairs. In this conjuncture, an English lady, but the widow of a Dutch admiral, Lady Mary Veertvoort, offered to become her chaperon to England. The invitation was gratefully

accepted, and was promptly put in execution.
Angelies Kauffmann arrived in London on the twenty-second of June, seventeen hundred and sixty-six. She took up her residence with Lady Mary Veertyoort in Charles Street, Berkeley Square. The good old lady treated her like her own daughter, petted her, made much of her, and initiated her into all the little secrets of English countort. Before she had been long in this country, she was introduced by the Marquis of Excler to the man who then accupied without ravales. the man who then occupied, without ravelry and without dissent, the throne of English art. Fortunate in his profession, easy in circumstances, hiseral in his mode of living cultivated in mind, fascinating in manners, the friendship of Joshua Reynolds was a thoug of general desideration. To all it was pleasant—to many it was valuable.

lord Exeter's introduction was speedily productive of a cordial intinney between Angelica and Reynolds. He painted Angelicas portrait: she painted his. On the establishment of the Royal Academy, she was enrolled among its members,—a rare honour for a lady. But, the friendship of Sir Joshua soon ripened into a warmer feeling. He became vehemently in love with her. There is no evidence, or indeed reason, to suppose that Reynolda's intentions towards Angelica Kauffmann were anything but honourable. There was no striking disparity between their ages. The fame of Angelica bid fair in time to equal his own, and bong with it a commensurate fortune; yet, for some inexplicable reason—probably through an aversion or a caprice as inexplicable—Angelica discouraged his advances. To avoid his importunities, she even fled from the protection of Lady Mary Vectvoort, and captains, where she was soon afterwards joined by her tables.

At the commencement of the year seventeen serviseren, Argelica Kauffmann shared—with thoops of extra magnitude, toupees of supertamedatal floweriness, shoe heels of vivident searlet, and china monsters of superlative univers—the mighty privilege of being the tenion. Madane de Pompadour was the faction in France just then, so was Buhl furniture, fructor's pictures, and the Baron de Holisch's atheism; so, in England were drugs, ridottos, Junius's Letters, and barmogs of Lord Bute's jack-boots in effigy. The beautious Duchess of Devonshire—she was a let fair the fair tyrolean to execute her portes, together with that of Lady Duncamon. So came a presentation at St. James's; it a commission from George the Third or less partrait, and that of the young Prince while. After this, Angelica became doubly, rusy, bestionnole. She painted at this time a pointe of Venus attired by the Graess—a decipies a subject. Some of the critics of balled of course, and muttered that Cupid adds have known his own mother in the partrue; but decorous royalty applanded, and the critics were dumb.

patronosed, and the critics were dumb.

So, all went merry as a marriage bell with

J. Kauffmann's daughter. A magnificent
pentrant of the Duchess of Brunswick, put
ties seal to the patent of her reputation. No fishionable assembly was complete authors her presence. In the world
of inshorn, the world of art, the world of
the ratins, she was sought after, courted, idellet the courted in the market of melancholy malness because

she refused to paint his portrait. Officers in the Guards fought for a ribbon that had dropped from her corsage at a birthnight ball. The reigning toasts condescended to be jealous of her, and hinted that the beauty of these foreign women " was often fictitious, "these foreign women was often actitious, and never lasting. Dowagers, more accusationed to the use of paint than even she was, hoped that she was "quite correct," and shook their powdered old heads, and croaked about Papists and female emissaries of the Pretender. Senidal of course, was on the alert. Sir Benjamin Backbite called on Lady Succrewell in his sedan-chair. Airs Cambour was closeted with Mr. Mar-Mrs. Candour was closeted with Mr. Mar-plot; and old Doctor Basilio, the Spanish music-master of Leicester Fields, talked toothless scandal with his patron, Don Bartolo of St. Mary-Axe. The worst stories that the scandalmongers could invent were but two in number, and are harmless enough to be told here. One was, that Angelica was in the habit of attending, dressed in boy's clothes, the Royal Academy Life School; the second story-dreadful accusation !- was that Angelica was a flirt, an arrant coquette; and that one evening at Rome, being at the opera with two English artists, one of whom was Mr. Dance (afterwards Sir Nathaniel Dance Holland, the painter of Garriek in Richard the Third), she had allowed both gentlemen gently to encircle her waist with their arms-at the same time; nay, more, that folding her own white waxen arms on the ledge of the opera box, and finding naturally a palpitating artist's hand on either side, she had positively given each hand a squeeze, also at the same time : thereby leading each artist to believe that he was the favoured suitor. I don't believe my Angelica ever did anything of the kind.

Scandal, jealousy, reigning toasts, and withered dowagers notwithstanding, Angeliea continued the fashion. Still the carriages blocked up Golden Square; still she was courted by the noble and wealthy; still ardent young Oxford bachelors and buckesh students of the Temple wrote epistles in heroic verse to her; still she was the talk of the coffee-houses and studios; still from time to time the favoured few who gained admission to Lady Mary Veertvoort's evening concerts were charmed by Angelica's songs—by the grand Italian pieces, and the simple, plaintive, Tyrolean airs of old;—still all went merry as a marriage bell.

In seventeen sixty-eight there appeared in the most hishionable circles of London a man, young, handsome, distinguished, accomplished in manners, brilliant in conversation, the beaver of a noble name, and the possessor of a princely fortune. He dressed splendidly, played freely, lost good-humouredly, took to racing, cock-fighting, masquerade-giving, and other fushionable amusements of the time, with rauch kindliness and spirit. He speedily became the fashion himself, but he did not

poor, poor little Angelies really loved him; whether she was dazzled by his embroidery. his diamond star, his glittering buckles, his his diamond star, his glithering buckles, his areen riband, his title, his handsome face and specious tongue, will never be known; but she became speedily his bride. For my part I think she was seized by one of those short madnesses of frivolity to which all beautiful women are subject. You know not why, they know not why themselves, but they melt the pearl of their happiness in vinceur as the Ecyntian oneen did; she in the vinegar as the Egyptian queen did: she in the wantonness of wealth; they in the wasteful extravagance of youth, the consciousness of beauty, the impatience of control, and the momentary hatred of wise counsel.

Angelica Kauffmann was married in January seventeen hundred and sixty-eight, with great state and splendour, to the man of her choice. Half London witnessed their union : rich were the presents showered upon the bride, multifarious the good wishes for the health and prosperity of the young couple. And all went merry as a marriage bell— tid the bell rang out, first in vague rumours, then in more accredited reports, at last as an incontrovertible miserable truth, that another Count de Horn had arrived in England to expose and punish an impostor and swindler who had roboed him of his property and his name-till it was discovered that Angelica Kautimann had married the man so sought-a low-born cutpurse, the footman of the Count!

Poor Angelica, indeed! This bell tolled the knell of her happiness on earth. The fraudulent marriage was annulled as far as possible, by a deed of separation dated the tenth of February, seventeen hundred and sixty-eight; a small annuity was secured to the weetched impostor, on condition that he hould out Finderal and not return thereto. should quit England and not return thereto. He took his money and w Eventually he died in obscurity. went abroad.

Numberless conjectures have been made as to whether this unfortunate marriage was merely a genteel awindling speculation on the part of the Count de Horn's lacquey, or whether it was the result of a deep-land conspiracy against the happiness and honour of Angelica. A French novelist, who has written a romance on the events of my heroine's life, invents a very dexterous, though very improbable, fable of a certain Lord Baronnet, member of the chamber of Commons, whose hand had been refused by Angenea, and who in mean and paltry revenge, discovered, tutored, fitted out, and bean hed into society, the rascally fellow who had been recently discharged from the service of the Count de Horn, and whose name he impudently assumed. Another novelist makes out the false count to have been

oust Angelica from her throne; he reigned a young man, simple, credulous, and timid with her, a twin-planet. This was the Count —lowly born, it is true, but still sincerely enamother in the Horn, the representative of a moured of Angelica (like the Claude Melnotte noble Swedish family, who had been for some time expected in England. Whether my led to believe that he is the real Prince of led to believe that he is the real Prince of Como—we beg pardon. Count de Horn—imagines that a mysterious veil envelopes the circumstances of his birth; but, when the truth is discovered, and he finds that he has been made the tool of designing villains, he testifies the utmost remorse, and is desirous of making every reparation in his power. A third author, M. Dessalles Regis, not only avers the premeditated guilt of the false count, but alludes to a dark rumour that the Beauseant of the drams, the villain who had dressed up this lay-figure in velvet and gold lace to tempt Angelica to destruction, was no other than her rejected lover, Sir Joshua Reynolds. For my part, I incline to the first hypothesis. I believe the footman to have been a scoundrel.

A long period of entire mental and bodily prostration followed the ill-starred marriage. J. J. Kauffmann, good fellow, comforted his daughter as well as he was able; but his panacea for her grief, both of mind and body, was Italy. He was weary of England, toga-fashions, false counts—there was no danger of spurious nobility abroad; for could not any one with a hundred a-year of his own be a count if he liked ! Still Angelien remained several years more in this country; still painting, still patronised, but living almost entirely in retirement. When the death of her husband the footman placed her hand at liberty, she bestowed it on an old and truthful friend, Antonio Zucchi, a painter of archi-tecture; and, five days afterwards, the husband, wife, and father embarked for Venice. Zucchi was a tender husband; but he was a wayward, chimerical, visionary man, and wasted the greatest part of wife's fortune in idle speculations. He in seventeen hundred and ninety-five, leaving her little or nothing. The remainder of poor Angelica's life was passed, if not in poverty, at least in circumstances straitened to one who, after the first hardships of her wandering youth, had lived in splendour and freedom, and the companiouship of the great. But she lived meekly, was a good woman, and went on painting to the last.

Angelica Kauffmann died a lingering death at Rome, on the fifth of November, eighteen hundred and five. On the seventh, she was buried in the church of St. Andrea delie Frate; the academicians of St. Luke followed the hier, and the entire ceremony was unier the direction of Canova. As at the funeral of Rafaelle Sanzio, the two last pictures she had painted were carried in the procession; on the coffin there was a model of her right hand in plaster, the fingers croped, as though

it held a pencil.

This was the last on earth of Angelica Kauff-ann. Young, beautiful, amiable, gitted by

nature with the rarest predilections, consecupations, run after, caressed, celebrated among the most eminent of her contemporaries, she would appear to have possessed everything that is most desirable in this life. One little thing she wanted to fill up the measure of her existence, and that was happiness. This is man's life. There is no block of marble so white but you shall find a blue or in it and the most discount from heavy or the form heavy or the same than the most of the same heavy or the sam vein in it, and the snow-flake from heaven shall not rest a second on the earth without becoming tinged with its impurities.

SOMETHING LIKE A DRAMATIC AUTHOR.

-we call him Johnson, because that is not his name, and we would rather not be personal—Johnson called upon us the other day, on purpose to present us with a neatly-bound copy of his collected works. We were extremely busy at the time, and so we told him, but Johnson was not easily got rid of. Assuring us he would not detain us many seconds, he took a seat, and—as the time-piece on our mantle-piece can witness intertained us for one hour and ten minutes

with the story of his grievances.

Johnson had written, he assured as, no less Johnson has written, he assured us, no less han two successful plays—all of which had been acted, and all applauded to the echo. And now, at, he continued. "What's the use of it! Five plays, sir, all successful! And yet, sir, every one of them forgotten! Here, ar, and Johnson dealt a vigorous blow. there, ar, and sommson dealt a vigorous flow on the unconscious and neglected volume.

Here, ar, I bring them out in a collected form, and not a copy has been asked for!

because of time when men who wrote but are play gained celebrity, and here, sir, I've witter five air—Five!"

Lich five, sir-Five We conduted with him as we best could, and tried to hold out brilliant visions of the justice to be done to him by generations yet unlorn, but it was useless; Johnson would not be comforted. Grateful, however, for our sympathy, he did the kindest thing he could have done. He left us. Not, though, till we had given the most solemn promise that we would at our very earliest leisure read through the whole of the collected works, from title-page to Finis.

We placed the copy of the works of Johnson on the shelf behind us, and there for several days it stayed as unmolested and unnoted. and tried to hold out brilliant visions of the

eral days it stayed as unmotested and unno-ced as its thousand brethren that still sumbered the warehouses of Johnson's thister. One morning, however, we thought at we would look at it, and see what Johnon really had produced, for we confess we had a cotten the very names of his plays quite con pietely as it seemed the public had, a cottingly, we looked along our shelves for but for some time in vain. The volume

slipped behind its bulkier neighbours. re just giving up our search as hopeles when all at once we caught a sight of it, and in such company, that it made us smile despite ourselves, as we remembered the poor fellow's sad complaints, that he—the author of no less a number than five plays—was still unread-forgotten!

Johnson was squeezed between two volumes of the works of Lope de Vega!

The accidental juxtaposition of the two dramatists was certainly a somewhat strange one. Poor Johnson! We had promised him posthu-Poor Johnson! We had promised him posthumous and undying fame for his five dramas—his, "Five, sir—Five!" as he so proudly dwelt upon their number; and, for the life of us, we could not help laughing at our prophecy, as we asked ourselves, how many plays of all the hundreds the great Spaniard wrote, are heard of now. Nay, how many were there that even long survived their author. A per-centage, truly, most disheartening to Johnson! Johnson !

At once, we mentally ran over all we knew of Lope de Vega—the "Prodigy of Nature," the "King of Comedy," the "Spanish Phoenix," as he was styled by his various critics—the man whose name became admitted into the Spanish language as an adjective expressing the extreme of excellence. At once we turned to different memoirs of the poet, and looked over the astounding arithmetical calculations that in different lands, at different times, have been made to state the number of in-And it the reader does not know already, we should like to hear him guess how many plays he thinks it nossible that Lope de Vega been made to state the number of his works. to suppose the number large, but in spite of all our warnings, we defy the boldest guesser to come near the truth. Let him of all our warnings, we defy the boldest guesser to come near the truth. Let him think of a number that may seem preposterous. It will be much below the nark. Nay, let him even work out that mysterious problem in mental arithmetic which we remember puzzling over in our school-boy days, and having thought of a number, double it, add ten to it, and so on—we forget exactly, the true formula. Still will the total, in all probability, tall considerably short of the number of plays composed by Lope de Vega,

Lope de Vega.

The lowest calculation that seems based on anything like solid grounds, is that given by M. Damas Hinard, in an admirable me-moir of the poet, prefixed to a Freuch transmoir of the poet, prefixed to a French translation of his plays; or rather some of his plays, for we should like to see the man who could translate them all, in one literine, supposing all to be extant. M. Hinard informs us—a statement in which Schah, the German historian of the Spanish drams, and others coincide—that Lope de Vega wrote the producious number of fifteen hundred plays!

plays! Fifteen hundred plays! Written by one

Well may another of his biographers, Mr. Lope de Vega, published in eighteen hundred G. H. Lowes, say, "It really takes one s and six. breath away to hear of such achievements." Bouterwek, in the volume of his Geschichte But we have not yet done. At the imminent der Poesic und Beredsamkeit, which treats risk of having our veracity unpugued, we on Spanish literature (published about must go on to tell what else Lope de Vega, Moutalym in his estimate of Love is Vega's As though the ifferen hundred player Moutalym in his estimate of Love is Vega's As though the fifteen hundred plays wrote. not enough for one man's work, find he wrote besides about three hundred interludes and autoe sacramentales (a species of dramatic composition resembling our anof dramatic composition resulting our an-cient miracle-plays); ten epic poems; one burlesque poem, called La Gatomoquia; various descriptive and didactic poems; a host of sonnets, romances, odes, elegies, and epistles; several works written in mingled proce and verse; eight proce novels; not to mention other proce writings, or his numerous pretaces and dedications! What a labour for one lifetime! Were it for nothing more than the stupendous quantity of his productions-leaving quality altogether out of the consideration-Lope de Vega would be one the greatest wonders in the whole history

And yet his wonderful rapidity was not more flow of words unhampered by ideas. In speaking of the quantity of his productions without regard to quality, we would by no means insimuate that in the latter respect they would not bear examination. We will they would not bear examination. not, it is true, go to such lengths as his friend and pupil. Montalvan, does, when he declares that if the works of Lope de Vega were placed in one scale, and those of all ancient and modern poets in the other, the weight of the former would not only decide the comparison in point of quality, but would also "be a fair ctablem of the superiority in point of merit of Lope's verses over those of all other poets together." But setting aside the exaggerations of his devoted admirer, this much is pretty certain; not only did Lope de Vega actually produce fifteen hundred dramas, but they were—as our friend Johnson tells us his own five were—all successful! They delighted all Spain, charmed even the sombre spirit of Philip the Second, and-sure test of

In present dramas, as in plays gone by,

they brought in money to the theatres' treasuries, and secured a competence to their

We have already stated that the number if his works given above in that recorded by M. Damas Hinard, and others. But, as if this were not sufficiently miraculous, some his biographers adopt a considerably her figure. Montalvan, above alluded to, higher figure. Montalvan, above alluded to, asserts in his Fama Postuma (a work published in honour of Lope de Vega, in sixteen hundred and thirty-six, a few months only after the poet's death) that he had written surfers hundred plays, and four hundred autos sacramentales! This is the number also quoted by Lord Holland, in his Life of

and six.

Bouterwek, in the volume of his Geschichte der Poesie und Beredsamkeit, which treats on Spanish literature (published about eighteen hundred and eight) surpasses even Montalvan in his estimate of Lope de Vega's fecundity. He says that "Lope de Vega required no more than four-and-twenty hours in the control of these sets in write a versified drama of three acts in redondillas, interspersed with sonnets, ter cets, and octaves, and from beginning to end abounding in intrigues, prodigies, or interesting situations. This astonishing facility ening situations. This astonishing facility enabled him to supply the Spanish theatre with upwards of two thousand original dramas." He tells us that the theatrical managers would wait at Lope's elbow, carrying off the acts as fast as he could write them, not giving the poet time even to revise his work; and that, immediately upon one play being finished, a fresh applicant would arrive to prevail on him to commence a new piece! A wholesale manufactory of dramas, truly! What would friend Johnson think of orders coming in like this!

think of orders coming in like this !

Another calculation Bouterwek gos as to the amount of paper Lope used. tells us, " According to his own (Lopus) testi-mony, he wrote on an average five sheets per it has therefore been computed that the number of sheets which he composed during his life must have amounted to one hundred and thirty-three thousand, two hundred and twenty-hye." This computation, lowever, strikes us as somewhat doubtful, inasmuch as it proceeds on the supposition that average of five sheets per diem extended throughout the whole seventy-three years of his existence, commencing at his birth-when for a day or two, at least, he would not do much, presserious though we know him to have been—and mishing with his death. We should hardly think that Lope quite meant this when he laid down the average, though really we feel so bewildered amongst all these high figures, that we know not exactly what to think. We feel as if we were working out sums in astronomy, and calculating distances of stars, instead of reckoning a literary man's productions. However, come we at once to the last grand total-right or wrong. Bouterwek says it is estimated, "that allowing for the deduction of a small portion of prose, Lope de Vegn must have written uptwenty-one million three hundred

Lord Holland also adopts this estimate, but, like all the rest of them, manages still to magnify it, even while he quotes. He tells on "twenty one million three hundred time-and of his lines are said to be actually printed." And yet we find Lope de Vega humself, in the Edogue to Claudio, one of his latest works, declaring that, large as in the quantity of his practed works, those which still remain unprinted are even yet more numerous. So, if we take Lord Holland's state-to a list of nine bundred plays, in the year ment of the quantity actually printed, and resixteen hundred and twenty; to one of membering that the printed portion is not half a housand and seventy in the year sixteen of what long de Vera wrate altered by

of what Lope de Vega wrote altogether,—But no We must refrain. We are getting once more into the high numbers, and we begin already to feel giddy. So we must let Lord Holland, Bouterwek, Montalvan, and the rest, any what they please; we cannot the rest, any what they please; we cannot content ourselves with the very moderate figure we commenced with, and say that Lope de Vega, after all, wrote only fifteen hundred

DINYS.

For this quantity, however—marvellous, nay incredible, as it may seem—pretty conclusive evidence may be advanced. It would be teducus to cumerate all the facts which tend to prove it. Two will suffice. In the first place, that number was given by Doctor Fernando Cardoso, the intimate friend of Lope de Vega, in the funeral speech he made over the peat's grave. It is just possible, we grant, that on se solenn, and yet so exciting an occasion as a funeral oration, the orator may be induced to speak more highly of his friend departed than, perhaps, strictest truth would warrant. Nay, we have heard it said, that even sculptured epitaphs have been known, even now, in some slight manner to case write the merits of the dead. But increase will not stand this sort of thing. There is a stern matter-of-fact principle about increase—that at once suppresses anything like infining—that at once suppresses anything like infining with them. Unaters may win men to anything, but figures know that two and two are four, and they will stick to it, any what you will. Therefore, however anxious the doctor may have been to make to most of his subject, he would hardly, we bound any leave ventured on the hazardous remained of "cooking the accounts," at a time when his arithmetic could be immediately set right by simple reference to the lines of play-bills. Managers did keep some accounts, we suppose, even in those days.

Stilless safely could Lope de Vega himself

It is safely could Lope de Vega himself in his can lifetime have ventured on exaggration in this matter, and so we feel we have a line in this matter, and so we feel we have a line in this matter, and so we feel we have the heat, place some reliance on the statements he, from time to time, put out of his own progress. He was in the habit of publishing at various periods, in the prefaces to me new works, either a list or an account it is number of his plays then written. Accordingly, we find the figure regularly advancing from the year sixteen hundred and three, who us in the prologue to his Pelegroup. He gives a catalogue of three hundred and three, who us in the prologue to his Pelegroup. He gives a catalogue of three hundred and that Arte Vuevo de hacer Comedius, publicael in sixteon bundred and eighty-three; that given with a new volume of his plays, in states a hundred and eighty-three that given with a new volume of his plays, in states a hundred and eighty-three that given with a new volume of his plays, in the life in the land of the plays, in the life in the lif

to a list of nine bundred plays, in the year sixteen hundred and twenty; to one of a thousand and seventy in the year sixteen hundred and twenty-five; and, lastly, in his Ecloque to Claudio (sixteen hundred and thirty), he says: "But if I come now to tell you of the infinite number of comic fables, you will be astonished to hear that I have composed fifteen hundred."

Pero si ahora el numero infinito De las fabulas comicas intento

Mil y quinientas fabulas admira.

Is our account of Lope de Vega's labours yet sufficiently miraculous? Shall we now leave him with his fifteen hundred plays, and other works, content to let our readers wonder that he did so much? Or shall we risk their incredulity by telling them that he did more? We feel half tempted to go on, and in a brief sketch of some of his adventures and occupations to show how much of his life, of little more than threescore years and ten, must have been taken up by other matters than this mighty mass of literary work. For Lope de Vega was a soldier, a secretary, an alchemist, a priest; he married twice, and had a family; he studied and became proficient in the latin, Italian, French, and Portuguese tongues, and yet found time to write his lifteen hundred plays!

Our readers may suppose he was not long about anything he took in hand. In fact, if we believe his friend, Montalvan, he began at once as he intended to go on—almost we may say from his cradle. We are told that he understood Latin at the ripe age of five; and also, much about the same time commenced composing Spanish verses, which he dictated to his playfellows to write down for him—for he became an author before he had bearned to write. He sold his verses too (the clever dog!) for toys and sweetmeats. How marely do we find the genius and the man of business thas combined! Between eleven and twelve years of age, he himself informs us, in his New Art of Dramatic Writing (Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias), he bad written several petites comédies, in the antique spanish form of four short acts. At fourteen years of age (Anno Domini fifteen hundred and seventy-six) he ran away from collège to see the world; and, in the following year, entered the army, serving both in Fortugal and in Africa, under the Marquis of Santa Cruz. The next year he came home again, and engaged himself as page and secretary to the Babop of Avila, working away, of course, at his poetry all the whale, as none but Lope de Vega or a steam-engine could work, and producing, amongst various other things, a pastoral coinedy in three acts, called La Pastoral de Jacinto, the authorsolder-secretary being then sixteen years of ace! Sent by his patron, the bishop, to the

solid fare of philosophy, theology, and mathe-matics, taking at the same time, by way of a relish, the Italian, Portuguese and French languages. But even all this was insufficient for his voracious appetite. So-to carry out the simile—he flow to the occult sciences, as to a lump of bread and cheese to finish up with. And now he was never happy but when in the midst of crucibles, furnaces, and alembies. If any one could have found out the grand secret, it would surely have been Lope de Vega. He didn't; so we must needs suppose the alchemists were labouring under a mistake under a mistake.

Next, Lope de Vega fell in love. Son say with one lady; some say with two. V should incline to think the latter—one at time could hardly be enough for him. didn't marry them, nor either of them. Some time afterwards, thinking it time to settle down in life, he made his mind up to become a priest. He underwent the necessary pre-parations, and was on the very eve of being ordained, when he fell in love again. The church and priestly vows were no more to be thought of. He married. This was in fifteen hundred and eighty-four.

Scarcely was he married, however, than—just by way of a change—he got into prison, owing to a duel. He escaped, of course; it was not likely he could wait until his time of imprisonment was over. He were to until upon the death of his wife he flew once more to battle, for excitement, and embarked on board the Invincible Armada, which on board the Invincible Armada, which Philip the Second was then fitting out to invade the English coasts. The Invincible Armada being thoroughly destroyed, Lope next visited Italy, spending some years in Naples, Parma, and Milan. Returning once more to Madrid, he married again, and by his

second wife was soon made a happy father.

Now he was writing in earnest for the stage, poverty and himself, as he tells us, "having entered into partnership as traders in verses;" and a very large proportion of in verses;" and a very large proportion of his plays were the production of this trading from during the tranquil years of his second marriage. He lost his second wife in the year sixteen hundred and seven, some sixteen years

after he had married her, and then he joined the Inquisition, and finally became a priest. His priestly duties were numerous, but even yet he managed to find time for the theatre, and the very year that he was made a priest (sixteen hundred and nine) he wrote his Arte Nuevo de hacer Comedias, and we would rather not venture upon saying his Arte

how many plays.

But we are not writing the life of Lope de Vega. We have already gone at a much greater length than we intended into the story of his travels and adventures. One more short anecdote in illustration of the wonderful rapidity of Lope's pen, and we have done. We find it in Montalvan.

The writer for the theatre at Madrid was at one time at such a loss for comedies that the doors of the Theatre de la Cruz were shut; but as it was in the Carnival, he was extremely auxious on the subject, so Lope and his friend Montalvan were applied to and his friend Montalvan were applied to, and they agreed to compose a joint comely as fast as possible. It was the Tercera Orden de San Francisco, and is the very one in which Arias acted the part of the Saint (we beg the pardon of leading tragedians now living—the criticism is Montalvan's, not our living—the criticism is Montalvan's, not our own) more naturally than was ever witnessed on the stage. The first act fell to Lope's lot, the second to Montalvan's. These were despatched in two days, and the third act was to be divided equally between the two authors, each doing eight leaves. Montalvan went home at night, and being well aware that he could not equal Lope in the execution, he thought (misguided Montalvan!) that he would try and beat him in the demants of he would try and beat him in the despatch of the business. For this purpose he got up at two o'clock in the morning, and managed to complete his portion of the act by eleven. Montalvan then went out—not a little proud of what he'd done, no doubt—to look for Lope. He found him in his garden, very deeply occupied with an orange-tree that had been frost-bitten in the night. What! not at work ! Montalvan doubtless thought he'd

got him now! He asked him how he had got on with his task, when Lope answered,
"I set about it at five; but I finished the act an hour ago; took a bit of ham for breakfast, wrote an epistic of fifty triplets; and have watered the whole of the garden, which have to a little triplet of his garden, which

has not a little fatigued me."

Then, taking out the papers, he read to his collaborateur the eight heaves and the triplets, "a circumstance," Montalvan adds, "that would have astonished me, had I not known the fertility of his genius, and the dominion he had over the rhymes of our language."

Well might it have astomshed him, indeed! It would have surprised us, if anything could. But then it can't—at least when it relates to Lope de Vega.

And now, out of all the astounding number of his works, how many are there that are ever heard of now? Lord Holland mentioned nine that were still played in his time. many more than these are read. But yet how small a portion of the mighty whole! Poor Johnson! Your collected works must form a very much more bulky volume, before you've any right to grumble.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

N 2217

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 1, 1855.

A WIFE'S STORY.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

We stood on the deck together,—I and my husband—I, shrouded in worm wrappings, with tolood arms, leaning against him. How strong he was! How firm he stood! How delightful it was to me to lean there so! It was late, and a wild night; a strong wind blowing, and our ship bounding on over high-swelling waves. It should have heen moonlight—the moon was at the full—but only now and then a wind-rent in the

at soal were very full. Leaning there I compare I had found life-long peace, a refuge I at trouble and distress. What a beautiful intered I pictured!

We were both young: I some five years the younger, a mere girl in age and in appearance, yet all too old at heart. Monstring into to the bitterness of gamed experience, by no pain, and not by the number of its large and years, I was no longer young. My he had long been a struggle; a series of mofinion in which I always came off heartmentage. I had been ever at war with committee. There was a strange and secret interests to make the within me, that would not be crusted out; that would not be much somewhere within me, that would not be crusted out; that would not be much to gather all powers of soul, and heart, and mind together, into conscious possession, and then yield meekly, quietly, and entirely a the rengulation of the controlling power of higher will. So I had fought on as blindly as been ently, doing battle boldly for real and supposed rejuries.

No more woman can live long so,—at war with all around,—I had grown heart-sisk, and

No nore woman can live long so,—at war with all around,—I had grown heart-sisk, and uttorly weary; soon I should have kin down, and yielded. But a great change came to me. While I had been struggling and striving in a negative great darkness, in which the things after which my ambition prompted me to reach always cluded my eager hands, God hid

I was a governoss when my husband began to woo me. I was his equal by birth, but what did that serve me? He was far ni ove We stood on the deck together,—I and my harbond—I, shrouded in werm wrappings, with beloed arms, leaning against him. How strong he was! How firm he stood! How delightful it was to me to lean there so!

It was late, and a wild night; a strong wind blowing, and our ship bounding on over high-swelling waves. It should have not help now and then a wind-rent in the limits let her pale light through.

We and not talk, the wild wind would have been more found to any words away, and my heart in soil sere very full. Leaning there I thought I had found life-long peace, a refuge for a strongle and distress. What a beautiful tatare I pretured!

We were loth volume. I some force the me in station now, was handsom; and much that serve me! He was far allove me in station now, was handsom; and much that serve me! He was far allove me in station now, was handsom; and much the courted and admired. The daughters of the family with whom I lived would have been with his simple, frank indulference, and bent the power of his nature to loving me! I was a certain dignity of my own, which had been useful to me in my unprotected state. I felt that when I chose I could compel respect and glorid in the power, though it made glorid in the power, though it made into the power, though it made useful to not know what it could have been in me that served to draw my husband's notice upon me, and then to win nearly me with his simple, frank indulference, and bent the power of his nature to loving me! I was a certain dignity of my own, which had been useful to me in my unprotected state. I felt that when I chose I could compel respect and glorid in the power, though it made useful to me in my unprotected state. I felt that when I chose I could compel respect and glorid in the power of his nature to loving

think, for his was a most faithful heart, that he must have regarded me, first, for the sake of some real or imagined likeness to my brother, my dead brother, who had been his friend. And yet it was hardly me he loved; of my real nature, its force, its asperations, its sahament impost, he know nothing. He

of my real nature, its force, its asperations, its vehement unrest, he knew nothing. He loved me as he saw me, looking through some medium of h s own interposing.

Of course he was my first lover. Who else would have turned from our three household Graces,—the grown-up daughters of the family—brilliant, assomplished, dower of the family—brilliant, assomplished, dower of the family—brilliant, assomplished, dower of the family—brilliant, assomplished, as they were, to me l poor, plain, and proud, as I was considered. So, of course, he was my first lover! If I loved him aright I could not tell,—if I ever loved him as a wide should love, I do not even now know. I felt it infinitely sweet and strange to be beloved—to be the object of such manly, protecting tendernitely sweet and strange to be beloved—to be the object of such manly, proterting tenderness as his. I asked no questions,—when I could once believe in his love, I gave myself up, abandoned my whole being utterly, to the great, new jev. There was nothing to distract my mind, nothing to divide my affection with him, and I had very large capacity of loving. His loving me was a sufficient proof of his goodness, of his disintenest-chess, and great-heartedness. I was satisfied, and Harold could not long doubt that I loved him, and I am sure he never suspected me of accepting him for any other reason. He could see my could over with delicity my check flush, and my hands tremble when he gave me any new proof of the love I hungered, and yet half-dreaded, to be convinced of.

I remember, how well! the first thing that excited my mistress's (so I called her in my excited my mistress's (so I called her in my prood humility) suspicion of the truth, and that first stirred up a joyful, thrilling hope in my poor heart. Mr. Warden came to the house one morning, it was earlier than he had ever called before, and I was in the large school room, giving a music-lesson to the youngest gul, the three elder sisters were in the room that day, busily occupied with various works of idleness, and still in morning-costume, so that an authoritative knock ing-costume, so that an authoritative knock at the hall-door caused some alarm and stir. But I went on giving my lesson, wearly endeavouring to do the work of both teacher and pupil. The door opened, and some one entered before the young ladies had effected their escape to their dressing-rooms; there was a movement and flutter, but I did not look round, or imagine that it in any way concerned me.

Mr. Warden was particularly anxious to see our school room, and to discover in what praiseworthy manner you young ladies were occupied here; so I have brought him in to take you by surprise," I heard my mistress

say in her most gracious voice.

Then I just glanced round, for I always felt a sort of interest in Mr. Worden for the though I did not expect him in any way to recipiocate it. He was standing at the far end of the room, surrounded by the four ladies: in his hand be held a most glorious bou just of hot-house roses, which they were all admiring: he did not hold them careall admiring; he did not hold them care-lessly and indifferently, and as if half-ushamed of carrying them, as gentlemen generally do flowers; but carefully, and tenderly, and half proudly. I saw this at a glance, and, meeting his eyes, bowed slightly, and turned back again to the music-book and my pupil's heedless fingers, expecting that in a moment, the busies, the visitor, and his roses would have vanished from my domain. But the fragrance of those flowers reached me, it grew more and more deliciously strong; -they must be

I turned my head very, very slightly, and became conscious that some one stood behind me-that the precious flowers almost touched cheek.

my check.

"How very sweet they are," I ventured to say, the flowers drawing the words from me; for their perfume seemed to have entered my

heart.

"Are you not weary, Annie? Your pupil does not seem very attentive—isn't it tiresome work?" Mr. Warden asked.

He was bending down to me, flowers in and. Somehow I could not answer—somehand. Somehow I could not answer—come-thing in tone or words touched me like remembered music, and I longed to weep.

He had heard of me as Annie all his life, and so forgot to call me anything else, even now, when I was a poor governess, and he but I am sure he never thought of that. He found me again, after having lost sight of me for years, he found me unhappy, and took me his great heart.

I had not yet voice to speak when Mrs. Stone bustied up.

"Has not Amelia been attentive this morning, Miss Aston?" she asked with a great appearance of concern.

"She has not been less ma'am," I answered coldly. has not been less so than usual,

"You should complain to me, my dear, when you find her troublesome; she is rather a guidy child, I know. Come now, Amelia, and have your bonnet put on, a walk will do both you and Miss Aston good."

So saying, the lady went to the door with the child, thinking that we followed her.
"A moment!" Harold interposed as I was rising to do so. I sat down again in my chair by the piano, bending my eyes on the pencil-case my fingers were playing with, and won-dering vaguely what he could be g ang to say. "I brought these for you," Mr. Warden began hurriedly, holding out the roses: "you said the other day how fond you were of flowers. I came down from London last night, and brought these from Covent Garden may I leave them with you !

I did not hold out my hand, so he laid them on my lap—they looked wondrous beautiful

on my black dress.

Harold glanced round the room: we were alone; the young ladies had disappeared to dress, meaning that Mr. Warden should escort them for a walk that bright winter's morning.

"I want to know," he began confusedly, "are you happy here? How do they treat you? Do not be proud with me, remember—"

I raised my eyes, full of tears, gratefully to He should see that at least I was not

proud to him, to any who treated me kinedy.
"Mr. Warden!" Mrs. Stone called from
the passage; "I know you are fond of the passage; "I know you are fond of flowers—I want to show you something rare in my conservatory. Oh! here you are! I beg your pardon for leaving you, I thought the girls had taken you into the drawing-room. This way, if you please—you must stoop your tall head a little, I fear."

I wantalous—Leat as he had left me—there

I was alone—I sat as he had left me—there lay the flowers, I did not stir or touch them, only bent down over them, their fragrance filling my soul, and, perhaps, a tear or two falling on their petals. That fragrance must have been a kind of intograntion, such wildly

beautiful thoughts stole in with it.

It was winter: but this precious gift over which I bent carried me away to some heavenly garden of perpetual rose-rich summer. I gazed at my real roses, soft pink, neh crimson, snow-white, bright golden, they shut out the great, bare room, the gaunt bare

beighs swinging before the windows, they kept out sense of cold and emptiness, and filled my heart with warmth and sweetness.

I do not know how long I dreamed.

My reverie was broken into roughly. Mrs.

Stone entered with a stormy rustling of her
handsome dress that told of some excitement.

Oh!" she began, looking sharply at me;

"Oh!" she began, looking sharply at me; "Mr Warden forgot his roses here, I suppose, I wondered where he had left them. He is gone out with the young ladies; Amelia is with her sisters, so you can go into the garden, if you please. You need not have touched those flowers, Miss Aston; put them in water in the drawing-room, if you please; no doubt they were brought for Julia, but Mr. Warden is rather shy, and perhaps did not like to offer them."

The lady approached, and looked more closely at my dowers.

"He must have given several guineas for that bouquet at this season," she continued; "very extravagant! but, however, he is a young man of large fortune, and, as a bichelor. can afford such extravagances-his father, can shord such extravagances—his inther, if understand, was among the most wealthy of our metchant-princes—by the way, how does it happen you know him so intimately?"

"He was a friend of ours,—of my brother's, when I was a child."

'In teed' then, of course, you know all about the family. Has he any near relatives

"I believe not," I answered.
I has risen, and stood leaning against the plane, my flowers gathered up heedfully in my i deal arms. I half guessed what Mrs. Stone

would any next, and send on the defensive.

"I observed," the lady continued, "that
Mr Warden called you by your Christian
name. That was all very well when you
were a child, but I am sure, as a sensible
young woman, you will see that now it is young woman, you will see that now it is hardly becoming. There is a wide difference of station and position, you must remember. For a governess to be treated with such an appearance of familiarity by a handsome young man of fortune, is not the thing.' You hear me, Miss Auton? Do not crush those

I had gathered them rather closely to my secon—I held them more loosely as I measured,—

I do, madam!"

"I do madam!"

"I am sure you will acknowledge that I am right. I will mention the matter to Mr. Warden, if you choose—he appears to be rather an unsophisticated young man, and perhaps does not know much of the ways of the world."

"I think Mr. Warden will act according to his ideas of right, and not according to what any one may tell him of the ways of the world, Mrs. Stone"

"That scorntul look and tone is most unbecoming, Mass Aston. I have told you

temper, and treat me with more respect, I shall not be able to keep you, sorry as I should be to be forced to dismiss you. You should be to be forced to dishins you. For know how much you have suffered already from the evil, but natural, interpretations put upon your frequent changes of situation. I wonder you are not more guarded. You cannot, I am sure, complain to Mr. Warden, or any one else, that you have experienced anything but kindness here."

"I shall not complain—certainly not—to r. Warden!" I interrupted.

Mr. Warden!" I interrupted.

"That is right; for once your pride is proper and becoming. You need not stand there any longer, I have done, I only wanted to warm you; I am sure you understand me.

Take those flowers and put them in water, as and put then in water, as I requested, they are beginning to droop. I am sure Julia will be pleased. I do not think Mr. Warden very elever, but he is a fine young man, very steady and good tempered, and Julia is ambitious and will spur him on, so they will suit well."

Possibly! "I answered, "but about the flavors two virials and put they are middle to the flavors two virials and put they have the company that are

flowers you are mistaken, ma'am, they are mine; Mr. Warden laid them where you saw them,—I had not touched them when you came in." I did not stay to see the effect of my words, but went up to my own room. There I put my treasures lovingly in water, There I put my treasures lovingly in water, and then sat by them thinking, and my heart softened as it had not done for many a day. I felt so grateful to Harold! Any way, it was so kind—so thoughtful to bring such lovely flowers for me! In my heart I was always most deeply grateful to him; but I do not remember that I ever thought of being so to Heaven for any of my harminess and so so to Heaven for any of my happiness, and so my very gratitude grew to be a pain to me and a bane to him.

But I must not anticipate, though you know mine to be a sad story.

It was not so very long after my receipt of that first, most precious, gift—[I have the dust of those flowers now :)—that Harold

asked me to be his wife.

It was on one early spring evening, when I had stolen half-au-hour's freedom from my slavery and gone alone into the garden. At least, it should have been spring by the calendar, but it was a wintry evening bleak, black, damp, and cold. A very dismid and dreary evening, and so I loved to linger out in its ghastly, chill twilight. I beheve I was always happier in what other people called most miscrable weather. It seemed as if I relished throwing my defance in Nature's face, and yet I loved her with no half love-liking. Just then, my proud, exulting heart joys in proving its happiness, its little dependence on aught external.

I had not paced, but rushed, up and down the broad gravel-walk, beyond the chance of surveillance from the house, till I was weary; then I stood leaning against a great tree, and lendar, but it was a wintry evening bleak

then I stood leaning against a great tree, and the solemn desolateness of the true and the ceans, would steel felly to my heart, and d

folded my arms and gave way to a sombre, doubting, almost despairing, train of thought.

I loved the old tree I leaned against, though it grew in an enemy's soil. My heart had throbbed against it many a time—not with joy, but with grief, scorn, or important rage. And many a time my bitter, burning tears had fallen upon the turk above its roots. No one clae ever shoot there hears No one else ever stood there, leaning so, and I had grown to fancy the tree endowed with some power of sympathy, and that it bent down regardfully to me, and swept its branches lovingly over my face, and whispered consolingly in my ear. But my friend was mute and still that night, with neither touch nor tone for me. The evening was sallenly quiet, and there was no wind-

horn murmur among the bare boughs.

As I stood leaning there—hidden from the path—I heard a step, a firm, crushing step, coming down the gravel-path. I knew who came—at least my heart knew—for it beat high against the tree's rough bark, stirred for high against the tree's rough bars, surred for once by somewhat else than pride or pain. But it did not beat there long . . I was soon found, though I stood quite still in my hiding-place. Harold reproved me tenderly, and yet authoritatively, for staying out in that raw, cheerless air. I answered, not proudly, as I should have done had any other spoken so,—but meekly and sadly. Then we both so,—but meekly and sadly. Then we both forgot the weather as that beaming, hand-some, honest, face was bent down close

to mine.

He loved plain-spoken truthfulness; and, if I blushed and pressed my cold hands beneath my shawl tight down over my swelling heart, yet I trankly accepted the love he frankly offered, and I did not scruple to let him know that I took it very thankfully.

Then I was drawn close to him. It was cold no longer,—my heart was warm and full. I suppose we walked up and down a long time—I remember it grew dark—but the sky cleared, and some few stars looked

down upen us.

Harold simply told Mrs. Stone of our engagement, that we should be married as soon as I could make it convenient, and he had made proper preparations for receiving his wife, and added that he trusted I should meet with kindness and consideration for the little while it might be necessary for me to remain under her roof.

He spoke very courteously, but plainly and

decide ly.

Mrs. Stone was surprised and mortified, and she could not quite well conceal it. She had not thought Mr. Warden's infatuation had been so great. She had had vague schemes, too, for sending me away, and then secoring him for one of her own daughters.

She was silent a moment, and then said in a hard, unmoved voice,

"Of course you are aware, Mr. Warden, that Miss Aston must faitil her engagement with me—a prior engagement to that so

hastily, and, to speak plainly, it seems to me, so unbecomingly, formed with you. She is here as a governess, and must continue here in the capacity for which she was hired for three months from this time."

three months from this time."

A flush and a frown came upon Harold's face, but I interposed,

"I shall be quite ready, Mrs. Stone," I answered, "to perform all my duties as usual till the time for which I was engaged has expired. I do not think you can accuse me of having ever wiifully neglected duty; I do not know why I should do so now."

"Very well! This is, I believe, the last day of February."

"The first of March, I think, ma'am; is it not?" I asked, turning to Harold.

not?"

ot?" I asked, turning to Harold.
"I think so," he answered discontentedly. "I think so," he hiswered discontentedly.

"On the first of June then, you leave my service?" Mrs. Stone said. "Till that time," she added, "I shall of course expect that my daughter's education will be carried on without interruption."

I bowed assent. Harold took his leave,

chafing sorely at Mrs. Stone's manner, and at having to leave me for so long a time to her tender mercies. I was not sorry to remain where I was, my present happiness was quite enough, and I should be glad to grow quietly acquaint with that ere there came any fur-ther change. I crept out of the room soon after Harold went away, and was alone with my joy till morning.

It was well for me that I was love-strong and proof against annoyance, for that house was no home or rest for me.

They even tried to come between me and

Harold's love, filling his ears with tales—some of them, alas! too true—of my vident temper, my su gularities, my excessive prole, and my utter unsuitableness for making any man's home happy. But they soon gave up this attempt. Harold looked through their this attempt. assumed to their real motives with the clear vision of a simple, sincere nature, and treated me only the more tenderly and pityingly when we met. This was not very often, or when we met. This was not very often, or for long at a time: we had no opportunity of gaining any real knowledge of each other. During those three months I had time for thinking over the impending change: I might have weighed and tried my love had I had scale, or table of weights to guide me—I had not. I knew that I siekened at the I had not. I knew that I stekened at the bare thought of anything intervening between me and Harold, and shutting out the glampse of a glorious, free life beyond my prison-walls that he opened to me, and I did not question of what nature and kind should be the live between husband and wife, or doubt whether we could make one another happy. I had one relative, a maiden aunt, in but poor cir-cumstances, of whom I knew but very little; to her I went when that long three months had expired; from her house I was to be married in a formight's time.

In spite of my happiness I had grown paler

and thinner of late. I had been kept wearily and closely employed all day; or rather had kept myself so, choosing to do more, rather than less, than formerly; and often sat up late at night busy with my needlework and my pleasant thoughts. Harold, wor-ried at my fruit look; he was glad my aunt hved in the country; I promised to try and get resy and strong there. As her house was small, and I knew she had a nervous horror of strangers, particularly of gentlemen, it had been arranged that Harold snould not follow me to Ilton until the day before the wearing. The fortnight I was there he was to spend in London, near which he had taken a house.

I found myself at my auros accesses of a fine June afternoon.

Her door! I remember I smiled as I loosed at it, it was such a tiny cottage-door; how would Harold get in? I laughed to myself as I stood waiting a moment, before I laughed. Everything laughed too; the knocked. Everything laughed too; the green leaves in the sunshine overhead, the bright, trimly-tended dowers in the narrow borders on each side of the narrow path. Then, how the butter cups laughed in the fields beyond!—such fields! so rich and dark-grounded and gold-spangled, bounded with horizes whate with hawthern. Field after field awelling and waving almost as far as I could see; only here and there a double row of tall class or drooping limes, marking where come lane wound among them, or a little some lane wound among them, or a little the star coursess. And over the fields went the star coursess. And over the fields went the star course the star course the star course clouds. Perhaps, somewhere near, out of sight, they were making hay already— some very delicious fragrance was floated to not by the soft wind. I laughed again, and no by the soft wind. I laughed again then turned to knock at the little door.

It was opened; my aunt peeped out shyly. Ste was reneved to find me alone; but looked as if she half-expected my handsome giant

acre lurking near.

My dear, I am so glad to see you! God ldess you! But I didn't expect you for an hour yet. Quite welcome, and everything hear yet. Quite welcome, and everything is ready; though, but are you sure you are come alone t. I heard some one laugh."

"I stood by myself, and laughed to myself,

Yee, I am quite alone! I did not come by the coach; my luggage is coming by

that, though."

"Well, you know, my dear, I shall be delighted to see your—Mr. Warden; but I am giarl he did not come here yet; and what shall we do with him, love, when he does come? You say he is so tall, and my house is such a little one."

"It he cannot walk in to see me, he will crawl, perhaps."

My eyes were brimming over as I spoke, and cont looked into them. She nodded and miled to herself, and then signed.

many stairs, you know-and I am sure you

must want your tea."

My aunt bustled about, busy in taking off my bonnet and shawl. She kissed my fore-head and smoothed my hair, and told me I had my mother's eyes; and sighed again, and prayed God keep me and guard me. Then she went down to make my tea, and I stood gazing out of the opened casement-window. I can exactly recall how I felt them!—can I can exactly recall how I felt them !-can see all I saw from that window-and remember just where each rose grew of those that clustered round and tried to peep into the room. I picked one and put it in my hair, that I might have its fragrance near. Then I folded my arms softly on my boson and looked steadfastly out, and such a peace came into my breast, and tears came softly down on to my hands! But then I only looked

out-I did not look up.
"Annie! Annie!" n "Annie! Annie!" my aunt called at the bottom of the stairs, and I went down. A little table was drawn up to the bowery window; and the tea smelt fragrant and delicious, and was most refreshing. Every thing reminded me of the country,—the bread, the butter, rich cream, and fresh eggs. bread, the butter, rich cream, and fresh eggs. Aunt and I sat and chatted and sipped our tea; and I felt very good and patient with her gentle talk; and afterwards we went out of the little back-door, through the little back-garden, into the fields behind, where they really were making hay. "I hope it won't all be made before Harold comes," I said. And then my aunt asked me a thonsaid. And then my aunt asked me a thou-sand questions about this formidable Harold; and from him we got somehow to the very important subject of my wardrobe, and discussed most thoroughly what I had and what I should want. My aunt had a kind neighbour, she said, who often offered her the use of his pretty pony-phaëton. If I could drive she would borrow it, as the best shops near were at Hard, seven miles off. I was not at all afraid of driving over those smooth, quiet roads; so when we went home, Mary, the little maid, was despatched, with my nunt's compliments, to this obliging neighbour, to beg the loan of his carriage for to-morrow, I stood on the deor-step: I could not go in, it was such a balmy June evening; and it was so new and delicious to feel myself own mistress-to expect no hasty summonses to remind me of my bondage. I saw Mary trip away demurely through an orchard then emerge and pursue the narrow track across a golden meadow, then disappear again behind some trees and shrubs, from among which I could see sundry chimneys arise. back presently to say, with a half-smile, that Mr. Swayne returned his compliments, and the carriage was quite at her mistress's service; and so was he, if she would like him to drive her. So Mary had to trip back again with a message that Miss Aston had a mese staying with her who would drive her;

"Mr. Swayne is such an odd man!" my aunt such, quite bashfully, I fancied. "Not so odd to think he should like to oblige you, auntre?" I answered.

Aunt only shook her head, and sighed again. The little placid sigh that seemed habitual to her, and that always made me

habitual to her, and the feel impatient with her.

Aunt Aston, I knew, kept early hours;
I soon bade good-night. Mindful of the soon bade good-night her little household. economy practised in her fittle household, first put out my candle, and then sat in the window, neath the starlight, for hours. To dream happily on the basis of things probable was so new a delight, I could not easily the basis of the could not easily the same when at last my thoughts be satisfied; and when at last my thoughts set themselves in musical order, I went to bed only to sing them over in my

aleep.

But I remember I slept little that night; it seemed as if my soul under my cyclos kept up too much light. The red dawn woke me, and I did not close my eyes again; but while the first heavy dewiness was in air and on earth, I visited the hayfields, buried my face in the hawthern-hedges, withdraw-ing it disfigured by one or two unfriendly becratches, shook the petals of some late-blooming app'e-trees in showers down upon my upturned face, and gathered my hands full of wild pink and white-briar roses. Their perwild pink and white-briar roses. Their per-fume now always calls to my mind the bowery lanes round liten! There was a very wild life beating at my heart that morning, in spite of the quiet step with which I paced about. I went in with dew-dal bled skirts, torn hands, and hair dishevelled from its usual scrupulous neaturess. Aunt Aston as accord to detect to make before I was presentable; and then I glanced ruefully at my hands when my aunt directed my attention to them. Harold would not like to see them so disfigured. I would wear gloves in future in my country rambles, I thought,

My nunt usually treakfasted at seven. That morning it was past eight when we sat down; and, before we had finished, our car-riage was wasting for us at the door. I had, what seemed to me, a rarge sun my possession—a whole year's salary un-touched, and a little money saved from the of former years besides. Yet saved earnings of former years besides. Yet saved is hardly the right word. My money, as soon as received, was always thrown into a drawer. I hated the sight of it. My wages—as I scornfully termed it. I felt nothing of the nobility or the worship of labour. I always resented—never gloried in—my state of servicede. My scary had, as Mrs. Stone reminded me, been handsome, and my expenses very few. I had worn mourning for years, and my plain black dresses had cost me hatle. So now I felt much visit So now I felt quite rich, and, for the first time in my life, it gladdened me to hold money in my hand. I wanted to look well, at i I fanced I me,ht improve my appearance by dressing better. Harold had loved me as he found me; so, for him, I would gladly look as

pretty as possible.

What my purchases should be was again the subject of conversation as I drove my aunt along the pretty, winding, fragrant lanes, down into the little valley, crossing the bridge over the placid river, through Lord A.'s beautiful chestnut-studded besch-groved. A. s beautiful chestnut-studded beach-groved park, which the use of Mr. Swayne's name canabled us to cut across. Then, slowly up the one long steep hill of the neighbourhood, across a small tract of open down, where the wind blew fresher, and I fancied the sea night not be far off, and down again gradually, the church-spire and house-tops, and clustering trees of Hard lying beneath us. US.

Arrived, our pony was dismissed for a few ours' rest. We had so much business to do! hours' rest. We had so much business to do! Hard was a very small town; but its shops were well supplied, and our fastidiousness had as good a chance of being gratified as at many a larger place.

Aunt Aston and I did not very well agree hours' rest.

in our opinions about dress. She had the during the purious and dress. She had the quietest, most Quaker-like taste for herself; but for a young person, like me, she funcied brighter colours, and recommended purks, and blues, and greens, most indiscrimi-

natingly.

My soft, pearly-coloured silk, delicatelypatterned muslin, and cloudy-coloured pare did look rather sober-hued; so I bought some bright pretty ribbons to please Aunt Aston, and then we thought it prudent to ascertain the amount of our expenditure before buying more. I had already made a large hole in my small fortune; so that would do for to-day, we thought. We must calcudo for to-day, we thought. We must calculate and consider a little before we laid out more there. Then we had visits to pay to the dress-maker and milliner. That last, I remember, was a most unsatisfactory visit. How plant I looked in her gay, flowery bonnets: but in one of soft, transparent white my poor face pleased me better; and in the choice of a second I allowed Aunt Aston to have her way. I was quite sick of my morning's employment by this time, and my aunt was tired too. She had friends in the town; should we go and see them (I said 'Please no!' and so we went to a con-fectioner's, and thence sent for our little carriage, and away home. What a time we carriage, and away home. What a time we had spent! I felt a kind of contempt for myself and for my companion, who talked over our purchases with lively interest, as we drove home in the golden afternoon sib two. I was warm and out of temper, in consequence of which, and of my languid, inauterent driving, I nearly overset our carriage, and very much frightened my aunt. She was silent, and I penitent, after that.

"A box come by the carrier for you, miss,"

Mary announced, as she event to lend the pony home, when we had got out.

"For me? are you sure!" I asked.
"Miss Annie Aston, Thorn Cottage, Ilton.
is on it, miss; so I think it's for you." ()! course there was but one person in the wide world would send anything to me. I sat down in the parlour window-seat, and took off my gloves, my bonnet, my shawl, deliberately, before I proceeded to examine its

Mary considerately had it uncorded by the man who brought it. I opened it at last, and Aunt Aston proceeded to examine the contained treasures. I found a letter on the top, and was fully occupied with that. These things were "for my little wife, whom I have a right to bury under heaps of finery if I choose, and if I could bear to have her out of my sight; and who has no right to wave guts of her husband's away with any proud flourishes of her little white hand," the letter said.

Hatobi had commissioned a lady-friend, a

Harold had commissioned a lady-friend, a friend of his mother's, to choose these things for him, describing to her the little person whose wearing was to endear them. They were well enough chosen, yet rather too gay perhaps, and much too costly, I thought.

I stood musing, my letter in my hand, turning over with my foot quite absently the heap of treasures Aunt Aston was examining. I was doing mischief; my shoe was dusty, and with it I was touching a white lace something. Aunt called out to me, and then I runsed myself, and listened to her

"Annie. I'm afraid Mr. Warden is extra-vagant, dear : you must talk to him about it. How teautiful this is! We must send that to be made up—the coach passes our door the evening at six; you must choose what you will send. Did you see this brooch and bracelet—pearl and amethyst!—is it not pacity! You must be married in this; it is love! ! How you will astonish the people in the village! and the church is quite the other and of it. How will you get there !—there will be such a crowd! My dear child,

The k here, aunt," I said. I had found a little separate packet of silk and ribbons, all i

of a pretty sober colour, on which was written, "For Miss Asten (Annie's aunt)."

"Tiew very kind and thoughtful he is," aunt exclaimed.

"Of course he is, auntic dear," I said, preadly, my heart swelling with happiness.

"The poor diess I had meant for you is thrown into the shade."

We made a selection from among my abundance, and despatched a large parcel to Hard by the coach that evening. Among the versety I had found one dress fit for Mary's wast og, and by presenting her with which I quite won her heart.

Ma manuful spirit was beginning to weary

The low, rich, lovely country even, became tedious, as I had nothing to do but enjoy it. I longed for hill climbing, and most intensely for that great treat Harold had promised me, being by and on the sea. I was tired of dreaming over my needle work, in my long walks, in the hay-fields, in the night-time—dreams I had no one to share: my spirit was thirsting to taste the communican, the perfect thirsting to taste the communion, the perfect sympathy, which I fancied was to take all the раш pain of over-fulness from my soul for the future. My aunt could only sigh and smile, future. My aunt could only sigh and smile, warn me not to hope too much, and caution me that in marriage, no doubt, as in every temporal estate, there was much to endure as well as much to enjoy. "Not hope too much!" I startled her one day by passionately exclaiming, "Was there then no joy in life! My past had been bitter enough to give me a right to demand joy for my future." My aunt began a tearful and prayerful and tender little lecture on meckness, and pattence, and trust; but I could not bear it then, and went away with a perturbed spirit. then, and went away with a perturbed spirit. I sat in my window up-stairs till it grew dusk enough for the mountight to show its ower. I had found a sweet thought before had sat there long. Harold—my one friend, hope, joy—my life, my very life—was coming to-morrow. And I had forgotten all doubt and anger at the one who raised it, and had sat long smiling out into the moonlight, and hugging my happiness, when my aunt came timidly in. She had a candle in her hand; thought she had been crying. "He is coming to-morrow, to-morrow!" I whispered, as we bade each other a very loving good-night. I lit the candle she brought me from her's, soon to put it out, for I liked the moonlight-streaked dimness.

Next day and way a real-

Next day, aunt was much more fluttered and nervously expectant than I. Then she was so full of business, too! though what she had to do, I could not tell.

Her dress was home, fitted admirably, and became her very well. Everything of m that I cared to have then was ready: seemed to me that we might sit down and wait quietly.

I forgot to say that I had made the acquaintance of my aunt's polite friend, Mr. Swayne. He was a wislower; his wife had been my aunt's schoolfellow and one particular friend; so there was the intimacy of almost relationship established between them. He was to be present at our marriage, giving me away, and at his house Harold would sleep the one night of his stay in Ilton. While my aunt fluttered and flitted about

While my aim nutered and facted about the house, up-stairs and down, and in and out the kitchen, I did what I could; filled every gless and vase I could find with fresh flowers, took the covers, at my num's request from the pretty furmiture, and supermonded the hanging of snowy muslin curtains in the windows; then there was no more to be

Harold would come by the coach at six in the evening. Tea was to be ready for him, and more substantial fare. I had hist smilingly, then gravely, to remonstrate with my aunt about the over-abundance of entables she wanted to provide.
"Gentlemen had such appetites — when

they came off long journeys, especially," she said.

aid.

I put off my black dress that day. Early in the atternoon aunt and I went up to make our toilettes. I looked anxiously at my face in the glass. Country air had done something for me. The hue of my skin was freshened, and my cheeks boasted a little colour. I put on a pretty new dress, the tint of which suited me. It was not too bright, too dingy, or too delicate. My brown han (I had plenty of it then) I braided very carefully. I fastened my soft lace collar with a pretty brooch—not the grand one, but one of Harold's presents, nevertheless. I had protected my hands carefully since the first morning, and the sears of the scratches had disappeared from them and from my cheek, disappeared from them and from my cheek the transparent lace sleeves fell cloudily and becomingly down over those hands he admired. How carefully I looked at myself -scrutinisingly and gravely—till the very gravity of my poor face provoked me to aughter. But I thought of Harold—fancied him—so grand and tall and handsome—standing beside me, and turned away from the glass, disconsolately sighing out, "What can he find in poor little me!" I gathered a dark red rose from beneath my window, and put it in my hair, but without venturing to look at myself again.

I was warm; for it was a very brilliantly-sunny afternoon—but a delicious breeze came in at the open casement; so I sat down there to read. I had a book Harold had given me "heenuse every one was talking about it "-a new peem-in my band. I had not much cared to read it, as he had not done so, and I should not be following where his eyes and thoughts had gone before. I had had the book a month and had not opened it; and now I turned over the leaves, careleasly, at first, but my attention was soon and the sounds.

caught.

caught.

I have that book lying by me as I write—
it delights me still. I can read it more aright
now, but not with the interest of feeling of
teat time. I had wanted to forget my sickening expectation for a little while. I was
soon completely absorbed, forgetting even
the giver of that as of all my other pleasures.
Is it not often the way of the world to forget
the giver in his gifts!

It was not a book to be easily read, understood and forgotten. It called out all the

stood, and forgotten. It called out all the power of my nature. I read on breathlessly, only, when my eyes were dim, pausing to look up and out over the wavering land.

Ms aunt knocked at my door, and then

came in, saying ;

"I would not disturb you before. Annie; but now it is nearly six I thought you could not know how late it was."

"Indeed I did not," I answered. "It is so very, very beautiful."

"What is, my love!"

"This book I have been reading-a poem Harold gave me; we must take it away with us: he must read it—we will read it together."
"Then he likes poetry as well as you do ?"

asked my aunt.

"Of course," I answered, confidently.

"How nicely you look! I am sure he will be pleased. But you are so like your mother! The brow and cyes are hers exactly, and——"

"You do think I look well?—really, dear aunt? Better than the little, dusty, dusky traveller who stood at your door a fortnight since to-morrow?" I asked, anxiously.

"Yes; you are not like the same crea-

Yes; you are not like the same crea-

"I am very glad you think I look well."

I picked up the book reverently (I bad dropped it when Aunt Aston startled me), and put it with things I was to take away with me; and then we went down-stairs.

I walked up and down the room while we wated—I could not sit still. The rumbling of wheels reached us in the country silence while the graph was a leng way at

silence, while the coach was a long way off. But it was at the gate at last. Hardd jumped off almost before it stopped, much to funded on atmost before it stopped, much to aunt's alarm, who was pecping shyly out from behind the curtains. I did not know if I ran out, or stood still, or what I did; I only knew that soon I was gathered within Harold's arms, and then held off at a little distance and examined. I raised my eyes inquiringly to his; I was soon sure that he was satismed, and glad to cast them down, because the hot blood would rush blindingly across my thee.

Then he introduced himself to my aunt, and thanked her so heartily and cordially that tears sprang to her blue eyes, for having taken such excellent care, as my appearance testified to, of me. And when he sat down she forgot how tail he was, and how afraid of him she had been, and they chatted away easily and gaily; and all the while my hand was clasped so close and tight in his! We had tea, and then we —Harold and I—went out into the hay-fields. Aunt ran after us to the door to beg Harold to take care not to knock his head as he went out; and he laughed his honest laugh, and she went smiling back, and up-stairs into my room, to make some last arrangements for me. The hay-fields that night! For neither of us were there ever such hay-fields again. Oh, my husband, you were happy then!

Next day we were married. I said farewell to my good aunt, to pretty liton, to bluff Mr. Swayne, and we went forth—he and I. For a little while I mused over the that tears sprang to her blue eyes, for having

FLAGS.

The flags of all nations are all primarily associated with the army and navy, the troops associated with the army and navy, the troops of soldiers and the fleets of ships. They are signals, however much they may afterwards become trophics of honour and gallantry. Each nation manages to have such flags as may be readily distinguished from those of other nations; and among those of any one nation a wide diversity exists in the sizes, the shapes, the patterns, and the colours, by virtue of which they may be made to signify the start three and to convey different different things and to convey different intelligence. The terms flag, pendant, en-sign, jack colours, have different conven-tional meanings in the language of soldiers and sailors. A military man seldom applies the word flag, except to the small flags attached to laggage-wagons, to distinguish them one from another. What the world them one from another. What the world usually calls a soldier's flag, he calls his colours; and of these there are many kinels, as camp-colours, field-colours, guard

We must, however, follow a fleet out upon the ocean to appreciate the true value of red, winte, and blue—the true significance of any As to national colours, on bright colours. land, it matters little what they are. land, it matters little what they are. If our allied friends the French choose to adopt the red, white, and blue—be it so; and if we would hang out red, white, and blue in their honour—be it so. Optical philosophers tell us that red, yellow, and blue are complementary each to the other two; and if we choose to change vowel e into vowel i, and hang out red, white, and blue as complimentary to France—be it so.

The mayal value of brightly-coloured flags may be understood when we consider the

may be understood when we consider the relation which the various ships of a fleet bear to each other. A fleet being at sea, the captains must all receive orders from one fountain-head — the admiral in command. This admiral has no messengers, no aides de-camp, who can rattle off in a few minutes to convey orders; he is on board one of the ships, far distant, perhaps, from many others, with an intervening sea so rough that no small messenger-boats could live in But, although circumstances are against any such mode of communication, visible signals are available with considerable advantage. The ships being all on one general level, each is visible from all the others, except under some special circumstances; and the captains manage, at any rate, that each

Mere, at once, comes bufore us the value of red, white, and blue-signals made by means of colours—a chromatic language.

anxious, sail expression of Aunt Aston's James the Second has the reputation of first face, but soon forgot to wonder at it any embadying into a code a system of signals embodying into a code a system of signals made by coloured flags. The thing was done in a piecemeal manner before his time, but he rendered the useful service of bringing it into form, and the existing system is only an extension of that which he devised. It is beheved that at the Battle of the Hogue the code of signals was first used in its complete form to convey both sailing and fighting instrucwhich signals, whether of sounds or colours, may be conveyed. In one system, the signal is known at once to express a definite order, or to convey a definite piece of information, according to a code of rules previously learned in a book. In the other system, any particular signal relates only to a particular number; and the meaning of this number can only be known to those who have access to a particular book, wherein certain conventional meanings of numbers are set down. Some of the orders are given and sentences transmitted, by the former method, referring to maneuvres which are not required to be kept secret, and which are understood by most officers and experienced seamen; but the other class. the rest are of officer may tell his captain that the admiral exhibits a particular number as a signal, but it does not follow that that officer knows the meaning of the number. There is a cipher meaning of the number. There is a cipher-a code of signals adopted by the Admiratty-which is made known to few or many of th officers, according to the exigencies of the case. Hence there have been many codes of signals proposed by inventors, each of whom ciaims to have attained greater simplicity and comprehensiveness than any of the others. We have one now before us, in which the author, by combining various small flags in various ways, contrives to express nearly sixteen hundred words and sentences, such as are likely to be most useful at sea. Que combination, for instance, expresses bricks, another potatoes, another cannon-balls; seven little flags, particularly disposed, convey information —Weather has been varia variable, with rain and dry weather, at the place I came from : while eight little flags, under a certain arrangement, seem to have the mag-niloquent power of Lord Eurleigh's shake of something floating in my wake, though you should be obliged to yaw a little out of your course. The flags differ in size, shape, colour, pattern, and arrangement; and it thus arises that so many different combinations may be made by a few flags. Every ship takes out a number of little flags for signals, whatever may be the code by which those signals receive interpretation. The British govern-ment, and probably other governments in like manner, have many flag signals which are not made publicly known.

The colours of ship signals are connected in a curious way with the arrangement of the

forming three squadrons, and three equadrons forming the grand fleet. Now, the colour and position of certain flags assist in distinguishing these squadrons and diviin distinguishing these squadrons and divi-sions one from another. Admirals are flag-efficers; captains are not. The rank of every admiral is denoted by the colour and position of his flag; and thus the flags indicate both the divisions of the fleet and the admirals who command those divisions.

The red, white, and blue, as the admiral's honorary colours, are thus distributed. There honorary colours, are thus distributed. There are, in the first place, three ranks or gradations of these officers—admiral being the highest, vice-admiral the next, and rear-admiral the lowest. In each grade, too, there are three degrees, named after the red, white, and blue, respectively. Thus there are nine kinds of admirals—three times three; as there are nine divisions in a large flest, three times three. Each admiral, for the time being, belongs to some one of the nine classes in particular, and not to any of the others. An admiral is higher in rank, and receives higher full pay and hall pay than a vice-admiral or a rear-ad-miral; and a vice-admiral is in like manner logher in rank and pay than a rear admiral. Every vice-admiral has been a rear-admiral; every admiral has been a vice-admiral, and before that a rear-admiral. There are certain matters of precedence connected with all this, of no small moment in the estimation of others; thus, an admiral stands on a level in dignity with a general; while a vice-admiral is equal only to a lieutenant-general, and a rear-admiral only to a major-general. The lowest of the nine classes is rear-admiral of the blue.

The manner in which an admiral hoists his flag denotes his ratk. The standard, the gorgeous flag of Englind, is hoisted only when the sovereign is on board; the Admiralty flag, figured with an anchor of hope, is especially indicative of the Board of Admiralty; one especially one especial officer, called the admiral of the fleet; and the highest of all the admirals, hoists the Union flag, which was first adopted soon after the union of Scotland with England, and which contains the crosses of St. George, St. Andrew, and St. Patrick. An admiral hangs a red, a white, or a blue flag, according to his designation, at the main-top of his ship; a ver-almiral hoists it on the fore-top; while a rear admiral shows colours on the nazen top. The position of the flag thus detectes his rank, while its colour denotes the separatron to which he belongs.

The red, white, and blue, even without other colours, can obviously convey a vast number of definite bits of information. We

ships in a fleet. If the fleet be small, it is piveled into three squadrons, which—from certain arrangements in the order of sailing—mast on which they are placed, the precedence are called respectively the centre, van, and lear squadrons; but if it be large, each squadron is further grouped into three divisions; insonuch that there may be nine divisions; insonuch that there may be nine divisions. on different parts of a ship, an admiral in com-mand may denote an order addressed to the whole fleet, or to the whole of the division in one squadron, or to the whole of the ships one squadron, or to the whole of the ships in one division, or to one single ship; while the colours and combinations of flags may convey the particulars of the order. In a great fleet, during action, certain look-out frigates are purposely left to watch the admiral's ship, to observe every signal, and to transmit those signals to ships not in a favourable position to see them otherwise. As the ontermost ships of a fleat are often some nules distant from the incrmost, the colours of the flags (if flag signals be used) colours of the thigs (if thig signals be used) are purposely so chosen as are purposely so chosen as to remain visible through a great mass of atmosphere. Red, white, yellow, and blue, are found to be the most conspicuous; but as yellow is apt to be confounded at a distance with dirty white, or white with dirty yellow, three are practically better than four; and thus we have a sound phalosophy for the use of red, white, and blue. If these three be too few to ring the changes upon, then come all the varieties of stripes, spots, and cheeks, by which red, white, and blue can be combined in the same flag. The present French red, white, and blue is a good to remain visible present French red, white, and blue is a good example of conspicuous effect produced by the simplest possible combination of the three colours in the same flag. Our royal three colours in the same flag. Our royal standard has a groundwork, in some parts red and in others blue, with yellow or golden tions, and harps, and so forth. Our Admiralty flag has a yellow anchor on a red ground. Our Union flag has a blue ground, red rectangular stripes, and white diagonals. Our red and blue admiral's flags are plain. Many of the other English flags have a plain ground colour over five-sixths of the surface, but with a cross of stripes in one corner. So it with a cross of stripes in one corner. So it is throughout most of the nations of Europe; is throughout most of the nations of Europe; the colours on the naval flags are generally red, white (or yellow), and blue. Even his holiness the Pope has one flag with a white lamb and a white cross on a red ground; and another with a yellow St. Peter on a red ground. King Bomba has a yellow griffin on a white ground. Hamburgh has a white eastle on a red ground. Venice has an annable-looking yellow hen on a red ground, holding a yellow sword in one paw, and a white book in another. Bremen has a sort of red and white chessboard, with six times nine squares instead of eight times eight; and so on. Everywhere we find red, white, and blue, or Everywhere we find red, white, and blue, or red, yellow, and blue; and we may be cer-tain that something better than more freak determines the selection of such colours as

signals, We have before said that the disposition of the flags gives a large number of varieties to

the meanings attached to the three colours. fast in her own apartment; but is compelled There is a book of general signals, belonging to the Royal Navy, containing about a thou-sand of the most general orders relating to action, sailing, manoeuvering, and other sea movements; and yet there are seldom more than three flags used to express any one signal. Some signals depend more on the colours of the they than on their number or form; some more especially on their number; while distant signals are often made with square and triangular flags, without reference to their colours. Another book of signals contains the vocabulary signals, each indicated by a combination of three flags. The signals conveyed, or symbols represented com-prise the letters of the alphabet, and useful words and sentences relating to military torms, geographical torms, and the names of

Captain Marryat, many years ago, devised a set of symbols available for merchant ships, which has been adopted by Lloyd's, the Shipowners' Society, and other bashes. There are ten flags, to indicate the ten numerals, and containing certain definite arrangements of the bright colours. Combi-nations of three or four of these indicate numbers up to ten thousand. There is a code of ogenes, containing the names of British menor-war, those of French men-of-war, those of American men-of war, those of British merchant ships; the names of lighthouses, buildings, ports, and harbours; a vorabulary of single words; and a list of sen-ter as useful to scamen. The number altogether is prodigious, amounting, in one of the editions of the code, to more than forty thousand distinct signals; -and all due to the p.d. whote (or yellow), and blue, taken in relation to number, and sizes, and shapes, and

THE CARVER'S COLLEGE.

As evidence of the pitiable ignorance in which a large number of the inhabitants of this intelligent country are at present langurding respecting the most essential branch of the social duties of life, the following harrowing cases have recently come to

hight:—
A. R is a married lady; age not given.
Has been married five years. Her husband has been in the habit, during that time, of giving domer parties, to strengthen, as he says, his professional connections. Doesn't labore, for her part, that they ever did any good, and thinks balls much more likely. (Here the witness began to wander, and was brought back with difficulty to the matter of investigation). During the whole of her matter life has been compelled to carve at task in consequence of Mr. It's deplarable ignorance. Is in delicate health, and is

to descend every morning, to protect the symmetry of the ham from his ali-maining hands. Mr. B. is considered a well-informed man, but cannot carve a fowl. Took what they call honours, she believes, at college, but doesn't know the difference between a mayonnaise and a marinade. Is of opinion that the government ought to do something in the ma'ter, and is satisfied that the evil is of

wide growth.

C. D. is a young gentleman, aged twenty-four. Goes to dinner-parties sometimes, but oftener to balls. Can carve, of course; has done so frequently. Don't mean to say he is a good carver. (This witness gave his is a good carver. (This witness gave his evidence with considerable hesitation.) Can carve fowls at supper. Of course he can; he's sure he can; has done so hundreds of times. Admits that they had been previously cut up and tied together with white satin ribbon. Well, then! carved them, in fact, by untying the ribbon. Has offered, at a dinner party, to relieve his hostess of a partridge. Hasn't done so often. On her declining, upon the done so often. On her declining, upon the plea of not wishing to trouble him, has not repeated the offer. Doesn't think he was bound to have done so. Can help potatoes, of course, but admits doubts about asparagus. Would use a spoon for both purposes. Thinks carving a bore, and ought always to be done at the sideboard. (Here the witness became so restless, that any further examination was found impracticable.)

In order to remedy the deplorable state of social ignorance evineed by these and other equally distressing cases it is proposed that a carver's college, supported by donations and annual subscriptions, be founded in a central situation, and select classes opened for the instruction of adult pupils.

The course will commence with instruction in the art of cutting bread, and will proceed, by easy stages, until the removal of the backa hare shall be to him, as Butler has it,

No more difficult Than to a blackbud 'tis to whistle.

Arrangements might be made for securing a supply of jointed wooden fowls, practicable raised pies, and other culinary dumnies upon which the first essays of the uninitiated hight be made, at a trifling pecuniary outlay. It might also be desirable to engage the services of some emment comparative anatomist, to deliver a course of lectures on the structure of the lower orders of the animal world.

As soon as the students shall become theoretically acquainted with shall ordinary duties of the table, arrangements might be made for apprentioning them, for limited periods, to some during-room keeper of eminence, with a view to afford them an opportunity of acquiring a processor than a property of the subject to acquiring a processor. knowledge of the subject

legs of mutton, until they should have attained that self-contidence which is so necessary in a that self-contidence which is so necessary in a carver, and which practice alone can insure. It would be only just to the apprentice to provide specially in the indentures that he should not be required, under any circumstances, to eat any of his own journeywork. As evidence of progress, it might be desirable to deposit, in the windows of the society's offices, two sirloins of beef, the one showing the carving capabilities of the student on his first joining the society, the other exhibiting

his progress after six lessons.

When, by theoretical instruction, prac-When, by theoretical instruction, practical experience, and emulative excitement, the undergraduates shall have become so far versed in the ordinary duties of the table as to know what gastronomy requires to be cut thick, and what thin; when they shall have learnt in which direction to obtain the best cut of venison, and how to divide the ribs from the shoulder in a forequarter of lamb; in short, when acquainted with the more ordinary and elemental branches of the art; it is proposed that select carving réunions should be held in the college hall, at which they should enjoy opportunities of displaying their advoitness. It might be well that the neophytes should be required, on these occasions, to cut up large geese and fowl of mature years, on small dishes, from very low chairs, with knives of the bluntest description. Mysterious side dishes might also be handed round; which it should be their duty to dispense with as much coolness as if they knew what they were made of; and they should be expected to maintain an easy, unembarrassed flow of small talk, even when in the agomes of dissecting a tough old ptarmigan

The course of study should conclude with a series of lectures on those refinements of the art, a knowledge of which is indispensable to the reputation of an accomplished carver. During the course, observations would naturally be directed to the prevalence and character of second-day dishes, with a view to place the student in a position to detect at a place whether a dish had ever done duty in any other shape. He would thus be enabled to trace the mulligatawney soop of to day back to the curried chicken of yesterday, and again to the boiled fowl of the day before. Some hints might likewise be given on physiognomy in connection with carving, by singulary in connection with carving, by which the curver could be enabled to discriminute between the honoured guest, to whom it would be proper to offer the wing, from the victim who might, without offence, be put off with the drumstick.

It is considently believed that, by these means, the day may yet arrive when thousands of our benighted countrymen and countrywomen will be so well skilled in the art of carving, as to be able to define "joints innumerable in the smallest chick that ever broke the heart of a brood hen,"

and supply fourteen people handsomely, from a single pheasant, still retaining the leg for himself.

THE INVALID'S MOTHER.

TO THE SUN, AT LIBBON.

O aux! whose universal smile Bughtens the various lands, From burning Egypt's fruitful Nilo And Lybia's desert sands—

To where some frozen Lapland hut, Dingy, and cold, and low, Bide half its gleaming surface jut In light above the snow;

I loved thee, as a careless child, Where English meadows spread Their cow-lip blossoms sweet and wild By Thames' translucent bed!

Now, with a still and serious hope, I watch thy rays once more, And cast life's anxious horoscope Upon a foreign chore.

O ann ! that beam'd to Camileu's eyes Bright as thou dost to mis That calmly yet shall set and rise, On life and death to shine.

O am ! that many an eager heart With false hope both begoried, Deal gently with me, ere we part, And heal the alien's child!

A stranger stands on Tagus' banks, And looks o'er Tagus' wave, Oh! shail we leave here joy and thanks, Or weep beside a grave?

Dear rivers of my native land, Where paler sunshine pleasus, On your green margin shall we stand And laugh beside your streams;

And talk of fore . Sowers and climes Whose glorious rodianco shed Such pleasure o'er these travell d times, Or shall we mourn our dead?

No answer comes! Beyond the sea, Beyond those agure skies, A speek in God's eternity, Our unscen future lies!

And not as one who braves Ilia will, (Which, murmur we or not. Must guide our onward course, and still Decide the dreaded lot) :

But with a deep, mysterious awe, I see that orb of light, Which first by His creative law Divided day from night;

Which, looking down upon the earth With strong life-teeming rays, Compels the diamond's star-like buth, The red gold's suitry blaze;

Or bids some gentle fragile flower Burst from its cally wold, To bloom, like man, its little boot, Then sink beneath the mound, O sun! thou chereber of life, Thou opposite of death, Dissolver of the frost-bound or fe That seals up Naturo's breath!

Nurse of the poor man's orphan'd brood, God of the harvest fields, Repence of all carth grants for food, And all her beauty yields;

Deliverer of the prison'd streams From winter's joyless reign; Awakener from mournful dreams To sound and sense again.

They fable of thee pleasant things;—
To bear our loved to thee,
The great ships spread their strong white usings,
hake angels o'er the sea;

And daly in the heavenly glow
Our seek and weak we set;
Watch for the end of anxious wee,
And agh, "Not yet—not yet?"

O enn't look down on me and mine From that o'erarching sky: Emblem of God's great glory shine, And His all-pitying eye;

Lest when I on that glory gize, Mine eyes through trars look our, Like one who sees with sore amaze And faint distressful doubt,

The changed face of some faithless friend,
Who pramised generous sid,
Who musted, tried, and in the end,
The trembling hope bettay'd.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

FROM BUCHAREST TO KRAIOVA.

Proof an agreeable community of gipsies playing at civilisation, and my reader will not have an erroneous idea of Eucharest. Lafe is nowhere so free from vain remains and troublesome formalities. There are no grave wershipful persons about, to shame merry folks into being staid and errons. A true Wallachian looks upon mathematical new and then by dancing, gambling, and official peculation; but these are nearly casual diversions, and the true-tread Wallachian returns to the first occurred by nature; but, after all, politics are merely an amusement to him, and he would give up the schemes of half a lifetime for the smile of some bedizened old espectic of futy-time. He is not ambitious; but he lises place for its profits; for the temperary at antage which it gives him over his rivals in love affairs, and over the neighbours who desire to rob him in some way—as most of them one. Every Wallachian nobleman believes devoutly that he has a right to hold some public office, at least once during his

life, to divorce his wife when he pleases, and to outwit his neighbour. He would bear the utmost extreme of want and poverty however rather than follow any trade. Recently the prejudice entertained among the nobility against the learned professions, is happily melting away. I take it, they consented to be instructed by the Greeks in this respect; so it is pleasant to add that the present minister—or, it would be more correct to say, director—of the interior, was a doctor of medicine, and that by far the greatest man in the country, lived long in exile on the honorable earnings of a small professorship in Moldavia.

I know no race of men more winning and interesting than the Roumans, or of conduct interesting than the Roumans, or of conduct more thoroughly objectionable. The men are mostly slight, dark, gipsy-looking fellows, with keen, restless eyes. They are as active as wild men. They are almost as strong and fearless as their old Dacian fore-fathers. But they consider it the height of fashion and good taste to affect an exaggerated elfeminacy of demeanour and habits. It is delightful to see some well-knit centleman, with a sweeping monstache knit gentleman, with a sweeping moustache six or seven inches long, a nervous frame, and the glance of a hawk, whose right place would undoubtedly be at the head of a troop of rregular cavalry, placing his trust in ean de Cologne and cambric handkerchiefs, or Cologne waltzing with a six-dandy power fifty times round a room which he could clear from one end to the other at a single bound. But conversation, however carefully subdued, breaks out now and then in strange fiery sallies. There is a racy, fine-flavoured smack about it, which speaks of keen wits and hearty animal enjoy-ment in the midst of the most artificial scenes, Extruordinary intimacies exist among them. Friends are fond of calling each other by some pungent nickname that would tor-ture the ears of a used-up gentleman of the West: a nickname usually derived from some odd act of roguery, which has of course been found out. They walk into each other's houses unannounced. They stay as long as thouses unannounced. They stay as long as they please, joining in the meals and occupations of the family, and talking, dancing, singing eternally. They are always combining and arranging practical jokes of an else-where unheard-of nature. The ladies enter keenly into this sport, and distinguish themselves in it. A gentleman of the French nation who was visiting not long age, at the house of a great Boyard, was delighted at the attentions of a lady who formed one of the company. Before the evening was over she implored him to write to her. The enraptured Gaul complied; and, on going out to dinner on the following day, learned to his dismay that his letter was the general topic of conversation in polite society, and had been handed about by his fair friend to all her acquaintances.

Two other stories are worthy of the Deca-

A lady of high rank sent her contidential servant to pay her milliner's bill. It amounted to one hundred and sixty ducats, or amounted to one hundred and sixty ducats, or about eighty pounds of our money. The requish servant dressed himself smartly and sought the milliner. She was one of the belies of the city. He made love to her; and, in earnest of his wealth and liberality pressed the hundred and sixty ducats into her eager hand. He became her accepted lover. A few days afterwards, the milliner saw him behind the carriage of one of her best customers, he let down the stems; the lady tomers; he let down the steps; the lady tripped in, and casually mentioned the recent payment of her bill. The milliner blushed denial; the varlet grinued; the story got wind, and was considered one of the best jokes of the season by all parties.

The Wallachians, however, sometimes meet

their masters in practical joking. A Russian major made fierce love to a Wallachian lady

noted for gambling and gallantries.
"I want three thousand ducats," said the

hely pleasantly.
"Here they are," answered the major with great politeness, "but I shall be at home tomorrow morning, and the least you can do is to call and thank me." The lady went.

The major locked the door and quietly departed about his business. In the course of the day there was an unceasing search made for the lost lady. She was traced to the house of the Russian major. Her husband followed and asked for his wife.

"Wife!" sneered the major, "I have indeed a woman here somewhere, but she is

my slave. I have bought her for three thousand ducats. If she is your wife, pay me back the ducats and you shall have her."

The exceeding wit of this jest supplied laughter among all classes for months, and the major became one of the most popular in the country - such things seem in-

credible, yet such things are.
It is odd to hobanob across the table with a man in diamond stude who has just com-mitted a burglary; to exchange jests with a card-sharper; and to look round on a comony of well-dressed ladies, who are each and all the subject of some astounding history.

The state of Wallachia is a fine example of

Turce-Russian rule. The principles of despotic government have been here pushed just as far as they will go. This is the result: —You far as they will go. In a 18 the restrictly, but cannot extinguish men's minds utterly, but you can most thoroughly pervert them. The Wallachians were made by nature a shrewd, active, energetic people. They were formed active, energetic people. adventurous traders. But,

"Alas!" said a Boyard, mournfully, to me,

"we have never known ten years of quiet and

peace for centuries.

Their prosperity by no means agreed with the immediate designs of Russia. They were looked upon by the Turks as aliens and un-bedievers. The Austrians eyed them with believers.

the lust of conquest. They were made the battle-ground of the endless wars between the Czar and the Soltan. In their most and cyon days they received the melancholy name of the Peru of the Greeks. They were plundered by every party in turn. After supporting for months the harassing burthen of a Russian army, down swept the Turks upon the Czar and the Sultan. In their most hala Russian army, down swept the Turks upon them. Then came a venal Hospedar, with his tribe of hungry sycophants; till public them. virtue and private worth were paralysed and stricken down. Such also might have been the doom brought upon the whole of the Turkish empire, had Russia been able to effect the conquest of Constantinople.

What if peace had been only another name for Russian triumph? The imagination positively refuses to grasp the scene of unspeakable horrors which would have ensued. It is not so much despotism that dismays us; the government of a wise despot has often been mild and kindly, but Russian despotism is diabolical. It degrades God's image the very nature and the soul of man. This is not a mere figure of speech; it is not an ungenerous and illiberal succer at Russia, because we are at war with her; it is merely a plain, indisputable fact. The countries under Russian sway are unquestionably the worst and most immoral countries in the world. Everything is in the hands of a no-bility, gay and brilliant indeed, but most entirely unprincipled. The commonalty, the entirely unprincipled. The commonalty, the great mass of the people, not only groan under insufferable tyranny and hardships, blows, scourgings, unutterable wrongs; but they are forbadden to exercise the intellect and powers which God has given them, and they are substantially cut off from the great family of mankind.

family of mankind.

And how has all this ended? Russian despots have carried out their theory of government to the full; for several generations, the vast empire of Russia has been swayed altogether by the will or caprice of one man. It has been, as a French writer wittily observed, an absolutism tempered by assassination. What has been the result? The willy secresy of her councils has been confounded: the beauted might of her armies confounded; the boasted might of her armies has melted away; the czars have denied their subjects all right to inquire into grievances, and the government has been cheated in every conceivable manner accordingly. object she has laboured to attain so long object she has laboured to attain so long eludes her grasp as she stretches out ber hand to seize it; and the power she has built up by fraud, cunning, and manifold oppressions, has been contemptuously disputed and pushed down when it threatened to become mischievous. The disciplined shaves who man her armies have never dared to look a host of knights and freemen fairly in the face; and the tricks of her boasted diplomacy have been indignantly unveiled, defied, and despised.

To return to Bucharest. The Austrians

swarm over the country, and every hour brings the travelling carriage of some general officer thundering in from Vienna; or a whitecated regiment, travel-stained and way-sore, piping and taboring down the broken streets of the Wallachian capital. Wallachia is be-guining to look almost as Austrian as poor Hungary. There are Austrian hotels, Austrian capitals and the state of the wallachian and the wallachian and the state of the wallachian and the wallachia

Hungary, There are Austrian hotels, Austrian schores, Austrian carriages, everywhere.

There is no getting away from Bucharest without a great many formalities; a passport must be issued, signed and countersigned. I am actiged to spend the whole day about it.

Towards three o'clock in the afternoon I find myself at the Austrian police-office; it is filled with a rabble rout of Jew pedlars, Wallachian gents setting out to study at Paris, -ly sharp-nosed men who seem always prowling about these countries (probably for no good) an Armenian banker or two, and a no good) an Armenian banker or two, and a few professional Greek gaming-table cheats, who have been just ordered out of the country, and are going to try and sneak across the frontier with their gains and news to Russia. The officiating chief functionary is an Austrian sergeant of infantry; he has is an Austrian sergeant of manney, he had the slight disadvantage of not being able to read, he cannot also conceive it possible that a portlement should come about his own pass-The when he might send his servant. The office may process for a student of manners never enter into his head; he therefore leaves me for half-an-hour perfectly unnoticed, and so last turns to me with an abrupt great, at I holds out his hand. I take off my half will all the respect due to an imperial hit with all the respect due to an and give him my comport ready opened. I am aware that at imperial royal apostolic sergeant of that it is a person to be conciliated; I lantic is a person to be conciliated; I He arks who and what I am, as if he were declaring an imperial royal apostolic blund rives at my head; I venture to refer him to my passport; he is holding it, however, up. fo down, and repeats his interrogatory in a touce of thunder. I am taken aback at see proceedings, and before I can reply he to doubled up the passport, and thrust it to my hand; he will have nothing more to such me; I run a narrow risk of being much i neck and crop out of the office. Formately I am accompanied by one of the gen-between employed at her Majesty's consulate; the abspers comething into the car of the imperial royal apostolic sergeant of infantry. In a moment his whole bearing and demeature is altered. I am Herr Graff, Herr Graff. Will I walk into the next room, and wait till my passport is prepared? The next room is more comfortable; it has a fire at I the Herr Kauzlei, director (an imperial royal apostolic superanguated captain of oval apostolic superannuated captain of mires, will be glad to see me. Oh, dear me!

Add blush for Austria, and seem to

the next room. A mere houest, inoffensive nobody, who desires to travel—maybe on some useful errand—is stopped for the veriest trille, or in any case subjected to the caprice of a hound; a gentleman, forsooth, has only to twirl his moustaches, and my poor friends have been taught to bow down before him. Woe is me! it is a mighty fine thing to look at the drama of life in Austria from a private box; but it is a most fearful and shocking position to be in the pit or the galleries.

A heavy snow-storm is falling; I cannot see across the way, and the fur-clad coachman and brisk little horses of my carriage look cloudy and indistinct, as I wrap myself in an immense black bearskin cloak (price twentyfive ducats), and prepare to send about on my parting errands.

They are concluded at last. I have been

summoned in haste to England; there is no public carriage for several days, so I have been obliged to buy one; it has cost fifty pounds; I am fortunate in a lucky chance which enables me to get it at the price. I have been obliged to buy a large sheepskin coat for my servant, who would otherw se run a fair chance of being frozen to death during the journey. I am obliged to lay in a small stock of provisions, as I shall be able to get nothing of provisions, as I shall be able to get nothing to eat on the road, and I may be snowed up. Lastly, I have to pay my hotel-bill. My rooms—two small rooms on the entresol or semi-first-floor—are charged about six shillings a-day. The little carriage and pair which I have used for the last month (walking and visiting, or going out at night, being absolutely impossible) has cost fifty golden dueats, which, with a gratuity to the coachman, makes about twenty six pounds English money. I am consoled: an Austrian general officer of my acquaintance pays sixty ducats, officer of my acquaintance pays sixty ducats, or thirty pounds, a month; the hire of these little carriages having just doubled since the outbreak of the war. The few travelling necessaries which I shall have to buy will also cost enormous prices, as the navigation of the Danube is stopped, and every manufactured thing has to come overland from Paris or Vienna. The Wallachians manufacture nothing. Posting, I am told, is cheap; but I shall require fourteen horses, ten for my own carriage, a Viennese chariot, and four for my courier. My posting expenses, therefore, will cost thirteen duents, or say six pounds ten, between Bucharest and Kraiova, a pounds ten, between Bucharest and this due, a journey of twenty-four hours; and this despite a government order for horses, which will diminish the ordinary expense considerably. These little details will emble the reader

to form some estimate of the expense of travelling in these countries, and may make him bless the invention of railways and steamboats. It is proper to add, however, that I travelled in great haste, and on a sudden emergency. If I had been able to

journey in a public conveyance. I must have undergone, however, in so doing, a mild species of martyrdom—cold, hunger, delays, bad smells, break-downs, interruptions, Austrian policemen, passport showing, cross-questioning, annoyance, and the very immineut danger of robbery. Persons who appear poor and insignificant in these countries have Persons who appear no chance; while comfort and safety are only to be purchased at a lavish expense.

The journey between Bucharest and Kraiova was pleasant enough. I found the atmosphere much clearer in the country than at charest; although there are no coal smoke or tall cloudy chimneys in that small metropolis. We went at a most cheerful pace, and the wheels hummed along the frozen roads, and the feet of the galloping little horses seemed the feet of the galloping little horses seemed to clatter quite a pleasant tune. A counter preceded me in a post-cart (a sort of wheel-barrow) to order horses, so that they were always drawn out, ready harnessed, as I galloped up, and we were seldom more than three or four minutes changing. In trath, the Wallachian post-houses offer small temptations to delay a traveller. The peasantry are, I think, without exception, the dintiest race of peaning I ever saw. They how like changes without exception, the distiest race of people I ever saw. They look like chunneywithout exception, the interest people I ever saw. They look like chimney-sweeps; and the seattered houses on the roadside are the foulest, blackest, poorest, smokiest, and most uncomfortable I have beheld. It should be added, however, that the better villages do not lie on the roadside at all; and a wayfarer who fancies himself wandering on through an endless unculti-vated waste of moor and bog, would be surprised to learn that, just out of his sight, glistens many a pleasant homestead and gay Boyard's house. We passed (as well as I remember) but one village of any importance between Bucharest and Kraiova. It swarmed with Austrian soldiers; but they seemed to keep altogether apart from the inhabitants, and to lotter about the streets disconsolate enough; poking their walking-sticks into puddles, and philosophically chewing the mouthpieces of their eighr-holders. Let the men in possession of a neighbour's house put as bold a face as they will upon matters, there is an uncomfortable feeling in it, after all. The very servants look askant at them as if there was something uncanny business. In short, I hardly knew which to pity most: the Austrian army of occupation, the people whom their necessities and exactions so sorely oppress.

OLD SCANDINAVIAN HEROES.

STRINNHOLM, the Swedish historian, presents a portraiture of the old Scandanavian heroes, so different in some respects from that

Scandinavians that we owe a portion of our own national character-perhaps some of its stronger elements-its indomitable will, its perseverance, and, above all, its courage and love of adventure. So far we are proud acknowledge inherited qualities from these fearless and stern northmen.

Strimbholm says: Belief in the better nature of humanity, or faith in human virtue, was one of the great and beautiful features which distinguished the old northern character. It was with them no unusual thing racter. for quarrels to cease, or reconciliation to take place, in consequence of a man referring his cause to his adversary, and leaving it to to decide upon the terms of peace, and the compensation or time which he demanded or was himself inclined to offer. The same noble sentiment expressed by this manly confidence in each other's justice evinced itself in all other circumstances of life. Out of many incidents given by Strinnholm to prove this, we select the following

An Icelander named Thorsten Fagre killed one of his countrymen named Einer, who had behaved towards him in a faithless manner. The father of Einer, supported by Thorgils, determined to avenge the death of his son. Thorgils, however, tell in the conflict; Thorsten Fagre escaped, but was declared outlaw by the Ting. Nevertheless, after Thorgils, and laid his head upon his knee, which was a symbolical mode of expressing that he placed his life in his hands.

"I will not strike off thy head," said the

old man. "It is better where it is. Int. pleasure.

Another Icelander, named Gisle Illugeson, went from Iceland to Norway in pursuit of Giatald, the morderer of his father, who was at that time one of the herdsmen of King Magnus Barfot, with whom he was a great favourite. One day, when the king was travelling on the road to Nidaros with a considerable number of attendants, among whom was Giafaid, Gisle, seizing a favourable moment, rushed forward and gave him has death-blow. This was a most serious offen e. Gisle was seized, put in fetters, and east into prison. At that time, three slope of Ischool by in Nidaros harbour, one of which was com-manded by Teit, the son of Bishop Gissur; and the number of Icelanders residing in the city was about three hundred. These met together to take into consideration what was best to be done; but they could not agree among themselves until Toit took up the matter and addressed them thus :

"It would not be any honour to us if our countryman and bold foster-brother should foster-brother should he killed; but we all know the uncertaint which we are accustomed to associate with of meddling in such matters, and putting life "the bloody Danes," as to render it well and property in danger; nevertheless, my worthy of our attention. More particularly advice is, that we go to the Ting, and there, we remember that it is to these old as men who are not afraid of our lives,

will-ther we sink or swim, bring forward our bus ness by a foreman." All replied that they agreed to his words, and chose him as All replied that In the mention, most of these proceedings we carried to the Ting. On hearing this, leit hastened out of the bath-house in merely Teit has kined out of the bath-nouse in merry, has short and linen breeches, with a gold band round his brown; and, throwing on a red am brown striped clock, lined with grey fur, hurned away. In a moment all the Icelanders had assembled, and, rushing off to the prison to be beforehand with the Ting's people broke open the prison doors, fetched out Gisle, knocked off his fetters, and placing hom in the midst of them, hurried him off to

When the Ting had assembled, and a great d. al had been said on the subject-one party urgently pleading the cause of the criminal, meet severe punishment for his unheard-of off nee-Cisle himself came forward and prayed permission to say a few words. The rong granted this permission, and he said:
"I wat begin from the time of my father's marrier, warch Ginfald committed when I marker, waich Giafald committed when I was six years old, and my brother Thormod wais. We were both together when our failer was murdered. Giafald said that we two brothers ought also to be killed; and, ser, it is almost a shame to tell it, but I could.

"Tier has gained some courage since

the "i sterregted the king.
"I wal not deny," continued Gisle, "that I have for along time had my eye on Ginfield we have the intentions. Twice was the occah modele intentions. Twice was the occainterpolate to me; but in the one case I
c.s prevented by regard to the church, and
a the second by the evening bell. I have
the asong about you, king, which I should

" sing it and welcome," said the king.

Gisle repeated the song rapidly, that as turned to Teit, and said :

that a turned to Teit, and said:

"Year lawe shown much courage on my are not; but I will no longer place you in the cer. I submit myself to the king's power, and effect him my head."

Estand asade his weapon, crossed the Tingonet, and placed his head upon the king's kter, with these words: "Do what you like the my head. I shall thank you if you forgot me, and make me useful in any way you may turnk firting." was tumk firting.

to this the king replied; "Keep thy head; and sit down at the table in Giafabl's place. He take and his wages shall be thine, and then shrit do his service."

The same confidence in the noble humanity

The same confidence in the notice humanity of his enemy was shown by the Norwegian It raten, son of Ketill Raumur, when only or steen years of age. The incident is well was by of record, if it were only for the consens picture of life and manners which it

The forest between Raumsdale and Uppland, in Norway, was infested by a formidable robber, who made the road unsafe for travellers. Young Thorsten, who wished to distinguish himself by some brave action, went thither to put a stop to this mischief. Advancing on his way, he saw a footpath which turned off from the main road, and led into the death of the forest. After following into the depth of the forest. After following this path for some time he arrived at a large, well-built cottage. He found it to contain large coffers and great store of goods. The hed which stood there was so much larger and so much broader than any which Theosten had seen before, that he thought to himself the man for whom it was intended must be very large and tall indeed. Handsome coverlets were thrown over the bed; and the table, which stood in the room, was spread with a clean cloth, on which were placed excellent meat and good drink.

Towards evening a loud noise was heard out ide, and a tall, large, and very good-looking man entered, kindled the fire, washed himself, dried himself on a clean towel, and sat down to eat and drink, and then went

to rest.

Thorsten-who had concealed himself behind some large packages, and who had silently watched the man's proceedings—stepped softly forth as soon as he was soundly askep; and, taking up his own sword snote it with all his strength into his breast. The man started up hustily, and, seizing Thorsten, lifted him upon the bed, and laid him between himself and the wall. The man asked hum his parentage and name, on learning him his parentage and name; on learning which he said, "Least of all have I deserved this from thee or thy father, for I never did either of you any harm. Then hast been too hasty, and I have been too dilatory; for I have intended for some time to give up this way of life. It is in my power to let theo now either live or die, and, if I should treat thee as thou deservest, thou wouldst have no opportunity to tell of this our meeting. no opportunity to tell of this our message.

But it may be that some good will come of it, and therefore I will spare thy life. I am called Jökul, and am the son of Ingemund Jarl of Gotaland. According to the custom high-born men, although in a manuer which may not contribute to my honour, I which may not contribute to my honour, I have endeavoured to acquire property; though I had even now determined to pursue this course no longer. And see now, if I should do a great kindness by granting to thee thy life, thou must go to my father. But endeavour, in the first place, to have a little private talk with my mother Vigdis. Tell her all that has happened; greet her most affectionately from me, and beseech of her to obtain the goodwill and the friendship of the Jaul for these so that he may give thee his dang ter. thee, so that he may give thee his daug ster, my sister Thordis, in marriage. Thou must deliver this gold ring to my mother, as an undoubted token that I have sent thee. And, thus I feel a presentiment that thou wilt become a happy man. And, when thou shalt have sons and sons' sons, let not my name die out; and the honour which I expect by this means shall be an equivalent for the life which I give thee. Now, draw the sword from my breast, and thus shall our conversation come to an end!"

Thousand did as he was designed and Taket.

Thorsten did as he was desired, and Jökul

gave up the ghost.

Thorsten now returned to his father's house; and, one day he said to his father, that he would go to Götaland to Ingemund Jarl, as he had promised Jökul. Ketill Raumur warned him of his danger, but

Thorsten replied:

"That which I have promised to Jokul I will perform, though it should cost me my life."

He set off, therefore, to Gotaland, and arrived at the Jarl's house early in the morning, when the Jarl, according to the custom of honourable men, was gone out to the chase. Thersten with his attendants entered into the drinking room, and presently the wife of the Jarl came in, as was her wont, to see if anybody had arrived. When she saw that there were strangers, she asked them whence they came. Thorsten replied, them whence they came. Thorsten replied, that he had something to say to her pri-vately. She bade him follow her to an inner vately. She bade him follow ner a "I bring room. When they were alone he said: "I bring room. Lakal's murder."

room. When they were alone he said: "Toring thee the news of thy son Jökul's murder."

"That is sorrowful news," she exclaimed.
Thorsten then related to her all that had taken place between her son and himself.

"Thou must be a bold man," said Vigdis.

"Nevertheless I believe every word which thou hast told me; and, as Jökul gave thee thy life, it shall be my advice that thou still retain it; and for the sake of Jökul's prayer. thy life, it sum be my arrived likel's prayer retain it; and for the sake of Jokul's prayer and the cause to the Jarl. In the meantime thou hadst better keep out of sight."
When the Jarl returned, Vigdis went to him and said:

" I have news for thee which concerns us both."

Is it of the death of my son Jokul ?" asked he.

She acknowledged that it was.
"He has not died of any sickness?" in-

quired the Jarl.

"Thou art right," replied she. "He has been killed, and he showed the true spirit of a man in his last moments. He spared the life of his murderer, and has sent him hither into our charge, with an unquestionable token, and with the desire that thou wilt grant him peace and forgive his offence, however sore it be. Possibly, even, he might become a support for thee; for which reason thou wouldst make him thy sen-in law, and give him thy daughter in marriage. Such give him thy daughter in marriage. Such were Josul's wishes, who prayed that thou wouldst not leave his last desire unfulfilled.

if my death should cause her great sorrow, I How faithfully the man has kept his word hope nevertheless that she will pay more may be seen by his leaving his own home to regard to my prayer than to thy deed; and put himself in the power of his enemy, thus I feel a presentiment that thou wilt Behold here the token which Jokul has sent." And with these words she drew forth the gold ring.

The Jarl heaved a deep sigh, and said, Thou hast made a bold speech. Thou "Thou hast made a bold speech. Thou wishest that I should do honour to the man

"There are two things to be taken into consideration," she replied; "first, Jokul's wishes and the man's evident truth and fidelity; secondly, thy own advancing years, which make an assistant necessary to thee,

for which purpose he seems well fitted."

"Thou seem'st to take up the cause of this man with great carnestness." said the this man with great earnestness," said the Jarl, "and I observe that thou art pleased with him. I will now see him, that I may judge for myself whether his appearance promises any good thing.

Thorsten was brought in, and placed before

the Jarl.

"Sir, said he, "my affair is altogether in You know what errand it was your hands. your hands. You know what errand it was which brought me hither. I beseech for reconciliation; but I have no fear, whatever your determination may be. Yet it is the wont of great chiefs to grant life to him who gives himself up into their power."

"I am pleased with thee," said the Jail. "I grant thee thy life; and the best remedy for the loss of my son is, that thou take his place. That is to say, if thou wilt stay with me."

Thorsten thanked the Jarl, and abode for some time with him. So greatly did he win his layour, that he gave him his daughter Thordis for wife, and wished that he would

never leave him.

To this Thorsten replied: "I thank you, and promise to remain with you as long as you live; but after your death, the people of this place will scarcely allow me to hold the this place will scarcely allow me to hold the office of chief. Besides which, every one must follow his own fate." The Jarl said that he was right; and Thorsten, after his death, removed to his father's estate, in Raumsdale, in Norway. His son Ingentand, after his death, removed to leekand, where he became a man of much consequence. When he he had attained to a great are his friend. he had attained to a great age, his friend, Sæmund, came to him, one day, and said: "I am here to tell thee, foster brother, that

a person is come to my house who has not a very good name, and with whom it is difficult to keep on good terms. Nevertheless, he is a kinsman of mine. His name is Hrolleif, and I would beg of thee to let him and his mother be at thy house."

mother be at thy house.

"They are not people of good repute," re-plied Ingenumd, "nevertheless, as thou mightest take it immightbourly of me to refuse, I will oblige thee.

^{*} The calabrated Samuad, the compiler of the Easts.

Heolleif was a wild and disorderly character, so that Ingemund, after a few years, was orliged to turn him out of his house; but he allowed him, nevertheless, to live upon a little farm. Some time after this, a dispute between one of Ingenumd's sons and He offert about a fish-pond; and, as the quarrel ran very high, Ingemund, accompanied by one of his house-servants, rode down to the water-side, to divide the combatants, when a spear, thrown by Hrolleif, pierced him. The old man, concealing his wound, returned home, his sons being absent. Arrived here, he said to his servant: "Thou hast served me faithfully for a long time; do not that which I command there for to nost served me faithfully tor a long value, now that which I command thee. Go to Hrolled and say to him that I expect, before this 'ine to-morrow, my sons we demand their father's blood at his hands. connect Lim therefore, immediately to hasten

way."
With the help of his servant he went in With the help of his servant he were an acted himself on his chair of state, and forbade lights to be brought into the room till his sens return. When they came back, and lights were taken in, they beheld Inge-ment sitting dead on his chair of state with the spear in his body.

John one of the sons, a strong, ardent, and high speared youth, exclaimed, "let us in-startly at off and slay Hrolleif!"

"The till knowest our father's disposi-tion," received another of the sons, the sensible

tion. Tree -d another of the sons, the sensible and usible copered Thorsten. "Was it for this, that he coleavoured to save him? We must therefore act with deliberation, not rashtess. It must be our consolution that there 10 a great difference between our father and Hr and that our father now enjoys happings in the presence of Him who

The more noble disposition was shown by azether northman, Askel Gode. During a not to venture upon the ice, which was but his life in consequence, one of his near the consequence, one of his near the men sought for revenge; and, seizing the opportunity when Askel was driving in a deep gave him his death-blow. Old Askel convenient his wound until his gaussian ir his escape, and then admonished his ch laren not to avenge his death.

FIRST UNDER FIRE.

Sofarcas who have been engaged in "the freal 'at revelry" of war, are often asked how they felt while performing their duty in the heat of battle. I believe that—allowance I believe that-allowance made for all varieties of temperament-there for a far greater similarity in the sensations felt in these occasions than is commonly supposed, and that, although habit blunts, to a critain extent the perception of danger, it moves taken of this kind made man by mind tupt resions of this kind made upon my mind

as a fighting soldier in Mexico, are still quite

fresh.

The soldier's love of novelty and excitement is more than a counterpoise to all depressing influences; and at no period of his career does his spirit show itself more buryant than when he has been ordered out on a campaign. It is only after he has endured some of the stern realities of the stuntum that he begins to cast a nervous glance or the stern realities of the situation two upon the road before him. One of the most common and natural of the sources of apprehension that disturb the young soldier. and one which his first engagement always finally disposes of, is a fear that his faculties may be so paralysed by the spectacle of car-nage during an engagement, that, being rendered faint and incapable of performing his duty, the stain of cowardice may twint his character. With his first battle this apprehension vanishes, and he discovers that when he is once fairly in action, the excitement is intense, and his whole energy is concentrated on the work in hand. Comrades full wounded around him and are scarcely noticed; there is no time for pity, fear, or anything but action.

action.

I am a Scotchman by birth, but enlisted into the American service. It was not my fortune to come to close quarters with the enemy until I had been nearly three months in Mexico; I consequently experienced a portion of that uneasy state of feeling which I have just mentioned before first meeting the enemy face to face. I had become familiar with the sound, and with the fury too, of shot and shell, in trenches at Vera Cruz, and and shell, in trenches at Vera Cruz, and was on easy terms with them. Constant rumours of attacks, meditated on our rear, had helped also to keep the idea of close conflict familiar. In camp at Vera Cruz, I had become acquainted with an old soldier, Billy Wright, a fellow-countryman, who had served in his youth under Wellington, and been in several engagements without receiving any serious wounds. He had also fought with the Indians in the Florida war. I frequently talked with this comrade on the subject of my first engagement; and his advice to me invariably was, that, as soon as firing had commenced, I should fire and load as expeditionaly as possible, taking good aim; in which case, he assured me, that I should feel all right after the first few rounds. Poor old fellow! I passed him as he sat down, after the first few rounds at my first battle, Cerro Gordo, wounded; but he recovered from his wound, however, and was sent home to receive

pension. We had lain inactive four or five days at Plan del Rio, a few miles from the enemy's strong position at Cerro Gordo, when General Scott having arrived, and examined as closely as possible the enemy's strength and position, as possible the enemy's strength action. In at once decided on his plan of action. In pursuance of his design, General

with his division, comprising the regiment to which I belonged, was ordered to advance by a newly-discovered route through the bottom of a ravine, and to gam a commanding posi-tion on the top of a high, unfortified hal. I was while moving down the rayme, which had been partially cleared by our pioneers, and while wairing until a party of the rifles should have beat up a suspicious-looking bit of chaparral in front, that we began to feel we were on the point of meeting with the enemy; but we had no expectation of any-thing more than a skirn ish. A shot or two from the muskets of the enemy was followed by the cracking of our rifles; and at double-quick time we descended to the bottom double-quick time we descended to the bottom of a steep hill, partly covered with brushwood, on the top of which stood a body of the Mexican infantry, busily engaged in firing down upon us as we came in sight. Luckily for us, their firing did but little damage; and, ordered to charge, we, with a loud hurrah, began running up the hill. When near the summit, we began to fire, and the Mexicans went off, as quickly as our shot closely musued by us up the our shot, closely pursued by us up the hill. An effort was made by some of our captains to form their men into companies as they reached the top; but they could col-lect only a few, and soon gave up the attempt. We pursued the flying Mexicans down the opposite side of the hill, which was down the opposite side of the hill from Cerro Gordo by a ravine, only divided across which the enemy's battery fired grape among us; while some thousands of infantry, clustered like bees on the top and sides of Cerro Gordo, kept up against us an incessant fire of musketry. Our men now began to fall fast; and it was partly owing to the proverbial bad firing of the Mexicans that our small party of between six and seven hundred-tor the united regiments of rifles and dred-tor the united regiments of artibery did not number more — was not anumbilated. As it was, our killed and anumbilated. wounded amounted to about two hundred. The affair lasted between two and three hours; and this was the first time of my meeting the foe face to face.

I found the meeting after all, not such a terrible affair as I had funcied. To say that I felt no fear on going into action, would be a senseless boast. I did feel considerable apprehension on the first burst, and until heated to a degree of preternatural excitement, After the first few minutes, the fall of a wounded comrade would at the best only cause it to be said, "Poor fellow! There's Smith (or Thompson) down." The first whom I saw wounded in this action, was a rifleman. Just his rule with a cry of anguish, staggering to the rear. A musket-hall had entered his mouth. The horror imprinted on his features made a deep impression on me at the

from which we had started in pursuit of the dually passed away, we all telt very tired, and were soon on the ground preparing our rest. The grouns of the wounded men, who were collected on a plot of grass close by, and over whom our surgeons were busy during the whole hight, distressed us, and prevented sleep for a few hours. At length fatigue prevailed.

Next morning, the regiment to which I belonged, together with the rifles and sixth intentry, had the duty assigned to us of charging the hill of Cerro Gordo. While charging the hill of Certo Gordo. While performing my share of that duty, I again felt the same intense excitement, swallowing up all perception of personal danger, and making me feel as if the ground were air. As on the fermer occasion, this state gradually were off, and was succeeded by a feeling of great lassitude. I also observed, both in myself and others certain indirections both in myself and others, certain indications of a fulness of the heart, and an inclination not easily subdued, to shed tears, which lasted for some time after the action.

Goethe-in his Campaign in France, after a preliminary account of having ridden out to a battery on which the French were playing for the express purpose of realising in person the effect said to be produced by coming within range of the guns during a cannonade—has described his sensations (known as the cannon fever) thus :-

"In the midst of these circumstances, I was soon able to remark that something unusual was taking place within me; I paid close attention to it, and still the sensation can only be described by similitude. It appeared as if you were in some extremely hot place, and at the same time quite penetrated by the heat of it, so that you telt yourself quite one with the element in which you stood. The eyes lose nothing of their strength and clearness; but it is as if the world had a kind of brown red tint, which makes the soon able to remark that something unusual kind of brown red tint, which makes the situation as well as the surrounding objects more impressive. I was unable to perceive any agitation of the blood; but everything any agreement of the biosa; but everything seemed rather to be swallowed up in the glow of which I speak. From this, then, it is clear in what sense this condition can be called a fever. It is remarkable, however, that the horrible measy feeling from it, is produced in us solely through the ears."

Most persons who have been in a similar Most persons who have been in a similar situation will doubtless recognise the general truth of this description. Yet it is not a complete account of the soddier in accive participation of battle. There is, then, an end of horrible, uneasy feeling; he is not shocked, but pheased—exhibitated. Mony a comrade tells me, for his own part, what I always feel myself; that, in the day of battle, war note on the blood like wine. Gost. e's brown-red tint, apparently enveloping surpounding objects, I have often heard soldiers describe as a thing they had remarked when moment, and the recollection of it haunted brown-red tint, apparently enveloping surme long afterwards.

After our return to the bottom of the hill describe as a thing they had remarked when

in action; and I can confirm it from my own

The most trying situation for a soldier in front of an enemy, occurs when he is placed with his corps in reserve after the action has He listens to the firing, and commenced. He ascens to the aring, and perhaps sees, now and then, a baten of sounded carried to the rear, while he is every moment anxiously expecting his own orders to move forward. Then, he is fidgetty and rervous. On these occasions I have observed in many of those around me, as well as in my own person, a restless uneasness of to one, a desire to be doing something, mani-festing itself in a variety of ways. The order to a scance brings sudden relief, and the troop phy rushes on the danger that it was so iries one to stand by and see.

LAST WORDS WITH PHILIP STUBBES.

Grant me a few last words with Philip Philoponus, the Reformer, ladies and gentlemen." I know what a patient long-suffering public you are; how in this and preceding 1202 you have borns, without a marmur, all Prennes tolios, all Sir Richard moremur, all Pronne's tolios, all Sir Richard L. outmore's endless epics, all the interminable novels of Melle, de Sculeri. I know how, after Mr. Eaxter's Last Words had been published, you necepted with melancholy restriction the More Last Words of Mr. Paxter. It is a shame, I know, to trespuss on your good nature; but Stubbes is in earnest and is burning to tell you more of the stream after hundred and eighty-five.

Pacho wands up his tirade against costly opacilly a final fling at swells in general. " Is it are marvel, he asks, "if they stand on their personles, and hoyse up their sails so high! But whether they have argent to maintain the year or not, it is not material, for they will have it one way or other, or clee they will have it one way or other, or else they will sell or mortgage their lands, or go abunding on Suter's (Shooter's) Hull, or Stanget Hole, with loss of their lives at Tiburne in a rope." Our swells are not quite reduced to such dire extremities in the reign of Queen Victoria. Long after lands have been nortgaged, and credit exhausted, the lively kets can be flown, and the valiant bit of the stiff can be done. Young Rakewell does not turn highwayman now; he goes through the lossolvent Court, emigrates to the diggings, Insolvent Court, emigrates to the diggings, or joins the commissariat in the Crimea.

It is really astonishing, deceitful as is the heart above all things, and desperately wicked, what a miserable paucity in invention there is in our crimes. We find the very some regueries exposed in Philip Stubbes's book as are daily adjudiented upon by the magistrates at our police courts, every day in the week. Speaking of bought hair and coloured (tremble ye ladies with fronts!)

as worn by females, he says, " And if there be any poor women (as, now and then, we see God doeth bless them with beauty as well as the rich) that have fair hair, these nice dames will not rest till they have bought it. Or if any children have fair hair, they it. Or if any confiden have fair hair, they will entice them into a secret place, and either by force, or for a penny or two, will cut off their hair; as I heard that one did in the city of Munidnol, of late, who, meeting a little child with very fair hair, invegled her into a house, promised her a penny, and so cut off her hair,—and besides, took most of her apparel." Civilisation has increased wonderfully—oh. dear, yes! but has crime derfully -oh, dear, yes! but has crime decreased, or altered one single lineament of decreased, or aftered one single lineament of its hideous face. Nice dames, it is true, no longer go about with brandished seissors, vowing vengeance to the fair hair of children; but how many "good Mrs. Browns" are there, and how many cases of child-stripping throughout the year at the London policecourts.

courts.

Mr. Stubbes proceeds to enter into the discussion of certain questions, into which I cannot, for brious reasons, follow him. I notice, however, that he rails much at the absurdate of exclesiastical magistrates making dissolute persons do penance in church in white sheets, with white wands in their hands. The congregation do nought but laugh, he says, and the penitent has his usual clothes underneath. The severity of the measures proposed by Philip for putting down vice would certainly astonish our modern Society for the suppression thereof. dern Society for the suppression thereof. Vicious persons, he suggests, should either "drinke a full draught of Moises cup, that is, taste of present death, as God's word doth command, and good policy allow; or else, if that be thought too severe, they might be cauterised and seared with a hot iron on the cheek and forehead, to the end that the children of Satan might be discerned from honest and chaste Christians." If Mr. est and chaste Christians." If Mr. suggestions were ever to be acted and vagaries far more fantastic and Stubbes upon (and absurd have passed into law even in this, our own time), what a demand for red-hot pokers there would be, to be sure! Stubbes bewaileth beef. He is speaking of

the great excess in delicate fare, the variety of dishes with curious sauces, such as the veriest Heliuo, the insatiablest glutton, would not desire; the condiments, confections, and spiceries, and how meats bring destruction. "Oh! what nicety is this!" he cries. "Oh! farewell, former world; for I have heard my father say that, in his day, one dish or two of wholesome meat was thought sufficient for a wholesome meat was thought sufficient for a man of worship to dine withul, and if they had three or four kinds, it was reputed a sumptuous feast. A good lump of beef was thought then good meat, and able for the best; but now it is thought too gross for their tender stomacha to digest." I wonder whether old Philip Stubbes ever courted the Muses—ever

[.] See Household Words, vol. xi, p. 555.

turned a rhyme in his younger days. If not actually one of the authors, he might have added an admirable stanza, touching beef, to that glorious chant When this Old Cap was New. In respect to how far meats bring destruction, Mr. Stubbes tells us, that a people given to belly cheere and gluttony must eventually and inevitably come to worshipping of stocks and stones. Belly cheer, I am afraid, is yet far from being cradicated in our land, but I have not yet heard that the viands of that great diplomatic cook, Carême, ever drove Metternich or Talleyrand to the wor-Mumbo-Jumbo; that any alderman ship of of London was ever known to bow down, after a turtle dinner, before Gog and Magog; that the publication of M. Louis-Eustache and Ude's work ever made any converts to fe-tichism; or that there was ever a disposition on the part of the committee of the Reform ('lub to set up a pagod in the vestibule during the administration of their kitchen by M. Soyer. With all this feasting and belly cheer there is, it appears, but small hospitality in Stubbes' England, and cold comfort for the poor. For, while there are some men who, out of forty pounds a-year, "count it small matter to dispend forty thereof in spices" (?); and though a hundred pounds are often spent in one house in banqueting; yet the poor have little or nothing: if they have anything it is but the refuse meat, scraps, and parings, such as a dog would not eat, and well if they can get that, too; and, now and then, not a few have whipping cheer to feed themselves.

Says Spudens to Philoponus (Spudeus is one of the most excellent listeners I ever met

one of the most excellent listeners I ever met with)—says he, quite cheerfully, as if the shocking state of things rather tickled him. "You spake of drunkenness, brother—what say you of that?"

What has Mr. Stubbes to say against drunkenness—what hasn't he to say? He says that it is a most borrible vice, and too much practised in England. Every country-town. that it is a most horrible vice, and too much practised in England. Every country-town, city, village, hamlet, and other places have abundance of ale-houses, taverns, and inns, which are so fraught with maltworms every day that you would wounder to see them. You shall have them there, sitting at the wine and good ale, all the day long—yea, all the hight, too—and, peradventure, for a the night, too—and, peradventure, for a whole week together, so long as any money is left, swyllving, gullying, and carousing one to another, till never a one can speak a ready Then, when with the spirit butterie they are thus possessed, a world it is to consider their gestures and demeanours towards one another, and towards everyone else. How they stutter and stammer, stagger and reel to and fro like madmen, which is most horrible: some fall to swearing, cursing, and banning, interlacing their speeches with curious terms of ogglesome woordes. . . A man once dronke with wine, doth he not resemble a brute beast rather than a Christian man? For do not his eyes begin to stare, and

to be red, fiery, and bleared, blubbering forth seas of tears? Doth he not froth and foam at become as a millstone, and his heels as feathers? Is he able to keep one up, or the other down? Are not his wits drowned his understanding altogether decayed? The drunkard in his drunkenness killeth his friend, revileth his lover, discloseth his secrets, and regardeth no man. After this, Mr. Stubbes relates the following story, which I recommend for modern adoption in the Temperance oration way:

On the eighth of February, fifteen hundred

and seventy-eight, in the country of Swaben, there were dwelling eight men-citizens and there were dwelling eight men—citizens much citizens' sons—all tailors, very riotously and prodigally inclined. The names of these young Swabs, if I may be allowed to call them so, were Adam (fichens, George Repell, Jhon Reisell, Peter Herfdorfe, Jhon Wage-naer, Simon Henricks, Herman Frons, and Jacob Hermans. All of them would needs go to the taverne on the Sabbath-day, in the morning, very early. And, coming to the morning, very early. And, coming to the house of one Anthony Hage, an honest, golly who kept a taveru in the same town, called for burnt wine, sack, malmacy, hippo-cras, and what not. But Anthony Hage not being, though a landlord, a maltworm nor a member of the Licensed Victuallers' Protection Society—but being rather of the Lord Robert Grosvenor and Wilson Patten persuasion, and perhaps afraid of the Swaben police-said they should have no wine till sermon-time had passed, and counselled them to go to church. But they all (save Adam Giebens, who said they might as well go if they could get no drink) said they loathed that kind of exercise. The good host then, not giving them any wine himself, nor suffering his barrier. maid to draw them any, went, as as duty did him bind, to church; who, being gone, the abandoned young Swabs fell (as is usual in Mr. Stubbes stories) to banning and swearing, wishing the landlord might break his neck he came again from the sermon; and bursting forth into these intemperate speeches: the Deuce take us, if we depart hence this day without some wine. Straightway the Deuce appeared to them in the likeness of a pot-bor. appeared to them in the likeness of a pot-bor, bringing in his hand a flagon of wine, and demanding of them if they caroused not; he drank unto them, saying: "Good fellows be merrie" (a bold pot-boy), "for ye seem listy lads." I suppose this salutation was a spries of "Give your orders, gents," of the period; and the orders being given, he added: "I hope you will pay me well," which was, perhaps, equivalent to the dubiously-expressed hope of a modern waiter that it is "all right," when he has a tap-room full of suspicious customers. The Swabs assured him that it was so ers. The Swabs assured him that it was so far right, that they would gage their necks, bodies, and souls that the reckoning should be paid. Whereupon much wine was brought, and they fell to their old game of swyllying,

grillying, and carcusing, till no Swab could see another, and they were all as dronke as rate. At the last (they must have got tipsy and carousing, till no Swab could rats. At the last (they must have got tipsy very soon, or there must have been a very leng sermon at Anthony Hage's place of worship), the Deuce, their host, told them that they "must neede paie the shotte," (I quote Stubbes literally), "whereat their hartes wated cold." But the Deuce, comforting them, said: "Be of good cheer, for I want no money, and now you must drink hot boiling putch, lead, and brimstone in the pit, with money, and now you must drink hot boiling pitch, lead, and brimstone in the pit, with me for evermore." Hereupon, immediately, be unde their eyes like flames of fire, and in breadth as broad as saucers. The Deuce then broke their necks in sonder, and when Anthony Hage came back from church when Anthony Hage came back from church there was nothing left in the tapreom but several empty pots, a strong smell of brimstone, and the body of Adam Giebens, who was not dead, but in a fainting fit. It will be remembered that Adam was the Swab who said that he didn't mind going to church if be couldn't get anything to drink; in consideration of which instance of practical side to be a superal by the demon note. tical piety he was spared by the demon pot-

It cannot fail to strike the reader that this rild story is a consin-german to that of the landsome Clearstarcher. Mr. Stubbes, too, fr in the copious stores of German diablerie. Having had his gird at drunkenness in these set terms, Philip Stubbes proceeds to terms, ramp steemer. Landlords, he says make merchandise of their poor tenants racking their rents, raising their search and incomes, and setting them so that no man can hre on them. And besides this, as though this pillage and pollage were not rapacious amongs, the take in and enclose commons, more, beauties whereout the poor commonaltie were word to have all their forage and feeding for their cattle, and (which is more) corn for themselves to live upon; all of which are in most places taken from them by these most places taken from them by these creeks puttockes [Have a care to thine cars, O Stables!] to the great impoverishing and after beggaring of many towns and parishes, "whose tragical cryes and chanours have long thin drive crying. How long, Lord, pierced the skies, crying, 'How long, Lord, how long wilt thou defer to revenge this villany done to thy poor?' Take heed, then, you rich men, that poll and pill the poor, for the blood of as many as miscarry any manner of way through your injurious exactions, sinitery oppressions and indirect dealings, shall be powered upon your heads at the great day of the Lord."

withal;" but if this be not forthcoming, then farewell client: he may go shoe the goose. The glimpse given to us of the progress of a lawsuit in Queen Bess's time is highly edifying, and has a strong family likeness to the lawsuits now well and truly tried ness to the lawsuits now well and truly tried before our Sovereign Lady the Queen at Westminster :- "Sheriff's and officers do return writs with a tardê venir, or with a non est inventus, to keep the poor man from his own. But so long as any of the red contment will bear him in hand; is propping, they matter is good and just, and all to keep him in tow till all be gone, and then they will tell him his matter is naught! In presence of their clients they will be as earnest one with another as one (that knew not their sleights) would think they would go together by the laugh in their sleeves to think how prettily they can fetch in such sums of money, and that under the pretence of equity and justice." As to the lawyers themselves, they lead a happy life, like the Pope. They ruffle it out in their silks, velvets, and chains of gold. They keep a port like mighty potentates; they have lands and retinues of men in attendance upon them daily; they build gorgeous edifices and stately turrets; they purchase lands and lordships. Is this they purchase lands and lordships. Is this not enough to make the mouths of all Chancery Lane water? to awaken emotions of mekancholy envy of pallid and briefless barristers eating the tips of their fingers and the covers of their law books, and the skin of their law tips. of their hearts, in studious, penniless, almost hopeless idleness? Return again, ve golden hopeless idleness? R-turn again, ye golden times—ye auriferous Stubbesian days—when every stuff-gownsman wore a gold chain, and every Q C. lived in a stately turret; when judges were corrupt, and lord chancellors took "presents," and attorney-generals were to be "spoken to," like prosecutors in assault

There is this, I think, in favour of my Stubbes, that although severe, he is importial. To use an expressive though inelegant metaphor, he tars everybody with the same brush. No sooner has be administered to the lawyers those sable trickling drops and penal plumes, by which Sydney Smith has poetised the somewhat prosaic operation of tarring and somewhat prosaic operation of tarring and feathering, than he proceeds to attack the mercantile community. The "marchauntmen, by their marting, chaffering, and changing, by their counterfeit balances and untrue the blood of as many as miscarry any manner of way through your injurious exactions, sinister oppressions and indirect dealings, shall wares (7), heap up infinite treasure. And be powed upon your heads at the great day of the Lord."

As for lawyers, if you want to find vice and corruption in full bloom, you must go with Stubbes to Westminster Hall or the inns of court. But it is no use going there unless you are provided with good atoms of argent rubrum unquentum—red ointment, or gold, "to grease lawyers' fists are many, that for the acquiring of aliver and gold, they will not scruple to imbrewe their hands" (on the sheep and lamb, or over-shoes, over-boots principle, I presume) "in the blood of their own parents and friends most unnaturally." See what wonders civilisation has done in our time. In one respect, at least, we are superior to Stubbes. No grocers, tea dealers, bakers, go about in our peaceful London streets, with their shirt-sleeves tucked up and butchers knives in their hands, crying "Kill! kill!" to the great terror of their relations and acquaintances. No marchauntman muders now with sword or dagger, pisted or bludgeon. He murders in his Marting. He poisons the bowl. He puts grave-worms into the sugar-basin and aqua tofana into the pickle-jar, and makes the wheaten loaf a todgotha. He gathers his tea leaves in the Valley of the Shadow of Death, and sounds the death-trump in the blown-out vesicles of Nice White Veal, and tells cocca that it is clay, and coffee that it is dust and ashes. And the higher marchauntman, the merchant prince, the titled banker, he never murders now for silver or gold. Oh no! He never embrewes has bands in the blood of parents and friends most unnaturally. Oh dear no! He is contented with failing in a genteel, fashionable way, and killing widows and orphans and young children by the slow but sure process of rum and misery and despair. No butcher's his victim "as though he loved him," like that nobleman-executioner of the ancient regime, who, in the royalist reaction that in some provinces of France followed the Reign of Terror, condescended himself to massacre some Jacobin prisoners; but, tuait needs accome a pomme d'or, killed them with his gold-headed cane.

Can no good come out of England.—
Are we so irredeemably bad that Stubbes most be down on us continually. Is Stubbes merely an inveterate old grumbler, croaker, misantirope, mysorynist, and world-hater, or are we as drefful wicked as Topsy! Flying off at a tangent of indignation from covetousness and greed of wealth, he is furious against the assumption of titles. "The world is such," he says, "that he who hath much money enough shall be R, bbied and Maistered at every word, and withat saluted by the vain title of worshipful, though notwithstanding he be a muck-heap gentleman. And to such extreme madness is it grown, that now-a-days every butcher, shoemaker, tailor, cobbler, and husbandman, may, every tuker, peller, and swineherd, overy artificer, and other gregarii ordinis, of the videst sort of men that be, must to called by the vame name of maisters at every world."

word."

But this is but a transient puff, a trifling cap full of wind of Stubbes' anger. Soon the full current of his wrath is directed.

against the monster vice and corruption of the age—usury. He tells us plainly that money-lending at interest is murder. "The usurer killeth not one, but many; both houseband, wife, children, servants, family, and all, not sparing any. And if the poor man have not wherewith to pay, as well as the interest, then suit is commenced against him, outgo butterflas (i) and writs as thick as hail. So the poor man is apprehended, and being once convented, judgment condemnatory and definitive is pronounced against him, and than to Bocardo (the Fleet I) goeth he as round as a ball, where he is sure to be until he rot one piece from another without satisfaction be made. Occursed caitiff! no man, but a devil; no Christian, but a cruel Tartarian, and merciless Turk" but I caused follow Stubbea any further; for he goes on pit hing into the usurers for home closely-printed twelvemounces of block hetter.

the usurers for fair closely passes of Sunday, and I will shut him up for good. Come hither and listen to Stubbes, you Mawwor.os, Castwells, Tartuff's, and over-righteous hyperress of every grade and seet. Come hither Sir Joseph Surface, Bart., Lord Thomas tiell, and Lord Viscount Sheepington (the family name is Wolf). Come hither all you

Whose chief dovotion lies
In odd, perverse, antipothics;
That with more care keep bolyday.
The wrong than others the right way;
Sail so perverse and opposite.
As if they worshipp'd God for spite.

Listen all you who see crime in a Sunday pint of beer, perdition in a Sunday rews aper, ruin in a Sunday eigar, and destruction in a Sunday razor-strop; who think the Sabbath descerated now, listen to bow it was descerated in the auriferous a limit pions times of Queen Elizabeth.

times of Queen Elizabeth.

"Some spend the Sabnoth day," says ancient Stubbes, "in frequenting wicked plays and interludes, in maintain og Lords of Morrule (for so they call a certain kind of play which they use), in May games, church abofessts, and wakesesses. In piping, dancing, diving, carding, bowling, and tennis plays of hunting. In keeping of fairs and markets on the Sabnoth. In keeping of court less, in football playing, and such like devilets partimes. In reading wicked books, in fencing and playing at staves and endgels."

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No 285.

SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 8, 1855.

SYDNEY SMITH.

I have always had great historic doubts about the reality of Sydney Shith. That there may have been a person of that name, I don't deny — I think it likely, from Thiers's account of St. Jean d'Acre, and other authorities, that there was. Perhaps there were more than one; but it is very evident to me that the witty and wise, the manly and independent Sydney Smith, about whom we have all laughed so often, and for the supposed loss of whom many of us have wept, was a phantasin—or, at most, a character imagined by some gentleman of dramatic power, and adminishly austained throughout every scene.

How can it be otherwise? How can we believe that a man with all those qualities—

How can it be otherwise? How can we believe that a man with all those qualities—the kindness that wins affection, the genius that commands respect—was left unrecognized and unappreciated for fifty years of his life, ig those who had the best opportunities of knowing his virtues and qualifications? Let us see who those persons were. The Whop of eighteen hundred were a large and industrial joint-stock company for the seizing of leaves and fishes from the Tories. There such and fishes from the Torica. There was no end of their fondness for those piscine and careal repasts. For many years before that the they had been kept from the public beta ries and ponds, and had complained of the reclusion as a grievous wrong. They had produced the glorious Revolution, they said, and their sons and their sons and their sons wives, and their sons and their sons wives, and their sons and their sons wives, and their daughters and sons-in-law, entitled, by right of birth, to all the good things the country beatowed all the good things it could: and, at last, presedual replete, the leeches dropped off, and the Tories took their place. They were positively stuffed to within an inch of apoplexy with the fat of the land. There were Whig lords in all the counties, in the enjoyment of patriotic centiments and immeasurable estates; both estimable possessions dating from the atrival of the glorious Deliverer. There were stewardships and secretaryships, and commissions in the militie, and livings in the church, in their gift, all independent of the governments. They formed a little colony of abdicated monarchs in the mulst of the people whom they had sucked.

The wit and scholar ate his potatoga in large were the clergy, so they called Synner Smith a clergyman. They made him a scholar, a humourist—eloquent, gay, benevolent, and a leargyman. They made him a scholar, a humourist—eloquent, gay, benevolent, and a laway of sect or party; a Christian philosopher in holy orders. And they knew how, in this excellent creation, to unite perfect propriety of conduct, perfect orthodoxy of belief, with the more brilliant and captivating qualities of their hero. But, there are liberties people may take with fictitious characters which they could not venture on with fresh and blood. So they put this youth, brimful of energy and goodness, in a curacy on Salisbury Plain. They left him with a birther and salt, on the days when the butcher did not come into the parish, and intelligence; and potatoes, enriched with a lit ns no end of their fondness for those piscine

and ruled. Diocletians, and Syllas, and Charles the Fißhs, were plentiful in every shire; and the "grey, discrowned kings" were not without their courtiers who followed them (for salaries, their courtiers who followed them (for salaries, of course) into private life. But years passed on—their former glories began to be forgotten—Salona and St. Just became tiresome, and the soul of Whiggery panted for a change. Pompous aristocrats, with coronets fantastically twisted to resemble caps of liberty, began to talk of the rights of man—meaning by that, their own right to a fresh lease of power and pelf. But the country laughed at them, for it could not give them credit for anything but selfishness and stupidity. So, the great lords betook themselves to little jobberies of their own—bought small boroughs. beries of their own—bought small boroughs, and bribed large ones—but still with no effect. They appeared ridiculous whenever anybody compared the liberality of their speeches with the narrowness of their actions. And at this time, seeing no real individual of their party able to astonish the Torics with the addition of wit and wisdom to the ordinary political banquets of both the parties, my theory is, that they imagined one, and called him Sydney Smith. The class of men most deeply sunk at that time in dulness and self-seeking were the clergy, so they called Sydney Smith beries of their own-bought small boroughs,

and promotion came. He led a bear, and made him dance to the genteelest of tunes, and the authors go on to say, he became tutor to his squire's son, and conducted him to Edinburgh. A very unlikely thing, I should say, to have occurred in reality; for Mr. Beech could have sent to Oxford or Cambridge, and could have had a tutor for his son who would have licked the plates and laughed at his patron's jokes, instead of pouring back bright wit of his own, and who would have listened to his stories, and united the offices of tondy and instructor in a strictly ecclesiastical manner. But we pass this over as an oversight. The imaginary creation, Sydney Smith, is thirty-one years of age. His fame is instantly secured. He is the centre of a large circle of the rising talent of the time. He projects the Edinburgh Parton. He casts a new glary the Elinburgh Review. He casts a new glory on the whole Whig party; arms it with new weapons, and places it on higher ground. The hereditary castle doors begin to turn on their hinges as the moment of his admission to the domestic hearth draws nigh. doors are thrown open; marquis and earl and baron receive him with outstretched arms, and mouths distended from ear to ear. They almost discover the treasure of ear. They almost discover the treasure of wisdom hidden under all that prodigality of fun. He makes their homes delightful to them—they can scarcely tell why. Their stiffnesses get thawed out of them by that perpetual sunshine of heart and brain. They feel, somehow, as if they were men, and not mere images of departed grandeur. They almost think they could descend to the arena, and have a mently struggle for the level of and have a manly struggle, for the love of the people and the enjoyment of power. Wherever meanness and darkness lurked, there was this tremendous curate with his Ithuriel spear. Wherever there was an argu-Ithuriel spear. Wherever there was an argument too heavy for the feeble hand of a superannuated duke, he set feathers to it, and fined it down, and gave it a throw into the enemy's camp, which transfixed dozens at a time, as Munchausen transfixed the ducks upon his ramrod. All this was acknowledged by these rich and right honourable men; cradled statesmen and papeaus the did they in substantial acknowledgment? Ho they in substantial acknowledgment? He must be a myth? Does it enter into the imagination of the dullest of men that, in actual life, these dreamy pieces of state would have left such a man altogether unwould have left such a man altogether un-provided for, out of their private patronage, and would have rewarded him, after much entreaty, with a government living without a house in the wilds of Yorkshire, with the descriptive name of Foston-le-Clay? Le-Clay, indeed! Not very good French, but very

expressive English.

The fancied Sydney still goes on. He establishes himself in the Yorkshire wilderness. He builds a house, the ugliest and most comfortable in England, at a

sets such an example of a cheerful performance of duty and universal good will, that forget his wit, and his literature, and l learning, and see only the gener us man, the useful minister, the noble soul. This lasted year upon year. And year upon year Whig preferments must have been falling vacant. But Whigs have sycophants, and cousins, and nicees' husbands; and Sydney is supposed still to be left in Foston-le-Clay. It must be a satisfactor action this biography. be a satire, this biography—a bitter satire. And the Tories are searcely less satirised in it than these grateful precious Whigs. What! If this were not a merely fanciful picture, do you think no Tory minister, no Tory magnate, would have said, "Well, here is a man who, if he had gone to the bur, would have forced his way into the Lords." he had taken to literature as a profession, would have exterminated Rabelnis, and Swift, would have exterminated Rabelais, and Swift, and Sterne—Is he to spend his life at Foston-le-Clay? Where, in Heaven's name, is Foston-le-Clay?" And somebody would have brought him a map, and if he had been secretary for the home department, he would have been able to see it was in Yorkshire; and he would have said, "Let us show we can appreciate genius, and mirth, and goodness: let him have the best living in our gift—and we will make him a dean." "A dean, my lord?" replies the confidential private secretary; a nephew, who was plucked "A dean, my lord?" replies the confidential private secretary; a nephew, who was plucked at college, and afterwards ran away with another gentleman's wife; "you can't mean that! The man is a notorious wit." "Ah, I didn't think of that. What would the bishops say if I premoted a wit? But hang it, let him have a living of a thousand a-year. Your governorship, Charlie, is six."

The determined carrying-out of this satire is a great failure in the work called The Life of the Reverend Sydney Smith (otherwise most tenderly and charmingly written by his daughter); and when the next edition comes out, I hope a new series of adventures will be introduced, for it must be sickening to any of the younger clergy who have aspiraan occasional laugh no sin against any of the commandments, to perceive what their for-tune is likely to be. They will look for comfort into the realities of life, and subside from Christianity and Sidneyism into scilish-

ness and success

There is a glimpse allowed, to be sure, of recognition at the end. After giving a good exchange to Combe Florey, the Whige are exchange to Combe Florey, the Wings are supposed to follow the example of a noble Tory—a nobler than the one I have just imagined—and to make him a canon of St. Paul's. So says this veracious chronicle. But he is old; he has seen all his juniors promoted over his head. He has two dozen appreciates in his profession, who look down establishes himself in the Yorkshire wilderness. He builds a house, the ugliest from the awful plateau, or flat elevation, and most comfortable in England, at a great expense out of his private pocket; and derations) have placed them, at the man who never shuffled, nor lied, nor truckled, who was only a sayer of good things, but not a claimant of them; who did not heap all his official preferment on himself; and did not even put his son into the church. Shut up the book; it is a malicious libel on the Whigs.

I suspect, after all, it is a more reversal of comelanty clse's career. Instead of an honest, true, open, independent, gallant gentleman of the name of Sydney Smith, it is perhaps the topsy-turvied record of a grovelling, grasping turneeat of another name. Instead of wit and brightness, put down dinginess and stolidity; instead of earnest determination to make the best of the ills of life, of poverty, and neglect, and wilful misrepresentation, put down a grasping after everything to be got, a craving for wealth and station, adulation to craving for wealth and station, adulation to a lord, insolence to a curate; and instead of Poston-le-t'lay, and even Combo Florey, and a canonry at St. Paul's—hey!—Room there for my lord the bishop!

A WIFE'S STORY.

IN SEVER CHAPTERS. CHAPTER IL.

So I stood that night—a wild, weird night-caning against my husband with folded arms; leaning against my husband with folded arms; leving to measure my insignificance; to be at his side, not much more than reaching to his clow, yet as high as his heart,—to look up into the landsome face so far above me when held erect, so often stooped down tenderly to mine. And I mused, over the butter things of my past life, imagined the happiness to come for both of us, the happiness of over the other thous, days, years, and a whole life spent together; never knowing end of lave mer weariness of existence. And I felt. ive, por weariness of existence. And I felt and knew rest-for a little whiletanding secure in the certainty of posses-

We were on our way to Scotland.

The wind blew round us; sometimes driv-the waves so violently against the ships le that the foam splashed up in my face, and ving the clouds recklessly and the wild sky, and the pale struggling n. And we were rocked up and down, t standing firm together, the wind and the

sea singing us an inspiriting song, a loud soul thrilling authem; but too loud and too abrill for an epithalanium.

The other passengers had disappeared one by one,—we were alone. I could have remained therefor ever, I thought, so supported, so stenaded. Breaking into the world of my imaginings came my husband's voice.

A unite during it is getting odd! What

"Annie, darling, it is getting cold! What r. ugh night it is!" And as he spoke, the arting energeling arm drew my wrappings choor; he went on, "You must not stay here any longer, leve; you had better go below, and get a few bours sleep, for it is long just midnight. I shall get a cigar, and walk up and down a little; I am quite chilly,

No, I was not; and I did not want to go down, out of the wind and the foam-splash into the close atmosphere of the ladies' cabin. I, leaning there, against his heart, had not thought of being cold.

"Get your cigar, if you must have one, Harold, but let me stay, please," I pleaded. "I am not cold at all, and I know I shall not sleep down there, it will be so warm."

But a drizzly rain began to fall; of course, staying out all night would have been a most

staying out all night would have been a most irrational proceeding, and my husband was very wisely decided. He took me downstairs, guiding my feet carefully in the uncertain light from the lamp at the bottom, and left me at the door of the den, as I called the crowded sleeping-place. Already I had seen, or fancied that he would expect from me, or fancied that he would expect from me, or fancied that he would expect from me, only an implicit and child-like obedience. yet I had found it very sweet to obey, where to obey had only been to do what was most pleasant; to-night I was inclined to rebel; it was so stiflingly close and warm down there, "might I not go up again?" But Hareld pressed a "Good-night," on my lips, pressing me the while to his heart, and my impatience vanished, and I obeyed.

I lay a long time, rocked on my uncomfortable couch, with my eyes obstinately wide open, listening to the firm, rather heavy, footstep pacing to and fro above me. At last, I open, listening to the firm, rather heavy, foot-step pacing to and fro above me. At list, I suppose, I fell asleep listening, and then the step crushed painfully into my heart and brain, and I awoke in trouble and affright. It was new to me to be on the sea, it was awful, the waves rushed so fiercely past the little window against which I lay! I could but dimly see, yet I heard and felt them; they stirred, not fear, but a wild, half-pleasant excitement within me.

excitement within me.

I listened again to the steps above; I felt half-jealous that without me he found pleasure in lingering there so long. At last I heard the sound no longer; "He is going to sleep now," I thought, so I voluntarily closed my eyes, pillowed my check on my arm, and composed myself for quiet slumber.

When we touched land next day, all was

wrapped in a mist mantle; we could see nothing, but we went on by land to our first resting place,—reaching it in the evening. On the morrow I saw the sun shine upon one of the most lovely places in the Highlands,lovely and grand at once, and more beautiful than I could bear.

Harold had thought to surprise me,-thought I should admire it, was very glad it was fine weather. I had never till now seen anything of mountainous, or even hilly scenery; the pretty country round Ilton was the most beautiful feature of Nature's face I had ever grown acquainted with,

Now, I stood by the sale of the loch in the morning—the early merning—I looked down towards the sea; up to the splendid peak above peak of mountains paid up a far as I could discours across the still blue water, to the graceful hanging woods, and heathery sheep-dotted slopes on the other side. What could I do? My heart was swelling, my eyes kindling and dilating, my cheek flushing and chilling—I clasped my hands tightly together, almost as the results. if in pain.

At that moment Harold came up, with a bright, laughing face, and hurrying step, and

eyes fixed only on me

I turned to him; I remember he stopped and looked at me wonderingly; I did not notice that then; I uttered a little of my admiration and delight, in words that seemed to me mockingly poor and feeble. I looked up in my husband's face for sympathy: he smiled down on me, kindly as ever; but somehow my haughty spirit rose up in arms against that smile; a flashing look of something like disdain aimed at him fell heek on me assisting calls are small size. fell back on me, paining only my own heart, and a miserable doubt and dread darted

Breakfast was ready, the urn waiting, and the salmon steaks on the table, Harold said. So I walked in beside him, not taking his offered arm, pretending not to see it.

The day was very warm and lovely, and we spent it on the water. We had hired a light little boat; Harold rowed it across to the other side; we explored that shore a little, then we moored our boat to the stump of a felled tree, and sat in it under the shade of the wood that hung far over the marge. enjoyed the gentle rocking motion, the sound of the ripple against the side, and the deli-cious freshuess of the light breeze that came up from the sea, and breathed upon our faces. We talked little, and very softly. I had taken off my hat for coolness, and I sat in the bottom of our boat, resting my head against my husband's knee. I liked to feel his hand every now and then, passed caressingly and

lovingly over my hair.

"Shall I read to you, Harold?" I asked, after we had sat so a long while, and I fancied he might be wearying of idleness, though I was not. Already I consciously recognised a difference between the

difference between us.

"If you like, Annie," he answored; "if it won't tire you; but it is very hot."

I produced my treasured book, the book he had given me. I told him how beautiful it was, how much he would like it; and then I began to read. I read in a low subdued voice: I did not want to break in upon the harmony of the soft music made by wind and

How quietly I went on, and yet how deeply and tromblously the poet's thoughts moved me! Sometimes I felt my cheek grow chill, and my eyes dim with tears, as some passage thrilled through me.

After I had read some time, I glanced

round.

"Is not that true? Have we not felt it?" I said, looking up to my husband's face, seek-

ing to meet its expression of emotion and

His eyes were closed, his arm rested on some cushion he had brought for me, and I had not cared to use; his head was thrown back upon that arm, and he was fast asleep! I looked at him long, half in anger, half in love. I see the face now as it looked then. His sleep was child-like in its perfect repose; his brow was so smooth, his mouth so quietly happy in its expression, his breathing so low and regular. At least he must be dreaming some beautiful dream-dreaming only of me,

perhaps, I thought.

I had lifted my head from its resting-place I had lifted my head from its resting-place, I did not replace it; I aat quite erect, and kept myself very still. I put a fern-leaf, from a bunch of them I had in my hat, to mark the place where I had left off reading, and then closed my book. For some time I sat watching the ripples in the waters, and listening to Harold's breathing, with a cloudy free and a heavy that had not quite made up listening to Harold's breathing, with a cloudy face, and a heart that had not quite made up its resolve whether or no to resent this neglect. I got tired of sitting in dignified rigidity. I leaned over the boat's side, and amused myself with the broken reflections of my face and hands in the water; with splashing it up softly to my forehead, and seeing the separate drops, pear-like, fall back upon the face of the look. And I thought of Undine and water-sprites, good and ill, and tried to look to the bottom of the water, that seemed to repel my glances, but deathing back its arm bright according to the second of the second of the water, that seemed to repel my glances, and the second of by flashing back its own brightness dazzlingly on my eyes,—and imagined the sights fair and foul that might be there, till I almost saw strange eyes and hands, gazing at me, and beckoning to me, from below. Then I drew back to the other side, and folding ny hands, gave myself up to day-dreaming. I knew it must be quite late in the afternoou, now; the wind had quite died away, the water did not ripple, our boat did not stir, there was a great dream-silence, under-toned by the faint hum and buzz of insects in the near wood.

A very audible yawn and noise of stretching and stirring, told me that my husband was waking at last. The noise broke in

was waking at last. The noise broke in jarringly upon my delicious dreaming, it was so loud! I did not look up or speak, but sat looking straight before me far away.

"Why I have been asleep, I declare!" Harold exclaimed. "It is just five o'clock. Why didn't you wake me, Annie? You should have thrown some water in my face. You have been sitting there, quiet and patient, waiting for your lord's awakening, eh, you darling little mouse? How stupid you must have thought me?"

very well amused," I answered, " I was

coldir.

How? Reading, I suppose?"

"No; with my own thoughts."
"Your own thoughts, you saucy girl!
Have you anything belonging to yourself,

then? Were they not partly mine! those amusing thoughts? Eh, Annie?"

"Whatever else I may owe to you, I have still a right to consider my thoughts free, have I not, my lord?" I asked, only half-

are angry, Annie! Come, vexed with me for going to alcep while you were reading! Your voice is so sweet it soothed me. If you had been speaking I

were reading! Your voice is so sweet is soothed me. If you had been speaking I should have listened to the words; as it was, I thought only of the dear voice."

"Did not the book please you?" I asked.

"To tell the truth, I did not understand much of it, I do not care for poetry; you cannot think how strange it seems to me to think of any man's making it the occupation of a life to rack his brains for out-of-the-way thoughts about men and things, and then to thoughts about men and things, and then to twist and turn then ingeniously up-side down and hind-side before, till he has set them into jingling order."

"And that is your notion of poetry?" I

"Do you not think it a just one;
"Do you not like music?"
"Why do you ask! The two things are
so perfectly different. Yes, I like cheerful
I don't pretend to understand the so perfectly different. Yes, I like cheerful music; I don't pretend to understand the classicality of the art? But, my dear child, don't let us discuss art, or philosophy, or poetry now. You look quite pale, I am sure you are cold and tired; I am very sorry, it was very stupid of me to fall asleep; please to far are me, and I won't do so again."

"Pray Jo, as often as you feel inclined. I will learn not to mind it, I assure you," I

Learn not to mind, Annie! what do you I do not want you to learn anything: I want you to be happy, and leave everything

"We must learn while we live, people say.
It strikes me I shall have much to learn

Harold sprang up hastily. He nearly up-set the boat in doing so; the side on which I was sitting touched the water's edge,—I test my balance, and should have made acquaintance with the bottom of the loch, concerning which I had been speculating, had not his strong arms been thrown round me.

Good Heaven!—Annie!—My wife!"

been on the farther side from the

I had been on the farther side from the shore—the water was deep—no help near—he could not swim—all this flashed through his mind, and I felt how the heart beat against which I was pressed.

"God grant you have not saved what you would have been happier for the losing!" something compelled me to say, as I looked up in his face. There was love himself, most beautiful and perfect, looking out from his eyes into mine, and I did not any longer struggle in his embrace.

"God by praised!" he murmured as he

middle of the boat, when, at last, it had ceased its perilous rocking to and fro. I did not cherish my wicked spirit longer. He took the oars and rowed back. We were both grave and silent for a little while: but Harold's gravity soon vanished, so did all traces of emotion, save that he lifted me out of the boat, and put me down far from the edge of the loch, as if he could not trust me near the water again. trust me near the water again.

"I ordered dinner at five," he said, as we walked up the beach; "now it is half-past. Mrs. Mac-Something will grumble, I am afraid. You won't be long at your toilette, Annie? remember we are to climb the mountain, to see the sun set this evening.

The evening was only just pleasantly advanced and cool, when we set out on our little expedition. Harold had managed to vanced and cool, when we set out on our little expedition. Harold had managed to hunt up a pony for me, as we had some two or three miles to go. He was very merry, and we laughed and chatted gaily as he led my steed and strode on beside me. But when we came to the narrow glen me. But when we came to the narrow glen between high threatening masses of rock, that shut out the sunlight and frowned blackly down on us, the light talk and laughter pained me; it seemed impious, my heart echoed it so hollowly. I put my hand on Harold's lips, and said, "Be quiet, please!" very gently. He kissed my hand, and obeyed, seeming to understand; or else it was the grey shade that made his face look grave and pale, and we wound up in silence. I dismounted soon, as the way got rougher; the boy, who had followed us, took the pony; and we went on alone. We, two, who should have been not two, but one.

The highest peaks were almost inaccessible, but the one we ascended was comparatively

but the one we ascended was comparatively easy to climb, and we had been assured that the view was awfu' grand. When we were at the top, the sun was setting; we were just in time. I drew my arm from Harold's. I

in time. I drew my arm from Harold's. I planted my feet firmly on the craggy ground. At first, everything swam before my eyes in a kind of mist of glory; but after a few minutes' steady gazing, all became distinct. My soul strove and struggled, it essayed to dilate wide enough to take in all of the beauty, the glory, the grandeur; it endeavoured, passionately, to make God's things its own, containing them. It did not, owning own, containing them. It did not, owning humbly its child-like position and dependence upon the same Being, whose glory was now partially revealed to it, then take a meek, a reverent, an awful joy, in thinking of the Maker of the Universe, as the Father and Friend of every living soul. No! there was strife and pain, and impotent self-abasement, and as impotent, because as blind, aspiration within me. I forgot I was not alone. I cried out in the strange agony, and clenched my hands.

Then I felt myself clasped in his arms, was turned round, I could see no longer,

Marold's calm, kind voice, was saying—
"You are too excitable, my darling; I would
not have brought you here, if I had known
it; you will make yourself ill; be quiet, and
lean upon me."

lean upon me."

last I struggled till I was free. Struggled so fiercely out of the darkness in which he held me, into the red, glorious, glowing light, that he let me go, and stood looking at me, wonderingly. The calminess of his half-pitywonderingly. The calminess of his half-pity-ing look, irritated me yet more. I poured out a torrent of wildly passionate words: as soon as they were spoken I would have given more than my life to recal them; but we were both silent. Harolddrewmyarm through his, and led me down.

his, and led me down.

I was miserable; ungrateful wretch that I was! I shed bitter tears as we proceeded home in the twilight. I thought I had wounded my husband deeply by my mad, impatient, ungracious words. Before I slept, I had thrown myself on my knees, solbed out my serrow, my wretchedness, and entreated his par lon. I remember he took me up and kissed me, as he might have done a child; he did not understand, one what, what it was all about; he had almost forgotten that he had received any cause of offence: I found that to him it seemed a light matter; that in future I need not give way to any such agonising apprehensions of having to any such agonising apprehensions of having wounded his calm, not easily-perturbed spirit

He was too simply, unperplexedly, good r my comprehension. Yet I through myfor my comprehension. self on an imagined elevation of intellectual superiority, and scorned his child-like singleness of heart. But this unhappy feeling grew up gradually: there was many a struggle first. I wished to believe my husband a hero, and so to worship him; but the only heroic a pect of his character, was the very one in which my eyes could not see him.

I was a heathen, my husband a Christian! Do not be startled and call up visions of Hot-Do not be startled and carrup visions of any tentots, or dark skinned creatures of any nation; I was only spiritually dark. I had always lived with professing Christians; I had heard their professions, and felt their practice, and I was in heart truly a heathen.
My aunt Aston was the only person of Christian practice with whom I had been acquainted; her I had seen tittle, and had always inclined to include something like contempt for her weakness of character and timidity of mature

While I lived with the Stones, Sunday after Sunday saw my place in the church pew re-gularly toled by my person. My person, I say a ly selly, for in my life of slavery the time of service on the Sunday, had always been a time of liberty: a time for the indul-gence of day dreamings, and wild, strange fancyings. The Stones lived in an old eather draft form, and an advantable of the indulgence of day dreamings, and wild, strange the teaching I wanted, fancyings. The Stones lived in an old cathedard town, and we always attended the cathedard service; the music there was very fine; am sure I had unwittingly pained Handel the organ was magnificent, and its tones gave, by my tone, and I think he dreaded to find

kept off from me by that human presence. A mystical elevation to my musings. Mine Harold's calm, kind voice, was saying—

"You are too excitable, my darling; I would not have brought you here, if I had known the long sermon through.

The first Sunday we were in the High-lands, my husband had taken pains to reach a place where the church would be within an easy distance, the evening before.

lt was a wild country place: the houses were senttered far and wide, and apparently there were but few of them; yet the church was full to overflowing, and the people in the plain, unadorned old building, neat and sober in attire, screne and reverent in countenance, impressed me forcibly. Everything was sternly simple about the service and the preacher. Sitting beside my husband, I, glancing up into his composed and attentive face, liked its expression, it was grand in its calances. I would not have ruffled it for the world; and as I found that once or twice his eyes sought mine, and that he then looked uneasy, observing my straying and dreamy glances, I tried to listen too; but the art could not be learned in one day, and my thoughts would wander.

In the evening Harold asked me, rather doubtfully, if I would go again to church or stay at home—he was going. I would go, I said, and his face brightened. The evening said, and his face originated. The evening service was very short, and we were soon out again. It was a lovely evening. I felt in my husband's words—in many a little expression and turn of thought, that this Sabbath worshipping was, for him, no empty form; that he came from it hoher and happier. That evening there was a kind of sweet, serious, chastened gravity in his tone and in his tenderness that drew my heart nearer his than I had felt it before, and yet made me feel half afraid of him. Very docile in spirit as well as in act; for once, I tried to learn of my

husband.

We paced along the low, wild sea-shore, under the stars, in the balmy night air, and I tried to make him speak plainly to me of his faith and hope as a Christian. A girled shyness on his part—or what appeared to me such—prevented my getting at the depth of his religious teeling. He seemed to have a vague awe and dread of speaking of these things. If this Religion were a real thing, it seemed to me that it would hear to be looked at in the face-to be spoken of at in the face-to be spoken of in plain words; but I could get from Harold nothing but indesinite generalisations: of his indi-vidual experience I could learn nothing, and I did not want to hear from his lips any of the trite common-places that I heard so often before. I found that my husband could not reason—could not even give a reason for his faith. I ought to have looked to his hie for

out how shallow were the waters of my belief. He loved me so well, that even this shadowy imagining and dread weakened his own faith. He loosed his anchor from its firmest hold in the haven of true rest, and so was more at the mercy of the wind and waves, liable to be wearily driven about and tossed.

All my influence—and I gradually grew to have much—over my husband was injurious to him—unhappy for him. It was of a destructive k.n.l for any woman to possess—of a fiendish kind for any woman to wield. He grew to fear my uncertain temper, my

He grew to fear my uncertain temper, my scern or sarcasm, expressed seldom perhaps by words but often by book and gesture, which he read too much aright. I leved power diabolically, because for its own sake. I felt my power over him, and made him feel it too.

Our sojourn in the Highlands was, on the whole, a happy one: looked back on from a later time, it showed very fair and bright. I would wilkingly have prolonged it, but I funcied my husband began to show signs of weariness at the close of a month. So we went home. went home.

CHAPTER III.

Mr home was very beautiful. Harold's thoughtful love had collected there, books, birds, pictures, music, flowers; everything he could think of that should help to thing he could think of that should help to make my solitary morning hours pass away swilly and pleasantly. My heart would have been very very hard had it not been deeply grateful in its first surprise. Our coming to such a home could not be anything but happy. I then hit, when he planned and arranged all these toings, how many beautiful anticipations of future happiness must have been clustering and brightening round my dear husband's heart.

Such reflections quite subdued me, filling the with a strange pitying love for him. For awhite I kept such a strict watch and ward over my tongue and temper, ruled my rebellious nature with such an iron hand, that everything west smoothly and prosperously; I guarded Haroid's heart from the only thing that would wound it; in cherishing his happiness I found my own. But I had no real and sufficient occupation; so much time and nothing to do in it; such a superfluity of unapplied power—such a lack of necessary patience. I soon became conscious that the to was always a great aching word at my but was always a great aching void at my eart. Where I thought to find sympathy beart. Where I thought to find sympathy with every thought and emotion, a constant stimulus to all aspiration and mental exertion, I did not always find myself even understant. After awhile my vague uneasiness the my drawing-room I had found a splending prom. Hardd had said he liked music. I thought I had discovered both an occupation and a motive for it, when I applied myself had an anotive for it, when I applied myself and an to the cultivation of my

a wish to take lessons placed the services a first-rate master at my disposal. I had the a first-tate master at my dispesal. I had the taste of a real musician, and was already more than ordinarily accomplished in the art; now I studied root and branch, theory and practice, throwing all my unapplied energy into my endeavour. My zeal lasted through a whole autumn and winter: I wanted to surprise Harold by my performance, so never let him hear my unactice. I wanted to surprise Harold by my performance, so never let him hear my practice. I employed myself in the composition of a piece, I had attempted this before in the long, lonely evenings often spent at the school-room piano at the Stones. The theme of this present effort was very wild and fanciful; mournful in the beginning—more mournful in the end—dying out into the extreme silence of death. Midway between beginning and end was a lively movement, full of som, great tumultuous joy.

beginning and end was a lively inovement, full of som great tumultuous joy.

I submitted my MS, to my master's perusal. He played it through once or twice. I interrupted him impatiently to show him an ill-expressed meaning. When he had finished he bowed and paid me some compliments, showing me tears in his eyes; but I did not listen or heed—I only wanted the use of his knowledge, not the expression of his praise; and so I somewhat haughtily gave him to understand. He bowed again, and then favoured me with some straightforward criticisms that were really useful. ticisms that were really useful.

It was the London season; my husband wished to see me do the honours of his beauwished to see me do the honours of his beau-tiful house. So we were to give a very large party. It rather pleased me to be the centre of attraction in a large circle, and yet I despised myself for the pleasure it gave me. In this, as in many things, I felt my two natures at war.

This particular evening it was more pride for my husband than any care for the opinion formed of me, that determined me to appear

for my husband than any care for the opinion formed of me, that determined me to appear to the best possible advantage. I knew many of his old friends and associates would be present, and I wanted him to feel not only not ashamed, but proud, of his wife.

In spite of everything incongruous in our natures, I loved Harold passionately, even when in my maddest moods I rendered him scorn and unwomanly despising in lieu of that wifely duty and loving gratitude he might so justly claim from me—even then I loved him. I never lest sight of this love—it made a torture of many things which indifference would have helped me to bear easily. I had a passionate power of loving in my nature—on whom else could I lavish it!

That night we were happy and gay; we stood in the drawing-room together, waiting our guests, and chatted merrily over the fire. There was nothing to excite any of the feeling which Harold did not comprehend in me, so it slumbered a dead sleep, and I was quietly content. I was not in the least nervous about the reception or amuse-

accened to expect he to be very timid and anxious, and in want of encouragement, and when I looked up fearlessly in his face, and told him I was not at all uneasy; that I did not care enough about any of these people to be at all afraid; that only for his sake, that he might not feel ashamed of his poor little wife, should I trouble myself at all about them; he looked down on me with a half-pleased,

"What a very majestic little queen you would make," he exclaimed, stooping down

to kiss me.

"Mr. Gower!" a servant announced just at that moment; but that gentleman had contrived already to be in the middle of the room, though we had heard no noise. Harold greeted his guest in rather a confused manner,

and I in the coldest and proudest way.

This gentleman had already been introduced to me, and I disliked him. Harold always appeared to the least possible advan-tage in his presence. Mr. Gower had a manner of lording it over him which I deeply resented; he seemed to feel for my husband a curious mixture of liking and contempt. I was vexed he should have heard our non-sense, as I knew he would consider it. We were a very uncomfortable trio for the few minutes that clapsed before any one else arrived; I drew myself up stiffly, only vouchsafing Mr. Gower a word or look when it was absolutely necessary. I knew when it was absolutely necessary. I knew this man had possessed great influence with my husband in his bachelor days; during our courtship I had sometimes heard of Mr. Gower, and always in a way that inclined me, half from jealousy, to think untavourably of him. His careful observation of me, of which I was all the time aware, rendered my reception of our first guests ungraceful and embarrassed; but I soon succeeded in divesting myself of the troublesome consciousness of that observance.

It was very pleasant to me to see Harold

It was very pleasant to me to see Harold moving about the thronged rooms, always overtopping every one else, so that his handsome, loving eyes seemed to find out his little wife in whatever corner she might be. But when our whatever corner she might be. But when our eyes met, and mine brightened under his look, withdrawing them I was sure to find Mr. Glower observing us. Whether he stood, as he often did, leaning against some door, or table, or part of the wall, idle and indifferent, or whether he were engaged in apparently animals and entreest conversation, he always

anyaelf to talk and to please; tarself the centre of a brilliant 'dmiringly, and I thought ouse it so evidently

attempt of the kind. Our rooms looked beautiful, ornamented and perfumed with hosts of lovely flowers. Harold was more than satisfied with my appearance—we were sure all would go well. My husband accommend to expect me to be very timid and so forth—no deep notes were struck, or things—the things being pictures, operas, and so forth—no deep notes were struck, or and so forth—no deep notes were struck, or if they were, it was by so mere a chance, by so careless a hand, that they seemed to deserve no heed, till Mr. Gower drew near; then the tone of the gossiping prattle always changed. He chose to interpret carnestly some careless sentences of mine, giving them a profound, hidden meaning; he tried to draw me out, to make me feel he understood me, and was worthy of something more than I gave others. But I grew silent in his presence, I would not be interested by him, and slipped away from the circles he joined. I felt, in some strange, half-angry way, afraid of him. There were many fine professional and

There were many fine professional and amateur musicians present, among the former,

of course, my master. I was asked to play.

"I hear that Mrs. Warden is a very accomplished musician," Mr. Gower said, coming up to Harold; "I am told she has composed a piece which shows wonderful talent and

even genius. We must hear it, bare.

Now the surprise my playing would give
Harold and his pleasure were to be the
crowning triumph of my evening, which was
altogether to be a triumph—but my own
music I had not intended to play. I was
very unwilling to do so; to me it seemed a
revelation of my inmost soul, and too sacred
to be played there and then. But my musicto be played there and then. But my master had noised abroad the fact of existence of this composition, and I could not avoid performing it without making much more demonstration of my dislike to do so

more demonstration of my distike to do so than I was willing.

My MS. was placed on the music-stand—
Mr. Gower stood ready to turn over the pages. I felt a presentiment that my music would destroy all my calm and peace for that evening, but I sat down to play. Respect for the mistress of the house in the musician hushed every one in the room. The first chorde—the first wails sounded upon a perfect chords—the first wails sounded upon a perfect silence: they stirred my soul powerfully, and then I played on, forgetting all and every-thing but the meaning and burden of my music. I am sure my cheek changed colour as I went on, it flushed and chilled so rapidly.
When I had let the last chords die out into the silence there arose a great buzz and murmur, and people pressed round me with extravagant expressions of admiration and delight. I sat still a moment, my hands still lying on the keys, my eyes fixed on them—I was be-wildered, and wanted my husband. When I talk and to please; me. Mr. Gower had turned over my pages without speaking a word; now he said, "It is too beautiful to be played or praised here." He spoke softly, and offered me his arm. But It was a new plasse my eyes had found Harold, and brought him to me, his arm was ready, and I took that, looking up inquiringly, half-fearfully into his face. He shook his head and said—

You should not write such sorrowful music, Annie; it cannot please those who love you. It is not at all my sort; I suppose I don't understand it. But don't look heartbroken;

understand it. But don't look heartbroken; every one is praising and admiring it, and appearing quite delighted."

I soon left him, and wandered about among my guests. "I might have known he would not like, or understand it," I muttered bitterly to myself,—"fool that I am!" The congratulations and compliments I received from all quarters only nourished the fever of from all quarters only nourished the fever of pain and disappointment in my heart. When

pain and disappointment in my heart. When every one was gone, I sat down before the dying fire, and sighed wearily.

"A very brilliant evening, Annie!" Harold said, coming up joyously, and putting his hand on my shoulder. "You have had a decided success, my little wife. You will be decided success, my little wife. You will be quite the rage, if you choose to mix much in society. I said you would make an admirable

His words sounded mockingly in my ears; sat still and silent, and he went on, stand-

ing beside me, and speaking gaily.

"I should not like you to be transformed into a woman of fashion; my little quiet monse to be talked about and written about, mosse to be talked about and written about, as having been here and there, and said and worn so and so. The idea is ridiculous! tower was saying, that whatever you did, you would do with such earnest, that I had hetter take care society did not engross you. But why so grave and silent?"

"Do you think I care for society, or for that your world thinks of me?" I asked, would be moving my shoulder restrictly.

scarafully, moving my shoulder pettishly

"Well, love, I did not know; I thought "Well, love, I did not know; I thought you seemed to enjoy yourself, seemed to be in good spirits. I suppose all women like admiration, and you have been pronounced fastnating, and I don't know what all. How sphendidly you did play! How secret you must have been about your practising; you were determined to shine, I see. But why don't you compose polkas, or valses, or something merry of that kind, instead of such dismal incomprehensible music? Do you know, I don't suppose half the people knew what to make of it, only—"

"Do not say any more about that miserable piece! I cannot bear it to-night!" I exclaimed. "I thought you would understand it. O Harold! it is very hard! when I try hardest to please you, I fail. Do you think I practised, caring to please any one but you! We shall never understand each other, never be happy. I am quite weary

one but you? We shall never understand each tether, never be happy. I am quite weary of trying, weary of everything. You cannot have me as I love you, or you would learn to comprehend me. Everything turns to pain, as terture. What have I done, that I may

no one; and there is no sympathy between us. We shall leave off loving each other; I shall turn your love to hate. I wish I were dead—dead and quiet." I began to sob violently. I felt what the expression of my husband's face was; though I did not look up at him.

husband's face was; though I did not look up at him.

"What is the matter, Annie?" he exclaimed. "For God's sake, be quiet—for my sake. Miserable! What have you said? You are worn out and over-excited, poer child! Pray, pray be quiet. Remember,—"

"Yes—I remember everything!" I answered. "That only makes it worse. I ought to be happy! Yes, of course I ought. You have loaded me with gifts, you have petted and spoiled me; and now, like a naughty child, I quarrel with my playthings! I am ungrateful, discontented, wicked! I have received thousands of benefits; I am sumptuously lodged and clothed in fine linen, and yet I hold up my greedy hands, and cry out for something more. Poor child! No; you should say naughty child!—you should scold and punish me!"

"Annie!" Harold broke in, upon my scornful, passionate words; "Annie! you must be quiet, and listen to me."

I shut my lips firmly, clasped my hands tightly round my knees, and sat staring fixedly into the fire. In its dim red hollowness, I thought I could discern misery, vista after vista opening before me. How could! I live with this torturing, craving, perpetual restlessness at my heart! It had been gone

after vista opening before me. How could I live with this torturing, craving, perpetual restlessness at my heart? It had been gone a little while; now it came back worse than ever; it would abide there always, I thought. Wust my soul live all those future long, long years, alone? wandering on without aim or purpose, finding no rest for her world-worn feet? No! I would die first; or, at least, I

feet? No! I would die first; or, at least, I should go mnd.

And I sat harbouring like bitter thoughts; gazing before me with hot, dry eyes, though my passionate tears still wetted my cheeks.

Harold had not spoken. At last I glanced at him; he too eat looking into the fire; he had seated himself near me. A world of perplexed thought troubled and clouded his face. He felt my eyes on him, and turned his head slowly round to me. He spoke very gently and tenderly.

"I see how it is, Annie. Yes, I do not always understand you a sometimes. I disappear to the state of the stat

very gently and tenderly.

"I see how it is, Annie. Yes, I do not always understand you; sometimes I disappoint and pain you. You have often borne with my dulness patiently, but to-night your disappointment was more than you could bear. Yes, it was very hard, after you had been thinking you should please him, to have your husband the only one who did not admire your music. You are very clever, and have many thoughts and feelings into which have many thoughts and feelings into which I do not enter. I did not know you, Annie, when I asked you to marry me; if I had—"
"You would not have done so!" I exclaimed,—"oh, misery! Then you have left

my temper and my violence! You thought you had we ha good and quiet wife—one who would have kept your house in order—be always ruled by you—make your world her world. ways ruled by you—make your world her world—one who would be always grateful and cheerful, and content; and instead—— Indee i, I do not won ler you cannot love the creature."

"You shall not speak so!—hush! I love you—you know I love you. Cannot I make you happy, my poor wife? I have been wrong and selbsh; in my hurry to get the treas re I wanted, I did not pause to think if I were worthy to keep it. You were not happy. I thought presumptuously, that I I were worthy to keep it. You were not happy.—I thought, presimptuously, that I could make you so.—that my great, entire love would satisfy you. If I was mistaken and wrong, Heaven forgive me. Heaven pity us both—you most—my poor, poor wife! "

He spoke so sadly that my heart melted utterly. I threw myself on the ground, clasping his knees, and sobbed out:

O Harold! I see it now. You are too

You are good, I am not worthy-forgive me! What a wife I am to you! I owe you everything, a wife I am to you! I owe you everything, and I p ison your peace — make you miserable. No! I will not get up, I will stay here. You must tell me,—how shall I make you have you How can I grow good and quiet? How can I alter myself? You must tell me; you must teach me!"

But he would not listen. He took me up

But he would not listen. He took me up in his times, soothing and caressing me, as if indeed I had been a child, a penitent, passionweary child, he carried me up-stairs. I was obliged to be passive now, because I felt utterly weary; so my head lay quietly on his shoulder, and my tears rained down quietly, shoulder, and my tears rained down quietly, without effort to control or restrain them. But this sweet tenderness was not what I had wanted,—I wanted him really to teach me—I wanted to have learnt from him the secret of quiet happiness. Ah! if I could only have governed myself—have spoken calmly and gently, and without tears, passion, or reproaches, have let him known how it was with me! That night I lay awake with the miserriale consciousness that I had done no miserable consciousness that I had done no

miserable consciousness that I had done no good, but great harm,—that now, indeed, poor Harold's heart must be wounded,—that I had told my husband that his love could not make me happy,—that I was miserable!

Torneented for the few hours before daylight by such the ughts as these, I grew more and more reatless and feverish. Next day, and for many days after, I was very ill, and during all the time my husband's tender, self-forcetting care of me was a constant re-

during all the time my husband's tenner, sen-forgetting care of me was a constant re-proach and cause of remorse.

The first day I was down-stairs, again, and tolerably calm and strong, I made a great effort to speak to Harold about that miser-able evening. He would hear no explana-tions. I was to forget all about it. I had able evening. He would hear no explana-tions. I was to forget all about it. I had not made my elf ill then, he was sure, I was freeish before. It was all his tauit,— he ought to have known better than to

subject me to so much fatigue and excitement. We had both talked non-ense. Not happy l. We were both as happy as the day was long. Could I look in his face and tell him that I was not happy? he soked. He had come to the city of many larger than the soked. the side of my sofa—had sat down by me and drawn my head from its resting place, to pillow it on his heart. Lying there, looking up into those most loving eyes of his, I said

I was high spring-time, now. As soon as I was strong enough, Harold took me to the sea-side; there we had a pleasant time.

TWO SHILLINGS PER HORSE-POWER.

DATED the seventh of last August, there has come into the world—prematurely born—a Special Report of the Exective Committee of the National Association of Factory Occu-For reasons not very eagent as they stand in print, it has appeared proper to the managing committee of the Association to submit to its members an earlier report than the rules contemplated. The reason not stated in print is, on the face of the report, obvious enough;—the Association has become auddenly anxious to forsake some of its posi-

suddenly anxious to forsike some of its positions; to abandon, as dangerous, a large part of the too-extended line of its defences.

All the world being at liberty to march in and look at the abandoned trenches, we make bold to inspect them. Hear, O ye factory owners who have paid your two shillings per horse power for immunity from all the legal penalties of resistance to the law which commands proper fencing of your dangerous machinery; this is the retired position taken in their new special report by the committee of your National Association. "They have not paid, and they do not intend to pay, damages or penalties in any case "They have not paid, and they do not intend to pay, damages or penalties in any case whatever." See, what a solid piece of work was this! At the meeting on the twenty-seventh of March last, the report of a deputation to London was read, and it contained the following recommendations. Itemember it, all ye mill owners who have paid duly maccordance therewith your two shillings per horse-power! "The deputation are of opinion, that a fund of not less than five thousand pounds should be immediately raised; and they suggest, that all cases of prosecution, which the committee of management may be of opinion can be legitimately dealt with by the Association, shall be defended by, and the penalties or damages paid out of, the funds of the Association." Whereupon, it was moved, seconded, and unaniout of, the funds of the Association." Whereupon, it was moved, seconded, and unaumously resolved, "That the best thanks
of this meeting be given to the deputation,
for their valuable services, and for the
report which they have just submitted. That
the report which has now been read be
printed and circulated through the trade, together with the resolutions objected in London,
and that areas well assumed by a mandal. and that every mill occupier be urgently

requested to enrol himself as a member of the it is distinctly and circumstantially pro-National Association;" also, "that the recom-mendation in the report, to raise immediately a sum of not less than five thousand pounds, his factory, shall be made liable for the be carried into execution, and that an additional contribution of one shilling per numinal horse power from each mill occupier (making a total of two shillings per horse-power) be at once called for, to enable the committee to carry out the recommendation to useful, at the cost of the Association, all cases which they may consider fairly to come

within the sphere of the Association."

We here plant our that on this abandoned It would not stand a storm, and it has yielded, partly to the feeling of the country, partly to a dread of the remote thunders of the law. Let us follow the Association to its new position. It undertakes "to protect its members from improper prosecutions." Nothing more. If, truly, nothing more, then may those members who do not happen to be paupers, who can afford to them, thank the Association, but decline to new two shillings per harse nower for to may two shillings per horse-power for nothing. The cost of an improper prosecu-tion talls upon the persons bringing it. No cate are payable, unless the prosecution has seen ratified by judicial approbation; if in the ties of that, the National Association, attory itself as a judge over the judge, choose to my "Fig. that is improper!" and so pay the retain the defeated mill owner, it surely and one of its funds in opposition to the la = and earns the dangerous and ugly name that taw-books will, in that case, give to its precings. If it abstain from doing this, cas de nothing.

The Association have-we suspect illegally teen paying three hundred and eighteen unds, the lawyers' bill of a firm that enough, the lawyers' bill of a firm that equed an action, with consent to pay one man fred and lifty pounds, in pure beneatener, to the widow of a man slaughtered machinery. This they did for the gentleses of the firm, quoth the report, considering "the great expense to which they would exput by the action, even if it resulted in list invoir,—Government not being liable, where plaintable in case of failure, to other plaintiffs, in case of failure, to pry the costs of the defendant." Now, the sthe one display of strength in their whole case; and we will hear what its worth be Every point in the Factory Act has been conned by the Association; and the een seamed by the Association; and the and the in the diverse providing for a prosecution a structed by inspectors on behalf of persons authorize from body hurt, occasioned by unferred machinery—has been specifically recommended. These gentlemen who talk of the trunch and of their just interests well know what the contents persons well know what the contents

his factory, shall be made liable for the expense to which he has been put by an improper prosecution. The inspector having promoted an action on the part of Government, the clause goes on to declare, that "in case a verdict shall be found for the defendant, or judgment shall be recovered against the plaintiff, or the plaintiff shall be non-suited, the defendant shall have the like remedies for his costs against the inspector, as he might have had against the plaintiff."

as he might have had against the plaintiff."
What, therefore, must finally be done with What, therefore, must many be come with the contributed two shillings per horse-power? It will all go, at last, to the payment of the dinner-bills of foolish deputations; and to the payment of the printers' bills of committee-men who publish pamphlets, called Reports, and Special Reports, loaded with foolish talk about the innocence of patient mill owners, hunted and harried by pseudo-philanthropista for refusing to fence their shefts and protect life in factories; the "negligence, food-hardi-ness, and disobedience" of the poor men who, hess, and disobedience of the poor men who, having perished upon unfenced shafts, lio silent in their graves. The only end of all which writing is, that gentlemen who pay two shillings per horse-power for the satusfaction of getting such stuff printed, place themselves in a very unfavourable light before their countrymen. They cannot do better than press upon the managers of their so-called National Association, the property of devoting the funds they have in hand to the fencing of some part of the machinery of their subscribers, and dissolving forthwith.

THE SARDINIANS.

Is a former paper we described the Island of Sardinia. The people are not less purturesque than the island. Their costume, their customs, their amusements are all ready to the hand of a melodramatist or ballet-composer. They are handsome, after the dark style of the south, half-Moorieh half-Itaian. Among the men, beards, moustaches, and long, flowing dark locks frame their dusty, figure black-sted visuos. In figure they are fierce, black-eyed visages. In figure they are slender and active, and like all foresters and pastoral tribes. So much preamble is needful before giving the following descriptions of costumes, in order that our readers might fill in the faces and figures, made and female.

The men's dress consists of the veste, a double-breasted dark cloth waistcon', bartoned to the neck; the calzonia, pair of very full dark breeches of the same material, extending to the knees, and edged with black velvet; the mutande, white cotton drawers, very full, terminating inside; high gasters of dark cloth or black leather, for horsenen; ajabbano, or closk with a hood, like the capete

bright - barrelled guns, and mounted on a little, fiery, active horse of Arab descent. The Sardes are famous horsemen and lovers of The female costume varies according to the province, but is always in the same rich parti-coloured style. A loosely fitting gown of a bright-coloured coarse cloth, a bodice of the same material, and a coloured kerchief thrown over the head, is the dress of the peasant women of Alghero. At Porto Torres they wear a yellow bodice trimmed with black velvet, fitting tightly to the figure, the front being open; a white handkerchief covers the bosom; the petticoat is of coarse red cloth; the head dress a coloured handkerchief dropped negligently on the shoulders and neck. At Tempio, we find a scarlet, blue, or green velvet jucket, with a border of a different colour on the edges; an upper petticoat of a dark cloth, with a bright-coloured border ten or twelve inches deep, and an under petticoat of cloth of a different colour and quality, both very full, with countless plaiting at the waist, worn outside the jacket, and falling over the hips with great elegance. When the fair Tempiese goes out, she raises the outer petti-cost from behind, and brings it over the head with a peculiar knack, which gives it a form comewhat resembling the Maltese hood. Altogether it is one of the most picturesque costumes of the island. A head-dress is some-times of a gaily-coloured silk kerchief, tied into three knots triangularly, one of the knots fitting into the nape of the neck, and the other two into the forehead. They have something of a rosette form, but are so arranged as to show the borders and fringe with a most graceful negligence.

The Gallurese women handle the gun as

well as the distaff, join in shooting matches, and take part in the vendetta, of which we

shall presently speak.

The Sardes are almost all born poets, after a kind; it is calculated that one in sixty-nine can improvise where only one in thirty-eight can read; for, to improvise, the art of reading is no more needful than to Welsh bards or Highland pipers of ancient time. This facility of improvisation renders

possible a most singular kind of feast or frolic, to use a very suitable American phrase.

Sheep constitute the chief wealth of the district of Gallura, of which Tempio is the When the wife or daughter of a centre. flock-owner has a quantity of wool to be placked or combed ready for the distaff, she invites all the girls of the neighbourhood to come and help her, and all the bachelors to help them, as well as a few friends to look help them, as well as a few friends to look on. For the entertainment of the company she provides vases of flowers, a supply of

the taste of the wearer; and, to crown all, a long black or red cap.

The militin of Gallura, when they went to meet the late King of Sardinia, wore dark capotes, red velvet waistcoats, white drawers, and black garters; each was armed with bright - barrelled guns, and mounted on a must imagine the effect of twenty or thirty of these gentle zitelle, cross-legged on the floor in their picturesque costumes, with each a bundle of wool before her and a lover lolling at her side, all chattering and lever determinents and the statement of the statement o lover lolling at her side, all chattering and almost drowning the sharp notes of an indentigable guitar. Suddenly a cavalier commences his song, accompanying himself on the guitar. He improvises a tale of love, addressed to one of the fair woolpickers; from time to time murmurs of "Bene, bene!" show that his talent is approved. He ceases his tale of love, and approved. He ceases his tale of love, and presents a flower to the heroine of his song. She, alightly blushing, places it in her bosom, not without a certain air of triumph; and, after a slight hesitation, asks one of her friends to answer for her. In a whispered conversation he learns the state of her heart, whether the answer is to be cool or jealous, and dictates to her line by line the answer which she sings. Amid the audience all the passions of youth and love are displayed satisfied vanity, envy, rivalry,—poets auxious to sing, beauties panting to be sung.
We are indebted to Mr. Tyndale's enormous

warehouse of Sardinian curiosities for specimens of these songs, taken down at a genuine graminatoggiu or wool-plucking. Their im-mense length enables us to give only a few

verses from a literal translation.

THE LOVER.

Humbly, discreetly, and prudently, With true devotion, This flower is presented to you, That to you alone it may give The real intention And sentiment of love. Continually unxious,
My beauteous Eva, to meet you.
And tell and confide to you This real passion. If, therefore, you are sincere, As it is believed you are, Try to pronounce this evening The desired decision, Be it of life or death. Oh, be not cruel To your lover, who is stedfast !

And so on for a hundred lines.

THE ANSWER.

If the flower has so great a wish To know what it does not know, I will endeavour To answer its message, And to tell him that I have been Open and sincere to all;
Tell him it is my intention
To wish him well and love him.
As one truly devoted to him, And that this emule is

The proof of real affection.
That it he loves me, and holds me in his heart,
As he frequently says he does,
Tell him I hold him also present,
That he may rely alone
On this may pure word,
If the flower has so great a wish (to know it).

But the Sardes can boast of finer poetry than these improvised couplets of compliments. A ballad directed against the tyranny of the feudal barons (the worst features of feudal tenure were not abolished until eighteen hundred and thirty-fave), contains stanzas which are magnificent even in translation.

Marriage follows love more or less in Sardinia as elsewhere. When arrived at the

Marriage tollows love more or less in Sardinia as elsewhere. When arrived at the serious point, sometimes the lover, accompanied by a friend, sometimes the lover's father, proceeds to the house of the girl's parents, and there gravely processes to have lost a sheep, for which he is in search. If the parents are agreeable to the match, they proceed, if they have several daughters, to present them one by one, reserving the one wanted until the last. Then follows the bargain as to exchange of gifts. A day is fixed for the exchange, and the lover gives his betrothed a solemn kiss—hence this meeting is called ora del facio; and from this solemn pledge he cannot swerve without dishonour to his betrothed, and taking upon himself the vengence of her relatives and clan. On the day of betrothal, the friends of the brobegroom, called paralymphos, form a procession, and carry the articles composing his store to her father's house, where they kneck and pretend to be impatient because the door is not immediately opened to them. The inmates inquire, who and what are these impatient people, and what they bring; to which the paralymphos answer, that they have honour and virtue. Then they are admitted—the family and friends in their gayest costume; and they proceed to exchange the seguati or gifts; and the list of the various articles being examined, the business is solemnised by a feast. The day of marriage is then fixed, and proclaimed in the village church for three consecutive Sundays. Eight days before it takes place, the bridegroom, accompanied by his friends, forms a procession with carts loaded with the furniture, &c., he has undertaken to supply, to the house of the intended buide. Here they are examined, condemned if not up to the customary mark, and, when finally passed, repacked and conducted in entite to the new consecutive follows a few days.

ctate to the new house of the bridegroom.

The bride's procession follows a few days afterwards. The musicians, playing on the peculiar pipes of the island, march first, and friends follow, each carrying something: one a boking-glass, another a basket of crockery and glasses, a third a new distaff, with the flan or wool ready to be spun off. Another govet carries the picture of the favourite want, destined to adorn the nuptial bed. A

pillow, trimmed with coloured ribbons and myrtle, is a favourite git; and the prettiest maiden of the party carries the vase to be used thereafter by the bride for fetching water from the fountain, but which, on this occasion, is filled with flowers. Each of her friends is the bearer of some little article of future use. Behind them follow the carts with the heavy goods, the horns of the oxen tipped with oranges and covered with coloured ribbons. Some wheat, with a pair of grinding stones, fill a separate cart, behind which follows the ass whose future duty it will be to work the mill, his ears and tail adorned with ribbons and flowers. All the furniture being arranged, is adorned with flowers, which, however faded, must not be removed for many months after the marriage. On the marriage day the bridegroom proceeds with his companions to the house of the bride; who, on his arrival takes her farewell, receives the blessing of her parents, and is consigned to the hands of the priest. The bride takes with her a bottle of wine and a cake of the finest wheat, coloured with saffron and adorned with flowers, as a present to the priest; and distributes several cakes of her own making among her young friends in the procession.

The ceremony being over, they return home; where, at the marriage feast, the young couple, seated next each other, cat soup out of the same basin and with the same spoon. During the festivities which follow the feast, the bride is not allowed to move or speak during the whole day, though around her all is gaiety and merry-making. She must not speak a word until she leaves her grand chair to start for her own house. She is then placed upon a horse gaily caparisoned; and, led by one of the men at the right hand of the bridegroom, the females following behind her, and the men joining in his retinue. The cavaleade is preceded by the launedda, or Sarde pipes (an exact copy of the instrument on which Panand the satyrs perform in ancient bas-reliefs), playing a nuptial song, in the chorus of which the whole party from time to time join. On arriving at the court of the house, the mother receives the bride, and sprinkles her with grain and salt. On reaching the door, she alights from her horse upon a little table covered with a gay piece of carpet, and thus passes into the house without touching the threshold. The bride is then accompanied to the bridial chamber, the nearest relatives sprinkling her with razin bonbons made of sugared nuts and almonds, and a glass of water is emptied at her feet as she enters the chamber. A dance concludes the amusements of the day, in which the

bride and bridegroom take no part.

If we turn to our classical dictionary, we shall find that the Sardes are married with almost exactly the same rites and ceremonies as the Romans. The dance, or Ballo di Tondo, of which they are passionately lond,

and in a circle execute their favourite step. The ancient English privilege of benefit of clergy, might sately be extended to the Sarde population, as reading and writing are acquirements solely confined to the prests, the lawyers, who swarm and thrive, and the lawyers, but the great of the knives and doctors; but the want of the knives and forks of education is the less to be regretted, as there are no books published in the island, as there are no books published in the island, and only one newspaper—a small official gazette. Ecclesiastics abound in the proportion of one to every eighty-four inhabitants, including monks and wandering frants. Nevertheless, there are many rural districts where the services of the church are not performed more than once a-year. By way of supulcinent, convents employ By way of supplement, convents employ cremiti, a sort of ecclesiastical commercial gents, who carry from farm to farm relies and doll figures of the Madonna, which the innecent country people, kneeling, kiss; and then repay the traveller with gifts of cheeses and other comestibles. By this means, many Sarde convents keep their larders very com-fortably stocked. We meet in Mr. Tyndale's Travels with some amusing instances of hospitality and ignorance. But the ignorance may be matched in peasants' colleges in any county of England. For instance:

Arrived at Endduso, a village of twenty-three thousand inhabitants, after threading his way between two rows of hovels, made of county or county for made as a street about each travel.

mud or granite, forming a street about eight feet wide, the traveller arrived at a dead wall, where his cavallante, or horse provider and guide, exclaimed "Eccola, signore, La Osteria," The Sarde osteria, like an Eastern osteria. The sardy osteria, its unique the caravanseral, is a place where you may have house-room, finding, as a general rule, your own food and beading. At Budduso there was a sort of bed in a corner of a room, with a window with a shutter-glass is unknown out of the seaport towns. But the room and the hed belonged to a signore, a lodger, who, however, after giving a supper, insisted on however, after giving a supper, insisted on the traveller taking possession of room and bed. He had very much the appearance of the outlaws who so much abound in Sardinia—"an athletic form, courteous hauteur, a cut-throat stare," which last, however, passed away when he learned that "I was not a 15 dimentise." In the course of a pleasant evening chat, "he asked where France and evening chat, "he asked where France and Fingland were; thought the latter adjoined Producint; doubted if it were as large as Sarcinia; but on inquiry who was our king Predment; doubted if it were as large as Sarcinia; but on inquiry who was our king in E gland, and being told we had no king but a queen, g eve a most incredulous stare, burst into a fit of laughing, and, 'Come, caveliere, una femina ' una femina può governare? Co ne si fa? E vero? per Dio!'" (What, sir! a woman? a woman able to govern? How is it done? Is it really so? By Heaven!) The

is performed to the music of the true Pan's padrone of this esteria refused pay for his pipes, and appears to resemble exactly the trouble in buying food. The furniture of the Greek dances described by the Royang Eng-room consisted of heaps of barley bread, a lishman. All hands take hands or waists, primitively shaped stool, a table, a bed, and a and in a circle execute their layourite step. large box. On another occasion the traveller having, according to the custom of the country, sent up his guide to a priest's house to ask the favour of a night's lodging, received for the tayour of a night's lodging, received for answer that the paire did not choose to admit him. While inquiring into the particulars of so unusual an answer, the priest peeping out of his glassless windows, perceived that the stranger was neither a Saudo nor Piedmontese, and descending hastily, overtook him, and asked in a most courteous manner if it was he who was inquiring for a wanner, if it was he who was inquiring for a might's lodging. To which the Englishman answered hastily that he was; but was then going to seek a more hospitable house. The priest, with great emotion, began a series of apologies, seized the bridle of the traveller's horse, led him back to his door, and almost pulled him off the saddle into his house.

It seemed that the guide was not a per-fectly respectable character, and there had been some cases of vendetta in the neighbourhood. A comfortable supper and an agree-able night of conversation followed, constantly interrupted by apologies on the part of the priest for his rudeness. He was not aware that He was not aware that England was an island, and wished to know whether Britannia was a king or a town. He had heard of tea, but had never tasted it, and our traveller fortunately having a little with him, a brew was effected, of which the priest drank seven or eight cups, to the that her master was being poisoned. All the while the good priest could not believe that ships were sent all the way to China to fetch dried leaves. Of Sarde simplicity, the following is not a bad specimen. Arriving at a triend's house, my host sent for a few friends to see a curiosity in island natural historya live Englishman. I retired to my room, and sent my servant for a large tub and some jugs of water, much needed after a long ride in the sun. While in the midst of the ride in the sun. While in the midst of the operation the door opened, and my host entered, with four visitors in his rear, who, nothing datanted at my nudity, were formally nothing daunted at my nudity, were formally presented to me; and so, wrapping myself up in my dressing gown, I had to receive and exchange compliments. They inquired what I was about, presuming that I was going to bed for half-an-hour, and, according to their custom, without any clothes. But on replying that I was only taking a cold bath, there was a general outery of surprise at my venturing to wash in cold water at that time of the evening. "Not necessary, and very dangerous. Do all your countrymen do such things? Are they very drify in England! And on my respectance lownstairs the ladies took up the examination, and in perfect innocent simplicity asked the oddest questions."

A traveller may make a present to the ervant of a house where he has been entertained, but it would be a high offence to offer a stranger host, however humble, any pay-ment in money for his expense and trouble. Genuse filagree brooches, rings, or little coloured handkerchiefs, may be presented with excellent effect, and should find a place in the traveller's baggage.

We could give many more instances Sarde hospitality to travellers among the higher classes, but one among the humblest will be sufficient:

In proceeding to the mineral springs of San Marta, I halted, for the purpose of learning my way, at an ovile or hut of a shepherd. He was preparing to kill a lamb for his family, and offered to accompany me as soon as he had mished. His hut was composed of a mass of great stones, arranged in a circle of about twelve feet in diameter and eight feet high, with a conical roof of sticks and reeds uniting in the apex. A small piece of matting was the bed for the whole family, a few ashes burning in a hole in the ground; a and three or four earthen pans completed the mentary of his goods and chattels. His dags and pigs basked contentedly at the entrance of the ovile, his sheep fed on the

ady mong hill. In less than five minutes the all potent Sarde knife had dissected the lamb, and we then proceeded together to San Martin, about three miles distant. After sharing my light med, I offered him a trifle for his trouble, but he indignantly refused it, and on leaving gave me an adieu with a fervent and of less could not have excelled.

e must not conclude our notes on the Sardes without telling something about the Fuorusciti—the Robin Hoods and Rob Roys the nineteenth contury who live under the conveyed trees and in the rocky passes of Sarde mountains; outlaws patied often by I except the officers of law. The name I except the officers of law. The name in five outgoer. The people are chiefly tives from law or driven from home by motetta. They are not to be confounded all common robbers. Strangers have nothing Their utmost demand is four from them. a little powder and shot. Until recently ustice has been unknown in the Sarde tribunals, which have been filled by strangers sent from terra tima, who counted on bribes ather than honest fees for their living. All this is altered, and is in course of being reformed under the constitution, which for the tirst time gave the Sarde equal rights with Piedmontese.

the Piedmontese.

Mr. Tyndale saw much of them in his forest rambles, and came to the conclusion that a general tone of honour, bospitality, and that a general tone of honour, bospitality, and the characters;

witness to, although not a party in, a scene of vendetta and bloodshed, he had been obliged to fly from general society, and after for ten years leading a retired life, had returned years leading a retired life, had returned home on promise of pardon, and it was thus he obtained his knowledge of mountain paths, that made him useful as a guide.

Soon after thus talking, in winding through a copse, our traveller, who had proceeded some distance in advance of his guide and servants, in spite of repeated warnings that he should keep with them, in turning a corner came upon two men on horseback, who stood before him in such a manner as to bur his passage. As he approached, they stealthily cocked their guns and watched his every movement. He pulled up his horse and prepared for the worst. They began by respectfully saluting him. He carried no arms (the safest plan in Sardinia), his dress showed that Soon after thus talking, in winding through safest plan in Sardinia), his dress showed that he was not an islander. After a pause and mutual examination, a conversation began

"E di terra ferma, il cavaliere l" (The gentleman belongs to terra firma !)
"Signori Si," I answered, raising my cap.
Upon this they exchanged glances, which showed they felt there was no danger for either of us.

"É Piemontese, il signore ?" (The gentleman is Piedmontese ?)

" No, Inglese." Another look of astonishment and unbelief followed. Seeing that his imperfect acquaint ance with Italian and ignorance of the language would be the best evidence that he Was III enemy, our traveller entered into a general conversation, as if he had no suspicion of his questioners' real character, and they soon joined in friendly chat. After several questions, they asked how he came to be travelling alone, but on his replying that his servants were behind and would be up directly, they both started, fiercely grasped

their guns, exclaiming:
"Come? dove sono?" (What! Where are
they!) They had moved their horses to some high shrubs adjoining, from whence they looked through a vista in the direction of the path, and remained motionless sentinels on the look-out. Soon the horses' steps were heard in the distance, then the sound guide's voice, and before the traveller's retinue arrived, the banditti had recognised a friend in the guide. In a few minutes, gay conver-sation succeeded the doubts and fears. On setting out again, the two men offered to

accompany our traveller.

These two men had become outlaws for very different reasons. Leonardo had stabled and killed a companion in a brawl at and killed a companion in a brawl at a festa; for fear of the vengeauce of the relatives of the slain, he had been obliged to fly from his native village and live for his loss predominated in their characters; years as a mountain refugee; luckily for him, and that they were for the most part victims of income or the weakness of the law. On one among themselves, so that he was not a legal occasion his guide told him that having been outlaw, but only a fugitive from venders. the victim of the corrupt law system, which a few years ago was all but universal in the hand of the maiden; the betrothal took place; and a feast and a dance, with improvised songs, followed.

We cannot conclude this sketch of Sarde outlaws without giving a scene in the life of the "noblest Roman of them." by stealing from him three cows. Giuseppe, anxious to prove his innocence, and less rash than the majority of his countrymen, placed the affair in the hands of an avvocato, a sort of legal vulture of the same genus as the British The avvocato took the affair into court; and, for three years, the profession kept up a continuous and purposeless litigation worthy of our own Court of Chancery, by which the cattle owners were both nearly ruined. At length they referred the dispute to mutual friends, who discovered that the false accusation had been got up by the avvocate, and that he had an understanding with the judge. The plaintiff and defendant with the judge. The plaintiff and defendant now shook hands and swore vengeance against the swindling lawyer and unjust judge. The latter, having set about hatching pretences to lodge the farmers in prison, there was no time to be lost; so Giuseppe undertook to settle scores with the judge. He severely wounded, but failed to kill him. His friend was more successful; he killed the avvocato, but died shortly afterwards himself. Giuseppe fled, and had been for eight years an outlaw when he met our traveller.

As a general rule, the Sardes of the plain and anountain in louely districts prefer private arbitration to law, and are happy in their arbitrators, who are called saggi, or wise men, or ragionatori. A feast when the decision is given, and reconciliation effected, decision is given, and reconclination effected, is the only expense to which the disputants are put: the saggi are satisfied with the honour of their authority. Through the mediation of these good old men, lawsuits which would have occupied years and devoured a patrimony, and caused a vendetta which might have exterminated whole families are settled in a day. Public opinion amplies are settled in a day. lies, are settled in a day. Public opinion supports the decisions. In what we may call an action for breach of promise of marriage, the young shepherd who was defendant demurred to the sentence. The ragionatori nurred to the sentence. The ragionatori rose indignant from their seat under the wild olive, saying, "We have spoken and done justice;" and, saluting the spectators, turned to their homes. But the uncle of the shepherd (and here is a picture for one of our young artists), who was leaning against a young artists), who was leaning against a knolled oak, with his bearded chin resting on the back of his hand on the muzzle of his gun, started up, and extending his right hand to the ragionator.—"Stop, friends," he exclaimed; "the business must be finished this moment." Then turning to his nephew,

of many a Sarde romance and bullad. Pepe Borm—of whom a Sarde Walter Scott might make a rival to our English and Scotch ballad heroes—had been compelled to fly to the mountains by an unjust accuration. There he became the head of a formidable band, who obeyed him absolutely. His private enemies and the government hunted him like a wild beast, and he, with as little mercy, shot down his pursuers. "Towards nine o'clock in the evening "or make a noble wealthy and patricular Sarde." writes a noble, wealthy, and patriotic Sarde, the Marquis de Boyl, to his marcioness in eighteen hundred and thirty-six—"as I was finishing my dinner, a servant came and whispered to me that the celebrated Pepe Born desired to have the honour of presenting himself to me. The minister of the intrinsic and all the official authorities of the justice and all the official authorities of the vollage being at table, I ordered, in a low voice, that he should be conducted to my bedroom by a private way. I then went there, and saw enter a man of went there, and saw enter a man middle stature, about forty-seven years age, of calm and majestic deportment. hair was grey, as was also his long beard; his eyes were dark, and his face much wrinkled. Four others were behind him, one of whom was a handsome young man of twenty-one, of elender figure, with light beard and dark eyes. All were armed from head to foot; each carrying a gun, a bayonet, and a brace of pistols, and each of them held by a cord a dog of the fiercest aspect. Pepe Borm, followed by his sons—for thus he calls his comrades—advanced towards me, and they all kissed my hand with the greatest courtesy imaginable. After apologising for presenting himself thus armed before me, he hoped I understood his position, being continually pursued by his enemies and the hand of the law. He then proceeded to narrate to me the kind of life he had led for eleven years on the mountains, from having been calumniated by his enemies and the law authority without having killed any one. I was extremely delighted with his conversation, and questioned him on many subjects. He then begged me to ask pardon for him; and I replied that he could easily obtain it for himself, per impunità—that is, giving up another who had a price upon his head. At these words, drawing himself back a couple of steps, and grasping the handle of the bayonet, which was placed diagonally in this moment." Then turning to his hepnew, the bayonet, which was placed diagonally in chest—the other held his gun—he said to him, "Come, sir, instantly obey, or—"

The shepherd no longer hesitated; he sank upon his knees, and asked pardon of the by treachery, I prefer a thousand times to

wander in the mountains with my sons and At this answer I could not restrain myself; and, giving him my hand, he kissed it most respectfully, bending his head. I promised to do all in my power to intercede with the government for pardon. I also endeavoured government for pardon. I also endeavoured to show him that some day or other he might be wounded, and then easily arrested. The four men who were with him, who had not hitherto spoken a word, here interrupted, and simultaneously exclaimed, 'Before that, we will all perish for his head.'

"I ordered supper for them, and retired to a little distance to avoid restraint. I longed for the pencil of Vandyke to paint their animated countenances, turning whenever the door opened. Their five dogs sat ever the door opened. Their five dogs sat beside them, eager for the food thrown to them, but obedient. My mattre d'hotel sat at table with the fuorusciti, and had to taste everything as they hinted that the government troops might have become acquainted with their arrival at the palace, and it was necessary to take care, lest they should die the death of rets. I then went up to them, and they began pledging my health in toasts and good wislow. They gave me an account of their mode of life, wandering about all night, resting and concealing themselves the greater part of the day. On assembling in the morn-

that in the day. On assembling a state of the upon through the rosario.

At manight I accompanied them to where their horses were tied up. I was astonished at meeting at a short distance twenty more of the band, with their dogs acting as a vidette. There data afterwards I left my palace at Pullingari, and met them all drawn up on the somethof a mountain, with their muskets grounded, holding their barrels in their left hands. They awaited me and saluted me, recent their caps from their heads with their ght hands, waving them in a circle as high provide, once more demonstrating their

presperous journey.

- Much do I regret the fall of a man who and there served his country well, if unforpaternal hearth for the wild mountains, there o kast as a fuoruscito a wandering life. a after this interview with the Marquis le Beyl, Pepe Borm was shot dead by a pri-

tate enemy, while sleeping at the foot of a tree in the Piana di Murtas.

It is to be hoped that such victims and ach scenes have passed away for ever. The revolution of eighteen hundred and fortyright, which gave to Piedmont a constitution, extended equal rights and privileges to
the island of Sardinia. The recent liberal
taxif has abolished all the customs duties

has been the maxim to rule its inhabitants with severity, loading its produce with such duties as prevented their growth. I will only mention one instance as a proof. Half a choese was seized because a poor man was selling it to our hoats, and it had not paid the duty. Fowls, eggs, beef, and every article of food are most heavily taxed on export. The country is fruitful beyond idea and abounds in cettle sheep and would in and abounds in cattle, sheep, and would in corn, wine, and oil. In the hands of a liberal government there is no telling what its produce would amount to."

Lord Nelson's wishes have been realised; Sardinia is in the hands of a liberal government. Nothing is now needed to make it the most flourishing island of its extent in Europe but roads and harbours, the suppression of convents of ecclesiastical drones, the extension of education, and the example and instruction of a few of those intelligent those intelligent Lombardy landlords and farmers whom

Austria seems intent on ruining.

MUSIC IN POOR NEIGHBOURHOODS.

"Wanted—A person who can play the violin, and a female to sing and dence. Liberal remuneration will be guaranteed, providing they undertake to endeavour to please and amuse, in a room where from one ed to two hundred persons assemble every even-A man and his wife, with two children, will not hundred be objected to. Apply to --- Duke of Norfolk --

Such is an advertisement lately inserted in a London newspaper, although the advertiser is located in a country town. It is one of many which frequently make their appear-ance, addressed to theatrical and musical It is one of people of a humble grade: such, for instance, as the following, which stood in typographical companionship with it:

"Wanted, for the Theatre Royal -, and other theatres, a first-class leading lady; also a good walking lady, combined with respectable utility. A good ward-, and other robe, with youthful appearance, indispensable in each department."

Whether the youthful appearance is to belong to the wardrobe or to the leading and walking ladies, is not clearly indicated. The fiddler and the female singer, however, are those to whom we would here direct a little attention.

The advertisement points to a kind of social want—a want of music among the working classes. The advertiser is a pubworking classes. lican; he evidently wishes to combine pints of beer with fiddled dances; glasses of gin with sentimental songs; the dances and songs are not ends in view, but simply means to an end, so far as he is concerned. part of his humble customers, however, this with which Sarde produce was at one time is not the case; the dance and the song are as much enjoyed as the beer and the gip, resisten hundred and three: "Sardinia is perhaps more. This has become a point of more importance, especially in as denselyment to keep it in the background, and it inhabited a place as London. It is good for us all to have a little music, and not less ful and witty Duchess of Queensberry would good for the horn-handed artisan than for the white-handed gentleman; it is—let us be thankful for it—a part of our nature to enjoy the concourse of sweet sounds. But the knotty question is, How are those who, in language which used to be employed more frequently in past days than in the present. were called the lower classes, to obtain their When a man wishes to smoke his music? pipe after a hard day's work, may he, or may he not, listen to music at the same time? Shall music be employed as an autidote to pipes and pints; or shall it be rather au addition, an admixture, an emolhent, or some-thing which shall rub off the crudities and open the heart to kindliness? Much may be said on both sides of this, as of most other questions; but as operatives, like men of better fortune, will have music in some way or other, there is a problem yet to be solved, how the music can be made to do the most good and the least harm.

In London the street musicians have improved in skill within the last few years; while the German bands and the monster organs, albeit somewhat rough and noisy, do certainly familiarise the ear with much German and Italian music of a superior kind. It is the evening music, however, the music listened to within a building when the labours of the day are over, that somewhat embarrasses our licensing magistrates and

our Lord Chamberlains.

During the reign of Charles the Second, according to Sir John Hawkins, the humble classes in London were dependent on such occasional music as the publicans thought proper to give them. There was no variety of parts, no commixture of different instru-Half-a-dozen fiddlers would scrape Sellenger's Round, or John Come Kiss Me, or Old Simon the King, with divisions, till themselves and their audience were tired; after which, as many players on the haut-boy would, in the most harsh and dis-cordant tones, grate forth Green Sleeves, Yellow Stockings, Gillian of Croydon, or some such common dance-tune: and the people thought it fair music. It was about this time that an extraordinary man exhibited a musical soul in the midst of souty black diamonds. This was Thomas Britton, a small-coal man, and the founder of modern concerts. He lived in Clerkenwell, and hawked small-coal about the streets; and in the evening, retiring to his humble abode, and making all as clean and tidy as he could, he was wont to assemble round hun singers and players who could join in a concert. His voice was so musical, and his taste so good, that his coal-shed concerts became attractive to persons far above his own station in life. Dr. Pepusch the musici on, the great Handel, Woollaston the painter, Hughes, a poet of those days, were among the guests; and not unfrequently the beauti-

Everything tends to show that in the last century, the masses of Loudon either had no music, or music of a very rude descrip-tion. Of course such men as Steele and Addison, and such papers as those in the Spectator and Tatler, revealed a higher taste. One of Isaac Bickerstaff's correspondents claimed to have discovered an infallible remedy for the spleen. He found that "sweet, easy flowing numbers are oft superior to our noblest medicines. When the spirits are low, and nature sunk, the muse, with sprightly and harmonious notes, gives an unexpected and harmonious notes, gives an unexpected turn with a grain of poetry, which I prepare without the use of mercury. I have done wonders in this kind; for the spleen is like the tarantula; the effects of whose malignant poison are to be prevented by no other re-medy but the charms of music." All this pleasant badinage apart, however, there is abundant evidence that, throughout the first half of the last century, and far into the half of the last century, and far into the reign of George the Third, the nobility were in general gay and frivolous, and the work-ing-classes ignorant and gross; character-istics which showed themselves in respect to

istics which showed themselves in respect to music as to other matters.

About a century ago, Fielding wrote an essay, intended really to point out the degraded state of morals among the people, but conveying, at the same time, a severe sarcasm on the upper classes. He seems to have thought that pleasures among the great could do no harm, but that the pleasures of the poor required sharp attention. His essay was An Inquiry into the Causes of the late Increase of Robbers, &c.; and in the course of his argument he the Causes of the late Increase of Robbers, &c.; and in the course of his argument he observes: "Pleasure hath been, and always will be, the principal business of persons of fashion and fortune, and more especially of the ladies, for whom I have infinitely too great an honour and respect to rob them of any their least amusement. Let them of any their least amusement. Let them have their plays, operac, and oratorios; their masquerades and ridottos; their assemblies, dances, routs, riots, and hurricanes; their Ranelagh and Vauxhall; their Bath, Tunbridge, Bristol, Scarborough, and Caeltenham; and let them have their beaux and daughters to attend them at all these; it is the only use for which such beaux are fit. only use for which such beaux are the only use for which such beaux are fit; and I have seen, in the course of my life, that it is the only use to which, by sensible women, they are applied. Such places of pleasure, therefore, as are totally set apart for the use of the great world, I meddle not with." But he did meddle with the amusements of the poor. There was so much robbery and dissi-

pation in the public-houses, combined, as it all the old tea-gardens have given place to would appear, with music and dancing, that he recommended stringent measures; and his essay led to the enactment of the statute of seventeen hundred and fifty-two, whereby such houses and rooms were placed under magisterial control.

According to the terms of this act, no house room, or garden, for music, dancing, or such-like entertainment, could be opened within twenty miles of London, except by a licence annually renewed at the Middlesex quarter sessions. If this law were infringed, a penalty sessions. If this law were infringed, a penalty of one hundred pounds would be imposed, and all persons found in those places would be treated as rogues and vagabonds. The dancing and singing-places were not to be opened before five in the afternoon. Drury the thoraghouse the strength of the strength Lane, Covent Garden, and the Opera House, were excupt from this law, as having special crown-licences. It is evident at a glance that this statute was meant to meet the exigences of a peculiar state of society; the anomaly has been, to maintain the act in force when

has been, to maintain the act in force when the state of society has changed.

During the second half of the century there do not appear to have been many such places it caused. One was Saddler's Weils, which has since grown into a temple of Shakspeare; another was Engaige Wells; a third was Ranelagh; while others were Marytone Gardens, the Bell and the Augel at Education, the King's Head at Enfeeld, the Long Rooms at Hampstend, White Conduit House Islington Spa, the Adam and Hee tengurden, the Shepherd and Shepherders to Some of these had much celebraty in their day. Bagnings Wells was a favorate locality; for eighty years ago a song told of—

"Drinking tea, on Sunday afternoons."

"Drinking tea, on Sunday afternoons, At Bagunge Wells, with china and gelt spoons."

Ranclash is familiar enough to the readers of Fielding, Goldsmith, and Johnson, for its lake, its elegant boat, its rotunda, its boxes for the and coffee-drinkers, its orchestra, its recal and instrumental performances, its strolling and flirting, its hooped ladies, and its powelered gentlemen, its tireworks, and its powdered gentlemen, its fireworks, and its macquerades; it lingered until the beginning of the present century, when it gave way to bineks and mortar. Marybone Gardens being of the the old manor house of Mary-lement they were over freely to the old mary being. being of to the old manor house of Mary-le-fone, they were open freely to the public for usiny years, but a charge was afterwards made for admission, as to a favourite pro-mentals,—and to something worse, if we are to credit Captain Macheath's expression of regret that he had lost money playing with lasts at Marybone. The Bell at Edmonton will never be forgetten until Cowners. will never be forgotten until Cowper's certs, and you will see that the listeners are certs, and you will see that the listeners are certs, and you will see that the listeners are certs, and you will see that the listeners are calculated the same will see that the listeners are calculated thouse lived until a few years ago; for information as to where it is now, ask the horseleter. Is ington Spa has given place to Spa Fields Chapel,—and, in short, nearly greater number of those who, in the daytime,

buildings and streets

Evidence, taken before a committee of the House of Commons two years since, plainly shows that the old statute, however well intended a hundred years ago, is not fitted for our day. The frequenters of Exeter Hall little dream of the interpretation which might be put upon the old statute, if rigidly enforced. The act virtually prohibits all enforced. The act virtually prohibits all morning concerts within twenty miles of London; and two of the Middlesex magistrates stated, "Such is the present state of the law, that if the trustocs of Exeter Hall should permit the oratorio of the Messiah to be once performed in their splendid building, before the honr of five in the afternoon, their licence would be forfeited, and the hall must be for ever closed as a place of public entertainment; and if the proprietors of Willis's Rooms should allow a few concerts for charitable pur poses to be holden there in one season without the machinery of ladies patronesses and committees, it would be at the hazard of paying a penalty of one hundred pounds for every entertainment—nay, it may be doubted whether the kind-hearted owner of any manifold district who already sion within the prescribed district who should too frequently permit fancy fairs to be held within his grounds, would not be liable to fine and imprisonment, as the keeper of a disorderly house, provided bands of music were stationed in his park, and his high-horn visitors indulged in polkas and quadrilles; for the courts of law have decided, not only not only that the character of the visitors is immuterial, but that it is not necessary (to ensure a conviction) that money should be taken at convertion) that money should be taken at the doors, or that the place should be used solely or principally for public entertain-ments." At Excter Hall, the difficulty is surmounted by arranging that the morning performances shall be rehearsals, without performances shall be rehearsals, without taking money at the doors, while the morning concerts at Hanover Rooms are considered subscription concerts, with patrons and patronesses, and so on. There are many excellent and highly popular places of annuement in London which might be placed in some peril if this musty, antiquated statute were enforced against them.

But what have the working classes been doing in the meanting? The extension of shilling concerts, and the excellent music performed at them, are at once causes and consequences of the improved tone of public them, except in small sprinklings. Look round the hall on a shilling might, at Mr. Hullah's rooms, and at the various parts of the theatre at one of Jullien's shilling constant. wear aprons and paper caps. There is a jollification about it which they like—an alternation of music and chat and smoke; they do not pay for the music, but regard it as a kind of bonus—a something given in by the capital landlord. The question is, not whether this is the best mode in which music can be heard, but whether the music will not than increase any disposition shness. It should be rememlessen rather towards sottishness. bered that our London is so densely packed with houses and people, such an extraordinary conglomerate of human beings walled up within bricks and mortar, that open air evening amusements are out of the question, except in few and far between instances. At Dresden, on the other hand, and, indeed, at most of the large German towns, there are public gardens at which all classes assemble in the evening, drinking zucker-wasser and other simple beverages, and listening to fine music played by a splendid band.

The law in respect to music-rooms is a whirl of confusion. There are ordinary licences for public-houses; there are music licences for public-houses; there are music licences for buildings which are not public-houses; there are licensing magistrates, who often assume the licence of Unreason. who often assume the licence of Unreason. Then there are the licences for theatres and saloons, granted by the Lord Chamberlain, in accordance with an act passed about a dozen years ago. The distinction between the theatre licence and the saloon licence is curious: both relate to any and all buildings, within twenty miles of London, wherein tragedy, comedy, farce, opera, burletta, interlude, melodrame, pantominne, and other stage entertainment is given. The theatre licence is granted to about twenty places in the metropolis, excluding Drury places in the metropolis, excluding Drury Lane and Covent Garden, which are kept open in virtue of royal patents granted to Killigrew and Davenaut in the time of Charles the Second. These patents are still in force, although one theatre has become an Italian Opera-house, and the other has become—anything. The saloon licence gives the same kind of permission as the theatre licence. licence, to represent dramatic pieces, with three or four provisos—that the performances shall not commence before five o'clock; that no smoking shall be allowed in the saloon during the hours of performance; that no tables or stands shall be arranged for refreshments; and that no refreshments shall be supplied, except during the intervals between the performances. The reader will at once see that it is to such places as the Grecian Saloon and the Bower Saloon that these licences refer,—places in which the theatrical saloon is immediately contiguous to a tavern

are harmonic meetings of various degrees of musicality; and there are penny theatres, which require much police vigilance. But unfortunately there are no clear lines of distinction between all these. What with the excise licence, the magistrates' licence, and the Lord Chamberlain's licence, there is said confusion. Magistrates differ among themselves, and ermined judges differ from magistrates, concerning the interpretation of the law. A respectable publican may be in doubt whether he may have a pianoforte in a well-conducted public room; while another, encumbered by no scruples, may creep close to the edge of the law, and have both singing and danging.

and dancing.
This is foolish and unjust. Music and the drama should not be regarded as prey, to be hunted and driven about as something unworthy. That they can work into the hearts of the mass of our London population is sufficiently shown by the experience of a theatre in the most densely-populated part of the east end of London, where Shakspeare is well played by good performers, where the prices of admission are to be reckoned by pence rather than by shillings, where the audience is as attentive as at any possible patent theatre, and where the numbers who attend are so large as to leave a sufficient margin of profit to the lessee. Not far from the same theatre is an entertainment certainly belonging to the domain of the fine arts, for it consists of panoramic pictures of some merit, elucidated by a lecture, and accompanied by music, and by a lecture, and accompanied by music, and yet the price of admission is but a single penny. And here is afforded an odd commentary on the licensing system; if the exhibitor had not designated his entertainment a lecture, he would not have been allowed to have any music without a licence, which licence, perhaps, he might never have been able to obtain. This is what we mean by music being, as it were, hunted about, as if something unworthy. The exhibitor just referred to is said to have apent five hundred something unworthy. The exhibitor just re-ferred to is said to have spent five hundred pounds in a year and a half for panoramas, which are prepared in a painting-room of his own, by artists in his own employ; and he has sometimes had five successive audiences in one evening, each consisting of a room full of pency visitors prepared for about an hour's exhibition. It is only in a deusely populous neighbourhood that such a speculation could be auccessful; but it is precisely in such a neighbourhood that the humanising tendency of pictures and music and good dramas is

most needed. Music in poor neighbourhoods—how to got it, and of what kind? Since it is perfectly useless to deplore the decay of open air sports saloon is immediately contiguous to a tavern belonging to the same proprietor.

There are thus theatres unconnected with taverns; there are saloon theatres connected with taverns; there are taverns having a hierarchy for singing and dancing; there and his wife and children. It is possible that the present confusion in the licensing system may be quite as instrumental in repressing the good as in checking the had. The penny concert, the penny panoramas, the harmonic meetings, the banjo-player in a taproom, the sentimental singer up-stairs, the theatricals in a saloon—all indicate a want, a tendency, a natural yearning, which may lead to good, if properly managed.

CHIP.

COAL MINING ON THE OHIO.

The first thing to be done after opening a coal bank—here, where I am working, up the Ohio river—is to fix an inclined plane from the river to the mouth of the pit. This is made of wood, and somewhat resembles the planes in use at the ballast dépôts on the Tyne, minus the engme. If it be intended to haul out the coal with mules, a wooden rail-road is laid from the top of the inclined plane, throughout the pit. If the diggers bring out their own coals, oak planks are laid for the wheels of the cart to run on. Screens are creeted either at the top or bottom of the hill. The capital required for commencing a colliery (or coal bank) here, is trifling compared with what is requisite in Eugland—in fact it woold, in Eugland, hardly give a supper to the sinkers.

woold, in England, hardly give a supper to the ainkers.

The usual way of beginning to work the coal is, to drive one or two entries, or hendways, through the substance of the hill, or as far into it as may be thought necessary. Rooms, or bords, are then turned away on each side of the entry. Each digger has a room eight yards wide, parted by walls, two yards thick, from the rooms adjoining. Each room is "driven" from fifty to a hundred yards. Means for promoting ventilation are never thought of, as the vein is considered to be quite free from inflammable gases. Few faults or interruptions occur in our mines, the only ones that I have seen are clay veins. They vary from six inches to three feet in the kness; generally lie in a perpendicular position, and seldom alter the course of the vein of coal. The coal itself is of first-rate quality for household and steam purposes. The price paid for digging here is a dollar and three-quarters per one hundred bushels of separated coal; which is, I believe, the highest price paid anywhere. In some places the payment is as low as a dollar and a quarter.

The digger is expected to buy all his tools,

The digger is expected to buy all his tools, and to keep them in repair. He must also sharpen them, the master providing means for doing so. He must set all his own posts, or props, and lay the road into his own room. He must find his own house; and, in most cases buy his own firecoal. Very often he must take part of his earnings in store-goods, sometimes greatly to his disadvantage. The

balance due to him is generally paid when the running season closes, in summer and winter. At some banks, when a digger is about to leave, he has the right to sell his room. He must not calculate upon getting more than nine months' work in the year. Some of these things are not quite to the taste of men from Durham and Northumberland.

The coal banks are generally rented of the owner—half a cent per bushel being the usual payment here for the right of working. At some places the coal is leased, at others the rent is so much for each digger employed. The produce of the mine is conveyed to distant markets in flat-bottomed boats, built

The produce of the mine is conveyed to distant markets in flat-bottomed boats, built expressly for the purpose, they are from a hundred to a hundred and fifty feet in length, and about twenty feet in breadth, and are generally loaded five or six feet deep. Two of these are lashed together with strong ropes. At the outside of each are three oars, and each has a large steering oar at the stern. Sixteen hands are required, besides the pilot and cook, to take a pair of boats to Cincinnati, or Louisville; and, if the freight be destined for St. Louis, or New Orleans, a still greater number of men is engaged. These hands are paid by the trip—sixteen dollars a-piece, perhaps, to Cincinnati: twenty to Louisville. The run from Pittsburg to Cincinnati usually occupies six or eight days. Coal boating forms a very lucrative business, although the undertaker (or boas) is liable to loss, on account of the number of sand-banks and snags on the river. Fogs, too, are very common at night. It sometimes happens that the snag pierces the bottom of the boat, and, in that case, its own weight breaks it up in a few minutes, and down go three or four hundred dollars' worth of fittings. A plurality of means for obtaining a livelihood is the great thing in this country, and for any such necessity we, North-of-England men, seem to be little qualified. Some persons here are seldom without work. In the summer they will be farming, in the fall coal-digging, in the fall coal-digging, in the fall coal-digging, in the fall coal-door of the summer they will be farming, in the fall coal-digging, in the yellow of the winter lumbering, or coal-boating, or they go down to the Lower Countries. It is a common thing for men from these parts to go down to St. Louis, or thereaboute, and get three or four months' work in the winter, and although 8t. Louis is fourteen or fifteen hundred miles off, a journey of that distance counts almost for nothing.

WEIRD WISDOM.

THERE must have been something fascinating of old time in the true faith of an astrologer.

Life's fitful gleam, Death's doletul dream, Stars rule, I ween,

said he; and there was a time, very long since, when he believed what he said very

devontly. In those days there were supposed also to be prophets. When Mother Shipton also to be prophets. When Mother Shipton heard that Cardinal Wolsey meant to live at York, she said—we state all this on the faith of Lally, who was an astrologer—she said that the Cardinal would never come thither. Whereupon Wolsey was angry, and desired the king to send the Earl of Suffolk, Lord Piercy, and Lord Darcey to her. Those genthe Ring House, near York, and leaving their men there, proceeded to Mater Beasly, in the town, and said to him, "Eessly, do you go with us to Mother Shipton's house." So when they came there they knocked at the door, and Mother Shipton, what should she say, but "Come in, Master Beasly, and you, honourable lords, who are with him." Master Beasly would have put the lords to go before him, but said Mother Shipton, who saw none of them, she being within side, "Nay, Master him, but said Abstract Side, "Nay, Master of them, she being within side, "Nay, Master You know the Bensly, do you come in first. You know the way, and they do not." This they thought strange indeed, that she should know them, and yet never saw them. Well, then, into the house they went, and there was a great fire; and she having bidden them welcome, calling each by his own name, sent for cakes bidden them welcome, and ale, so that they eat, drank, and were

Mother Shipton," said the earl, "if you knew what we came about, you never would

have feasted us with ale."

"Nay, but," said she, "the messenger shall not be hanged."

not be hanged."

"Hark you, mother!" said the earl, "did you not say that the Lord Cardinal should never see York?"

"Yea," she replied, "I said he might see York, but never come at it."

"Well," said the earl, "then you must know that whenever he comes at York thou shall be burnt."

shalt be burnt.

We will see that," Mother Shipton said, and plucking her kerchief from her head, she threw it into the great fire, where it lay quite still, and would not so much as singe. so she plucked it out, and put it on again.

Then said the earl, "What mean you by

this? "If this had burned, I might have burned."
"Mother Shipton," quoth then the earl,
"what think you of me!"
"My lord," said she, "the time will come
when you will be as low a creature as I am,
and that is a low one indeed."

Now this great nobleman was afterwards

My Lord Piercy said, "And what think you of me!"

"My lord," said she, "shoe your horse to the quick, and you will do well. If not, your body shall it under York pavement."

Now this nobleman having risen in rebeltion, by not flying when he might have fled, was taken, and executed at York, where he was buried all but his head, which, being

stolen, was conveyed to France. And Mother Shipton told him also, that his head was to be stolen from his body, whereat they all

laughed.
Then my Lord Darcey said, "What think you of me?"

"My lord," said the, "you have made a great gun. Shoot it off, for it will do you no good. You are going to warfare. You will

good. You are going to warfare. You will frighten many a man, but kill none."

Came not long after this the Cardinal to Cawood; and, going to the top of the tower, asked, "Where is York, and how far is it thither?" And he said, moreover, "One has thither?" And he said, moreover, "One has prophesiad that I was never to see York."—
"Nay," said one standing by, "she said you should see York, but never come at it."
Then he vowed whenever he came at it to come at her. After this they showed him York from afar, and said that it was indeed no more than eight miles thither. "Well," says he, "then I shall soon be there." But the king sent for him suddenly, and he turned back, and died upon the road to London. And what of Master William Lilly, the

And what of Master William Lilly, the astrologer, who is our authority for this take of the prophetess? There is some curious matter in his life. He was born on Mayday, in the year one thousand six hundred and two, in the county of Leicester: a yeoman's sen. After a little training from a country schoolmaster, he was sent, when eleven years old, to a school at Ashby-de la-Zouch, and remained there no less than seven years. At the age of eighteen his education ceased only because his father could not afford to let him go to Cambridge. He was consigned, therefore, to the friendly offices of Samuel Smuthy, a London attorney, and came to town in the waggon, as he says, with twenty shillings and no more to buy me a new suit, hose, and doublet, and my doublet was fustian." On doublet, and my doublet was fusting." On Tuesday, the fourth of April, sixteen hun-dred and twenty, he said good-bye to his father, who was then in Leicester gool, a pri-soner for debt, and placed himself under the care of Bradshaw, the carrier. "Hark! "he says, on the road, "how the waggons crack with their rich lading!" Coming up by the with their rich lading! Coming up by the waggon was mainly a pedestrian exercise, so far as the traveller himself was concerned; and when, after five days of tramp, through stormy weather, young Lilly reached London (it was on Palm Sunday, at three in the afternoon), after satisfaction given to John Bradshaw and his servants, seven shillings and sixpence was the amount of his remaining capital.

He proceeded at once to the house of Gilbert Wright, the patron to whom his friend, Smuthy, recommended him. Mr. Wright was a gentleman who could not write wright was a gentleman who could not write and could not read; but he was a gentleman, imamuch as he followed no sort of caling. He had been, for many years, servant to Lady Paulet, in Hertfordshire; and when Serjeant Puckering was made lord keeper, he

appointed Mr. Wright to keep his lodgings in Whitehall. Mr. Wright, having espoused a widow in Newgate Market, was recommended by the lord chancellor to the Salters Company, as worthy to be admitted a mem-So he was, and lived to become master "He was a man," says Lilly, "of excellent natural parts, and could speak pub liely upon any occasion, very rationally, and to the purpose. I write this that the world may know he was no tailor, or myself of that or any other profession. My work was, to may know he was no tailor, or myself of that or any other profession. My work was, to go before my master to church; to attend my meeter when he went abroad; to make clean his shoes; sweep the street; help to drive bucks when we washed; fetch water in a tub from the Thames (I have helped to carry eighteen tube of water in one morning); went the grapher. All mapping of drivers it. weed the garden. All manner of drudgery willingly performed, scrape trenchers, &c. If I had any profession, it was of this nature. I should never have denied being a tailor, had I been one; for there is no calling so base which may not afford a livelihood; and had not my master entertained me, I would have been of a very much more mean profes-sion, rather than have returned into the

country."

Mrs. Wright, formerly of Newgate Market diel, and Mr. Wright married another wife, also for the sake of her estate, she being competently righ, but seventy years of age, and he being sixty-six, or more. Notwithstanding the maturity of their years, this couple was perplexed by jealousy, and perpetually edgaged in quarrels founded on suspicion of each other. Mrs. Wright, also consulted ennning men, with the desire of accountry whether she should ever be so as rtuning whether she should ever be so ient coming and going of astrologers and rtunetellers that excited the first wish of to become acquainted with the secrets their science. He did not make much ocross, for want of books. Mrs. Wright II. rogrees, for want of books. Mrs. Wright II. up 6.2 many things, "several sigils, some of up 6.1 in Trine, others of the nature of coun, some of iron and one of gold, of pure coin gold, of the bigness of a thirty shilling and of King James's coin. In the circumor one aide was engraven 'Vicit to be talbes Jude Tetragrammaton +. Vichin the middle there was engraven a bly lamb. In the other circumference there ASSAPHEL and three +. In the middle, A.TUS PETRUS ALPHA ET OMEGA." A mer husband of Mrs. Wright II. had sured this charm from Dr. Simon For man, the astrologer, to exorcise a spirit by which he was visited. For thirty-two

In the year of the plague, of sixteen 'twenty-five. I. lly remaining in London with his master, practised music at home on the base

viol, and bowling in Lincoln's Inn Fields. In the same year, his master brought home Mrs. Wright III., and died himself in sixteen twenty-seven, leaving his widow owner of his property, mistress of his servants and of his house, at the corner of the Strand. Mr. Lilly soon attracted the old lady's attention. "She made me," he says, "sit down at dinner, with my hat on my head, and said she intended to make me her husband, for which I gave her many solutes." She kept her promise, and make me her husband, for which I gave her many salutes." She kept her promise, and before she had been many months a widow. Mrs. Wright the Third became Mrs. Lilly the First. She lived six years in that capacity; and, if Lilly himself be a fair witness on the matter, found no reason to regret her choice. Lilly amused himself with fishing, and frequented no company. In one year, widower and drysalter, Lilly began to spend his days of independence and of dignity, in study. He chose for tutor the Revenue Mrs. study. He chose for tutor the Reverend Mr. Evans, an astrologer, living in Cunpowder Alley, whom he found, when visiting him for the first time, "upon a bed, if it may be lawful to call that a bed on which he lay, he having been drunk the night before. He having been drunk the night before. He raised himself up," says Lilly, "and after some compliments, was content to instruct me

The reverend professor was by birth a Welshman, M.A., and in holy orders. He had, indeed, once been incumbent of a hving in Staffordshire, but had been forced to fly his the Use and describes him as "the parish. His pupil describes him as "the most saturnine person my eves ever beheld, either before I practised or since; of middle stature; broad forchead; beetle browed; thick shoulders; flat nosed, full lipped, down looking; black, curling, stiff hair; splay-footed. To give him his right he had the most piercing judgment of theft that I ever met withal, yet for money he would willingly give contrary judgments, was much given to debauchery, and then, very abusive and quar-relsome, seldom without a black eye, or one mischief or another. This is the same Evans who made so many antimonial cups, upon the sale whereof he principally subsisted. He understood Latin very well, the Greek tongue not at all. He had some arts above and yond astrology, for he was well versed in the water of spirits, and had many times used

water of spirits, and had many times used the circular way of invocating, as in the time of our familiarity he told me."

Many examples of his cunning, as indeed they were, had this teacher to give to his believing scholar. Witness what he had once done on behalf of a young lady in Staffordshire by help of the great spirit Salmen, who seems to have sufficed for his work without halp from the attenuant spirites of which there belp from the attendant sprites of which there is no mention made—Cucumber or Lobster-

The young lady had married for her preferment, a rich man advanced in years. old husband desired to buy some lands for his wite's maintenance, but she was whyteed that they had better be bought in the name of a gentleman, a dear friend, though for her own real use and advantage. After the old man was dead the widow could by no means obtain the deed of purchase of those lands from her friend, and in her perplexity applied to Evans, who for a sum of money—forty pounds—promised to place the deed in her possession, by a given time. Then Evans applied himself to the invocation of the angel Salmon, of the nature of Mars. He lived an orderly life for a fortnight, wore his surplice constantly, and read his litany at select hours every day. At the end of the fortnight Salmon appeared and having received his commands vanished for a short time, after which he re-appeared with the very deed in question, and deposited it gently on a table over which a white cloth had been spread. The deed had been kept by the gentleman who was retaining it, together with other of his deeds and securities in a large wooden chest, which was locked in a chamber at one end of his house; but upon Salmon's carrying the document away, all that part of the house had been blown down, and all the gentleman's own proper documents and evidences had been torn to pieces and dispersed upon the wind. There can be no doubt then that Mr. Lally placed himself under the tuition of a great enchanter.

a great enchanter.

By the death of Mrs. Lilly the First, her happy widower was left possessed of property very nearly to the value of one thousand pounds. He followed his studies closely for a year, during which time a scholar pawned to him, for forty shillings, a large volume written on parchment, containing the names of those angels and pictures which were thought to instruct in the several liberal sciences. Out of this book Lilly sucked much wisdom. The budding astrologer bought, in the year following, a moiety of thirteen houses in the Strand, and, as a business speculation, took another wife, who had five hundred pounds fortune; but, alas! "was of the nature of Mars." Another speculation, entered upon at the same time, proved a total failure.

total failure.
Davy Ramsey, his Majesty's clockmaker, had been informed that there was a great quantity of treasure buried in the cloister of Westuinster Abbey. He apprised Dean Williams of this fact, and the dean, who was also Bishop of Lincoln, gave him liberty to search, with this proviso — that if any treasure was found, his church should go part in it. Davy Ramsey then went to John Scott of Pudding Lane, once a page to Lord Norris, who professed the use of the Mosaical rods, and engaged his assistance. Mr. Lilly was invited to take part in the enterprise, and joined it willingly. One winter's night, therefore, it happened that Davy Ramsey, with Lilly, and other gentlemen, entered the cloisters, and began experimenting. On the west side the rods turned one over another—

an argument that there the treasure was. The labourers dug six test deep, and found a coffin, which, says Lilly, "In regard it was not heavy, we did not open, a neglect we afterwards repented." From the cloisters the disappointed treasure-hunters went into the abbey, where there arose "so fierce, so high, so blustering, and loud a wind, that we believed the west end of the church would have fallen upon us. Our rods would not move at all. The candles and torches all but one were extinguished, or burnt dimly. John Scott," says Lilly, "was amazed, looked pale, knew not what to think or do until I gave directions, and commenced to dismiss the demons, which, when done, all was quite demons, which, when done, all was quite demons, and the wiser heads of the party had no doubt that the miscarriage was caused by the too great number of persons who assisted in the operation—some langhing, some deriding; and it was quite certain that, if the demons had not been dismissed, the chief part of the Abbey Church of Westmisser would have been blown to the

What further experiences Mr. Lilly had, how he knew spirits seen in crystals, who showed visions of absent people opening trunks and taking out red waistcoats—with much more after the manner of the wise and spiritual in the year one, eight, five, five—we go not on to tell.

And yet—however the case be now—great students might, without shame to their wits, pore into senseless mysteries in Lilly's days. The astrologers formed a strong body, met and dined together twice every year, and dined together twice every year, and dined well; for Elias Ashmole—the same Ashmole whose museum and library are among the scholastic treasures of the University of Oxford—was astrologer as well as herald and antiquary; and in his diary, after an astrologer's feast, there comes always a twinge. Thus, on the fourteenth of August, sixteen' fifty-one, he was chairman at the astrologers' feast in Painter's Hall, and he records how, "This night, about one of the clock, I fell ill of a surfeit, occasioned [not in the least, of course, by sack] by drinking water after venison. I was greatly oppressed in my stomach, and next day Mi. Saunders, the astrologian, sent me a piece of briony-root to hold in my hand, and, within a quarter of an hour, my stomach was freed from that great oppression which nothing which I took from Dr. Wharton could do before." Fits of gout, agne, &c., troubled Ashmole much, and after every astrologers' feast the attacks were severe, but he had his remedies. As thus:—"March eleven.—I took, early in the morning, a good dose of the elixir, and hung three spiders about my neck, and they drew my ague away. Deo gratins."

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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A VERY TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

Size is not the only element of value, even in the case of landed estates, wherein menhave a special hankering after elbow-room. Bulk does not constitute brilliancy, nor does immensity necessarily imply importance. Itry descrits that may be measured by geographical degrees, sterile steppes overstriding balf an empire's surface. Patagonian plains timings of the world's original paste, or dough, rolled out with an endless rolling-pin) are but exphers compared with tiny patches of earth whose area, if cut out of them would be no more missed than a kernel of wheat from a sack of com. Etna and Vesavius outweign in the moral, if not in the material balance, whole chains of ordinary morntance. Runnymede was not a commonplace much, nor Vaucluse a vulgar fountain. The good shines, like phosphorescent adamant, with its own proper light, as well as with every ray it catches from every luminous obsert nearth. No trifling sprinkling of this bright territorial diamond-dust glitters on the British diadem. Besides the great central match being she has distant outposts—fixed tars, twinking merrily here and there the saghout the dark vastness of terrestrial tars, twinking merrily here and there the saghout the dark vastness of terrestrial tars. There are Ceylon, Newfoundland, tape Town, and Corfu, none of which would be estimated in the market by the number of acros of land they contain. Last, and least, there exists another little jewel—a clear chip of soil crystal, a pure cairngorum—to the transitions thrilliancy of whose native water recent curcumstances have noted as the foil.

of residence another little jewel—a clear chip of residence and a pure cairingorum—to the transitioner the little jewel as the foil.

At the foot of Denmark, out in the North Sea, in front of the mouths of the rivers like and Weser, facing Cuxhaven in Hanover and also commanding the island of Neuwerk, is another little island called by us Heligoland (Helgoland by the Germans), which will help us to smile with undirected pleasure and grin the grin of gladues, at the moment when we are receiving the sincere sympathy, the amiable assistance, the frank frenciship, and the candid coad-

mans in general, and the Austrians and Prussians in very particular particularity. We find it convenient to enroll a few foreign soldiers; and King Hiccup and his friends are so pleased at our doings, that they testify a disposition to provide board and lodging at their own expense, both for English agents and the recruits they may raise. It is a long way, too, and the road is not quite straight from the Tom Thumb German dukedoms to the shores of Albion. Britannia, therefore, steps forward a great deal more than half way to receive her young pupits in her ample lap. She has stuck her tricent on the isle of Heligoland, and hoisted the Union Jack on the top, to give notice to all whom it may concern that here is a dépôt for the foreign legion which the English government is raising in Germany, to help us and our real allies in the Crimea.

Look at the map of Europe: there is a spice of humour in the choice of the spot. The advantages which it offers for the purpose are quite out of the common way. In time of peace, Heligoland is an advanced sentinel, who can constantly keep her eye open on what is passing in the north of Germany. In war, she is a little Gibraltar, from which, as a centre, Britannia can send her cruisers to wander about, her scouts to spy, and even her sinugglers to trade. At all times, therefore, in spite of its tightness and exiguity, Heligoland is by no means to be sneered at, as a possession of importance to the United Kingdom; being a sort of outstretched smail's eye, which allows us to watch whatever is in the wind on the North-German coast, at the mouths of its two main commercial arteries, Holstein and Holland. At the present moment, Heligoland, in reference to Great Britain, is in a position analogous to that of the mouse in the fable and the lion caught in the net. Tedescan art has woven round us meshes and snares composed of four points, conferences, propositions, and mediations; but this little bit of pet-land enables us to haugh in our sleeve at the cunning of diplomatic huntsmen. According to the reports of the government agents from all quarters, recruiting for the foreign legion goes on most satisfactorily, notwithstanding the covert repugnance of some governments, and the open hostility of others.

recruits are constantly arriving at the Heligo-land dipot, where a considerable number are still being trained and organised, and where they are behaving themselves so well that the fashionable world of the Hanse land of jot, where a considerable number are still being trained and organised, and where they are behaving themselves so well that the fashionable world of the Hause towns, although a little frightened at first, are again flocking to their tavourite dot in

the ocean for their annual sea-dips in it.

The lastory of Heligoland is very simple.
In the fourteenth century the Danes had established a fort there; then, its only church paid a quit-rent to the chapter of Schleswig. Afterwards Hamburg exercised over it the simultaneous rights of lordship and prosimultaneous rights of lordship and pro-tectorate; and, a desperate quarrel about herrings, ended in its being bombarded and taken by Denmark; but, in eighteen hundred and seven, it was taken by the English. For many years Major-General Sir Henry King reigned over Heligoland as governor. On this high functionary devolved the surveillance of the island and its lighthouse. veillance of the island and its lighthouse, best es the office of judge and umpire over the internal disputes of the inhabitants. The present ruler is Sir John Hindmarsh, over this extraordinarily marine bit of territory. While the continental blockade lasted, Heligoland was of inestimable value to Eugland as a convenient warehouse for smuggling.

This molecule in the undst of the waters is two thousand two hundred paces long, six hundred and fifty broad at the widest part, and some five thousand yards, or thereabouts, in circumference. It will be supposed that railroads are things uncalled for; may, even that coaches-and-six, tandenis, dog-carts, and high-mettled racers, are not in high request. The island may contain a sedan-chair, or vinaigrette, for fashionable ladies; but the actual existence of such a vehicle the deponent had rather not aftern on oath. A hop-skip-and-jump tour of her Majesty's tight little island, is not an impossibility; and an intellectual flea, or a literary guat, may one day give to the impatient world a nice little volume, with map and woodcuts, entitled, "Travels in Heligoland."

in Heligoland."
On approaching the island from Hamburg, it looks like a triangular rock surrounded by the axa on every side. The colours it presents have been transferred to the flag it has had the modesty to set up; which is red, white, and green; and Heligoland has not only a national flag, but a national minstrelsy. Here is a refrain appropriate to both: Here is a refrain apropos to both :

Roth ist der Strand, Wess ist der Sand, Grün ist die Kant; Das and die Earlien von Helgeland. which, translated, may be rendered:

> Red is the strand, White is the sand, Green is the band; Those are the colours of Heligoland.

level of the sea. On this stands the lower town, composed of something like eighty houses. In a gorge of the rock is a new staircase, which connects it with the Oberland or Highlands. This staircase, decorated with a smart iron rading, is ten feet wide, is composed of one hundred and seventy-three wooden steps divided into the three wooden steps divided into three revolutions, at the battom of each of which are seats to rest upon, and oil lamps to show light on winter nights. After this, do not boast of the luxury of Landon and Paris!

boast of the luxury of Landon and Paris!

On the summit of the rock, towards the north-east, stands the Upper Town, with about three hundred and twenty houses, and a church dedicated to Saint Nicholas, the patron of fishermen and babies (whether pickled or fresh). From this point the rock still rises, till it attains the Alpine elevation of a hundred and ninety leet above the level of the sea. Not far off (nothing is far off here) stands the light-house, erected by the English with no other materials than stone, iron, and copper. Its rays command an extensive horizon, notifying distinctly to the wave-tossed traveller, "This is I!—Heligoland, who shine so bright tinetly to the wave-tossed traveller, "This is I!—Heligoland, who shine so bright Pursue your way, by the help of my luminous tinger-post." But a beacon is an old establishment in Heligoland. In sixteen hundred and seventy-three, the Hamburgians built a pharos on the eminence called the Backeberg, wherein they kept up a cheerful coal-fire, sometimes burning, during winter nights, as much as four hundred pounds of coal. Do not suppose that the continent of Heli-

goland is so poor as to be without its dependent islet, -a faithful satellite who never deserts it. Rather better than half-a-mile from Heligoland, on the south-cost side, is Sandy Island, which is of the greatest con-sequence to the tight little mother country, cause on that are taken the sea-baths which put a considerable revenue into Heligoland's pockets.

and's pockets.

And why should not your marine six weeks be spent just as well at Heligoland as at Abergavenny, Brighton, Boulouse or Etrebat? For lodgings you have pienty of houses built of brick; so that you need not be afraid of finding room. The natives are hospitable, polite, sober, and hard-working, and are as well worth study as the rock on which they dwell. The men are active on the sen, and exercise no other calling that that of pilots or fishermen; the women attend to the housekeeping and gardening for there is no Royal Heligoland Agricultural Society. You may lodge either in the upper or the lower town, though the former is preferred for its more extensive seascape and its unlimited supply of broazes. the south-east, only a little morsel

gennine and fresh as imported. There are neither taxes, duties, nor custom-house officers. For anti-ichthyophagous persons, who cannot eat fish from morning till night, the steamers from Hamburg bring plenty of ment, besides fruit and first-class vege-tables. The terrestrial fauna of Heligoland is innited, and would not require the zeal of a Cavier to describe it. It contains cocks and bens, domestic rabbits, pigs, dogs, cats, sheep, mice, fleas, flies, guata, earthworms, beetles, sparrows, and a few other well-known species, of equal interest to the scientific world. It generally has one cow; but only during the fashionable season; for, at the approach of winter, it is made into beef, and a reword imported next year. But its occanic treasures are numberless. If you wish for a good field-day amongst the real game of Heligodand, put on your diving-drees, your bull'soyed beliest, and your leaden-soled shoes: follow you overhead to ply the forcing air-pump with brawny arms; and you shall see, if you'de not perform, wonders.

Yes; come to Heligeland, for a change in the beaten routine of watering-places. I

and the beaten routine of when his chail probably be strolling on the Unter-land when you land. If I like not your locks, I will obstinately speak nothing but German in your presence. And in this erman in your presence. And in this chall be justified by the authorities; or, atthough the natives have a tongue of their own—which has some analogy with that of the North Frieslanders—German is the out language employed in the schools and for divine service. It I like your looks, I will introduce invest as the writer of this contribution, and will proceed at once to institute you into life in Heligoland. I shall nock you up very early in the morning-at a keur, in short, only known at home to your You need not be a minute dressing; and t will not matter even if you dress in your hep; for the delicious, the unrivalled air, will be you the justant you get into it. Your to you the instant you get into it. Your go will be on the Oberland, and you as a once for the High Street of Heligothe Stairs. As the native flirtations of take place on the landings, we shall biles disturb, as we pass down, a pretty scene of tenderness between a sen-andbrowned youth, and a pretty little fair-ared Heligolandess. On the strand we find

of the pilot-boats ready to take us over Sandy Island.

As to the passage, you need not be under dightest apprehension. It is performed barge aloops or yawls, capable of carrier thirty passages at least, and which placed under the entire superintentials. re placed under the entire superinten-ence of select pilots, and which are no ther than the famous Heligoland salvageto, well-known throughout the North for rendering assistance to trading-

the most violent storms, and which can be rowed when a sail dare not show itself. An officer of the company of pilots is always present, both at the embarcation and disembarcation; he receives the passage-money which is fixed at four schillings (four pence) each person. In fine weather we are over in ten minutes; in rough, it may take four timesten; but it is only late in the season that such long transits take place. Of course it shall be a fine day when we go; and, looking over the gunwale as it cuts the and, looking over the gunwale as it cuts the water into streaming ripples along the sides of the boat, you feel that there is no word to express the wondrous clearness of that transparent sea. Every rock, every public, every zoophyte, every waving sea plant, down, down, down, in the lowermost deep, is seen as distinctly as if the keel could touch it. Your boat stops gently, for it has run its prow into the soft, glistening edge of Sandy Island. Take care! That end of the beech is reserved exclusively for ladies. The gentlemen's bathing-machines are at the opposite extremity.

are at the opposite extremity.

You have had your plunge, and now for breakfist. What ! Here! Certainly. You must have your breakfast on the spot, and it will be unparalleled. I defy you to and it will be unparalleled. I defy you to know the true definition of that ill-understood word, until you have breakfaste I after a seabath on Sandy Island. That pavilion, with windows all round within, and the thick belt of sea's and tables without, opposite to the place where you land, and at an equal distance where you land, and at an equal distance from the bathing-machines of the ladies and gentlemen, is the refectory. What will you have to cat? Some gorgeous scarlet lobster,—of which a H-ligoland appetite sceme able to cat any quantity with impunity; the most slippery of slippery oysters; exast in all forms, from the domestic hoiled, or the smooth-faced poached, to the luscious rumbled. What will you drink? The bottles of porter and beer, the cups of tea, coffee, chocolate, despatched in and around this busy pavilion, are not to be counted any more than the golden sands that lie before you. Everything is excellent, and the serving girls are quick and clever, with now and then quite an original among them, who assists your digestion with clever, with now and then quite an original among them, who assists your digestion with jokes and quaint remarks. The cooking is done in a kind of gipsy-hut behind the pavilion; and, if you become a great favourite with your serving-maiden, you will be admitted into the areana of this queer little cooking-camp, and will get your breakfast het from the stove,—no bad thing if the morning be a little cold. But then you lose the novel sensation of breakfasting in the company of a bevy of mermaids. The ladies, after bathing, issue forth from their machines with their long hair floating down gracefully over their shoulders, to dry in the sun. They leave their lo king-glasses at home, and They leave their looking-glasses at home, and do not use them until they arrive there.

After breakfast comes the slow meditative

Rauschen is the word which conveys the sound so exactly, that I cannot prevail on myself to use any other; and besides, I suppose the waves have a right to express them selves in German on our tight it to express them-selves in German on our tight little island, although the Union Jack does spread its colours above it. After your sandy lounge, you take a ramble on the side of the downs, among pavilions and bathers; and here, in-stead of yellow sands, you find pebbles of every hue and shape; some exceedingly beautiful, and worthy of adorning the fairest wrist, after a little cutting and polishing. Walk to theextremeend of this little promontory, where Walk to the waves curl round you on every side. Do not look behind, and you will imagine yourself standing alone in the ocean, where no land is to be seen,—nothing but the green sheet spread out on all sides, with here and

sheet spread out on all sides, with here and there shifting dots of white-crested waves. But it is time to return to the rock, where we change our toilet, and amuse ourselves till dinner, at three o'clock. The best table d'hôte is the Stadt London, on the Oberland; and here we are sure to meet our mermaid friends, all nicely dried and combed, who make dinner a most and combed, who make dinner a most cheerful affair. After dinner, we go to a pavilion on the Unterland for a cup of coffee, partition on the Unterland for a cup of conee, and after that, comes the promenade along Kartoffel or Potato Walk, to the end of the rock, where everybody sits till sunset. This is the grand sight of our little island, and worth walking a mile or two to see, if we could walk that distance in Heligoland. But do not imagine that we go to bed with the sun. We no sooner see him safely tucked up in his gorgeous sheet of sea, than we bethink ourselves of the pleasant Conversations-haus down below in a sheltered nook, where balls take place several times a-week the native gills, with scarlet petticoats broadly edged with yellow, dancing among the ladies. On the nights when there are no balls, there is conversation. There are also a billiard-room and a rouge-et-noir table. Here the visitors meet every evening, and here they find the newspapers, which arrive in the afternoon with the Hamburg steambeat. Plans are discussed for the amusement of the visitors, because you must know there is a Pleasure because you must know there is it. This Committee on our solitary little isle. There committee is composed of gentlemen. is a treasurer, who receives subscriptions from all who wish to join, and then the committee discuss how they can best lay out the money.

Sometimes, in the dark nights, when there is no moon, the whole company set off in boats for a tour round the island; each person torch in hand, to explore the dark, mysterious caverus, in some of which the waves

saunter along the downs. You may find a roar like thunder, or like wild beasts getting tempting sunny hole in these downs, where at their prey. This torchlight tour has a you may lie down and take a siesta, sung to sleep by the listless and monotonous you are not likely ever to forget it. Fishing "Rauschen" of the waves on the shore. parties are also formed—lobster-fishing being in especial vogue. The finest turbot you could buy for money, could never pretend to taste like those delicious numbeur fish caught on your own hook in the North Sea. a support they make, with the invariable Heligoland accompaniment of a smoking Heligoland accompaniment of a smoking pyramid of potatoes! the native island vegetable. Potatoes and the sheep are the great institutions on Heligoland; the latter performing the duties usually performed by the cow in other countries. Indeed, one of the most amusing features in your evening promenade along Kartoffel Alice is the number of red petticoats with yellow homs, employed in milking the patient little sheep; which afterwards gets its reward of cabbages and other green stuff. and other green stuff.

Every profession is represented (except, we are happy to believe, the law), in Heligoland:— Music by a German band and the mermaids, whom are syreus also; and paintmany of by Herr Gaetke-of course, a marine-ter. He came to Heligoland about eighteen years ago, determined to win the secrets from the sea, where it was, as it were, at home, and without the restraint of a coast. He went to spend a summer, and he did not leave the island for more than sixteen years. His pictures of Heligoland in all kinds of weathers, his ships in distress, and his wrecks ashore, breathe life. Look round his atelier ashore, breathe life. Look round his atelier on the Falm or Esplanade, and you see that Gaetke is no common painter, a good ornithologist, and a capital shot. All those birds on his shelves, constituting every variety of feathered biped that takes its wing across the island, were shot, and stuffed by himself. He therefore gives to his adopted little country a museum, to complete its claim to art and science. Try to make his acquaintance: you will find him an agreeable companion, and the best electrone on the

Finally—if you have a mind to feast on fish; to breathe pure air, at least once in your life; to drink untaxed brandy, wine, and gin; to smoke un-ac-customed tobacco; to get on with your German; to write though your completely. Ichnamic tobacco; to get on with your converge, though not completely, John neison, wit realise, though not completely, Johnson's definition of a ship,—a prison, without the chance of being drowned; to form an attachment which shall last for life, or an aversion which shall grow bitterer and bitterer until you and its object can only quit the island in different steamers; to get a fierce, shark-like appetite; to rise with the lark (if there were one); to go to bed with the hens; and, above all, to behold me, the gifted scribe, in bodily presence—remember that the Heligoland season begins in Juno and ends in September; make hay, or way, while the sun shares, and swell our list of fashionable arrivals! Or, if you long for a an order in the wild going of the waves, too, uniform, the books of the Foreign Legion are I observed how, first, the waters on one side

A WIFE'S STORY.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER IV.

"I have brought home Gower to spend the evening," Haroid said, one day, soon after our return home. "I thought you would like it. He is fond of music and poetry, and all that sort of thing; so I thought you would get on

I thought Harold showed a bitter remembrance of those words of mine—I had never forgotten them—in this speech. "I do not want—" I began; but Mr. Gower

was now in the room; it was necessary to re-

ceive him civilly.

"To not want any interruption to your tête-A-tête evenings, Mrs. Warden 1 But you must be generous. Remember how long it is must be generous. since I have had the pleasure of seeing you, or my friend, Harold. Since the evening when you surprised us all so brilliantly, you have been invisible. I hope," he continued, "you will give me credit for having been sincerely sorry to hear of your subsequent illness. I trust sen-air has quite restored

"I am very well now, thank you," I re-ied. Of course, Mr. Gower could not know

the pain his words gave me.

"W" have been staying at Seawash,"
Harobi said, "Do you know it at all, Gower?
It is very pleasant there. My wife fell quite ir leve with it, so we shall often go down there, again, I think."

"It has a very broken coast, has it not? the sea running up into many small bays, and ashing itself turiously against rocky points? I know it well. One autumn some years ago, I was there alone. You know the Devil's I was there alone. You know the Devil's Tongne, as they call the longest sharpest point, I dare say, Mrs. Warden!"

Yes, I do.

" I was returning from a long ramble late one wild evening, and saw the sea-it was rock at the end. I went down, although it was growing dusk, and mounted to the top of the little peak. I was not much above the water. I could see no land; it was awfully beautiful to see from that wild point of view the heaving and breaking, meeting and dashing of the great, foamy, angry waves. I am a man of tolerable nerve and courage, but I felt an my thrill pass through me; it was some time before my heart returned to its regular, quiet beating. Each wave that came whelmquiet beating. ing the rock at my feet, seemed as if it night swell up and wash me from my little pinnacle, and as if it hungered to do so. One reads of angry, formy, troubled seas, but no words that I know can express the fearful exertement roused within one, standing in the mulat of such wild commotion. There was

I observed how, first, the waters on one side gathered themselves together and came rolhug on, swift, and fell as fate, only to be met, scattered and broken, by the great army of scattered and broken, by the great army of waters tumbling on from the other side What a pigmy I felt standing there! Yet I would not, for much, have missed the experience of the hour I spent there. The sky was almost as wild as the sea, only along the was almost as with as the sea, horizon there was a line of gleamy, watery

Some fascination made me raise my eyes from my work to Mr. Gower's kindled face; but I dropped them immediately, and did not

speak.
"Did you get home safe?" Harold asked.
"From the Devil's Tongue; people some-

" Pass into Hell's Throat. Excuse my interruption, I was afraid you might mar, by more genteelly expressing the idea of the nature of the transition. That boiling, surging world of waters gave birth to the idea in my mind. Yes, I got home safe, but not without a little further experience; when I turned and defurther experience; when I turned and de-scended from my slight elevation, I saw water before me still; the tide had come up and covered the narrow and lower neek of land along which I had approached the end. I tried it cantionaly, and was nearly washed away. I had no desire unhousel'd, disappointed, unanel'd, and with all my imperfections on my head, to lose sight of known life to try some unknown, perchance greater ill, so I gave up the attempt to traverse that wave-washed strip of land?" washed strip of land.

"What did you do?" Harold asked.

"Do, man! Just nothing. I went to my former station, wrapped myseltight in my cloak, and waited. Waiting famous cure for the ills of this life, Just nothing. I went back d myself up Waiting is a

"Did you know that you were safe there

on the point ?"
"When it was full moon and the sea "When it was full moon and the sea-roughened by a sou'-wester, that point was sometimes washed over, an old boatman had told me, as we rowed past it the day before. I don't pretend to say but that I waited and watched the waters in great anxiety. Sometimes a slight lull in the storm came, and every wave reached less high than the former had done. Then, with a howl and a scream, the wind rushed across the water, and huge billows would leap, and well, and gurgle up, sometimes over my feet, always drenching me with spray!" always drenching me with spray!"

experience which you would not have missed for the world! I cannot understand that. for the world! I cannot Annie!"
Can you imagine the feeling, Annie!"

hand, and answered absently, without looking up, "I do not know."
"Capital fish you get at that same place,"

Harold went on. "It is not like most fishingplaces, where you can't get fish. Dinner ready? Very well. Gower, give my wife your arm; I must follow disconsolately for

Mr. Gower's narrative, the voice in which it was told, and the gestures accompanying it, had excited me painfully. The hand laid on his arm still trembled, but I stilled it by a great effort, yet not soon enough. He glanced at me significantly and said, "I think you did know, Mrs. Warden."

"We must have some music after you have

given us a cup of coffee, Annie," Harold said, when he and Mr. Gower returned to the

drawing-room after dinner.

I did not answer. I had secretly determined I would not play. I had not touched my piano since that dreadful evening. The I had secretly determy pano since that dreaming evening. The thought of perhaps having to do so to-night had already given me a nervous headache, of which I thought I would, if need were, avail myself, as an excuse.

Mr. Gower was wandering about the drawing-room abstractedly, opening and turning

over my books.
"Oh! you have this true Poet's book," he suddenly exclaimed. He came up to me, book in hand. "Is it not splendid? I am sure you like it, though I know very few ladies who do. I know the writer. I can introduce him to you, if you have any care to see the external features of the post. Here the external features of the poet. Have you !"

"I think not," I answered.

"Ah! Right, right! It is a very vulgar curiosity that, concerning lions; and often its gratification—which proves no gratification—shivers a thousand beautiful imaginings to atoms. Does it not?"

"I don't know. I have had no expe-

" But you do know and have read this book. Ah! here's a leaf of fern put in at one of the most beautiful passages. That is your

"Is it the book you read to me on that luckless morning?" asked Harold, laugh-

I blushed deeply as I said "Yes." I do not know exactly why. Mr. Gower looked inquisitive. "Little as you care for poetry, I am sure you admired this so read, Warden; did you not?"

" So much, that, soothed by the soft sweet oice of the reader, I went to sleep," laughed

Harold.

"To sleep!" Mr. Gower gave an expressive shring. "I have set one or two of these songs to music," he continued to me, "after rather a bunding fashion, I am afraid, but I think my includes suit their meaning."

"Den't pense yourself, Gower, but let us hear and joige."
"Read the words, then, first," Mr. Gower

said, putting the book into my husband's

"Yes, that is pretty enough," Harold said, returning it, suppressing a slight yawn. "Could it not have been said more straightforwardly and comprehensibly in plain prose, Don't transfix me with your indigglances, but let us hear your music.

Harold stretched his great length on the sofa, composing himself to listen. The coffee apparatus was cleared away, and the lamp brought; and I sat down with my idle work

to listen too.

Mr. Gower amused himself at the piano some time-coquetting with his memory.

Then he began.

He had a fine voice, powerful, and under great control. The first song was set to wild and passionate music. When he filled the room with the greatest possible power of his voice, I cowered back into the depths of my easy-chair, dropping my work, turning my head away from the musician. I looked at Harold. "Noise enough!" he muttered rather drowsily, in answer to my look, and closed

I had just turned to observe Mr. Gower. I was curious to know if his own music woke any emotion in him. Yes; his voice died away trembling; yet he turned abruptly

round to look at me.

He sang song after song, and Harold went to sleep. Harold had had one or two very hard days' work lately, and had kept late hours. "No wonder he is tired, poor fellow!" I said to myself; and I tried to subdue the great troublous heart-swellings that the strong, passionate singing produced in me. Mr. Gower went on singing or play-ing. It was a pleasure to touch such a

magnificent instrument, he said, and since I would not play—for I had refused—he must.

At last I stole to my husband's side, and woke him softly. I thought Mr. Gower did not know he had been asleep; but poor Harold gave such yawns that he quite betrayed himself.

"I shall weary you as well as your hon-band if I go on longer," Mr. Gower said at last, rising from the piano, and coming to-wards us. "I am afraid I have done so already, Mr. Warden," he continued, "you look n-weary, n-weary!"

"It is rather late," I said. "I have a head-

ache. We have kept bad hours since we returned from the sea-side. Harold has been hard-worked, and, of course, I sit up for

4 50 "So you must forgive our having been rather bad company," Harold said. "I have not learnt to do without sleep, as you seem to have done."

"Five hours is enough for any man, when he is once used to it," Mr. Gower said.
"To exist, but not thrive upon," said. Harold, glancing at Mr. Gower's very thin, worn form and face.

"Other things than want of sleep have made the ravages you see," Mr. Gower

melancholy in the smile that died away very slowly from his face. "It is very well for you, Warden, and for prosperous, easy-going fellows like you, whom fortune favours, and whose life-paths are smooth and plain, enjoy your eight or nine hours' sleep. But sleep is too expensive a luxury for us poor fellows, who struggle and strive with the world, and follow an exacting mistress, ever ready to avail herself of the slightest excuse for deserting us.

"Yet you would not change with me. Give up your glorious uncertainties—hopes of fame and dreams of ambition—for my common-place and inglorious certainties?

Now would you?"
"No." Mr. Gower answered slowly, sending his eyes out on some far-journey, and bringing them back radiant with a atrange light. "No!" he answered, more assuredly, "I would not change. I would rather fight and tattle on till death than know the respectable composure, the dignitied indiffer-ence, of a man good friends with the world. or me there would be no rest in your life. fancy I have not known what rest is, since was a child. But Mrs. Warden's tired ale face reminds me to say good-night-so good-night.

Harold went down-stairs with him.

"Harold do not ask Mr., Gower here
again, please," I said, when he returned.

"Way, dear? I thought I had given you

I thought I had given you

a present evening."

"I do not think Mr. (lower is a good man.

I do not think we shall either of us be the happier for having him here. No wife ought to tail pleasure in the society of a man who shows no respect for her husband. I don't mind his coming when other people are here, but please don't ask him again when we are

"Very well, Annie. I think I can see "Very well, Annie. I think I can see what you mean. I am sure you are right; thank you, love. But I am afraid that poor bend is very bad again?"

"Yea, but it shall be well to-morrow," I said resolutely.

I struggled, yes, I did struggle bravely, but, O' so blindly! I struggled against

knowledge, and pushed it back from me ich at hands, only to have it come and stand re again, on the threshold of consciousness the knowledge that I was not happy.

Now we were settled at home again, things What was there to provent their doing so? I had no new power of ruling myself, no new hope for which to live, no new light by which to walk. I loved my husband. Yes! but I know, now, that one poor weak human love till avail nothing when it stands alone, based on nothing, looking up to nothing.

Harold, seeing me look ill and unhappy,

Harold, seeing me look ill and unhappy, brow and breast. "Yes! peace has come to me," I whispered some of the many people with whom we had softly-smiling to myself, raising the tiny

answered laughingly, and yet with a latent exchanged visits, to try and make friends, and no other friend-that he was enough for me-he smiled and looked pleased, and said no more.

So I fought on alone, my soul never satisfied, my heart never at rest, and every now and then some outburst of long-controlled bitterness or pain betraying me and making my husband miserable. He was very patient, very gentle and forbearing, but at last even he grew weary. His home came to be a place that he entered timidly, not knowing in what miserable mood he might find his wife; soon he entered it less willingly and hurried from it earlier, seeking in his busi-ness, in the pursuit of worldly good, dis-traction from its miseries and cares.

We grew rich; toy husband more worldly; even this blame is mine I, isolating myself even this blame is mine—i, isomating and from all human interests and cares, preying on my own heart—grew constantly more morbid, sensitive, irritable, and miserable. The distance between as widened daily. We shoul after-off from each other, but God stood afar-off from each other, but God mercifolly sent little hands that should have

drawn our hearts together.

CHAPTER V.

I mad been three years a wife before I became a mother. My first baby came to me with the early summer flowers. I date best by them, because afterwards many things overlaid such blessed anniversaries, and made it difficult for me to endeavour, and hard for me to dare, to remember when, in what hour, at what season, this or that happened. And yet I can even now bring present senses the delicious fragrance and delicat loveliness of the flowers my husband brought to me so often at that time.

After the birth of my darling, there was a long interval during which I thought I was at peace: physical weakness made quiet and stillness grateful, and the new great joy seemed to fill and satisfy my soul

soul.

Again I smiled to myself as I had smiled-Again I smiled to myself as I had smiled—how long ago it seemed!—looking out on the lovely summer beauty of the land round liton. I lay still, with meek-folded hands, and smiled into the face of my fair-pictured future, my beautiful new life, through this my own child. I fancied that all the struggle and pain and perplexity of existence were past; I looked back upon all pust misery as one waking to some blissful reality looks back upon an ugly dream of the reality looks back upon an ugly dream of the black night. I had found something so sweet, as pure, so delightfully dependent to live for, that I thought I now had grasped Peace, had detained her with my poor weak hands till she had touched with her holy healing my

haby-hand to my lips, while happy tears

filled my eyes.

My husband was infinitely glad, and kind and tender. He showed to such advantage in my sick-room! I raised up my happy eyes proudly to him, it was so beautiful to see him subduing his strength to our weakness—my baby's and mine—or exerting it only for us; bending his handsome head down so low, yet then almost fearing to kiss the tiny baby-cheek; looking so concerned if the child uttered a cry, so amused and happy if he woke a doubtful smile in its queer little face! I thought this peace would have the love of the control of the child uttered a cry, so amused and happy if he works a better would be the control of the cont last. I loved my baby so intensely! he loved it dearly and me anew through it. I thought my deep love all that was needful to make me a good mother. I gave up everything to my child, and Harold thought me a paragon, a perfect example of self-denying love. And for a long time we lived, O, so quietly and happy together !-we three, my husband, myself, and our child.

Our child was a boy; he grew into a dark-haired, blue-eyed, noble little fellow—a tiny Harold. I turned God's free-given blessing into a bane. How should I, undisciplined, unable to rule myself, he able rightly to educate another life? My husband, with his clear, simple, practical notions, and his decided judgment between right and wrong, was a far more judicious and wise parent than L. The child felt it. I worshipped, idelised him; and he would turn from my wild love to meet his father's calm tender-ness. The older he grew, the more plainly he showed this preference,

"You hurt me, mamma, let me go; papa is coming," the boy exclaimed, one day. I had been showing him pictures, telling him stories, lying on the ground beside him; he had been listening with tranced attention, his great blue eyes fixed full on mine; he heard his father's step in the hall, and directly he struggled to get free from my

" Papa will come; stay with poor mamma,

darling! Do you not love mamma?"
"No," the boy answered boldly; he struggled himself free, pushed me away, and trampled over me with his little eager feet. I ran after him, but could not catch him in time; Harold came in, and my child's head was struck by the opening door; he fell, and cut his forchead against the sharp corner The blood flowed, and I was threned. I caught him in my table. terribly frightened. I caught him in my arms; he had turned sick and quiet with the pain, but when I took him, he called out: "Fapa! papa! papa, take me!" I could not pacify him, so laid him in my husband's

I ran for water, sponges, and cloths; when I returned, my boy was sitting on his father's knee, learing his little head back against his shoulder, and smiling faintly at some funny story Harold was telling him, while he held

his handkerchief to the wound. let me wash and bathe and plaster up the cut, but all the while he clung to his father's arm, and persisted in saying that mamma had hurt him. He would not come to me, nor kiss me, but soon fell asleep in my husband's arms. Harold carried him up to the nursery, and waited to see him quietly sleeping in bed. I should have done that, should I not ! Was I not his mother? This was not the first time my heart had been so wounded. When my husband left the room with our boy, I threw myself on the floor, and gave way to a wild passion of grief. I wailed and lamented, almost raved. Even my child, my own child, did not love me; it engrossed my husband's tenderness, and rendered me no love in return. My passion, indulged, grew uncontrollable. Jealousy gained sole possession of me. Was I to be nothing now? nothing to father, or child?

By the time Hareld

By the time Harold came down, I had lost all command over myself. He took me up and laid me on the sofa; he knelt beside me, begging and praying that I would be calmwould, at least, tell him what was the matter. I turned my face away, and burying it in the pillows, which I clenched between my industry the control of the aimless fingers, I shook the couch with the strength of my ageny. Poor Harold! what strength of my ageny. Poor Harold! what could he do l pained and perplexed as he was. He sent for our medical man, but he was long coming. When he arrived, my passion had raved itself out; I was weak as a child, and suffering from extreme exhaustion. But my state revealed to Dr. Ryton the violence of the parexysm just past; I believe it was after seeing me that haustion. past; I believe it was after seeing me that day, that he began first to entertain the opinion that sometimes I was insane.....

opinion that sometimes I was insanc....

It is no use. I cannot write calmly and slowly. I must hurry over all that is to come... When I again became the mother of a living child, baby was once more for a little while an angel of peace in the house. I thought that this child, at least, a girl,—with my brow and eyes they said,—should be wholly mine. My husband might engross the affection of our noble boy, if only this little fragile white blossom, this lily of mine, might rest solely and always on my become. might rest solely and always on my bosom. I did not like to have my husband kee, I hardly liked that he should see, this buby; I never let him take it in his arms. The tirst time it smiled brightly at him, and with its little hands clutched at the dark hair of his bent head, acute pain shot through my heart. Do what I could, I was not able to prevent the child from knowing and loving its father. Soon, very soon, I had the agonising, though self-induced, torture to bear, of seeing it turn from my fierce love, to hold out its tiny hands -appealingly, it seemed to me-to my hus-It haped Papa before ever it had once said Mamma.

Harold's manner to his children reminded me of what it had been to me in the days of our courtship. There was the same protecting, beautifully sweet, yet manly tenderness. Sometimes I longed to be a child, to share the caresses my boy and girl received. My husband had left off almost all demonstrations of affection for me, but only because had often manifestly shrunk from them; why, I cannot tell. I loved him, I never ceased

loving him.

Poor mamma is ill," Harold said sometimes, when I closed my eyes, and my brow contracted with the pain that so often throbbed there now. "Go, little one, and

kiss her—very quietly."

"Must I, papa?" the little girl would aak. "I don't want to get down."

few words in a low voice, and then a little soft mouth would be pressed up to my face. Sometimes I pretended to have fallen asleep, and not to feel the touch that thrilled my whole being through; then the play would cease, and my husband would draw the children into another room.

My husband was much at home during

My husband was much at home during that miserable time. I thought it was to keep watch over his children, and I resented this bitterly. Could he not trust them with me, their mother? Of what was he afraid? Sometimes the indulgent, pitying, curious tenderness with which my husband began again to treat me, soothed me, and I could his for hours in child-like quiet, with my hand restaure a his began. But this was not

head resting on his bosom. But this was not the love and sympathy for which I thirsted, and often my spirit rose up in arms, repelling this comescending affection, which mocked the love I craved. It was through the carelessuess or maliciousness of a servant that I hast heard how my husband was pitied as the poor gentleman who had a mad wife.

^a Mud! they think me mad!" I repeated

to myself.

I sent for Dr. Ryton. I cared nothing for what he might think of me. The idea of madassa seemed to my proud, wrong-judging spirat, to be attended with a humiliation I would not bear. They might think me any-

True think me mad, and have taught my hunkand to behave me so," I said, in a cold, calm voice, when Dr. Ryton came. He looked at me with a severely scrutinising by, fronting me. He waited for a * Jire = 41011 monent, as if he expected I should say more,

then answered:

"You have taught us to think you so—I had almost said to wish to think you so.
Madness was a very gentle name to give rour ruslady; it was conferred in all

your malady; it was conferred in all kindness in all charity."
"Kindness!" I echoed. "You have taught my husband so to mistrust me that he fears to believe my own children in my charge; and you talk of kindness!"
"Mrs. Warden reflect! Do you remember

when I was last sent for to attend you? Do!

you mean to confess that that humiliating wildness of passion was voluntarily indulged {

I felt the blood rush across my face, but I

answered as steadily as he asked:

"Certainly. At the beginning I could have checked and controlled myself. To do so would have given me terrible pain. not worth while; it is a miserable relief to me to give way. After the storm comes a calm. In the weakness that follows after my violence, my head is cooler and clearer, and my heart quieter. Life is fainter, its pain more endurable."

pain more endurable. "You speak calmly enough now," Dr. Ryton said. "Can you not see the selfishness and wickedness of all this! Can you not see that, if indeed you are a responsible person-and in that light you wish me to condestroying the peace of a home; wreeking the happiness of your nobly-good husband; alieuating your children's affections from you; ruining your own soul! By Heaven! madam, you had better wish yourself the maddest poor soul in Bedlam than the voluntary abuser and destroyer you wish me to

pronounce you!"

I paused and thought; he sitting there, stooping forward, bent his cold eyes on me steadily. A book lay on the sofa by me. I steadily. A book lay on the sofa by me. I took it in my hand, longing to throw it in my enemy's face, that, at least for a moment, he might start and his gaze waver. But I thought it very important then to restrain myself. I only played awhile with the leaves, and then put the book down. Doing so, I looked up, and saw a kind of smile otherwise on the every face opposite to me.

gleaming on the grey face opposite to me.

"I see you can control yourself, Mrs.
Warden, and I also see the violent nature that is in you," Dr. Ryton said.

"Nature! yes, you are right there," I

"A nature, madam, which you have sinfully neglected to control, all the faults of which you have cherished: You are a proud weman; you shrink from the humiliation of being thought mad, but you are blind to the far worse humiliation of allowing the devil within you to rule you."

"Go on, if you please," I said, quietly, as

he paused.

"I believe you are miserable, madam. think you are a servant to whom many talents have been entrusted, and that you have not even only buried them in the earth, but have actively abused them. Your husband have actively abused casus.

is not a man of genius—not even a man
of great depth or sensativeness of feeling; but bas a true heart and a patient soul. He is tracked warr superior. You might well fall infinitely your superior. You might well fall at his feet and pray his forgiveness, and let him teach you to ask God's. Have you suffered patiently, as he has done? Have you loved in spite of wrong, as he has done? Have you returned good for evil, as he has done? I know nothing of your histo.y-why he married you. It was a mistake, no but you, and you alone, have made doubt; but; it a futal one. "I will the

I think of what you say," I an-"You think I have sinned—sinued! You do not heed that I have will swered. sinned!

"Suffered! You will have to suffer much yet, madam; my prayer for you would be, that you might suffer, till at last the proud spirit should lie low, and be crushed out!"

"But it has been pain and suffering and censeless unrest and longing that have hardened me. Yet I am not hardened—I would my heart were a stone! I sent for you, however, for one purpose. Are you convinced I am not mad? thing else now." I can hear no more of any-

Indeed, madam, before you sent for me, I had begun to understand your case otherwise.

Say that again." You are You are not mad.

"You are not mad."

"You are to tell my husband so-but stay, I hear his step-here he comes, repeat it to him, Dr. Ryton."

My poor Harold came in, he looked won-deringly and anxiously at me.

"Have you been ill again?" he asked.

"I have never been ill in the way you have been taught to suppose: Dr. Ryton, repeat to my husband what you said to me."
"Your wife, Mr. Warden, wishes me to tell you that I have reason to change the

opinion I expressed to you some time since."

"Speak more plainly, if you please, sir," I interrupted; "you spoke plainly enough just

"In short," Dr. Ryton continued, only paucing while I spoke, not turning towards me, but looking at my husband steadily and compassionately; "she is no more mad than you or I ?"
"What is it, then ?" Harold asked.

"That Mrs. Warden herself must inform you," he answered. He went, and Harold attended him to the door. I sat down to think. It was some minutes before Harold think. It was some minutes before Harold came back, and I did not look up to see the expression of his face. I said in a hard voice, "I want to be alone—I will go to my own "I want to be alone—I will go to my own room—Lily is in the nursery, Harold will be

home from school in balt-an-hour, you will not want me till they go to bed."
"As you like," he answered, indifferently and wearily; "I am going ont—don't you remember I told you they wanted you, but you would not come! It is the party at

Cower's mother's."

" Going out again to-night-and there?" I asked, pausing at the door

Harold turned to the window,
"Is it any wonder?" he asked recklessly,
"No! it is no wonder that you should leave your home so often," I roplied quietly, while a burning recollection of half-heeded

scandal came to my mind. I went up to my room, but I did not pass the hours as I had intended—the poisen of a undicious sentence tankled in my heart. I paced gloomly about; a throng of strange thoughts pressed for recognition, but a demon-hand, torture strong, held the entrance against them, and possessed me against my dearc, spite of my endeavours. "He loves you no longer! no longer!" a mocking voice cried. I laughed scornfully to myself—I did not believe it; and yet the words came again and again, each time louder than before I would not doubt—I would know—I thought. The wintry afternoon (it was a blenk March day) had long blackened into night, my fire was almost out, and my room dark and cold, when little feet came pattering up to my closed door, and my children's voices called me. They were come to say "good-night."

I opened my door, but that room was too dim and chill, and peopled with too unholy and unhappy thoughts for them; so, with my little girl in my arms, and my boy's hand in mine, I went down into the empty drawingroom, where the fire blazed cheerily and the

room, where the fire blazed cheerly and the lamps burnt brightly.

"Papa is gone out," Harold said, glancing round the room disconsolately.

"Papa is gone," Lily echoed sadly.
But I sat down by the fire, Lily still in my arms, and bade Harold bring the great book which was his delight, and I would tell him

all about the pictures

It was brought and rested on my knee, the boy lying on the ground beside it. I leaned my cheek against my little darling's soft hair as her fair head rested quietly on my bosom, and I told wonderful stories to my boy with his upraised, wondering eyes. I was very gentle, and we were very happy. When nurse came there was a great outery, and so I sent her away again. The children sut up an hour later than usual; my Lily fell asleep upon my bosom, and I carried her up-stairs, and put har to bed myself.

"You are a dear, dear mamma to-night," Harold said, when I bent over him and kissed his face after he had laid down. Tears streamed from my eyes—very aweot tears-I went down to the empty drawingroom, and sat by the fire, crying quietly a long while. Then I wiped my eyes and thought. "If he loves me still, if there is yet time." I said and it was the still, if there is yet time," I said, and in my mind I turned over a fair white page of life, and I essayed to lift my heart penitently to God; but I sickened when I thought of all my past, and and "There is no home—there is no home."

"There is no hope—there is no hope!"

It was past midnight when Harold came home, I was still sitting by the fire.

"You up still?" he said, as he came into

the room.

I did not answer; there was a struggle within me, I longed to throw myself on his bosom, or at his feet, and to weep out my strange new thoughts, and hopes, and

resolves there; but I knew I should startle lat the door. him, and that I had taught him to dread and to hate my tears. Pesides, the idle tale I had heard forced itself on my recollection-my pride bade me know if that were true or before I humbled myself to one who

might no longer care for me.
"Are you not going to bed now?" my husband asked, throwing himself into a chair

opposite me

"Presently," I answered, and stole a look at his face. I could read nothing there; his eyes were fixed on the fire. How should I

begin ? "Harold! I have something to ask you!" Smoething in my voice attracted his atten-; his eyes were on me immediately.

The struggle to keep calm and speak ustly, made my voice sound strange and questly, made my voice sound strange and hard, even to myself. Yet I tried to speak guily—to tell him what I had heard, as a false thing I did not believe; knew I should hear him contradict; repeated only for his amusement, for the sake of hearing that

But when he had heard me, he turned back to his fire-gazing, silently with a moody

I urged him to speak. I grew afraid. Then he rose, and turned a stern face upon me. I had never seen him look like that

"Wife!" he began now, write the words he said. They sounded could but were only truth. He did not cannot, even against him-did not an-wer my charge notice it; he only reminded me of what I had male his home. His words smote me, how heavily. I threw myself down before him. I chaped his knees. I laid my head upon

I cannot bear it to-night. Perhaps I have harsh. I cannot be patient longer," he Gently but firmly he put me by, and

Gently but firmly he put me by, and then he went away.

I lay where he left me for some minutes, half-stunned. But I heard his voice, and the pairs of horses' hoofs ringing loud and clear on the frost-bound road.

was at the window, and had opened the ourtains and shutters just in time to see my

hu band riding away. Whither ?

I dod not go to bed that night. I la
the ground by the window, where I had thrown myself, not unconscious for a minute. I remember what I thought about as I lay: bow I should destroy myself. But my energy was desdened, my brain numb; and I did not rise to seek the means.

I watched the stars, so bright in the bright-blu-heaven. I watched them blankly then;

at the door. Every sound seemed muffled to me, for I was half dead with cold and pain. I rose with difficulty, vaguely wondering, and crept down-stairs. The knocking grew and crept down-stairs. The knocking grew londer, but my hands were almost usuless, and trembled long enough at the door.

Long enough! The door was open all too

Without, waited my husband, patiently—ay, very patiently! He waited, but he made no noise.

I know all that followed that dread sight.

I cannot write it. One picture you shall have that will be vividly present to me ever. Harold, my husband—white, cold, blood-stained—laid upon a conch, lying there blind, and deaf, and dumb. His wife as surely—so I thought straightway-his murderesa she had stabbed him to the heart (God knows she had statuted him to the heart (God knows she had!), stretched beside him, pushing the defiled, dust-soiled, blood-stained hair from his distigured brow, and pressing there her vain kisses; dyeing her livid cheek red, laying it against his; putting her hot, livid lips to his cold, rigid ones, and crying to him widily, ceaselessly, "Harold! husband!"

They took me away by force. No one pitied me much. Then, I really went mad. God was only too merciful to me—I went

mad !

My husband, riding in reckless misery, he knew not where, had been thrown, and dragged along the ground, his dark hair trailing in the dust.

I believe he had been driven out by resentment at an unjust accusation, mingling with despair at the thought that his last chance of peace and quiet at home had fled, now that jealousy had taken form and substance in my mind. I do not believe his heart had in my mind. ever for a moment wandered from his home; finding no rest on his wife's, it had learnt to love his children with something more than a father's tenderness. how he had suffered! He had suffered.

TURKISH POEMS ON THE WAR

In the East, singers and rhapsodists supply the place of newspapers. There, on the old classic ground of antiquity, we still may witness the origin of some new Ilind, singing the siege and fall of Sebastopol, which promises to be a modern Troy. First the rhapsodes, afterwards, perhaps, a Homer. Searcely, had the present was lested a month, before had the present war lasted a month, before the rhapsodes in Turkey lifted their voices in the streets and coffee-houses. There was, moreover, the advantage of a printing esta-blishment, if the lungs of the declamators and singers should hal. It is thus, that some warnow I can recal exactly how they looked, and he they paled before the ghastly dawn.

Ours was always a late household. No one was always a late household. No one was always a late household. No one was stirring yet, when there came a heavy trampling of feet on the carriage-drive is fore the house, and then a knocking government, in Constantinople and many MINI DISTA

other places of Europe and Asia. The broadother places of Europe and Asia. The broadsheets are adorned with several engravings,
illustrative of the events and persons deseribed in the text—rough, clumsy productions, but not the less agreeable to the taste
of the masses of Mussulmen. There is considerable confusion of time and place in
them; geography, chronology, and history,
appearing in a state of extraordinary fermentation.

First of all it appears, in despite of diplomatic assurances, that the war is looked upon by people in Turkey as a religious war, undertaken to resist the invasion, and to do away with the dominion of the infidels. The poems are full of the old Mussulman ardour of conquest. Once being excited, the followers of the Prophet want to lay their hand on the world; their next enemy, after the Muscovite Kral, is the Czar of the Catholic community. It appears, that Turkey still holds its central position, whither all other nations hasten to assemble, England and France amongst them, to fight the intidel Musco-

We have seen six poems on the war. The first two refer to the Danubian period of the struggle, when none but Tarks and Russians were engaged, and brings the events of war down to the relief of Silistria. As was due, it is headed by the portrait of Omer Pasha. We shall select the most striking passages-beginning with the narrative of the complications that led to the outbreak of hostilities. "They say," commences the poet:

the world-conquering foe Stretches out his hand after the sent of the Osmanli. The infidel Muscovite has again become

very arrogant.

May he soon meet his fate! The infidelity of the rebel is without

But Sultan Abdul Medschid, on seeing this, summoned a great council of vizirs, professors, and geometers; the Koran was read, the commentaries were consulted, and orders Then were given to prepare for war.

> The poor and rich said : We have heard it and obey.
>
> Thereupon the chapter of the Koran
>
> We have conquered," was read. They said: Let no one cling to this perishable world! The body to the soul shall be the

we have heard this word. Let us prove

it by deeda. The summons penetrates into every corner of the empire, and all the natious obey it.

> Many hundred thousand soldiers came Many ships came by sea.
> Even from China csic ') God be with them!
> By Allah, that was a journey, they said.
> Many hundred thousand soldiers assembled

By our Lord's command. We shall have bloodshed

If it be God's will, we shall fight the infidels.

By his indulgence so it will happen, they said."

No sooner have they assembled, than the armies are marching to the Danube and fighting begins at Batoum and at Rustschuk, Widdin, and Tartukai.

At first he took the lead himself, Selun Pasha, the here of the age. They The armies are ready, the lines are drawn They said

The standards are planted on the battle-

The infidels are beaten, their soldiers are dupersed, Their bodies hanged up-bleed them,

they said. The armies of Islamism went to fight, We have beaten the infidels endless,

They fled and retired into the fortress. And cried all at once:

Having proceeded thus far (without much military description, but with great national and religious enthusiasm), the poet is carried away by his inspiration, and goes on alternately to praise the deeds of his heroes on the nately to praise the decus of the Danube; the Persian frontier and on the Danube; the Persian frontier by Ismail Pasha; Muspassage of the river by Ismail Pasha; Mustapha Pasha's expedition to Albania in eighteen hundred and twenty-nine; and, lastly, again, the victory of Omer Pasha at Oltenitza. Finally, however, thanks and praises are given to the follower of the Prophet, the Sultan. Therefore—

In consequence of this victory, The sub-lieutenant of the fifth company, Of the first battalion of the fourth regiment Of the Imperial guard, Redif, Ordered the Friday's prayer to be read From the pulpit, before the inhabitants of Silistria,

For the Gan Abdul-Medschid-Chan."

Here the first poem concludes. The second is shorter, but more lively and gorous. It resembles a summons to take up arms, more than a narrative of the war.

We have a religious war with that

Whom we already know a long time. We send an army to Rome (!) Our battle-field stretches as far as St.

Petersburg. For allies in this war we have the lieu

of God, Ali, Ebubekr, Outer and Osman.

With these affice the war will last up to the day of resurrection.

We have taken the crowns of many rebels. From you (the Russians) also we shall still get much poll-money.

In our hand is the sword and shield. Have you not yet telt the fire of the Osmanli?

Deliver op what you It never recodes, have taken; And return to your life of fishermen.

We have many vizirs and doctors of law. Sometimes many thousands of sufficient Have fought against the house of Osman. But we have conquered those foes, When the house of Osman unfolded the banner and took to the field.

The next piece is of a later date, going down to the death of Nicholas.

Brother, hear, now let us begin to talk: The Muscovite Kral says: I have a

great claim. We said: Tell us, Giaur, what that

claim consists of?
The Gain says: Open me the road to Jerusalem, I have a business

Abdul-Medichid-Chan-Gasi summoned

They and: "That is a trick; let him not carry his business beyond the Bosphorus. The doctors, the philosophers, altogether

Came to this decision.

Our religion is truth, our actions are
In harmony with the commands of

In harmony with the commands of the Korsh.

There was a Russian general, called Menichikoff;
As soon as he heard this, he resolved upon making war.

At last he fled, ready to do so,
On the command of the Moscovite Kral.

Our univery road leads to St. Petersburg.

The manifesto, the concentration of the (Ittoman forces on the Danube, under Omer Phoba and Ismail Pasha, the achievements at Kalafat, and the battle at Citate, are all sung in proper order.

He (Omer Pasha) told the Muscovite:

Then shall stay on the one side and use on the other side.

To us the doors of Paradise are open;
Our motions are not ashamed, when they have children.

Thus, is the second example we have given on the battlefield of the Church. In fact, our military road leads to St, Petersburgh."

A passing allusion is made to the Greek insurrection, which affords the poet an opportunity of inveighing against Muscovite pertunionances, advantageously contrasting it with the courage and perseverance shown by the Turks in the defence of Silistria, and the the Turks in the defence of Silistria, and the reconquering of the Danubian principalities. At length, the English and French make their appearance, partly by land, partly by see, and the campaign in the Black Sea is resolved upon:

The Imperial fleet put to sea, The Legist and French fleets assisted us, We have determined to burn Odessa. The fleet of the three powers, with a hundred thousand wellers,
Went, on the morning of the seventh of Norember.

From Constantinopie to Eupatoria (*) Going to the centre of the Comen,

we have to live in Schatopol. The English took Balaklava

The French puzzled the mind of Menretail aff

Leaving the waggons of animumition, he fled to St. Petersburg. England and France are in our secrets. In the valley of Inkerman many hun-

died thousand souls were burned. We have to take Sebastopol in a

short time, To take pusoner the Kral of Russia, And deprive him of his crown and throne."

Having thus summarily disposed of the Czar, the poet goes on to prophesy the final humiliation of Russia :

> You (the Rossians) have nothing more to do with the trunipet;
> At last you will return to your occupa-

tion of fishermen.

But the death of Nicholas intervenes.

The Kral of Russia could not resist, And gave up his soul to hell. His ministers were beaten We have a great God, who made the world out of nothing.

The effect was:

They lost their senses and began to wail for the dead man, Some say: Give up thy place of

honour.
Others say: Thine injustice is mine in-

With so dirty a corpse you must go

Thus far it is enough now to have nar-

rated the unr, Afterwards we shall relate the further

The picture on the printed sheet represents sarcophagus, on which a dead man is lying in Russian unitorin.

Another poem is inscribed: The Story of Meuckli Ahmed Pasha, being a dialogue between Ahmed Pasha and Russia (Alexander the Second, the latter of whom is supposed to lean herself on Schastopol. Ahmed Pasha points out the great power of the French and lenglish, and of the Sheik Schamyl.

Nothing, he says, can resist them:

Nicolai Paulovitch fainted and went

Menschikuff became sick, after him, and

Nachimet! fastened his ships and went away.

We have seen it, now your turn is

On this Alexander the Second gets fright-ened, lays all the guilt on his father, and re-signs himself to his fate.

Two figures at the bottom of the sheet re-present Ahmed Menekli Pasha and Alexander the Second, who, indeed, looks very miserable.

The last poem of the series is the longest, and is not so much intended to be sunz, as to be performed in the streets and coffee-houses. It is inscribed, Narration of the War; the beginning very much resembling that of the third poem. Afterwards it passes into a diabetween Omer Pasha and the Muscowhen both personnges are supposed to converse very politely on their different chances and duties. The following will be different found interesting :

> The Muscovite says: Know it well, This year you will see it in the Crimea. I have read the gospel in the Church of St. Sophia,

When going from Pera to the Porte. Omer Pasha says: We shall take it, Omer Pasha says: We sla When fate holds her sway As regards Schastopol, we know the

plan, In a short time we shall be in pos-

session of it.

The Museswite says: You do not know my skill.

Schastopol will not be taken so easily. I have mores there, that are invisible, When you hit on them, look at the

At last Omer Pasha ominously glorifies himself in the concluding lines:

> Seven kings have ordered my portrait to be made. And sent it everywhere.

represent four generals. In the middle, Omer The engravings, added Pasha and Ahmed Pasha; on the right of the Pasia and Afined Pasha; on the right of the latter, General Canrobert; on the left of the former, the late Menschikoff. To each personage have been added his accompanying emblems; Menschikoff having a carriage (the same probably in which he fled after the battle of Alma); Canrobert and the Turkish generals, French standards and Turkish generals, horse tails.

ROSES.

O'THE ineffable delight of a trip into the country, to see a show of roses, when you have a high-spirited, fast-trotting, rose-baths, horse to ride! "Cato,"—one you have a high-spirited, fast-trotting, rose-fancying hobby-horse to ride! "Cato,"—one of our most learned authors, informs us— "Cato seemed to dote on cabbage." Myself may beast of out-Catoing (ato, in one re-spect: for I dote to destraction on cab-bage-roses. Take a full-blown Provins to best with you; lay it on your pillow within reach of your nose; soul at it an amorous another trunctime to time till you fall selection. entil trem time to time till you fall asleep; perform similar ceremonies the first thing when you wake in the morning, and you will not be too hard on my infatuation. I particularise a Provins, because although the tea-scented roses are delicious, while the Macartneys smell like apricot tart, and the Jaune Despuez is a happy blending of raspherry jam with the huest otto,

or atargul; nevertheless, all noses name do not smell equally sweet, fact, some ruses are no roses at all, The Christmas rose is a bellebore, which deserves a little protection with a hand-light if desire it to wish us a happy New year; Guelder rose is a sterile snow-ball, which ought not to repudinte its classical title of Viburnum; the Rose Trémière, or Passe-Rose, is a hollyhock, which renders excellent service in the decoration of garden scenery; the Rose of Jarocho is a cruzificane in this the Rose of Jericho is a cruciferous indivi-dual (?)—the note of interrogation shall be dual (!)—the note of interregacion and discussed hereafter—belonging to the same Linuxan class as cabbages and turnips, and Linuxan class as cabbages and turnips, and in no way related to any sort of ruse, "for, though it be dry, yet will it, upon inhibition of moisture, dilate its leaves and explicate its flowers contracted and seeming dried up;" the Rose-Laurier, or Laurel Rose, is the ele-ander, an elegant shrub with bright pink flowers, delighting to grow by the water's edge, but which, Algerian colonists say, poisons the brook that runs at its foot. The Rosa Mundi, the World's Rose, or Fair Rosamond, was a pretty young woman who was considered by her friends to be under no particular obligations to Queen Eleanor; the Rose Effleurée, the Handful of Roseleaves, or bouquet for children and families, is a nice little volume of tales and poetry. I am sure that the roses of heraldry stained-glass roses and gothic stone roses—have no right to claim any other than a verbal relationship with the legitimate family of Rosacem. And the rose on the spout of my watering-pot is only a bit of red-tin pierced with holes. All these, (with the exception of the lady) are false, sham roses, of fleeting merit, and mere outside show; whilst a real rose, even in its grave of pot-pourri, exhales a pleasant odour, and is sweet in death.

Know, ye who are unfamiliar with roses, that the queen of flowers, like the changeful moon, presents herself under different aspects. There are roses which resemble the beauties of the south; they blessom once in their season, they dazzle you with their charms, and then they depart. You have to writ for another generation of blooms. There are others—we call them perpetual roses, white the French style them rosiers remoutants—which do not be in recharge contains which do not begin perhaps quite so early but which, having once begun, go on continu Even then, if you can shift them into warm, light, and airy quarters in their pots or tube, they will go on flowering, and flowering, till you fear they will flower themselves to death. Observe, that some of the old is should sorts maintain their ground against new-born rivals. What an indefatigable bloomer is the old crimson China, or semperflerens! What an emblem of perseverance and hardibool is that sweet seemted, semi-double, faithful friend, the Portland, or Pastan rose, which will present you with a cluster of bright red

buds reflect ug the chams of December sun- robin has commenced uttering his antunnal alone! The biferi rosar,a Presti merit their repute of more than two thousand years; The biferi for, after all, we stand most in need of flowers which will carry a cheerful face under adverse circumstances. Any plant, or man, can be full of bravery during the hey-day of summer and prosperity; but our strongest sympathies are with whatever will make a goodly show, and even bear blossoms, in spite of the insults of the north-wind and the disdainful looks of the sun. Amongst the most undinching bloomers is the Stanwell Perpetual, a spinosissima, or Scotch rose, with small double flowers of a very pule blush, which assumes for its motto, Never say die! Another stout-hearted flower, belonging to quite a different race, is Aimée Vibert, with its bright and almost evergreen foliage, and its thick clusters of pure white

Perhaps, though not the most continuous in its succession of blooms, yet for lateness, as well as for the combined perfections of form, scent, hardiness, and colour, the best automial rose yet raised (certainly in the Portland or Quatre-Saisons class), is a turn-coat flower whose history I blush to relate. But it averts your censure like other fair oftendars; for, if to its lot some floral errors fall, book in its face, and you'll forget them all. It made its appearance during Louis the Eagli-such's time, and was named Rose du Rui, or the King's Rose, in compliment to him. But when Bonaparte came over from Fiba, and put the legitimate king to flight, the proprietor, thinking that his new rose oney, deemed it good policy to rechristen it one de l'Empereur, or the Empere's Rose, at the hundred days were a limited number dred and one and the Battle of Waterloo in changed the aspect of political affairs he rese ratted once more, and was re-styled Vee du Roi. It is known in England as the nuson Perpetual-I should have called it Crimson Weathercock. To complete its To complete its Conatic education, it only wanted to have George, or the Red Republican Rose. No attumnal rose-garden is complete without the To Desprez, the red (or Madame), and the Gent des Entailles is also a hero whose process and whose manly beauty insure his raziona reception by the ludies. None of e are what the nurserymen call new at of them are quite untiquated; but they Il hold their own, and maintain their wel, long after Louis Philippes and suchmaintain their he love ragged things have been sw dean away by the breeze of forgetfulness.

resaria Presti merit their notes. One out-of-the-way rose-garden that wat of is a gem in its own peculiar style. To get to it, you put your square-built old pony into your rumble-tumble four-wheel; you drive through high-bedged lams and over breezy commons till you reach the turnpike-road, which traverses a rather secluded district of the county; you pass gentlemen's seats on the right and the left, with their verdant parks and noble timber-trees; you drive the road. drive through a village, with the pretriest of gardens before each cottage—no two of the cuttages or gardens being exactly alikewhile overhead is a flickering hower of cherry, plum, and walnut-trees, chequering the road with sunshine and shade; you pass a brick-kiln or two (symptomatic of the soil); and, after peeping over clipped quickset hedges at the brightest of pastures and the richest of crops, you reach a solitary way-side inn—the Merman. The pony knows where he is as well as you do, and stops. From out a stabledoor steps a hale young man, with one hand partly bound in a cotton handkerchief, and the other covered with acratches more or less recent. He has been budding roses these many days past, and, as our noble allies say, Il vaut souffrir pour les roses (Roses are worth a little pain); nevertheless, he unharnesses old Smiler, who straightwith unharnesses old Smiler, who straightwith proceeds, snorting and whinnying, into the well-known stable. You enter the house, and well-known stable. You enter the house, and find everything clean, countryfied, and way-side-inn-like, without the slightest pretensions to metropolitan adoruments. You are met by a tall, gaunt, dignified woman, certainly not handsome, and assuredly never better-looking than she now is. She is the mistress of the house, and the rose-grower's wife. She looks as if she thought it would be a sin to smile more than once a-week; but she is an admirable cook—and did you ever know a admirable cook—and did you ever know good woman-cook who did not look dreadfully cross at times? You order dinner for five precisely, and stop into the garden by a side-door invisible from the road. The master, door, invisible from the road. The master, sound of your rumble-tumble's wheels, and is coming to meet you-with slow step, unfortunately, for he has lost a leg since he began to grow roses. You have before you a tall, stout man—stouter since his loss—not handsome, but with an honest, open face, which prepossesses you at the very first glance. Between brother enthusiasis, preliminary ceremonies are short; so you walk up and down amidst hundreds and hundreds of roses—tall, middlesized, short, and level with the ground, climbers, dwarfs, standards, pot-plants, white, blush, cream colour, straw colour, pink, crimson, scarlet, slate-colour, spotted, edged, striped, and blotched. You investigate the character of the early summer roses, whose I tank that if you can make only one character of the early summer roses, whose voyage of rose-discovery during the sumble of the newest new varieties, and often get a slow ther more poetic, to defer it till the shake of the head as the only response of the oracle—you ask whether the good old sorts still remain at par in the market, and Jove replies, with a complacent nod, that they are a wholesale staple article of public consump-tion. "This bed," he says, "entirely of Bath white moss, has been budded to order for America." You then look round and decide upon your plants, combining a sprinkling of the unknown and the speculative with a larger proportion of the approved and the true. And, then, a sharp magisterial voice rings the dinner-bell with the tongue of authority. You dare not remain longer in the garden, even if you wished to, which you probably do not; for, inimediately after crossing the threshold of the side door, you enter, to the left, a neat, saug little parlour with the window open, staring point-blank at the roses, and a little white-clothed table, hardly big enough for your party, but tending much to merriment and good fellowship. You take your seats, and instantly stern Minerva drops amidst you such mutton-chops, such green peas, such potatoes, and such melted-butter, followed by such a current tart and such a rice pudding, that—oh!—words may express thoughts, but not sensations. The goddess concludes her miraculous performance by the production of a cream-cheese of her own manufacture. Expressions of your appreciation and delight burst from your lips, and—marvel of marvels—she smiles! Then, a bottle of wonderful port, and an invitation to the master to partake of it; he obeys the summons, and sets on the table a dish of summons, and sets on the table a dish of Elton strawberries and a green-fleshed melon, grown in some hole and corner stolen from the roses. Then you ride your hobby-horses fuil gallop: how such a thing, sent out at such a price, turns out no better than a handful of coloured rags; how so-and-so's stupid gardener committed an outrageous donkeyism: how such another's inventive genius would produce leaves and flowers from genius would produce leaves and flowers from a ten-year-old broomstick; how this year's committee of the Highanmityshire Horticultural Society is working; and, above all, whether the rose-fever has yet attained its climax. Then you stroll once more round the garden to fix upon a few additional protégés; you drink a parting cup of tea; Smiler takes his place between the shafts; you drive homeward through the cool evening breeze, and, as you watch the glow-worms lighting their lamps amidst the dewy wayside grass, you make a vow never more to judge of a woman's good qualities by her looks alone. Verily, rose-gardens are bits of consecrated ground, cut out and separate from common earth. If you could drop into the midst of this one, at the end of July, after

rose-growing, nobody would look upon a rose in any other light than as a pretty sort of thing very well for school-boys to talk about after a course of Virgil, Horace and Anacreon, and permissible for kind-hearted old maids to shelter in the obscure retreats of their obsolete gardens; but as. florist's flowers, the idea was not to be entertained. Dahlias then were all the rage, and were carrying off exclusively, innumerable silver cups, tea-spoons, sugar-tongs, medals, certificates, and highly-commendeds. Mr. Cathill (horticulturist, Camberwell,) records that when Mr. Rivers first began to speculate largely in rose-growing, his old foreman, long since gone to his last resting-place, came one

day, with a very grave face, and said,
"Master Tom, you are surely out of your
mind. What are you going to do with all
those brambles? It is a shame to plant them

on land that would grow standard apples!"
And so it was with myself and my friend: a lady, who imported the art from France into our neighbourhood, and who did me the honour to make me her disciple. We were looked upon as benighted heretics, humanely tolerated as amusing enthusiasts, and just escaped estracism as heterodox gardeners; because, while others were running mad after Mexican tubers with repulsive effluvia, alike offensive to man and beast, we cared only to complete our respective collections of a hundred fine varieties of the rose. If many were too polite to say so, they certainly thought, that If many were it was a burning shame, so it was, to grow nasty prickly roses in a garden that would produce double dahlias; and the scorn of the public attained its height when they heard of our begging ladies for their worn-out parasola to shade both our very dark crimson and our double-yellow blooms, and when they overheard us rejoicing at a pic-me water-party when a thunder-storm drove muslin skirts and white chip bonnets pell-mell below the hatches — that the delicious shower came just in time to save our last-inserted buds! But it is a long lane which has no turning; and the poor neglected roses soon came to a path which led them to make their triumphal entry. I daily make use of some convenient plate, engraved with the cychers H.H.S., which my roses won at the Highanmity here shows. My roses and I well-deserved the reward thus bestowed in the shape of pieces of silver; for I worked them all with my own proper fingers, and they exerted themselves to the utmost to return the obligation.

to judge of a woman's good qualities by her looks alone. Verily, rose-gardens are bits of consecrated ground, cut out and separate from common earth. If you could drop into the midst of this one, at the end of July, after having been shut up for nine months in a smoky city, you would go down on your knees before the flowers.

Roses have had a good deal to go through; it is true they have had a good long while to go through it in. When I began individual; but an oak-tree is a herd, a crowd,

a throng, a joint stock company, composed of treated almost as greenhouse plants. For use many individuals as there are buds on its general purposes, the best stocks are furtumb, branches, and twigs. What most concerns us here, is that buds enjoy a vitality of their own, which is more or less independent that the control of the contro of the rest. In cold wet climates, certain plants being unable to flower to any useful purpose, revenge themselves and have their own way in the end, by throwing off living bulls, which take root and settle themselves in the world with the utmost facility. Such in the world with the utmost facility. Such plants are styled viviparous, or plants which bring forth their young alive. There are even leaves whose fecundity of constitution engenders a crowd of little budlings round their outside edge. Unless the practice of budding were extensively employed, the supply of choice roses could not meet the demand.

New varieties of roses (with a low exceptions) originate from seed. Suppose you have raised an invaluable novelty, like your Maria, Your New varieties of roses (with a few rare plant is, at first, unique; only a single speci-men exists in the world. How to propagate plant is, at first, unique; only a single specimen exists in the world. How to propagate it, distribute it, bring it into the market, and make money of it? Its seed, supposing any attainable, would probably produce offspring interior to itself. Cuttings are a tardy and limited means of multiplication; besides, several subsections of the genus Rose strike root, as cuttings, with difficulty. Layering is a still slower process, and often not a bit more extain. Budding accomplishes all we more watain. Budding accomplishes all we

It has been discovered experimentally, that the boss of shrubs and trees, if skilfully and surgically inoculated upon other shrubs and times nearly related to themselves-that is space belonging to the same genus—will grow and thrive. In a few cases, the faculty is extended a little more widely; thus, a lilac second, grafted on an ash-stock, will live just a little while,—a summer or two. But the the relationship, the greater the present in the present the present in the present the pr texer the relationship, the often to be contended with. For instance, that pears do well on quince stocks, others do not do well; and there is no knowing, except empirically, what the exact result will be. Therefore, if any gardener tells you gravely that be has budded a rose on a thock-current bush, or grafted a white-current scion on a red-cabbage stump, look but but in the face; do not laugh, if you can belp it, but set him down in your private nur-morandum-book as,—I will not here say what.

Now though, theoretically, any one species of rese may be budded upon another, this general rule will scarcely be carried out in existing, because common sense would precent your budding a vigorous species on a weakly one, or a hardy species on a tender one. There are families of roses—the teanted, for example—which are killed by

the green and immature, though pretty stems, the green and immature, though pretty stems, that have been drawn up lank, under the shelter of trees. The sweetbriar is not sufficiently hardy. Extra robust and tall stocks may be obtained from the Highland rose, which grows in the valleys of the Grampian hills. If you want to cover a wall with a climbing rose on which to bud a number of varieties, the crimson Boursault will answer satisfactorily, and all the better that it is a thornless species. Beginners are ant to be thornless species. Beginners are apt to be too fond of over-tall standards; but experi-ence will tame down their lofty ambition to from two feet to two and a-half.

You will have remarked the heautiful effect of looking down upon a valley or a forest from the commanding eminence of a mountain side. Remember this principle when you are planting the stocks that are to form your future rose-parterre. Standard roses, once budded, grow but little, if at all, in height. They increase in thickness; and it is curious that in that respect the growth of the stem is subordinate to that of the head; that is, a vigorous head will form a corpulent stem, while under a puny head the body will remain puny,—an apt lesson for adminstra-tions and governments in general.

Wild rose-stocks are now an article of commerce. By giving an order to proper persons you may obtain a supply to any reasonable amount. The nearer home they are found, and the sooner they are replanted in your nursery, the better. November is the month of months for the purpose. In the early dawn of rose-growing in England, you could not get what you wanted through such regular climmels as now; but what you did get were finer stocks, in consequence of their being less sought after. I had an agent in my service who was an enthusiast. On being shown a collection of standard roses in splen did bloom, he instantly caught the idea, and impatiently longed for the arrival of autumn, to be let slip to scour the country. He seldom brought in large quantities at oncenor did I want them; but what he did bring were magnificent fellows, such recruits as are not easy to enlist at present. One evening he came to me out of breath, but radiant with triumph. From a small bundle of clean, well-rooted dog-roses, he selected one, and waved it in the air, as a theatrical fairy waves her wand. "This, sir," he said, "cost me three whole days and part of a night; but I was determined you should have it. I had known of it all summer long, in a retired corner of Squire Preservem's park, and I had no need to tie a knot in my handkerchief, to bear it in mind. But the other day they warned me off the land; they thought I must have meacher. They wouldn't believe me

and treated me as a liar, when I said that I only wanted to stub up a few old briars for a gentleman of my acquaintance, to change into But I watched my opportunity, and took it at last. I crawled up one ditch, down another; wet, or dry, was all the same to me. I lay equat for hours in a bed of nettles,

It was a beauty. The following summer I headed it with that bright-cheeked gallant, Brutus or Brennus (for he is so doubly christened), who grew, and grew, till he formed a shade beneath which I could sit in

my garden-chair.

In a few words, I will let you into the secret of converting a briar into a standard rose; but still, you must take lessons of some obliging friend, like mine. You must see the thing done, and then practise it yourself on the first struggling hedge-rose that falls in your way. Note, too, that cherries, peaches, and apricots may be budded in the same way

Your pupils arrive, in autumn, at your seminary for young roses. You will have previously engaged a sufficient number of what the French call tuteurs, tutors, or stakes, to support them in an upright course of behaviour. Arrange them into forms, or classes, according to height. Inspect carefully their lower extremities; remove all corns, bunious, straggling roots, and whatever is likely to sprout into proud flesh, or suckers. them at exactly the same depth as you observe them to have grown in their native site. Fasten each individual stock either to a stake of its own, or to a long horizontal twig supported at each end by two upright posts. They will thus pass their winter va-cation, though they will not remain abso-lutely idle; for they will be making themselves at home and pushing root-fibres at times when you believe them to be fast asleep. In spring, watch the swelling buds that show themselves the whole way up the stem. When they are about a quarter of an inch long, cut off all but two, which will be allowed to grow, to be budded, at the height required. Of course, select strong, healthy buds, as near to and as opposite to each strong the whole other as possible. Into these the whole vigour of the briar will be directed.

In July, after a thunderstorm, or when the ground has imbibed a soaking shower, some kind friend will send you a twig of a matchless rose. Take it in your left hand, matchless rose. If the it in your feet name, look out for a plump, healthy, dormant bud; cut off the leaf, leaving half-an-inch of the foot-stalk; insert your knife a quarter or a third of an inch above the bud; cut down-wards, and bring it out a quarter of an inch below; remove with your thumb-nail the woody portion, leaving a small shield of bark with a bud in the centre. This is the bud

you want to make grow on your briar. keep it moist, while you are preparing its new resting-place, you may drop it, if you like, into a glass of water; a saugger and more convenient receptaclo is at hand,—

your mouth.

On the branch to be budded, make two and afterwards crept on all-fours through a slits in the branch to be budded, make two straight lines thicket of furze and holly bushes. Never which form the letter T. The perpendicular mind that; here it is, at last. Isn't it a stroke will run along the branch and terminate where it springs from the main stem; it must be a little longer than the bad you intend to insert. The horizontal stroke will be formed by a cut across the branch, and must be a little wider than the bud you want to put in. You must just cut through the bark, without dividing the wood beneath. Cut those slits with a pen-knife on a piece of paper, or on any fresh twig whose back peels readily, and you will instantly see what their object is. With the handle of your buddingknife gently push or lift the bark on each the perpendicular slit, or stem of T, so as to cause it to rise. Or you may do it with your thumb-nails. As fingers were made before knives and forks, so thumb-mails were invented before ivory-handled buildingkerives. Do nothing that can injure or irri-tate the interior of the wound. If you pake inside it for half an hour, and plough up the ekin, you will injure its delicate organisation, and in nine cases out of ten you may whistle for your bud. Instead of that, the back once raised, take the bud out of your mouth, and slip it in gently till it reaches its place. De an quick as if you wished to spare your patient's sufferings. It really is a surgical operation. The bud once settled between the divided bark, bind up the wound with ligature of softest lamb's wool. If you have not been clumsy, the bud will grow; and then you must unbind it, and let nothing else grow on the briar either at top or bottom. At the end of two or three summers you will have a handsome-headed rose-tree, from which you may gather basketsful of bouquets, if you prone it properly, sometimes if you abstant from pruning it.

The other day I saw an outer barbanan clipping the head of a standard rose with a pair of shears. I thought, and was very mear telling him, that he deserved to have his own nose thrust between the blades. There are roses, such as the old unrivalled cabbago yellow, and the pretty little Banksias, with their white or nankin-coloured tutts of tiny violet-scented flowers, which, I believe, cannot bear even the smell of iron. They will re-fuse to flower if you come near thom with a knife in your pocket, even if you do not take it out and open it. You may get rid of their dead and used-up wood as well as you can, by breaking it off; but the scent of steel agrees not with their constitution. What becomes of them, then, when they fall into the hands of these merculess butchers and assassins of roses? Many other roses, and exquisite ones too, if cut too close back, will produce nothing but leaves, year after year. earfully numerous instances of this wanton ill-treatment may be seen in the auburban villas that swarm round large cities, where simple people get ignorant jobbing gardeners to prune their roses by the year. But rosepruning is a fascinating amusement, which grows upon you, like billiards or chess; and I had as soon engage a fellow to eat my dinner, take my walks, or perform any other pleasurable action for me by the year, as prone my roses. It is true, different roses require different pruning, and you say you know nothing of the art. Never mind. Try. By entering the art. Never mind. Try. By entering thus into intimacy with your roses, you will become acquainted with every phase and condition of their existence. You will learn to distinguish one from another by the look of the twig, as well as by the aspect of the flower. Your humble servant could readily name a hundred varieties of roses, on being shown a handful of leatlets, trimmings, and prunings. That, however, is nothing. Doubttheir employ whose more practised eye would extend the list further. One of the great hynciuth reasers in old times, in Holland, has werted that he could recognise, by the bulb almost every variety out of a collection of

The sports of roses deserve to be men-tioned, because several beautiful varieties tioned, be unse neveral beautiful variet es and lanester will now and then bear the other half red. The common Provins took it into its head to send forth a branch terms the created Provins, which the art of building has rendered more or less permanent. The darling little moss Pompone metamorphosed itself out of the common supplie (itself a miniature beauty of the ight at merit), some say in the neighbour-Bristol, others in the garden of a Sinus elergyman. The caprices of roses must be complied with, if you would have them maile upon you. The coal-smoke of cite i discusts them utterly; the most tolement of a highly-carbonated atmosphere being perhaps the manden's blush and the old riol white. It is of little use to plant ciliar reses within I don't know how many he of Temple Bar. I have never seen that murable parity, the old double yellow cabage, blowsom well, except when growing at the fort of a low wall, over the top of which it could straggle as it pleased. Nor has any good been done with it by budding, that I am ware. Perhaps we have no stocks on which to bad it, but must ransack the wilds of Feren to Bus them. The enemies of roses

green cousin who lives on the rose," are comparatively harmless. A thunderstorm proves an excellent preventive; but thunderstorms are not always to be had at command. the tip of each twig in my hand, and brush off the clustering parasites with a painter's brush. An amateur (who deserves to be looked upon favourably), has invented a double aphia-brush, closing with a spring handle, which, says the advertisement, in a very simple and easy manner, instantly cleanses the rose from that destructive insect the green fly, without causing the slightest injury to the bad or foliage. Finally, er courage lady-birds and the sightless grubs of lace-wing flies, which latter, though blind, find out the succulent aphides, and instead reserving them to act as milch-cows, pump them dry at once and throw away the empt husk, exactly as you would treat a Michael's orange.

There are roses which ought to make more way than they do-they are too shy, retiring, and perhaps fastidious in their habits. microphylla, or small-leaved rose, bears most voluptuous flowers amidst delicate foliage; voluptuous flowers amidst delicate folinge; yet it is, like the cuckoo bird, seldom seen though often heard of. The multifloras, a charming family, comprising the seven sisters, would gratify us by making more frequent public appearances. The white Chinese anemone-flowered rose is all that is simple, and pure. It is clear that certain reses have suffered somewhat, both from evil tongues as well as evil eyes. Listen to the in-liganat complaint of that high-spirited horticultural traveller, Robert Fortune. "In the first volume of the Journal of the Horticultural Society I noticed the discovery and introduction of a very beautiful yellow or salmon-coloured rose. I had been much struck with the effects produced by it in the gardens of Northern China, where it was greatly prized, and I had no doubt that it would succeed equally well in this country. But from some -probably ignorance as to its habits or to the treatment required - my favourite wang-jan-ve, as the Chinese call it, was cried down. It had been planted in situations where it was either starved or hunt up; and in return for such unkind treatment, the pretty exotic obstinately refused to produce any but poor miserable flowers. Then the any but poor miserable flowers. learned in such matters pronounced it quite unworthy of a place in our gardens amongst English roses; and I believe in many instances it was either allowed to die or was dug up and thrown away. Five or six years had chapsed since the introduction of this fine climber, and it had never been seen in its proper garb. But the results in two places proved it to be a rose nearly as rampant as the old Avrshire, are egion. Of insect vermin the host is feared. The magnets and worms and cater-pickers and grads which attack your heart's deight in spring must be picked out patiently and a full copper-pink. The old standard with unger and thumb. Aphades, "our little! plants in the open ground were one times of bloom, the heads of the four feet through. The successful cultivators would inform you that no great amount of skill was necessary in order to bring the rose into this state. It is perfectly hardly, scrambling over old walls, but it requires a rich soil and plenty of room to grow. The Chinese say that night-soil is one of the best manures to give it. Only fancy a wall community to the state of the state o bloom, the heads of each being more than of the Cemetery had already noticed a similar four feet through. The successful cultivators abstraction on the part of that had woman. A complaint is made, and she gets for her skill was necessary in order to bring the pains—a year's imprisonment! Better law recent into this state. It is perfectly hardy, this I think than we usually get at home pletely covered with many hundred flowers, of various hues—yellowish, salmon, and bronze like, and then say what rose we have in the gardens of this country so striking; and how great would have been the pity if an introduction of this kind had been lost through the blighting influence of such ignorance and prejudice, as have been shown by the person to whose care it was first in-trusted." I have eased my mind by speaking a word in favour of ill-used, mismanaged roses. I will now mention a woeful blank which some enterprising rose-raiser ought to fill forthwith; we sadly want a thoroughly double Austrian briar, with the petals orange-scarlet above and yellow beneath. The de-sideratum only bides its time.

As to gathering roses;—when you wish to offer to your affianced love something as charming and fresh as herself, avoid making the attempt in windy weather. If a gentle shower will not come to your aid, water liberally all day long. Next morning, at three o'clock, or a little before, turn out of bed, and cut the choicest specimens,-none of them more than three-quarters opened, -before the sun has had time to kiss the dew off their leaves. Arrange according to your own, and your Duleinea's fancy, and tie with a true-lover's knot of blue satin rib-hon. When done, put the bouquet, or bouquets, in water, in a cool unoccupied room, with the blinds drawn down, till the moment arrives for the roses to appear in the divinity's presence.

Every one is acquainted with the French fashion of decorating graves with flowers. The way in which those flowers are generally respected, is an equally well-known fact. But everybody does not know the severity with which any violations of the little grave-gardens are junished. The Moniteur for September the twenty-second, eighteen hundred and fifty-two, states in its police report, that a woman named Badé, employed to keep up the flowers on a certain tomb in the Cimetière du Sud, conceived a singular method of fulfilling, with-out cost to herself, her office, which was liberally recompensed. Two handsome rece-trees, which overshadowed this tomb, withered trees, which overshadowed this tomb, withered would not rosat cockles at a vestry-room and died. Shall she go and buy others to refire. You would not singe a goose with Templace them? By no means. She remembers myson's poems. You would not bid a contrat, on another grave some distance off, there vict condemned to die on Boxing Day, twine are growing two magnificent plants of the holly round the bars of his cell on the twentywhich is entrusted to her care. The guardian eats wrong dishes at Christmas time, or

this, I think, than we usually get at home.

Dear reader, I write as one—may you not read as one !—who has put Roses on the graves of the beloved.

TWO DINNER FAILURES.

THOUGH Christmas comes but once a-year, and dinner comes—or ought to come—once aday, three hundred and sixty-live times, in the year's course, I doubt if any number of extra banquets, at other times, could compensate for the loss of a dinner on Christmas day. I am qualified to speak on the subject, for I have gone two Christmases dinnerless There might be, perhaps, some usefuller and more efficacious method of celebrating the great anniversary, than by devouring certain stated and set-apart meats and condiments, whose consumption is almost inva-riably followed by indigestion amongst the younger branches, and the indulgence in which frequently compels the strongest-sto-mached and bravest in gastric functions of us all to unloose the ultimate button of our waistyet if there he any observances on earth defensible-any festivities in the world excusable on the ground that they are not enjoyed in secret, in solitude or selfishness, that they are imparted, they bring old acquaintance together, t are imparted, that they draw tighter the bonds of friend-ship, and staunch the wounds of ennity, that they are the delight of the young and the solace of the aged, that they promote good-fellowship, peace, and good-will among all men—these (bristmas merry-makings are things that will live and all the are things that will live and will smell sweet to posterity to the latest time.

I like leaves in summer, and the glittering frost and whitewashing of Nature's outbuild-January, and snow in July, good sense de-liver me! So, by a parity of feeling, do I look evilly upon a man who orders plum-pudding after his joint at an eating-house in the middle of the year; so did I once quarrel with a dear friend because he gave me roust sucking-pig (at other times a celestial dish) for dinner on Christmas Day. There is a reason in roasting eggs; there should be a wise discrimination in the time and place of enting traditionally festive dishes. Funding can be out of senson as well as systems. You species. She takes them up; steals lifth of December. I will go farther than and employs them to adorn the grave this. I cannot help thinking that a man who

neglects to eat the right ones, must have some mond obliquity, some deformity of sense, some hump in his heart. There is engraven ineffaceably on my mind the newspaper details of a famous and cruel murder, whose date has utterly escaped my memory. In date has utterly escaped my memory. In the report, I remember reading that the mur-derer and his victim—a woman—dined to-gether on the Christmas Day preceding the murder off boiled scrag of mutton and tur-nips. I remember the heads of my family shaking their heads gravely when that fact was made public. No good, you see, could come of such a dinner.

With this strong feeling on the subject of Christmas in its connection with the pudding, may easily be understood how the two Christmas disasters I am about to narrate made a strong and lasting impression on my mind, and why I reckon them as of decided importance among the griefs of which I have

had my share.

1/isaster number one, took place in a foreign clime, in the city of Paris, full twenty years ago. Yes; it must be twenty, twenty years ago. Yes; it must be twent correlative circumstances tell me so; yet am not twice twenty years of age yet; and it appears to me that I can remember full fifty Christmas dinners preceding the one on which the disaster took place. And there must have been two repasts again preceding those; one composed of pap, the other of chopped meat and bread crumbs. Perhaps the dinners of my nonage—(childhood is so prompt to exaggerate) - counted double: perhaps I regaled sometimes in my dreams, or direct with the fairies, or played at pudding with my brothers and sisters. At all events twenty years ago I was a very little boy, and was invited out to dinner. The value of such an invitation may be appreci-ated when I tell you that I was a little ated when I tell you that I was a little stranded Englishman, in a strange land, among three hundred strange boys, in a great public school; that it was my first Christmas abroad, and that I was far from being fami-liar with the French language. The masters tiar with the French language. The meeters used me well enough, and the big boys did not beat me (the ennobling system of fugging is happily quite unknown in French schools), but I was very louely, and friendless, and but I was very lonely, and friendless, and miscrable. I did not know anything of the French games, I was a protestant, and could never divest myself of an uneasy notion that the corpulent ecclesiastic in the purple soutane, who came to prepare the boys for their first communion, looked upon me as an irredeemable brand for the burning—a living mapple of those little wooden wheels, towed turpentined, used for lighting fires, and known, I believe, as blazers—and that he shop in the Rue du Faubourg Saint Honore, warned the other collegians to be chary in health. Indeed, Gueret, aged twelve, who health. Indeed, Gueret, aged twelve, who was the greatest reprodute in the establishment, was the nephew of a bishop, and had dispensable black doses which are, to the Bratish once been convicted of stealing a peg-top, aristocracy and gentry travelling abroad unather

told me privately, on more than one occasion, that I could not be saved. I had a brother that I could not be saved. I had a brother in Paris—many years older than I—who was studying at the Conservatoire; but he was so tall, had come to see me so seldom, had such a gruff voice, and wore such a fluffy white hat, that I was frightened of him, and called him Monsieur Frédric. Once, and once only, on the occasion of a projected visit on the next holiday to the Jardin des Plantes (pocket-money running rather short), I was emboldened, I may say, incited, by some of my schoolfellows who had boundless notions of my brother's wealth, to write to him, solimy brother's wealth, to write to him, soliciting the loan of a ten sous piece. I suffered infinite agony of mind and consciousness of guilt till the answer arrived. It came at last in the shape of a bonny, new, two france piece. I remember keeping it for a whole day and a half in an old morocco jewel-case, building all sorts of castles in the air as the manner in which it was to be spent. I the holiday came, and the big boys undertook to lay my money out for me, to the best advantage. They laid it out to such advantage vantage. vantage. They had tout to such advantage that, alas! they spent it all, and I solemnly declare no part of the feast came to my share, save a brown loaf, a stick of barley-sugar, and a cup of iced liquorice water, or

I had a sister, at school in the convent of the Sacred Heart. I went to see her when I could get an exeat—about once in three weeks; and I may reckon among the adventures of my life that I have caten plum-cake in a convent parlour, and have sate on the knee of a live abbess. But I had no other English friends or connections - my mother was far awayand I was homesick, and my small heart was weary. The boys without, as I have said, positively illtreating me, were apt to dance round me, to call me derisive epithets,—Rosbif, Pommedeterre, and the like;—they worried me dreadfully about a small tooth comb I used, and the like of which, I suppose, had never been in France before. There were some, who, though young, were politicians, and whose bitter taunts caused me often to bedew my pillow with tears for the involuntary share I had had in the Peninsular war, and the unconscious yet unpardonable degree in which I had been accessory to the illtreatment of Napoléon Bonaparte by Sr Hudson Lowe.

When Christmas came, and uprose Batten. Blessed be Batten evermore, and may the way of the world be soft to his feet, now, wherever he may bo. Batten was a pliarma eien anglais, — he kept an English chemist's shop in the Rue du Faubourg Saint Honoré, nearly opposite the British embassy. He was a meek, mild, fair little man, who earned, I am afraid, but a scanty livelihood in purveying these mouth mind blue wills and the air they breathe. Take any continental town—Tours, Nice. Pau, Ghent, Florence, Bailens, Bonn,—wherever the well-to-do English form a colony, forthwith there sits down a merchant to supply them with black dose and blue pull. Religion (of a bitter aloes and pepper admixture) comes next, a circulating library next: a consulate, perhaps, at last; but medicine is the primary necessary, and it must be supplied. So l'atten sold the "pilceenl" and the "nig-mist" to the English wayfarers in Paris. He had a very little wife, who was, for a wonder, quite as timid as himself. She used to cry a good deal. He had a good many children who had taken to the language, from their French bonne very kindly, and squabbled with one another in a delightful infantile jurgon. Finally, he had (confound her!) an Irish servant of all-work, cook, housemaid, house-keeper, and majordone who was tall, raw-boned, choleric and red-elbowed, who was the tyrant of the whole household—a most devout Catholic, a very faithful, good, honest-hearted creature, and the terror and torment of Batten's life.

My big brother was engaged to eat his Christmas dinner with some great lady who lived in a pavilion rouge hard by the Parc de Mongeaux. By the way it was neither a pavilion nor red, but was a great, staring, whitewashed house. I never knew a people (save, perhaps, the inhabitants of the Island of Earatatia) so prone as are the French to call things by names which do not belong to them. But Batten, who had some previous knewledge of my family (originally due to black-dose and blue-pull. I believe), invited me and my sister to partake of his Christmas cheer at the Pharmacic Anglaise. We both obtained the requisite permission. At five o'clock that dark December afternoon we find ourselves, attired in gala-costume, in the friendly Batten's salon, happy, hungry, and fail of home-thoughts.

There was Batten in a white waistcoat, looking—with his fair glossy hair plastered over his meek little forehead—to my irreverent mind far more like a waiter than a doctor, yet with sufficient odour of lozenges and ipecacuanha pervading him to vindicate his Apothecaries' Hall's pretensions. There was Miss. Batten in a pink dress, and with pink cyclids too. The pudding had, perhaps, proved too much for her sensibilities. There was Consin Louisa, a relative and retainer of the house of Batten. She was hideous, but friendly, and was quite a Child's Own Book of stories and games. There was Captain Chiff, late of the Royal Waggon Train, who had lived in Paris ever since the peace of eighteen hundred and fifteen, and was reported to repose himself, every autumn, in the debtors' prison of Clichy (at the suit of some creditor who was compelled by law to pay a franc a-day for his support there), just as one might retire to a villa in the country. There were two Misses Chiff, angular, mu-

sical, and frost-bitten, manily-speaking. And finally there was great store of children—the young Battens, ourselves, and some youthful pilgrims at various Parisian boarding-schools, similarly circumstanced, who had been bid to the formal by the friendless that the formal beautiful to

eat the fatted pudding by the friendly Batten.

We, children, were very happy and noisy, and talked and laughed much, comparing our school experiences among ourselves. The elder guests were decorously cheerful; but I could observe (I was a bit of an observer even then) that a gloom hung over our hosts. Mrs. Batten's evelids, I repeat, showed symptoms of recent lachrymatory irritation. Batten was perturbed in spirit. He looked frequently towards the door; he asked me much too frequently if I was ready for my didner; and he changed colour, and looked posturely wretched when the door opened, and Irish Many, so was the tyrannical servant of all-work called, came to lay the cloth for dimor. I noticed (inquisitive orchin) a certain wildness in that donestic's eve, an unsteadiness of gait, a mingled imbeeility and fercetty of expression. You know how precociously shrewd children are—how they are grited with a sort of second-sight—how the listle scholars in Shenstone's charming poem eye the birch-tree, and shape it into reds, and tingle at the view. Well, I noticed all these things about Irish Mary; and another of my senses became awakened to a certain odour, half saccharine, half alcoholic, and I shaped it into run, and trembled for the pusiding.

Mrs Batten had already dropped a tearful hint about a French female cook, who had been engaged the day before to prepare the dinner, Irish Mary having given symptoms of a recurrence of a disorder known as tautrums; which tantrums were evil spirits that lasted ordinarily about a week, and required to be laid in a red sea of rum. But the French cuisinière had broken down in an early stage of the proceedings. She had fainted : her syncope being attributed partly to the confined atmosphere of the kitchen; (which, as in many French houses, was on the floor above our heads), partly the mortific floor above our heads), partly the mortifica-tion of having been worsted in verbal single combat by Mary, whose broad Connaught quite diminished her French; partly through tight lacing. The vast unjointy of French female cooks have waists like wasps, and wear lavender boots. At length, after we had waited what seemed to me an incon-minable time dispute was at laughth and ceivable time, dinner was at nounced. We, youngstern, were look and at a side-table. My dignity was a little hurt by this, as also by the insulting but well-meant offer of Cousin Louisa to cut up my mean oner or Cousin Louisia to cut up my mean or me; but I was consoled by thinking of pudding. We had some very mee somp first, some turkey roasted and stuffed with chestnuts. The roast-beef was to follow, and

then—then—the pudding.

It was to have followed, but it didn't. We waited a long time—a very long time. Our

chlers talked about the weather, the political at the earliest opportunity. But he never disturbances, uneasily. Mrs. Batten left the gave any more Christmas dinners.

Of Christmas disaster number two, though I was personally concerned in, and a sufferer

started, trembled, rose and spoke—
"Oh, children! children!" he said, wringing his meek little hands, "I fear you must make out the rost of your dinner with cake

and wine!

Good gracious ' what had happened ? Had the French cuisinière sunk under syncope? Had her sweethtart, the Sapeur-pompier, arrived and revenged her by sabering Irish Mary? Was the budding spoilt? Yet we Mary ? Was the pudding spoilt? Yet we could smell it still (all odours are sentient in a French house), but, mingled with the smell, came soughing on the draught (all French houses are full of draughts) a wild demoniac sound, as of some person singing in the upper

I know not what impulse seized us, but we all rushed up-stairs—Captain Chiff leading the van, bravely, the Battens bringing up the rear, weeping, and we, children, hovering on the flanks like skirmishers. We reached the kitchen, and there we saw a sight that would have made sore eyes sorer. Everything was in confusion; but on the hearth confusion was worse confounded. There, O lovers of Christmas and its cheer, there was the re-mainder of our looked-forward-to dinner! mainder of our looked-forward-to dinner! Beet, pulling, mincepies, vegetables, melted butter, charcoal, ashes, brandy sauce, sauce-pan-lib, and horse-radish, all blended together in one bideous holocaust; and in the midst of the rains of this culinary Carthage ant the infamous Irish Marins, wildly drumming with her heels on the floor, and with a ladle upon a stewpan!

She was tipsy. Her hair was dishevelled; her face was red. Empty bottles of every description (she was not particular in her drink, though she preferred rum) betokened the way she had been going. But she heeled not our presence; and in the very face of Neurosis—of us, defrauded innocents of her wronged master and mistress-thus the sang, in a foud, long-sustained howl-

Flare up, Mary! Flare up, Mary! Fiddle iddle um tum Tow row! row!

Slowly and sailly we descended the stairs, to make out the rest of our dinner with cake and wine. As we regained the salou, the air and the words that the wretched woman was She sangsinging changed.

Hen roar, up she rouses, What shall we do with the drunken sailer?

What was to be done with the drunken was to be done with the drunken cook. She could not be paid her wages, turned out of doors, or given in charge in a foreign land. I believe Eatten sent her back to Connaught

I was personally concerned in, and a sufferer by it, I must speak more in the third than in the first person. Indeed many of the circum-stances which helped to lift the veil of mystery that at first enveloped this disaster were only subsequently elicited by the testi-mony of other parties. Witnesses had to be mony of other parties. Witnesses had to be examined, evidence sifted and compared, before the full horror of the event that took place in Rhododendron Villa, Addison Road, Bayswater, could be fully comprehended or placed before the public in a narrative form. An interval of ten years must be supposed to have always the first and second

to have elapsed between the first and second Christmas disaster, I had grown above sidetables, and had a soul too haughty to have my meat chopped. I was old enough to shave, to blush, and to be in debt. I was old enough to feel a pleasure, and call it pain—to fall in love with a stay-busk, some to be invited to eat my Christmas dinner at the hospitable mansion of Mr. (harkison Rabbets, one of the eighteen clerks of the Petty-sky-blue-seal Office (since abolished), and fool enough to have my hair curled, and to put on silk stockings and pumps. We were very genteel—ob, exerusiatingly

We were very genteel—oh, exercicitingly genteel, but not very lively. Our boots were as bright as the fire-irons, and the younger portion of us, when spoken to, blushed a much deeper red than the fire. A footpage opened the door. We were waited upon at dinner by a stately female domestic, who was an astonishing compromise between a house-maid and a thoroughbred footman. She wore tinglets, but they ought to have been pow-dered; she were an apron, but it should have

been plush.

The dinner was very genteel. We had fish; boiled turkey and oyster sauce; kickshaws. People drank wine with one another, and had affections of the spinal marrow in doing so. I made my usual highly-successful mistake of pouring sherry into a port-wine class following it up by my inimitable feats. glass, following it up by my inimitable teats of upsetting my glass, turning a deep peony red, looking at myself in my spoon, and then wishing that I could sink through the earth, that the pudding would come, or that I were

The pudding: it was below, and though Mr. Charkison Rabbets was a genteel man, in the copper. It was below, under custody of Jane Buck the cook. It was still impresented in its cloth, leaping, bubbling, blobbing, rumbling in its cavernous bath of boiling water. It had yet to be withdrawn, to be plunged into cold water, to be garnished with holly, and soused in brandy sauce, and to be served up on the dining-room table, to the pride of Jane Buck the cook, and the delight of a gentuck party. dining-room door-I will not say in selecting for his own refection tit-bits from the dishes that came out. The genteel housemaid who should have worn plush was waiting upon us. Jane Buck was in the front-kitchen, and was thinking that it was pretty nearly time to see about taking the pudding out of the

It was now just dusk. We had dined at three o'clock, a genteel, but not fashionable, hour. The cook had just turned to go into the kitchen where the copper was, when she saw, looming through the area window, and darkening it, the dresser, the pic-board, her own work-box, and a human face !

It was a large, dark, and very ugly face, closely shaven, but surrounded by long, lank, black greasy hair; and round the occiput was a mark, as if the face's proprietor had been in the habit of tying a string round his head. It might have been the face of a bravo, of a murderer, of Medusa, of the awful Bull-and-Mouth itself; but it was worse than all these to the unfortunate Jane Buck.

The face, accompanied by the body that owned it, speedly entered the kitchen itself. A wide-awake hat of ashen hue surmounted it. The face was some six feet from the ground; below that was a long, voluminous Spanish cloak; and that was all, save Jane Buck and the twilight.

The cook did not scream : she did not faint, but she turned deadly pale, trembled in every limb, and fultered—

'usband!"

was indeed her husband; her wicked, vacabondising, brandy-drinking, short-pipe-smoking, wages-squandering, kitchen-stuff-devouring, unfaithful husband. Jane Buck's husband was the famous, but abandoned, artist, Signor Buck. He was by vocation a juggler, but was sometimes an acrobat, and husband had been seen as an Ethiopian serenader. He had deserted his wife for years, paying her only periodical visits to extort money from He had even taken from her the only pledge of their union—a son, aged five—and the unhappy mother had once caught a glimpse of her wicked partner, in tights and apangles, standing on the head of another reprodute similarly attired, and holding forth their innocent offspring—the babe was also in tights and spangles-at arm's length, and

by one legs.

"Thomas Buck," continued the cook, quaveringly, "what 'ave brought you here?
What do you want?"

"Blunt!" answered the head and cloak

"Blunt!" answered the head and cloak fiercely. At the same time a gaunt, bony, knotted hand extended itself from the ample folds of the Spanish garment. It struck the pie-board violently. Then seeming to waver, it shook for a moment in thin air, theu, almost unconsciously, closed upon the leg of a turkey in a half-emptied dish. The twilight obscured the canubalic action; but, from a

The little footpage was engaged outside the craunching sound and the previous autening room door-I will not say in selecting cedents of Signor Buck, there is every reason to believe that he was eating the drumstick

of the turkey.

"Tummas Buck," replied Jane his wife,
"you 'ave 'ad my wages, my saving—you have drunk my perkisits—you 'ave taken away my dear, dear little boy—what 'ave you done with him, Tummas!"

"He's a fizzer now," answered Signor

"He's a fizzer and Buck, gloomily.

"A fizzer l" ejaculated the cook.

"'Prenticed to a swallower," the cruel father answered. "He's a doing carver's knives now, but he'll square red-hoot pokers in doo time. But where is the blunt l' must in doo time. But where is the blunt l' must a mag—I'm dry—give me blunt, plate, or linning, or grease. "I won't," said his wife, indign

"I won't," said his wife, indignantly.
"You won't!" exclaimed the signor, vicntly; "you won't! then to Spain—to lently; "you won't! then to Spain—to Spain!"
This was too much for Jane Buck: brute

s he was, she loved her husband. She flung her arms round him, promised him money,

and entreated him not to go to Spain.

"To Spain! to Spain!" the signer continued to ejaculate. "To Spain! Gods! had tinued to ejaculate. "
I but a marlinspike!"

What the dissolute juggler would have done with a marlinspike, or whether he wanted one, or anything indeed, save money from his foolish wife, is problematical; but the threat, coupled with the expression of his wish for the nautical instrument in question, moved his wife to empty out her pockets and her workbox before him, and bid him help himself.

Signor Buck was just in the act of transferring the contents of these objects within the penetralia of his Spanish cloak when the parlour bell rang violently, and the cook rau out of the kitchen, bidding her husband wait her return await her return.

Signor Buck was never seen again. silver spoons and a fish-slice, the property of Charkison Rubbets, Esq., were never again; and, worse than all, the Christman plum-pudding—the pride, the hope, the joy of the family—disappeared with the species and the fish-slice, and was never seen again, and we went puddingless that Christmus-

day.

Heaven send us all many more Christmases, and no worse disasters than these to chaques

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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SATURDAY, SEPTEMBER 22, 1855.

THE BUCKLER SQUIRES.

TEN years have passed since my first visit to Riverport—there railways had not yet penetrated. A lumbering cross between an

Tax years have passed since my first visit to Reverport—there railways had not yet penetrated. A lumbering cross between an omnibus and an ancient stage-coach crawled up and rambled down many little hills. We left the eastle and the cathedral, the half-deserted city—melancholy in spits of gay minforms, searlet and blue; for round-about railways, rejected by city pride, have taken away all the trade of thirty-four gallantly appointed coaches, with consequential coachmen and Lothario guards, who, bugle in hand, charmed and broke the hearts of unnumbered chambermaids.

We travelled—slowly but steadily; for the rough were hard and sound—sometimes between high chalk banks, encumbering many a rough of fertile soil, sometimes between that plantations of young upright trees, extending for miles, where the loud crack of the driver's whip waked up some combative cockplication from his doze after an early morning meal. We passed fields destined for wheat, where two great strapping fellows, with four strong houses dragging a clumpy wooden plaugh, slowly and with monstrous dignity turned up miles of light soil. This was a county of hops, for whose benefit all other crops were staived. When all his science, and capital, and credit, had been exhausted on the hop-garden, the farmer treated the poor corn-fields to a sort of Barmeeide feast, by scratching them with a superfluity of horse and man's labour, and nothing more. Next, we passed hop-gardens in their winter state. The creeping vines with the green foliage, the clustering flowers, and rich perfume, were and eserted camp, with huts (of hop-poles) left standing. So, first ascending as if by stepe of short ascent, and then as steadily descending, we reached the brow of the hill, where the vale of Riverport opened before as.

It as a vale, such, in summer time, as we dram of in dreams, or favey in school-days, if

before as,

It is a vale, such, in summer time, as we dream of in dreams, or fately in school-days, if value it some school among the dreary flats of a few country, after reading Rasselas. They have part of the road creeps down along one ade of a steep turf-covered hill, thinly apprahled over with yew-trees of unknown

age, that seem stretching their monstrous arms, and point to where a Druids' enirn marks the interval between the skin-clad Britons, whom Caesar conquered, and the smock-frocked natives, who drink, not mead, but beer. Sheep feed on the sweet turf of the hill sides, in great flocks, white-faced and black-faced; with few traces of the ancient horned breed of the county, that made the wealth of the yeomen of Kent in Robin Hood's day, before the invasion of the "hops, carp, and pickerel." On the descending side, the mighty basin, smooth as if scooped out by Titan navigators' spades, is lined over with the many divisions of the varying fields. Here stubble fields, where the brown partridges cower as we pass. There pastures dotted with speckled cattle, black and white, more picturesque in the meadow than profitable to the butcher,—hop-grounds and the richly brown red of lately-ploughed fields. These repeated, again and again, carry the eye from the steep winding road which we skid down, beyond the fields, and the high banked hedges, to an ancient park of undulating slopes, thickly timbered with oaks, fast changing colour in the winter winds. Lower still, Riverport appears, with its solid church-tower, a grey speck upon the landscape. Masts and brown sails mysterously moving, tell of unseen barges slowly creeping up a winding river before a favouring wind. More farms, farm-houses, with dusky thatched roofs, and long wooden barns. Then, on the other side the river, up rose, by degrees, the rounding hills, half-fields and half-plantations, where more hop-poles grow and more pheasants breed.

It was very pretty, ten years ago, to look down on this scene, and to take in the details as they grew with sight.

But, when we reached the boundary of the patk we had admired in the distance, it was impossible not to be struck with the signs of desolation. The park palugs broken down

But, when we reached the boundary of the park we had admired in the distance, it was impossible not to be struck with the signs of desolation. The park palings broken down in a score of places; the lodge weather-stained, covered with mangy thatch; its little garden overgrown with weeds, and vegetables run to seed; a brood of darty children staring and shouting as we passed; the mansion itself—a large, many-undowed brick building—absolutely deserted.

Our coachman—a cross-breed between an

hostler and a ploughnan, and not of the to distribute the dead—only growled out, in soswer to our curious questions, "That's Buckley Park. I've heard that the grandfather of the squire drave his coach-and-six, but this un's a poor creatur"

We relied slowly on, and crossed a narrow high backed bridge, where a gang of idle country louts lounged over the parapets, slanging the bargees as they tided through

Riverport had a village of a single street, with a church, an almshouse, and a dozen taverns; before whose doors red-cravatted, with a church, an almshouse, and a dozen taverus; before whose doors red-cravatted, flumed shirted giant bargees and nondescript ruffians—a mixture of the pauper labourer, the poacher and the tramp—with the help of slattern women, several fiddles and an organ, fought, shouted, and made a hideous din. The village, with church tower, and cottages with quaint chimney-stacks—so picture sque from a distance—formed a streggling, filthy lane, of decayed dwellings of stone, mud, and timber, used at haphazard. Every window was open; and, at almost every one, some slattern woman loiled and screamed to the children playing in the street. in the street

A man with a fishing-rod is not afraid of a dirty village. My visit was to my old friend, Splinters (lately settled in Riverport, in all the new-flown dignity of the alphabet granted by the dignitaries of surgery and drugs) with a behind thought, as the French say, of experimenting on certain famous trout streams. The village doctor knows everything. Is he not the Confessor of the nineteenth cen Hence my knowledge of Buckley or

Packleigh Park.

where Buckleigh Hall now stands, stood, so says Domesday Book, at the Conquest, the dwelling of a Saxon Thane. The Conquest gave it to William de Bouclere, one of his captains, with many thousand acres besides. From fither to son, with scarcely a break from the direct line, the hall, the park, and a fair estate, had descended up to the and a fair estate, had descended up to the time of the grandfather of the last owner. The stone keep and castle built by the first the l'uekleigh, was dismantled in the wars of the Roses. A Bouclere Buckleigh, in Queen Elizabeth's time, built a pleasant mansion, after the fashion of that age. In William the Third's time, terraces, and clipt yew trees, and famous gardens were added by a prudent name, who married a Dutch merchant heiress. The time of George the Second gaven fantastical, powdered, patched Dame Agatha Buckler and famous gardens were added by a prudent man, who married a Dutch merchant heiress. The time of George the Second gave a fantastical, powdered, patched Dame Agatha Buckler, anxious, above all things, to be genteel; so she took advantage of a fire to alter what was spared into a sash-windowed, pillared, porticed hall. Successive alterations in the same apicit, with the help of stucco and stone pillars, reduced the once picturesque hall to a heavy yellow square parallelogram of carpenters' architecture; as unlike the ancestral house of the family as the last male heir.

was to the knight who won his manor at Hastings.

In course of time, the Buckleighs were transformed into Bucklers. The first of the family was also the last who did anything to mark his name upon the county history. The Buckleighs and Bucklers were squares and justices of the peace; they never aspired to be knights of the shire. They gone all in the peace is the shire of the shire. rally intermarried with other Bucklers, cousins

rally intermarried with other Bucklers, cousins more or less removed, and were not prolific. We don't hear of any Bucklers famous in the army or the navy, the law or the church. Some of the Squires Buckler kept hounds; all hunted and shot; committed poachers to the county jail; and drank to the king (over the water) until there was no king there to drink to: and then, with equal zerd, drank to drink to: and then, with equal zerd, drank to made it a point of honour to drive four King George fifty years ago. The Bucklers made it a point of honour to drive four horses, or a set of horses, as it was called, and not to allow their daughter to marry any one who could not keep a set for them discontented spinsters, and some shocking runaway marriages by maiden Bucklers, who were thenceforward chased out of the county by a union of squires and squires-en. It need scarcely be said that, with the important exception of the Dutch heiress who portant exception of the Dutch heiress who introduced asparagus-bedsand foreing-houses, but who died early of apoplexy, leaving one son, the Bucklers encouraged no innovations. If ad ploughing by the horse's tail ever been the custom in England, it would have survived last in Buckler Park.

The Bucklers were hospitable to neighbours of their own rank, after their own heavy fashion. In the servants' hall, and kitchen, there was a sort of open house for all camers. Some lazy fellows or untidy women, has do the numberless cousins of the army of dependents, were always in the kitchen having cold ment, bread and cheese, and strong ale; of which hast huge butts were brewed every October. They were charitable, too, after their fashion. On certain days, and especially St. Thomas's day, consecrated by immemorial castom, a crowd of the villagers marched up with basket and wallet, and received fixed allow-ances of food, clothes, and firewood, without distinction or inquiry; so that in course of time every family able to obtain a footing in River-port counted on "Thomassin," the annual dole from the Hall, as so much income to be added

The Bucklers, too, were religious, after then rishion; that is to say, the squire seldom fashed to appear and to slumber in the huge enclosed family pew, safe behind curtains from inspection; except from that of the charity beve in the Buckler uniform of green and yellow in the gallery. The Bucklers did not approve of education for the poor, and it must be confessed, that nothing serious was done in the Buckler charity school to inter-

fere with their prejudice. The Buckler tenantry were settled down the richest land in the county, at rents which had not been raised for many generations. They grew magnificent crops of weeds; and trusted to a good season, now and then to set them all straight. A Buckler terant was commonly, at least, a year in arwith green timber, which he used wastefully, because he got it for nothing—almost tumbling alout his eas. He was always grumbling, as was natural; for those who grumbled got an allowance. One knowing fellow obtained two reductions of rent by asking for a new barn, which he eventually built of the squire's bain, which he eventually built of the squire's timber, carted by the squire's team. Another delucied temant, whom accident had sent to an uncle in the north, in his youth, was rewarded for some spirited improvements, by having his reut raised. He did not seem to modificat much; but, on its being observed that his daughter played the piano, he received active to quit—the only instance of constructs ever known. ej etment ever known.

You might know the Riverport and Buckler Informers anywhere by their lounging gait, an i the ingenuity with which, when standing still, they managed to lean against a tree or a past. They seemed to crawl through life with one eye constantly turned toward the Hall chan, and the other, toward the workhouse, as the final, certain end of their journey, as the final, certain end of their journey. They touched their hat to the squire, with the protoundest humility, and mocked him, behind his back, in their peculiar dialect, over her own harvest-beer.

Vith such landlords, such tenants, and such

labourers on the outlying farms, the Home Park farm, and the park itself kept pace in declare. Everything was taken out, and no-thing put in; weeds buried the corn, thistles, The old fruit trees died out in the gardens, no one troubled himself to graft or plant. On c or twice, one of the squires ordered a collection of young fruit trees for walls and standard: but, when they came no one took the trouble to tend them when planted. The

money to pay for it, and each succeeding inheritor grew poorer, prouder, feeler in constitution, shier, and more reserved than

constitution, sales,
his predecessor.
The last squire, Arthur Buckler, declined invitations, and, by degrees, his neighbours ceased to call. He was not a young man ceased to call. when he came to the property; and, as he did not show any signs of marrying, in spite of vigorous assaults made on his bachelorship by ladies willing to renew the glories of Buckler Hall, the moss covered walks up to the hall were never marked by the carriage wheels of neighbouring squires, and were only trodden by villagers hurrying thanklessly along to receive their charity doles—the last

remnant of the pride of the Bucklers.

At length, a few months after my visit, the bell tolled, and the last of the De Bucklers was magnificently buried; leaving behind him a village of paupers, where strapping, able-bodied fellows kept the relieving officers in constant work, and took their relief as if it had been their wages—a workhouse full of silly children, deserted wives, and mothers never wed, and an estate so covered with mortgages, bonds, and law costs, that it was not worth claiming by any of the remote descendants of female heirs, whom the pride and coach-and-four of the Bucklers had sent wandering to distant countres and

foreign lands.

After due time for the performance of those solemn ceremonies with which the tribe of legal boa-constrictors consume an estate, of legal boa-constructors consume an estate, huge placards and column-long advertise-ments informed the neighbouring squires and squiresses that the estate which the first Da Buckleigh won with his battle-axe was to pass away under the hammer of Mr. Cerulo Smug, the noted auctioneer. Then curicisty broke loose; the hall, the gardens, the pass, the home-farm were all explored. The neighbouring town sent forth fiv-leads arrived with bouring town sent forth fly-loads armed with catalogues of the pictures, furniture, plate, valuable library, carriages, harness, farm-stock of the late Arthur de Malpas de Buckleigh, Esquire;—the auctioneer having revived the old names. The moss-covered old names. The moss-covered avenues were out up with vehicles of all descriptions, from the Honournble Ridley Rowpoint's four-in-band drag to Moses Mordecai's racing-pony dog-cart. But there was very little to see, dog-cart. But there was very little to see. The furniture was worn out, and its fashi n was neither ancient nor modern. Of rich oak carvings and quant needleworked tapestry there was none. The varied cellar of wines standard: but, when they came no one took the trouble to tend them when planted. The gardeners were the only persons who got a good supply of vegetables. They kept pigs in their own Dutch garden. The squires of Buckler Hall were like the Dutch-planted piptons: they gradually were out without any special extravagance; they muddled their of the Ladies' Magazine. The gardens were to come away in miserable litigation, and the expenses of buying more land, and borrowing does wandered dolefully. A monatrous bare A monstrous barn

of admirable workmanship, dating back to the fourteenth century, was full of nothing but colwebs. A few melanchedy cows and a pair of aged hairy-legged eart-houses were the only sign of farming stock. The carriages figuring in the catalogue were an ancient family coach, in which a hen turkey was hatching her broods (not for the first time apparently) , a chariot with three wheels, and

a wonderfully tall gig.

Nothing remained to show the ancient glories of the De Buckleighs, except the avenue of oaks, the groves of beech-trees, and two solitary cedars waving over either end of the

mouldering terrace.

Although the great Mr. Smug exerted all his eloquence, and dived into Domesday Book, his eloquence, and dived into Domesday Book, and the History of Landed Gentry by the ingenious Mr. Perk, there were no bidders. The village was the natural appurtenance of the Hall, and there were few rich enough and bold enough to embark in an investment so dilapidated that for many years there must be perpetual outgoings, and few comings-in, in order to put the estate into decent condition. A century of neglect had to be recovered.

auction fell dead, advertisements so the nuction ien dead, announced that all that beautiful estate, including the park and mansion,—with the manorial rights, and also all the village of Riverport, were to be disposed of by private Riverport, were to be disposed of by private contract, on application to Messrs. Brown and Crayton, Solicitors. The mansion was shut up, the few servants and dependents migrated, some to settle on their savings, others to the workhouse and the almshouse. In a more remote part of the county, before the age of railways and high-roads, Buckleigh Park might have grown into a wilderness for Park might have grown into a wilderness for gipsies to settle on, and tramps to appropriate. Some did, on the unfenced land. priate. box

a rumour ran through the country—travelling by way of the parish surgeon, the parson, and the lawyer—that a Loudon man had bought the Buckleigh estate, and was going to live there. Among a cer tain class peculiar to every agricultural county, as much indignation was excited by this intelligence, as if a burglarious entry into the Hall had been effected by "the London man."

The class I mean are respectably descended from old squirearchical families, or fancy they are; at any rate, they have not been in trade for at least two generations—it includes a select few of the learned professions—brieftess barristers who have retired to cultivate a few hundred paternal acres, and been made magistrates on the strength of connection and profession; parsons (a decreasing number, I am glad to say) who despise their flocks, especially the broad-cloth section.

These squires and their dames with very moderate original education, not much enlarged by travelling, or sharpened by the rapid and miscellaneous society of the great world of great towns, where dulness, unless

gilded with millions, so soon finds its preper place, associate with each other, ruminate over the same round of stationary ideas, and speak a language-unintelligible to strangers -composed of a mosaic of allusions to county or parish gossip. They generally agree in worshipping a county idol. Sometimes it is a duke or an earl,—in less titled counties, a baronet of the Browncoated school,-and this idol is their standard of taste, fashion, morals, and politics. To be noticed by the idel is to be happy, as that fortunate Peri commemorated by the late Mr. Thomas Moore;—to be unnoticed is to be miserable and contemptible. Loyalty to their idol, whose reflected brilliancy is supposed to give the worshippers a certain degree of importance, is the special virtue of these squires. It is not safe to suggest that any one not belonging to the set has fatter phoses at the fatter phoses are finer because the set has fatter pheasants, finer horses, a better port wine, or more anything than the idol.

A shrick of horror was raised at a county tea-table, when a young rebel—a medical student fresh from St. George's—ventured to hint that perhaps the new purchaser might be a person of taste and spirit.

"Good heavens!" exclaimed a chorus, " the

idea of some tailor or grocer or alderman succeeding to Buckler Park; building a villa with transparent drawing-room windows, a green door, a brass knocker, and a leaden Cupid for a sun-dial; cutting down the eld trees, and having his vulgar city acquaint-ance to visit him." However, as no one of the species was prepared to protect the county by paying the price of the estate, Buckler Park passed into the hands of the London

Surveyors came down with chains, mysterious triangles, and dumpy levels.
Trees were felled and vistas opened. On one day it was announced that the Hall was to be levelled to the ground; and the next that every tenant and every cottager who did not hold a lease had received notice to quit. The new man was beginning to take pus-session with a strong hand. The whole park session with a strong hand. The whole park and home-farm was divided by red lines of draining tiles,—the gardens and the farm-buildings shared the fate of the Hall, and nothing except the Dutch garden was spaced by the ruthless improvers; who, with new-fashioned spades and picks, barrows and carts, cleared all before them, and left not a stone or a brick to show where the last Buckler died.

From time to time I used to meet at Ligfrom une to time I used to meet at Lignum's Hotel, Gray's Inn, Mr. Clipper, a consin of my friend Splinter, a junior partner of Binds and Clipper, the legal from who did the business of nearly all the squires round Everport, and shared their antipathies and genteel port, and shared their antipathies and genteel prejudices with a zeal not injurious to their in-terests. My before described journey through his native parish was always an excuse for indulging the currosity, which, by a cost of

fasculation, I felt about Buckler Park. questions he answered, nothing loth. It was comical to watch the struggle between Chp-per's loyalty to his chents' county hatreds and the sacred awe with which he looked on every millionnaire. "Well," I would say.

port!"
"O! awful, upon my word! A complete
rancal—a leveller—no respect for anything accient-don't understand the feeling of the poor people-and has brought his detestable manufacturing notions into the county.

"Indeed! how's that—going to stand for the county on a programme of the Red Republic!"

to no, nonsense! But you see, he won't leave anything alone. Not left a vestige of the old place, and brought all new people on the farm; interferes in the parish school; wants all sorts of new-fangled notions to be taught there. With this education, we sha'n't have a servant soon. Won't let the poor fellows work in the way they've been accustomed, got a foreigner for a bailiff, and set

up a manufactory on the bank of the river."

"What, on the old brickfield? Why, I thought you sold up the last tenant of that brack-field for his rent?"

"Well," said Clipper, "it's no use talking to you. However, I assure you it's very aggravating to have a new man coming down. mong some of the oldest families in England, showing off his money-though, to be sure, the poor's rates are very much reduced. Confound it, I can't go into the town without hearing of some one wanting an order to see Do. kley Hall, and talking about the pictures and the statues, and the library, and the aviary, and the conservatory, and the model cottages, and the new school—hang his impudence! Why, sir, I've heard my father say that, in his time, no one under the rank of joer, or a prime minister, or at any rate a ry old baronet, presumed to have a picture-allery. The model cottages are the worst of all, to make all our people dissatisfied; and and to make all our people dissatisted; and a nools where—'poin my soul, you won't believe it—they teach even singing and diawing. They'll have a piano in every cottage, next. But that's not the worst. You see, money will do anything nowadays; so they've put the new man into the commission of the peace, and made him a deputy-lieutenant. You see, our people are obliged to be civil, for the new man's a cort of farourte with Lord Browndown and the Earl of Donnetley. To be sure, since he's been of Dompetley. To be sure, since he's been there, the shooting is very good at Buckley Park; the cock shooting in his new planta-tions by the river is famous after a frost, and e has an uncommon good notion of managing the woods; I must own that. So he does some how manage to get very good society. Why, tay cleant, Squire Thicksedde (the Thickseddes have lived on their own estate since the time of Henry the Eighth) was persuaded by his

wife-who wanted to see the Hall there was so much talk about—to accept an invitation to a shooting-party; and he wanted to know how the new man managed to grow such crops of turnips. You'll scarcely believe it but it's true, upon my word-he sat next at dinner to two men, and had a good deal talk with them; and you'll never guess who they turned out to be, for Earl Domperley and Bumptious, M.P. for the county, were there. Why, one was a painter, a fellow that does pictures for a living; and the other a news-paper man, and writes those vile things about the magistrates and the aristocracy. Mrs. Thickselde who found it out, and you may imagine how shocked she was; for it was she who turned her back on her favourite niece for marrying a cotton-apinner—a rich

"And who," I inquired, " is this horrid

"O! it's Mr. Wagerman; he was an eu-gineer, they tell me, or a stoker, or something of that sort once; but now he owns coal mines and all sorts of things. Rather a gentlemanly man, I must admit, and has a capital cellar of wine, but a perfect revolutionist.

After this conversation, I was not sorry to have an opportunity of paying a second visit to Riverport. An invitation from Splinter to try the partridge-shooting of one of his patient's forms in September, gave me an opportunity of comparing past and present-

A branch railroad—another of the in-novations due to the dreadful Mr. Wagerman-brought me within a couple of miles of Riverport. As we descended the steep side of the beautiful valley, Buckleigh Park in the distance seemed unchanged; the noble trees, waved their broad arms above the turf as of old; but green patches of young flou-rishing plantations, stretching over scores of rishing plantations, stretching over scores of acres, covered hill-sides formerly bare and barren. So soon as we skirted the park, the well-built wall, the next lodges, new clumps of ornamental trees, the healthy verdure of well-cultivated turf, fed over by beautiful cattle, gave signs of wealth, taste, and agricultural progress.

A broad straight drive through ancient trees brought to view the new hall-built of a cool grey stone, quarried close at hand-some what in the Elizabethan style, but without slavish absurdity of details; with a central tower and wings, in style and colour far more ancient than the hideous building it had replaced. Nearer approach gave to view a long stately terrace, adorned with vasus of marble filled with discount of the process of the colour far and attention in the colour far and and attention in the colour far and and attention in the colour far and and and attention in the colour far and and and attention in the colour far and and colour far and colo with flowers, and statues in bronze. Turf banks, with brilliant flower-beds, contrasted with the carved stone buttresses. At either extremity, trees, that had seen beneath their boughs many generations of De Buckleighs, completed the picture. In front, a herd of mottled fallow-deer, with here and there a black buck and a white doe, cropped the short sweet grasses which, with the aid of drain-pipes and careful cultivation, had supersceled the rushes and moss of the old park. Further on, separated by an invisible fence, fed the pets of the dairy. Pure Alderneys, with dark beseeching eyes; worthy of Juno, and more than one dappled, full-uddered Durham, and a choice flock of sheep, which gave a truly rural air to the dehelitful seens. delightful scene.

Entering the house-farm from the park-disturbing as we passed scores of half-tame pheasants, that fluttered up a moment, and then settled down again to feed—I found continued revolution. Every fence perfect, every gate swinging easily and catching fast; fields drained, dried, squared, and released of useless hedges (with enough left for shelter); some rich with yellow corn fast falling before the southe and reaping-machine,—very different southe and reaping-machine,—very different from the old style, where scarlet poppies and yellow charlock fought bravely, and not without success, for half the ploughed ground. Other fields, shaded with all the colours of green roots, Scotch turnips, swedes, and mangolds, flourishing and extinguishing weeds, where never anything but weeds grew before. Already, on a twenty-acre piece, clear of oats, half-a-dozen of Howard's iron ploughs, each drawn by a pair of quick-stepping horses, driven curricle fashion, were at work,—a practical satire on the Alexandrine style of four characteristics between our straggling horses and two clumsy men dragging a clumsy plough. Active boys, of a breed new to Riverport, were at work everywhere making war on weeds.

The lazy, drawling, thoughtless ways, once chronic in Buckleigh Park, had yielded to caruestness and active intelligence; just as the mangy deer had been superseded by a fine herd. A miserable five-score of bony, profitless sheep, by two great flocks of Cotswolds -the last great triumph of the skill of the English stock-breeders—the clumay wooden plaughs, harrows, and head-thickening, souldeadening flail, were replaced by the best work of the Hansomes, Garretts, Hornsbys, and Crosskills, for sowing and gathering agricultural crops.

To get implements with money and a friend to choose them, is easy enough; to get labourers to use them, and make them work the pace required for the profitable use of modern plements, requires qualities money cannot buy.

From the fields to the farmsteading was the natural course, to see where was the pro-duce, and what the fertifisers of fields con-verted in a few years from barrenness to verted in a few years from barrenness to overflowing crops. Good sweet haystacks in the corners of the grass fields, a fine array of round corn stacks, neatly built on stone tressels ranged around the huge larn, gave good promise of the interior of the farm-buildings. The huge larn, no longer emity or colorectable lead been tressels. empty or cobwebbed, had been turned into a business like agricultural manufactory. In one division a steam-engine roared

short sweet grasses which, with the aid of and worked machinery that threshed, windrain-pipes and careful cultivation, had super-newed, and east forth wheat at one code seeds the rushes and moss of the old park, and sent the sheaves of straw rolling up Further on, separated by an invisible fence, into the loft at the other. Under another into the loft at the other. Under another division, twenty-five great bullocks were fattening in the boxes which have immortalised the name of Warne—from the cribghtened Lothians to benighted Sussex. The same capacious barn-roof covered a byre for the milking of cows, and pens of numerous pers, whose food was cooked by the steam-engine boiler. boiler.

But enough of agricultural technicalities. From the farmstead to the village was the next step. More revolutions there. distance, saddle-backed, steep-roofed, belfried buildings, told of chapels, or schools. high-backed bridge was clear of idlers, perhaps a rural policeman on his rounds had something to do with the clearance; but wages to any extent for hard work had more. An earthquake or an army of navigators had been at work in the main street; for fully a score of aucient dwellings, with their green grounds l-covered and black thatched roofs, had disappeared, and were replaced by enough for pictures. Even cottages pretty the butcher's shop-projecting with an over-hanging roof, capital for shade, and convenient for displaying 'deceased muttons-was a bit of architectural effect. The windows where rags formerly did duty for glass had disappeared, and so had the dishevelled mothers and dirt-coloured children. The tenants, matched the houses. Faces and hands had not been forgotten when the water was applied to the diamond-paned windows and the scrubbing-brush to the floor.

A familiar humming sound drew me towards the belfried stone building, in whose style I recognised the picturesque taste of a sculptor who does not disclain to be an architect, or wood-carver, or anything clac, small or great, where beauty is required. This was the infant-school, built and supported at the cost of the new tenant of Buckleigh Hall, and well filled with little recruits, from as far round Riverport as little legs can go or be carried. There, the future peasantry and yeomanry of Buckleigh estate ware being trained a rose beauty of inn no were being trained—a rosy, happy, chirp as set. A little further on, the parish school appeared; but, O! how changed - cleaned, repaired, refitted. A trained master, bound to know something, had replaced the make-shift pedagogue. Maps, pictures and dia-grams—the famous black-board which so much puzzled Lord Harrowby's meating friend, explained the necromoney by which the wild boys of the village had been reduced to order, and inspire I with a degree of intelligence really alarming to any nequestive stranger like myself, who may vocame to put

a question on arithmetic or goography.

In a word, the church, the schools, the entrages, the shops, the streets, and the minbitants of Riverport, witness the care of a

handlord not solely bent on screwing out the

landlord not solely bent on screwing out the highest interest for his investment.

Reverport is now a quiet village, and acminude boatmen no longer run a muck through the one street, or fight pitched battles in the churchyard. They smoke the pipe of peace and drink mild ale without defying the passers by to mortal combat. The squeak of the fiddle may be heard at the Bargee's Rest in the evening; but at an carry hour every public "retires into the privacy of its own domestic circle," as the parish clerk sententiously informed us.

Do these material changes give unmixed

Do these material changes give unmixed Are the wives satisfied that their husbands work longer hours, get more wages, and drink less beer; that their childrem are taught to read, and write, and to wash their faces and hands; to sing hynns and psalms, and reverently pray in church? Well not quite. From Roman Horace's time

to Staty Carton's there have always been praisers of time past to be found.

An old woman of vinegar aspect and suspicious alcoholic odour, complains grum-blingly of the new man; that there is no the place now; and that the Hall hat it used to be. "Why, I can reisn't what it member the time when my good man could go and get as much dried wood out of the planand get as much dried wood out of the plan-tation as he could carry, and no one said a word, and now you mayn't take a stick. To be aure, they give away coals, and flannel, and me at to some; but they ask so many ques-tions, and want to know if the children go to school, and those that won't don't get none, except they're sick or so. Ah, those were the days when we went Thomassin' and got the best of alc. and beef, and clothes, every the best of ale, and beef, and clothes, every one airle, an' no prying into what you did. There was my poor son; just for nothing. Square Wagerman took and sent him across the water, poor lamb. They false-swore him. He never touched the pedlar's pack, I'm sure. And though my lady comes in her carriage, and brings me a few bits of things, I say those are not like the old times."

Very likely there are plenty more in the village of the same mind.

There are farmers, too, holding land under Mr. Wagerman who grumble a good deal at

Mr. Wagerman who grumble a good deal at his tyranny, but do not seem inclined to leave. On Riverport farms I find the reverse of the Irish landlord system adopted. The warse a man farms the higher his cent in reset. One old fellow grambles griev-ously because his land has been drained a another will, with that of his neighbours, and because he was clarged four pounds per cent interest for the operation. He confesses that he can feed sheep all the winter where that he can feed sheep all the winter where that he can feed sheep all the does not hold with draining, nor like paying, nor like leaving either. He complains, too, that he is never left alone. His buildings were all holding about his ears, or rather his cattle's here to look after, men could be created, and now nothing will serve the squire, through their work, nor remain stupid, if they

but a complete new set and a water-wheel to work a threshing machine: and hell have to pay for that, though father used this, and his father afore him. The young men accommodate themselves better, and it is plain to see that the force of example is ploughing in many mental seeds, grubbing up narrow mental boundaries.

But, next to the change in the village, the greatest change is in the kbouring men.

"When Mr. Wagerman first settled here," said my friend and guide, "piecework was unknown in the parish, but he seemed determined to make the men care their ware. mined to make the men earn their wages or leave the parish, and as it nearly all belonged to him, he had a fair chance. The first fight was when the ploughmen refused to use a pair-horse iron plough. That was settled, by the parish ploughmen being discharged, and others sent for from counties where crawling with a long team and an idle boy is unknown. The ploughmen soon gave in. Then came hay-making time. The new squire set a hay-making machine to work; first the hay-making machine to work; first the hay-making hay it wouldn't do. The makers broke it—that wouldn't do. The squire's blacksmith, a capital mechanic, imported from railway works, set it to rights. Then they struck in a body; but that did not help them far: there was the machine, and by collecting all his gardeners off and grooms, and giving a hand himself, the hay was got in in good order. The ignorant people in in good order. The ignorant people who struck against machinery, although the squire employed a hundred times more men than any previous squire of Buckleigh Park, at first found work in summer tramping about. In winter they were obliged to return home. There was grubbing up hedges, draining, and other improvement work to be done. Mr. Wagerman offered it by the piece. They struck again. They would not work by the piece: no, they would go on the parish the piece: no, they would go on the parish first. A servant sent on horseback with a hrst. A servant sent on horseback with a message to the telegraph soon settled that business. Four-and-twenty hours brought a supply of labourers very happy to work piece work. At a week's end the parish labourers out of work applied for parish relief, but they were not to be so included. The new squire met threats of Swing fires with his insurances: met threats of Swing fires with his insurances; undertook the reclaiming of a piece of waste, then recently enclosed, with spade labour. The trenching was offered at a pince sufficient for a good man to earn three shillings a day. All able-bodied men were referred to the spade-work on the common, and parish relief refused. Some worked and did well, some took employment with neighbouring purishes, some left the district; all worth having came to the squire's terms and conditions, and earned more money than ever they had earned in their lives.

had any brains. They not only earned more, but spent less at the public-house. Wholesome but spent less at the public-house. cottages, which they are made to keep clean, continue on the lessons learned in the fields. The Squire Wagorman's wife helps and assists The Squire Wagerman's who helps and assisted all she can, although with this generation it is up-hill work. To do what has been done required a resolute and wealthy person, who fully understood how to treat men, and how to use machinery. Mr. Wagerman tells me he looks forward to rest in future, when the generation now learning in the infant-schools

There are many men with estates, who mean well, but know not how to execute. Many who do not discover that it is for their inte rest to make those under them intelligent, sober, industrious. A great landowner can do more than a great prince; he can inoculate a whole county with a good example, if his good wishes are carried out with radical good sense.

This is no fiction; Wagerman is a real man. An estate cultivated in a most barbarous, unproductive manner has been made ferrile by simple means. A village where dirt, ignorance, idleness, intemperance, were chronic, has been rebuilt, sewered, and cleansed: schools have been established for the young, industry has been made essential to the labouring, independence has been cultivated among all. And this, by a man, who thought it worth his while, not less than his duty, to sink some years of a large income, in restoring a moral tone to degraded labourers, as well as fertility to an exhausted soil.

THE URSINUS.

THERE are few subjects that present to the psychologist more curious traits, and more psychologist more curious traits, and more subtle enigmas than lady poisoners. The character is so opposed to all our ideas of feminine feeling and affection, that, except under circumstances of extreme excitement, blind pealousy, or revenge of injured honour, its existence would seem hardly possible. If we search for motives, we find them to be generally of the most selfish and grovelling kind. They are, commonly, to put out of the way some or all of the people around who have money to leave. Other base passions come into play, but Manmon, the basest spirit that fell, is generally at the bottom of their career. find play, but Maninon, the basest spirit that fell, is generally at the bottom of their career, It is amazing the variety and amiability of character that is worn for years, to cover the food fiend within. For long periods these female vampyies live in the heart of a family

some, of the domestically amiable; some, of the devoted attendant on the sick and the the devoted attendant on the sick and the suffering. Heaven defend us from such devotion! May no such tigress smooth our pillow; smile blandly on us in our prins which she cannot take away, though she has the satisfaction of knowing that they will take us away; and mix with taper fingers the opiate of our repose! Amid the most stealthy-footed and domestically benign of this feline race, were the Widow Zwanziger, and Mrs. Gottfried, of Germany. They were amongst the most successful, Zwanziger, and Mrs. Gottfried, of Germany. They were amongst the most successful, though not the most distinguished, in this art of poisoning. They went on their way, slaying all around them, for years upon years, and yet were too good and agreeable to be suspected, though death was but another name for their shadows. Funerals followed these fatal sisters as certainly as thunder follows lightning, and undertakers were the only men who flourished in their path.

The Widow Zwanziger was an admirable cook and nurse. Her some and coffee had a peculiar strength; her watchful care by the

cook and nurse. Her somes and coffee had a peculiar strength; her watchful care by the sick bed was in all hearts; she kissed the child she meant to kill, and pillowed the aching head with such soothing address that it never ached again. Mrs. Gottfried was so attractive a person that her ministration was attractive a person that her ministration was so attractive a person that her ministration was sought by people of much higher rank than her own; she was so warm a friend, that she was a friend unto death, and one attached soul after another breathed their last in her arms. Husband after husband departed in the ranks. her arms. Husband after husband departed, and still her hand was sought, and still it practised its cunning. At length, in her four-and-fiftieth year she was detected, and arrested. In prison, she walked mid the apparitions of all her victims, west tears of tenderness over their memory, and finished by desiring that her life might be written; so that, having lost everything else, she might yet enjoy her fame.

All women of this class have had an extraordinary degree of vanity,—and, what is

ordinary degree of vanity,—and, what is more, they have had a perfect passion for their art. The Marchioness de Brinvilliers was an enthusiast in the composition of the rarest poisons, of which her accomplice, Sainte-Croix, was so eminent a compounder. The admiration of her beauty, the doctineto us of her rank, afforded her but a feeble satisfaction in comparison with that of watching the operation of some subtly lethal essence. She certainly was not the mere marchoness ford fiend within. For long periods these female vampyres live in the heart of a family circle, wearing the most life-like marks of goodness and kindness, of personal attraction and spiritual gifts; cares ed, felted, honoured as the very pride of their sex, while they are all the time calculating on the lives and the purses of those nearest, and who should be dearest, to them.

Some of these modern Medeas have played the part of the fashionable, or the esthetic;

public opinion, continued to defy it, and con-quered even that; and to the very last gasp persisted in playing the heroine. Nay more, persisted in playing the heroine. Nay more without confession, remorse, or penitence, she strove in her own way, and with no trifling success, to achieve the reputation of a saint. Surely it is worth while to dig up from the rubbish-heap of the Prussian criminal court, a few fragments of the history of such a

The widow of Privy-councillor Urainus lived honoured and courted in the highest circles of Berlin. Her rank, and the reputation of her husband, whom she had lost but a few years, her handsome fortune, her noble figure, and impressive features, together with her spirit and her accomplishments, made her a centre of attraction in the accident of the time. She hand in a substitute of the time. society of the time. She lived in a splendid house, and her establishment in all its appointments was perfect. We may imagine the constituence of her

Madame Ursinus was seated in the midst Madame Ursinus was seated in the midst of a brilliant company on the evening of the fifth of March, eighteen hundred and three, at the card-table, when a servant, with all the signs of terror in his face, entered, and informed her that the hall and ante-room were occupied by police, who insisted on seeing her. Madame Ursinus betrayed no curprise or emotion. She put down her can be begged the party with whom she was engaged at play to excuse the interruption, observing that it was some mistake, and that she would be back in a moment.

She went, but did not return. After wait-

She went, but did not return. After waiting some time, her partners inquired after her, and learned to their consternation that she was arrested and carried off to prison, on

she was arrested and carried off to prison, on a charge of poisoning.

A confidential servant, Benjamin Klein, had complained in the preceding month of february of indisposition. She gave him a basin of beef-tea, and some days afterwards some medicine in raisins. This, so far from removing his complaint, increased it; and when his mistress, a few days afterwards, offered him some boiled rice, he said he could not cat it, and was much struck by observing that she carefully put it away where no one else could get it. This excited in his mind strong suspicions that there was semething in the food which was detrimental to health, and associated with his condition. health, and associated with his condition. He resolved secretly to examine his nustress's room and cabinet, and in the latter he found a

small parcel, with the ominous label—Arsenie.
The next day his attentive mistress brought him some stewed prunes, which she recom-mended as likely to do him good; and this time he accepted them with apparent thank-fulness, but took care that none of them

apprentice of a celebrated apomecary. Parapprentice communicated the prunes and the suspicion to his master, who tested them, and suspicion to his master, who tested them, and apprentice of a celebrated apothecary.

found them well seasoned with arsenic. The apothecary very soon conveyed the discovery to the magistrate, and the magistrate, after hearing the statement of the servant and the lady's maid, arrested the great lady.

People, of course, now began to look back on the life of this distinguished woman; and it was presently remembered, that her husband and an unit, to whose last days she had are accordingly assidness attention and whose wealth paid assiduous attention, and whose wealth had fallen to her, had gone off suddenly. Madame Ursinus was at once set down as a second Brinvilliers, and wonderful revelations were expected. The general appetite for the many likes became revenues and insetiable. marvellous became ravenous and insatinble. There appeared almost immediately—it is wonderful how quickly such things are done wonderful how quickly such things are done
—a book, by M. Frederick Buchholz, entitled
the "Confessions of a Female Poisoner,
written by herself," which was rapidly bought
up and devoured, as the veritable confession
of the Ursinus.

But, alas for the hungering and thirsting public, Madame Ursinus was not a lady of the She was a clever, far-seeing confessing sort! contessing sort! She was a clever, lar-seeing soul, who had laid her grand plans well, and had allowed no witnesses, and feared no detection. True, if she had poisoned her husband and her aunt, the witness of the poison itself might be forthcoming; but chemical tests for poisons were not then so well known as they are now. The bodies were disinterred and examined, and no trace of poison was found. The state of the stomach and intestines were most suspicious; but the doctors disagreed as to the cause, as doctors will; and so far Madame Ursinus was safe.

But, there was no getting over the fact that the prunes intended for the cautious Benja-min Klein had arsenic in them; and the Ursinus was too shrewd to attempt to deny it. On this point she did confess, promptly, frankly, and fully. But then, she meant no harm, at least against him. She had no intention of murdering the man. What good could that do her?—he had no money to leave. No; her motive was very different. In early life her affections had been thwarted through the papel obligance of present a character of the state of the st through the usual obduracy of parents; she had married a man whom she highly esteemed, but did not love; another friend, whom she did love, had died of consumption; and she was disgusted with life. The splendour and gaiety which surrounded her were a hollow splendour, a wentisone gaiety. She had gaiety which autrounded her were a honor splendour, a wear isome gaiety. She had been prosperous, but that prosperity had only accelerated her present mood. She had outlived the rehsh of existence, and had resolved mended as heefy to do him good; and this heed the relish of existence, and had resolved to die. Ignorant, however, poor innocent to die. Ignorant, however, poor innocent soull of the force of this poison, she wanted to learn how much would be sufficient for its object; and therefore she had done as young had confidence; and she quickly carried off doctors are said to do in hospitals—nade a few the primes to her brother, who was the experiments on her patient, the union tanalog Barghania Klein. She had given him the his wife to make herself happy, and enjoy life very minutest quantity, so as to be quite safe, and had cautious y increased the successive doses—not with the least intention to do him any permanent harm, but to ascertain the effectual dose for herself. She would not for her hit have but the man. In society she had been noted for her sensibility—for the almost merbid delicacy of her nerves and the acutement of her symmetries. That was all As But Regay came not, he removed to her in the late that the man. In society she had been noted for her sensibility—for the almost morbid delicacy of her nerves and the acute-ness of her sympathics. That was all. As to the charges of having administered poison to the charges of having administered poison to be marcst connections, she treated the calumny with the utmost indignation. The judges were puzzled; the Ursimus was resolute in the protestation of her innocence; and the public were at a disagreeable nonplus.

And what really had been the life and character of the Ursimus? Sophia Charlotte Elizabeth Weingarten was the daughter of a so called Baron Weingarten—who, as secretary of ligation in Austria, had, under a

charge of legation in Austria, had, under a charge of high treason, crossed to Prussia, and assumed the name of Weisa. Fraulein Weingarten, or Von Weiss, was born in seventeen hundred and sixty. While residing in her teens with an elder married While resister, wife of the Councillor of State Hancke, at Spandau, occurred that genuine love affair which her parents so summarily trampled upon. She was called home to Stendal, and, in her nineteenth year, married to Privy-Councillor Ursinus. The privy-councillor was a man of high standing, high character, and most exemplary life; but, unluckily, all these gifts and graces are often conferred upon or a quired by men who do not possess the other qualities that young ladies of nine-teen admire. The worthy councillor was old, teen admire. The worthy councillor was old, sickly, deaf, and passionless. In fact, he was a dull, commonplace, diligent, unimaginative pack-horse and official plodder; most meritorious in his motives, and great in his department of public business; but just the last man for a lively handsome girl of nineteen. On the other hand, he had his good qualities, even as a husband. He had no juniousies, and the most unbounded indulgence. gence,

Soon after their marriage they removed to Berlin, where, amid the gay society of the capital, Midame Urainas soon contracted a warm friendship for a handsome young Dutch officer, of the name of Rogsy. Rogay, in fact, was the man of her heart. She declared, with her usual candour, in one of her examinations before the magistrates, that she was made for domestic affection. That as there was no domestic affection between herself and her departed husband, neither he nor she pretended any. They agreed to consider themselves as a legal couple, and as friends, and no more. As to Captain Rogay, she made no secret of it that she clung to him with the most ardent feeling of love.

This attrahuman the control of the c

This attachment, the privy-conneillor—the most reasonable of men—so far from resenting, encouraged and approved. He wished

underlined with his own hand.

But Regay came not, he removed to another place, and there, soon after, died. Here was now another subject of suspacion. Rogay had cause, said people, to keep away; while she fawned on him, she had killed him. But here, again, the testimony of two of the most celebrated physicians of the day was unanimous that the cause of Rogay's death was consumption and nothing more. The physician attested that he had attended Rogay while he was living and suffering under the roof of Privy-Councillar Ursinus; that Madame Ursinus displayed the most unequivocal affection for him; that the most unequivocal affection for him; that she attended on him, gave him everything with her own hand, and that no wife could have been more assiduously tender of him than she was. She called herself Lotté in her communications with him communications with him; not only because her name was Charlotte, but because she was an enthusiast of the Werter school, and loved to be of the same name as Werter's idol. But yet Rogay withdrew himself and died alone, and at a distance.

Three years after the decease of Rogay died Ursinus himself. Old he was, it is true, but he was in perfect health. The kind wife made him a little festival on his birthday, and in the night he sickened and died. He had taken something that disagreed with him—but what so common at a feast? Madame Ursinus sate up with him alone; she called not a single creature; she hoped he would be better. he would be better; but the man was aged and weak, and he went his way.

The year after, followed as suddenly her maiden aunt, the wealthy Miss Witte. One evening her doctor left her quite well, and in the night she sickened and died. The Ursinus was quite abne with her, called no single domestic, but let the good lady die in her arms. Both the bodies of the husband and the aunt, now Klein's affair took place, were disinterred and examined. There was were disinterred and examined. There was no poison traceable, but the corpus were found dried together as if baked, or as if they were nummies of a thousand years old. The skin of the abdomen was so tough that it resisted the surgeon's knife, and the soft parts of the body had assumed the appearance of hard tallow. The hands, fingers and that of the old many wars drawn together as ance of hard fallow. The hands, hogers and feet of the old man were drawn together as by spasms, his skin resembled parchuent, and the stomachs of both bore every trace of injury and inflammation which had reduced them to an inseparable mass. Yet, the eminent doctors declared that poison was not the cause of death in either case, — but apoplexy

old sining a spectacle and a fate, the whirling sword of the executioner and the falling head were exchanged for perpetual imprisonment, and the handsome, wealthy widow of forty was sent to spend the remainder of her days

in the fortress of Glatz.

In the fortress of Glatz.

Here she assumed a new character. Her part of the interesting woman of fashion was played out; she had become interesting beyond her wish, and fate had now assigned her another part,—to defend her life and reputation. There was a call to develope her powers of fortitude and of intellect and she embraced it; not only before the lect, and she embraced it; not only before the tributal of justice, but in her whole conduct through the thirty long years which she con-

timud a prisoner

No scotter had she entered on her quarters in the prison of Glatz, than she set about writing an elaborate defence of herself. In her room, which was the best the fortress afforded to its captives, and which she was allowed to furnish according to her pleasure, she placed a little table under the narrow window in the massy wall, and arranged upon window in the massy wall, and arranged upon it everything that was necessary for literary labour. She was surrounded by books: not only for refreshment of her mind, but for labourous research and instruction. In this defined at which she laboured, for she was by no means satisfied with that of her paid advocates, she now discovered the uncommon abilities with which she was endowed. If any now discovered the uncommon one had ever entertained a doubt of her powers of reasoning and calculation, of the fowers of reasoning and calculation, of the charmes of her foresight, and the acuteness of her penetration, that doubt was here at energlispelled in the most convincing manner. She proved herself so profoundly vast in the law, that she now struck her legal advects with astonishment, as she had done the judges on her trial. Her defence, which was allowed to her relatives to repeat the her relatives to repeat the her relatives to repeat the profession. thoused to her relatives, presented her in he in w character of a masterly writer and gal scholar. This defence is still extant. i no defence of a murderer, not even that Here ne Aram, is a more striking specimen thent and of well-assumed virtue and

virtuous indignation.
"Scarcely," she says, "can I call to mind, without the overthrow of my understanding and the atter prostration of my whole being, husbroid and my aunt. My innermost soul becomes worked with terror at the recollec-tion of the moment when I was seized with all the horners of death by the opened graves of my beloved relatives; when surrounded by all the panes of a deadly cruelty, and purcoad by the juries of a thousan istongued improvations. I heard myself cursed as the destructor of those who sank so safely to sharter in my arms. Had Providence ther, beard the sole wish of my heart, the

or—in short, that there was not the remotest symptom of poison so, materal of the pleasure loving multitude obtaining a spectacle and a fate, the whirling the sun on all the evidences of my innocence, which now, however, is made plain by other

means.

"In vain have I been for ten long months pursued, martyre I, broken to pieces, crushed in soul and body by the reproach of that shamefully horrible crime, and exposed to all the contempt and malice of the public. In vain have the graves of my loved ones been opened, the repose of the dead violated, and opened, the repose of the dead violated, and proceedings taken in the first capital of Europe, in this age of knowledge and humanty, under the eyes of the most aminble and kind-hearted of kings, that have no example, and with posterity will have no credence. In vain have I, unhappy one, been represented by inhuman writers as a monster and a terrible warning; in vain have I been painted, in the blackest and the most venomous of colours, as a lesson to my own, and a dark eternal memory to after times; in vain have I been a thousand times murdered and tortured,—the highest authorities, the clearest evidence, pronounce me gailthess."

In the prison she was allowed a female companion, and was often visited by distin-

guished strangers, whom so far from shrinking from, she was ever eager to see, never failing to describe her mistortunes in vivid colours, to assert her innocence, and intrent their exertions for her liberation. Many of these, however, thought that the lot of the poisoner who rustled in silk and satin over the floors of the fortress-compared with that of other convicts, who for some rule deed done in a moment of passion laboured in heavy chains, welded to carts, or with iron horns projecting above their brows, sweltered in deep pits—had nothing in it of a severity which warranted an appeal to

royal mercy. But, in her seventieth year, mercy reached her. She was liberated from prison, but restricted for the remainder of her life to the city and fortress of Glatz. Here she once more played the part, not of a poisoner, but of an innocent woman and an interesting the sheet of the city and fortress. poisoner, but of an innocent woman and an aristocratic lady. She again opened a hand-some house, and gave entertainments; and they were frequented! Nay, such was her vanity, that she used every diligence to draw illustrious strangers into her circle. anecdote is related on undoubted authority, which is characteristic. At one of her sup-pers, a lady sitting near her actually started, as she saw some white powder on a salad which was handed to her. Madame Ur-inus observed it, and said, smiling, "alarmed, my dear, it is not arsenic."

matter of curiosity, the grand attraction of the day. All went: but one individual, who had been overlooked in the invitation, out of resentment planned a savage joke. He bribed the confectioner to mix in the biscuits some nauseating drug. In the midst of the entertainment, the whole company were seized simultaneously with inward pains and sickness, gave themselves up for lost, started up in horror, and rushed headlong from the house. Glatz was thunderstruck with the news, which went through it like an electric flash, that the Ursinus had poisoned all her guests.

Regardless of these little accidents, the Ursinus lived a life of piety and benevelence; so said the gaoler of the fortress, and her female companion. She sought to renew her intercourse with her sister, Madame von Hocke, saying: "We are again the little Yetté and little Lotté; our happy childhood stands before me." But the sister kept aloof, and the wounded, but patient and forgiving Ursinus, exclaimed: "Ah! that life and its experiences can thus operate on some people, by no means making them happier. God neward us all for the good that we have been found worthy to do, and pardon us our many cruors!"

She died in her seventy-seventh year; and her companion declared that she could not enough admire the resignation with which she endured her sufferings through the aid of religion. She left her considerable property partly to her nephews and nieces, and partly to benevolent institutions. A year before her death she ordered her own coffin, and left instructions that she should lie in state with white gloves on her hands, a ring on her finger containing the hair of her late husband, and his portrait on her bosom. Five carriages, filled with friends and acquaintances, followed her to the grave, which was found adorned with green moss, auriculas, tulips, and immortelles: an actual bower of blooms. When the clergyman had ended his discourse, six boys and six poor girls, whom the Ursinus had cared for in her lifetime, stepped forward and sang a hymn in her honour. The gravedigger had little to do; female friends, and many poor people to whom she had been a benefactress, filled the grave with their own hands, and arched the mound over it. It was a bitter cold morning, yet the churchyard could scarcely contain the crowd. And thus the poisoner passed away like a saint.

WISHES.

Att the fluttering wishes Caged within the heart Beat their wings against it, Longing to depart, Till they shake their prison With their wounded cry; Open then thy heart to-days And let the captives fly. Let them first fly upward
Through the starry air,
Till you almost lose them,
For their home is there;
Then with outspread pinions,
Circling round and round,
Wing their way wherever
Want and wee are found,

Where the weary stitcher
Tools for daily bread;
Where the lonely watcher
Watches by her dead;
Where with thin weak fingers,
Tooling at the hoom,
Stand the little children,
Blighted ere they bloom.

Where by darkness blinded, Graping for the light, With distorted conscience Men do wrong for right; Where in the cold shadow, By smooth pleasure thrown, Human hearts by hundreds Harden into stone.

Where on dusty highways,
With faint heart and slow,
Cursing the glad sunlight,
Hangry outcasts go:
Where all mirth is silenced,
And the hearth is chill,
For one place is empty,
And one voice is still.

Some hearts will be lighter While your captives main For their tender singing, Then recal them home; When the sunny hours Into night depart, Softly they will neatle In a quiet heart.

A WIFE'S STORY.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER VI.

WHEN I was mad, of course they kept my children from me. Dr. Ryton took them to his own house. But their absence retarded my recovery. When once my censeless cry to have them back had been heeded, I recovered my reason; slowly, but surely, I grew quieter.

My Aunt Aston had come to norse me, I owed it to her that I had not been consigned to the tender mercies of an attendant at a madhouse—mercies tender enough for me, in truth! She watched with me, bearing my violence, and concealing the extent of it as much as she could; and she pleaded for me to be allowed to see my children. Dr. Ityton had loved my husband as a friend; so he had hardly patience to pity me; he left me much to the care of a stranger.

which to the care of a stranger.

When I could be moved, my aunt took mo and my children to a new place. I did not ask or care where. It was by the sea—a wild, lonely, lovely place. I was perfectly same then, but as weak and helpless as a child. I did not suffer much, even mentally;

mind was as worn and as much weakened as

my body.

Nobody saw me there but my aunt, my children, their nurse, Dr. Ryton, who saw me often there, and stayed sometimes unwillingly for days together, as much to watch them as to attend me, and Mr. Morton, the pastor of the district, an aged, most loving-spirited man. In him I saw the beauty of holiness, but I did not feel it. He tried to quicken my spiritual life to rouse me from my almost idiotic apathy, and to turn a broken spirit upward. My and to turn a broken spirit upward. My enly answer to him was—"Leave me; let me alone; let me be quiet."

My poor aunt sighed, far more heavily than of old, and shook her head; she thought me drifting into another world, laden with a cargo of unrepented sin that must sink me

"Shall we not tell her now? Would it not be better!" she asked of the grey-headed old man, who was turning from me disappointed, but unwerried. He shook his

"Be patient and hopeful; with our mer-ciful, all-pitying Father nothing is impos-tible. It is not His time yet."

"But I know it! I know it!" I said to myself, as they left me. "I am dying," and

Every day, through the long months of early and mid summer, I was carried down close to the sea's marge, and laid there on a mattress in the fierce hot sun. But that sun

d.d not seemed or even warm me; my heart was high dead, and I was always cold.

17. Ryton thought me sinking into lifelong diotey, with my frequent moan and ceaseless complaint of cold. But I was living

ceaseless complaint of cold. But I was living a thought-life, but so faint and so deep down, they could not know it; it was only now and then that I was conscious of it myself.

So I lay there, day by day—following my children with my eyes as they played upon the beach. They did not come very near, they were half-afraid of the still, white figure, and of the wild eyes fixed on them day after day.

"When will papa come home? when will he come and play here with us?" they asked Dr. Ryton one day.

They were hushed up and taken away, and the words seemed to me to come back out of a strange dream of some far past.

I remember that often I held up my hand feedly between my eyes and the sun, a ges-ture they did not understand. I wanted to feeoly between my eyes and the sun, a gesture they did not understand. I wanted to watch how daily it grew more transparent, for I became thinner, paler, more shadowy day by day. The bright sun never burnt my whote, sickly skin. For a long time they thought me dying, thought my brain was dead already.

Thank Thee for this most chiefly among Thy tender and numberless mercies, O God,

for spirit and flesh were alike subdued; my I thank Thee for this most fervently. I did not die, I lived !

Summer was not yet wearing into autumn, when my noble boy, my first-born, my young Harold, was taken ill. They did not know that I understood thom, when they talked of fever and danger in my presence. It was resurrection day to me, the day on which I heard them. Yet hardly so, I trust, for it was a resurrection to a knowledge or pain and a dread of death.

Their words sounded thunder-loud Their words sounded thunder-food in my ears, which lately had received sound very taintly and sense very vaguely. They stunned me only for an instant. I think my gradual fading away had been half-voluntary, for I was often dimly conscious that I had yet the power within me to rise and live. And now I rose up! It was wet, I think, that day, for I was laid on the couch by a fire; they had snoken and gage away. spoken and gone away

spoken and gone away.

I got up; I could stand; I walked from the room. In the passage I met a servant, who started back in affright, and ran to call assistance. But I crawled up-stairs and found my way to my child's room, and went in and up to his little bed.

"Let her alone," I heard Dr. Ryton say, as my aunt started forward and was hastening to me. I thanked him mest truly for those words. My boy turned to me with a cry of "Mamma, mamma!" I was very weak and I "Manma, mamma!" I was very weak and I sank down on his bed and his fever-flushed cheek was laid on my cold bosom. They let me stay: my boy fell quietly askeep—the first sleep he had had that had been quiet askeep ill they and refreshing since he was taken ill, they

He woke better. I watched him night and day; new life came to me a second time through him. And he loved me so! He would not suffer any one else to wait on him. And I watched the waning and waxing of the fever night and day; and the danger second over. The child grew worse and died. In my brief joy I had not turned to God; in my deep fresh agony I did not turn to him.

I could not sink back into the oblivion of my death in life. I sat watching by the dead beauty of my once so bold, bright boy: they talked of Heaven, hope, faith, meeting and consolation. I heaved, but heeded not at all. My grief was fierce and passionate at first; I laid the child's dead-cold hand on my heart, but it could not freeze nor still it. wardly quiet, lest they should think me mad

wardly quiet, lest they should think me madagain; but my heart burned, and night and day my spirit cried:

"Oh! Cruel! Cruel and Pitiless!" it raved against the Omnipotent; it lashed itself into impotent fury against the Will of the Great, Calm, and Just One.

My little girl they had sent away, but too late. She fell ill, and they brought her home. I would not believe it was the fover; she was always delicate, a little white blossom, and she had pined and fretted for her

brother. It was the day that my boy was at the door, and led me into the room where laid in the ground that my Lily came back to Dr. Ryton sat.

The two men looked at each other.

The two men looked at each other.

"Poor child!" the old man said, leading me to a seat.

"Poor child!" the repeated, looking at me to a seat.

"Poor child!" he repeated, looking at me tenderly. His gentle pity calmed me more than night, the second night after we had than night else could do. With my thin, buried her brother, burning hot, and talked wildly of papa, of Harold, of Heaven. I called my heavy wet hair, conscious of my wild, Dr. fixton and told him the child was restless disordered look. Dr. Ryton and told him the child was restless

and not, I thought, quite well.

"I expected this," he answered. "Pray Heaven she may recover!"

"It is not the fever," I said, speaking against knowledge. "It is not the fever; she has caught cold."

"We shall see," he answered.

Oh! how cruel his coldness seemed!
"You must save her!" I cried.
"I shall try!" he answered, "but if she dies-

"Dies! Have you-has God, no pity !"

I interrupted.

There were many days of hope and fear. Other physicians came, and were commanded, implored, to save her. I prayed for her witdly, on my knees, with all the power al. But she grew worse. One night I had I could no longer bear to watch her sufferings. I rushed out into the open air. It was a fresh, blowing night, and moonlight. I ran along the shore—the waves broke noisily upon the beach. "Alone, alone, alone, alone!" upon the beach. "Alone, alone, alone!"
that was all the wild winds and the wild sea said to comfort me. Turn to Nature for consolatin! To "Nature, the mighty and all pitying mother!" She flings back your moan in your teeth! She mocks and echoes

My head was hot, and I felt bewildered I vent to where the waves washed the stones, —I knelt down and let one break over my went bowed head. Then I rose and shook my wet hair to the cold wind,—that refreshed me, and I turned to the bouse again.

A black shadow fell across my path. Ryton stood between me and the setting meen. My heart stood still; what tidings! "She sheeps, you must not go in to her. We think she is saved!" The words were spoken in a cold voice, Dr. Ryton had no sympathy with my guief, or joy. The cold words fell on my spirit like heavenly dew, but as yet I dared not hope.

As we entered the garden, I signed to him to go into the house first. I stopped,—I fell on my knees—what could I say !

"Oh, God! hast thou heard my prayer!

"Oh, God! hast thou heard my prayer !" Is it for my sake then sparest this flower!" So I thought, but I could not pray then.

As I rose, again a shadow flitted before the moon. I thought it had set—the shadow fell so blackly on my face, but when I looked up, I looked straight on, and into her white

tenderly. His gentle pity calmed me more than night else could do. With my thin, shaking hands, I began to try and bind up my heavy wet hair, conscious of my wild, disordered look.

"Build up more patience than hope, Mrs. Warden," Dr. Ryton said, and I started, it was so long since anybody had called me by was so long since anybody had called me by that name. "All is uncertain, even yet; on her waking, your child's life will hang upon a thread; any agitation will snap it. Every one about her must be calm and quiet, and she will ask for you."

"You will be very composed and still, will you not!" Mr. Morton asked; "even though she should say things that would naturally shock and startle you. Even though," he continued, "she should speak of having seen her father."

"Her father! yes! she spoke of him the night she was taken ill," I answered, dreamily,

"Her father! yes! she spoke of him the night she was taken ill," I answered, dreamily, and I pressed my hand on my brow, there was such pain there. But I subdued all sign of emotion, indeed some spell seemed on me that held me tranced. I rose to go away,—I meant to sit outside my child's door, and listen for her waking. Again Dr. Ryton and Mr. Morton looked at each other, the latter bowed his head.

Dr. Ryton spoke, very hesitatingly for him, "One moment, Mrs. Warden. I have more to say; for your child's sake, be calm. You have never inquired where your husband was buried, have never heard any particulars

of his-

He did not say that last dread word, and yet how loud it sounded to my consciousness,

-Death. A thrill of agony ran through me.

"Buried! Harold, my Harold, in the quiet churchyard, in sound of the sea! But, no! do not think I am wandering! I know you mean my husband, not my child; both are dead and buried."

dead and buried."

They exchanged doubtful glances. "It must be told now!" Dr. Ryton said, firmly.
"It is very important," he begru, "for your child's sake, that you should learn first from us what she will tell you; for we tear of it was left for her to tell, that the surprise would overcome you, and that then your agitation—" agitation-

"Why do you hesitate?" I exclaimed.
"Cannot I bear anything for her sake—my
only remaining treasure! Am I not used to only remaining treasure? Am I not used to pain and sorrow? But I will not complain, He is very good if He spares my child; and I shall learn, from hor, to thank Han."

"It is not built account.

Il so blackly on my face, but when I looked on I looked straight on, and into her white rene face.

Mr. Morton was in the house: he met me O, my husband!"

"It is not bad news we have to tell you."

"No news can be good to me, save what concerns her. If she lives, I may yet—out, O, my husband!"

"It is of him that Dr. Ryton would speak," Morton said.

Mt. Morton said.

"Or hun? Spare me!" I exclaimed.

"You saw him brought home, and you retrember nothing more, do you, Mrs. Warden." Dr. Ryton asked.

"Nothing more!" and as I spoke the terrible sight that ghastly dawn broke upon, came back to me, how vividly. "Cruel!" I creed, hastily. "Why do you torture me? I'mt, yes! it is right, do not spare me, I did not spare him. Tell me all,—I am firm and quiet."

If God, whose goodness you have doubted,

in His minite mercy—"

"Be gentle," Mr. Morton pleaded, "See,"
and he pointed to my quivering frame. I
could not control that,—every word seemed to lacerate my wakened heart, "Mrs. Warden, God has l

could not control that,—every word seemed to because my wakened heart.

"Mis. Warden, God has been infinitely good to you. When you were taken away, your husband was not dead."

"Did he live to forgive me? Did he speak of me?" I asked.

I did not at all gather their meaning yet. How should I inticipate such mercy?

"He often spoke of you,—he often speaks of you; your husband lives, but—"

Dr. Ryton was very wise? That but—perhaps it prevented my dying of surprise and joy, and life grew precious.

"He lives, but he does not forgive me?" I mid. "I deserve that pain, but it is terrible."

Dr. Ryton did not answer me, but said:—

"There is a slight stir up-stairs; your anot seconing down, and the door is open; you might go in and watch now, but remember ag tation will kill your little girl. She will tell you that her father has kissed her this cry night, and you must not look surprised. Can you trust yourself."

I be wed my head and rose. My pain had gone, it was all a dream, I thought; a dream makich life and death, and grief and joy more confuselly.

I at mibbed a little way. I thought it had

m west confusedly

I at imbled a little way. I thought it had been day break, but there came night. I feet about in the black-darkness, and could

fest about in the black-darkness, and could find no way out of it.

My strength was overtasked; it gave way unerly.

Yet I did not find rest, for I did not entirely lose consciousness. The many days that I lay ill, I struggled against the darkness tound me, and tried with my feeble hunds to clear it away from before my eyes. I waste i to think and to understand—I had dreadful dreams or thoughts, I know not which to calculate them, as I lay, and these haunted me long after. The central idea was always that of Hapold alive, stern and unforgating. Once I fancied we met in a crowded I onden street, that I rushed to him, and fell down at his feet—that he spurned me away.

When the mist clouding my mind at last cleared away,—it was, I remember, towards

the end of a very serene, beautiful day-I found that they had laid my Lily be-i le me, that it was her kisses on my cheek that roused me, though I had dreamed that other lips had been pressed there. With an intense longing tenderness, not all for her, I took her gently into my arms. What a joy to know her yet mine! How beautiful and loving she was!

she was!

"Papa has been here, mamma; dear papa kissed me!" were the first words she said.

"A dream, my darling!" I answered;

"Mamma has been dreaming, too."

"No, mamma, aunt says it is true. He bent over me, and gave me a long, long kisa, just as he used of a night, at home."

"When was it, my darling?"

"The same morning that I wanted yon,

"The same morning that I wanted you, and aunt said you could not come. Did he not kiss you, mamma ?"

I did not answer, and the little girl's head dropped wearily down upon the pillow. "Why are you crying, dear mamma!"

"Why are you crying, dear mamma?" she asked, soon again lifting up her head to look into my face

"I am so glad to have you, my darling. So glad you are getting well." I kissed her, and she soon fell asleep.

Not long after, Aunt Aston came up with some tea. "It is true, then?" I asked. "He has been here? Where is Dr. Ryton? How long is it since I was laid here?"

"Yes, he came, dear. Dr. Ryton went home with him. You have been ill several

home with him.

days."
"Where 1 Where does he call home, aunt?"

"London. He is gone back to London."
"He is gone, then!" My heart was ver "He is gone, then!" My heart was very sick and sad, and yet I was very grateful to

God. I turned away, and let the tears flow from under my closed lids.

I sobbed quietly a long while, and then some new purpose dawned upon me. I would not lie and weep and lament, I would—liut I was so weak,—what could I do? Trust in I was so weak,—what could I do? Trust in God—who was loading me with mercy and kindness—and wait.

"Won't you have your tea, dear?" aunt

"Won't you have your ten, dear?" annt asked, timidly.

I sat up and took it. Then my head felt cool and clear, and I seemed stronger. It was still early in the evening, so I humbly asked aunt to help me dress, I wanted to go down. She said Dr. Ryton would return to-night, I must speak to him and hear all. When I was dressed I sat down beside my child, and watched her quiet sleep. She was very thin and weak still, but Aunt Aston told me that she was to go out to-morrow, if it were as still and mild as to-day, and that the doctors said that now she would get over the fever, and be stronger than she had ever been before.

I asked aunt to go down, and to let me know when Dr. Ryton would see me. When she went, I slipped down on my

I prayed for patience, but my heart was very resolved too, and I prayed for strength. But I did not feel that I prayed aright. I could not feel that my prayer winged its way to the eternal footstool, and I determined that I would learn how, in what spirit, to pray.

I had a Eible, and went to fetch it. But I heard voices below, so I crept down as hastily as my weak clinging to the bannisters would let me

would let me.
Dr. Ryton was not come; it was Mr. Morton whom I had heard. Aunt Aston went up to put Lily into her own bed when she should wake, and to watch her while she

still slept.

The warm evening light was pouring into the room down-stairs, it bewildered me somewhat after the dimness of my own. I looked out silently for a few moments, raising my head up from off the couch where my aunt had put me, trying to collect my thoughts. But the brilliant glow on the cornfield, yellowing now rapidly, and on the still surface of the blue sea, dazzled me.

Mr. Morton came to my side, as I turned round wearily from gazing on the external brightness. The gentle manner of that good brightness. The gentle manner of that good old man encouraged me to ask him many questions. He could tell me much, but not all, that I wanted to know. He could tell me about my husband's visit, of his having seen his little girl waking, for a moment, when I left her: and of his having watched beside her while she slept after I fainted. Had he stood by me, too? had he bent down over me? But no! I knew he had not, I dared not ask. He told me, also, that my husband had been to the churchyard, that he had had been to the churchyard, that he had knelt and wept by our boy's grave. Why had they not told me sooner that my husband lived? I asked.

He had lain very long between life and death, Mr. Morton said. Dr. Ryton had many times utterly despaired of his rallying. and had, at others, hardly dared hope that he would ever recover health of mind and body after the dreadful injuries he had sustained; so he had thought it best to let me believe him already dead. Others about me had often longed to rouse me, by any means, from the apathy lying so heavily upon me, and had wished to tell me the truth; but Dr. Ryton had sternly bade them do so at peril of my life. When my boy's danger did at last rouse me, and when my husband was first considered to be steadily and surely gaining strength, Dr. Ryton still told them not to tell me yet; he thought it right that not to tell me yet; he thought it right that the discipline of conscious suffering should first do its work. He was not wise there. It was love and mercy that wrought a blessed

Where had my husband been? Why had live.

knees, with my eyes on my dear little girl's Dr. Ryton ever left him? Who had nursed him? And as I asked that last question, a I thought of Harold's love as turned from ery of agony broke from my lips, at the me for ever, so my heart was very sad, and I prayed for patience, but my heart was very self unworthy that office.

Mr. Morton could tell me that Mrs. Byton

Mr. Morton could tell me that Mrs. Byton had most heedfully nursed my husband, and that Dr. Ryton had only left him because Harold, when conscious, implored him to be here, to watch over his children. He knew that Harold in those short intervals of consciousness had taiked much of his children, and been painfully solicitous for their weifare, and that even in his delirium, he had still spoken of them: but whether, and if at all, how, my husband mentioned me he could not tell.

After I had exhausted Mr. Morton's know-

After I had exhausted Mr. Morton's know-ledge by my eager questions, I was ready, and very willing, to listen calculy to the old man's wisdom. That evening he spoke to my heart and to my need. I was very weak, and worn, and weary, and had little hope of happeness in this world, and yet I had an infinite mercy for which I desired, and as yet hardly knew how, to thank God. That my husband would ever again take me back to his heart and home, I searcely hoped; and if I hoped the time would come, it looked so distant that my weak spirit wearied at the dreary desert to be traversed first. But that my husband After I had exhausted Mr. Mortou's knowto be traversed first. But that my husband lived, that I was free from the blood-guiltiness that had lain on my conscience, that my Lily had still a wise and tender father—did not these things demand boundless gratitude !

As, day after day, I sat in spirit very meekly at that good man's feet, the darkness gradually cleared away. By degress I learned all the story of his own life, of his loves, and losses, and martyrdom of pain; I learned how his faith had been purified, and his soul sublimed, by patient suffering of the Lord's

will.

Then, stilled to reverent attention, I heard Then, stilled to reverent attention, I heard the story, and was instructed in the teaching of another life. In my weakness and spiritual ignorance I had somewhat of the simplicity of a child, I listened simply to what was simply told, and all I heard came to me fresh and strange, and infinitely sweet and consoling. Through the unperplexed medium of the soul of a faithful believer, I could look change and steadily at the grant library to the clearly and steadily at the grand Idea of the Christian life.

Christian life.

And while I listened and learned, I exercised my newly-striven-after patience. Doctor Ryton did not come, and days passed in which I heard nothing of my husband. During those few quiet, even though somewhat anxious, days, I grew familiar with my future life. I did not harnss and perplex myself by effort to discern its features, to depict its joys and sorrows, endeavours and failures, and fur-off success; but I tried to realise to my own consciousness the spirit in which I ought to live, and in which, with God's help. I would live,

I often wept during those days. Night and morning my pillow was wet. But they were quiet, penitent, resigned tears, sad and -weet and blessed tears.

If wild regret for that dread and sinful past essayed to destroy my new peace, to lash nov soul into tunultuous unrest, I knew now how to still the troubled waters; if my spirit filed me sometimes, and my heart qualled and sickened as I imagined what might be the poor forlornness, and the ceaseless long-ing, and the ever-failing endeavour of my future—yet I could, even then, pray; and baving prayed, could look down pityingly on my heart's trouble, and yet control its

I began to have some dim idea, some, not knowledge, but imagination, of what it would be to be able, in all scenes, trials, dangers, distresses, temptations, and pains of life, to be alm enough to feel that round all our rest-lessness flows "God's rest!" to be able to merge all hopes, fears, doubts, and dreads, in a perfect, untailing trust in Him who makes all things work together for good to those who believe in Him.

CHAPTER VII.

The breath of autumn seemed to breathe upon, and sanctify as it saddened, the glowing beauty of the land; and nature appared to sympathise with the sweet, and to sympathise with the softened at soberness and penitence that softened

It was just the weather for my Lily, too—mil and still, with no flurce summer heat; she and I grew stronger together.

We very often sat long in the churchyard by little Harold's grave. It was generally it re that Mr. Morton talked with us. In that churchyard lay the dust of all those who had been dearest to him on earth; so the and was as sacred to him as it grew to be

We went there alone one day—Lily and I It was rather late in the afternoon. I did not mean to stay long, but it was so very extensive and perfectly lovely there that day.

I sat down, and took Lily on my lap. She was playing with a handful of wild weeds and dowers, and singing, as her custom was, very softly to herself. I had my arms round her, and rested my cheek on her soft hair it was just as I had held her so long ago. But where was the bright boy, who had leaned against my knee and fixed his large

leaned against my knee and fixed his large blue eyes so carnestly on my face to the eyes so carnestly on my face to the least distance, and slow tears dropped down one by one. The sea and the sky were all one colour, a soft greyish blue. On the sea there were no billows, in the sky no clouds; there was no wind to stir wave or cloud, or the black boughs of the large yew under which I sat: there was only a great and gentle pence—a perfect stillness over all. And was there peace in my heart?

Those slow heavy-falling tears came down one by one, and yet I hardly knew I wept, till, passing my hand over her head, I found my child's hair wet. I was not thinking of the past-I could not bear to do that yet ; I looking forward to an atoning future—a re of active and patient doing and future of

Clasping my fair child, I thanked Him fervently for His long-suffering kindness—thanked Him most of all for this life that lay before me. Thinking of these things, peace did come to my heart. Resolving to live a life out of self; to live for others, to care for others, and, for myself, only to rest on God's mercy; I began for the first time in my life to know what peace of mind was. O, the blessed hours of that afternoon! my life to know what peace of mind was, the blessed hours of that afternoon!

I sat facing the sinking sun; it seemed as if the haziness of the horizon would quench his beams, and as if he would sink without leaving any light and glory in the west. But the sky brightened afterwards.

The little gate of the churchyard was just behind me.

Lily turned on my lap to peep round my shoulder, when the latch was lifted with a sharp click.

My arms fell from round her-I trembled so with indefinite expectation. For a moment she was still; then she darted away from me with that old cry, "l'apa—papa!"

I had not dared turn—I did not now. I

rose, sick and agitated; the golden sunlight bewildered me, and I drew back into the black shadow, and leaned against the old yewtree. As its large stem interposed between my poor eyes and the setting sun, I thought of the shadow that had passed between me and the sinking moon as I rose from my knees that night in the garden. For the first time, I knew that it had been Harold's. He had seen me, then, in sorrow, endeavouring to pray, and had gone away without one word! I leaned back very faint. Was this my

I leaned back very faint. Was this my strength, my patience, my faith?
So near, and yet so far! The pain was very sharp. Would not my poor heart hurst! It longed so earnestly, so wildly, for his forgiveness, his kindness, his pity-it dared not hope for his love.

I could see nothing from where I stood, between the old tree and the church wall; but I heard a sound—the churchyard gate shut hastily, and then the noise of retreating footsteps. With Lily in his arms, he had gone away, then! He had come only to see

her—there was no thought for me!

I sank down then. I could reach to lay
my head on the little mound of my boy's grave; and I thought my heart would bear its last there. If, forgetting my task undone, for a moment I cried, "O, would that I were dead!" Thou has forgiven me, oh, Thou infinitely kind Father! for Thou hast pa-ticace with us, remembering that we are but

After a li-tle, I lifted up my head and rose from the cold earth. I stepped out of the dark shadow into the light of the level sun, and then I knew how near my husband stood !

What could I do? I did not dare look up. I watched how, as he stood, his shadow reached just to the edge of the little grave. I had not long to doubt, or watch. girl was in his arms, he put her down very gently! "Ask mamma to speak to poor papa!" he said. Then I looked up; my sad eyes were gladdened by his old dear smile; I cried out that I could not bear it, and I felt myself clasped fast in his arms.

And was this how we met? Yes! it was more than I could bear. I was weighed upon, burdened, bowed down, and humbled to the

And Harold—it was long before I could look up at his dear face—and then I saw it changed. On the white brow were scars, thank God, none so ghastly as those of my dream; and the black hair was thinner, and its blackness dimmed. Round his eyes—but it was not at first I could meet them—were lines of care. All this was my work and lines of care. All this was my work and not time's, and he took me at once into his arms, bent down over me, pitied me for my distress, mourned over my frail looks, whispered kind words of hope and joy, and—but he was good. O Harold! Harold! and I thought you could be stern, and cold, and thought you could be stern, and cold, and unforgiving to your poor sinful wife!

And was my future to be saddened by no-

thing but my own heart's remembrance of its Was this great love of my husband's yet? Was there no atonement to be mine yet ? made, no forgiveness to be painfully won, ere it could return to me?

It was this that humbled and softened me, more than all; the mercy shown me was so julipite.

I soon learnt—though I asked nothing, being so satisfied with what I knew—why I had waited in vain so many days for the tidings that did not come.

Harold had risen too hastily from a bed of convalescence to pay that visit to his dving little grd, to shed those tears over his dead boy; he had been fettered by a promise not to speak to me, told that I still thought him dead, and warned that any sudden shock of surprise, in the make me a mad-woman, or an idiot for life. But he had had too great a struggle with himself to restrain the impulse to rush to me, and take me in his arms when he saw me kneeling, and so wan and ghastly by the pale light of the moon. The exerte-ment and fatigue had been too much for him, Doctor Ryton had hurried him away and had kept him a prisoner till the day we

I do not think there was no shadow over my husband's leve for me then; but his tensha low has presed quite away now.

That evening in the holy church-yard, kneeling by our boy's grave, we condimited a second marriage—a second marriage, more sacred, more spiritual, and more happy tian the first. I had found my rightful place the tract at my husband's feet. Was he not need nobly and grandly good? I had learnt to reverence him, and so found rest on south

My happiness was ever sobered by memory of the past, and chastened by the looking forward to a future, to which the angel-hand of our dead boy pointed us: but I was O,

how happy!

In all this I have expressed but little of my gratitude. My history shows what boundless mercy I had to be grateful for—it is my life that must tell if I am grateful.

You know why I have written this for God bless you, I can say no more, no better! You saw how I shrank from your innocently-put questions about my early married life; but I told you they should be answered, and they are.

It is very many years since I had the fore-going narrative from the writer:

Beating heart and burning brow, They he very quiet now.

The husband and wife are dead. The husband and wife are dead. I need not write this woman's eulogistic epitaph, for "her works live after her:" her memory is held sacred in many a home. I should like stern lips to quiver, and proud eyes to fill with tears reading her words; it can do no harm, and may do good—so here is that poor Wife's Story.

CHIP.

WHAT SHALL A RAHWAY CLERK HAVE FOR DINNER!

Ir is an admitted fact that the stomach, or, as Rabelais calls it, the great gaster,is an unruly but invariable companion of all branches of human nature. Hardway-clocks are branches of human nature, and are just as much favoured by this raging organ as lords who legislate about Sanday hear, and dine at clubs on that day it they

The railway-clerk is sufficiently well paid The railway-clerk is sufficiently well paid to be able to obtain a dinner—at least, if he avoid Epsom races, eachew irregular companions, and look at her Majesty's etting steadily in the face before he throw a away that precious picture wantenly. Yet some railways give their half-her for the digestion or indugestion of a bad dinner in the middle of the day; others—the great lehthyosaurio Megatherian line, for took and —delay the dinner-hour till take of only after which our railway-clerk (especially if the making up of accounts is going on), goes those employed in all large establishments, back again to work till twelve or upwards, would get better dinners, would be less districted from their work, and enjoy more take home a loving, hard-worked husband to a late and humble suppor; perhaps the twain have been separated for the entire day, and then comes the temptation to sit later than is healthy, especially when the toils of the next day commence so early. Perhaps, in a lighter senson, some precious hours are snatched for mental improvement—for reading, writing, and the lecture-room (for your railway-clerk is not necessarily an animal only covered with figures, as a Ninevel bull with arrow-heads). But this comes not to our purpose when is the milway clerk to dine !

Is it necessary that all the clerks be detained at one time t. If so, railways are unlike any other institution in existence. If matters be well organised, and if you have leaders instead of martinets, everybody may get some leisure. And with the when comes the where of the question, and we will try to answer both by one solution. Railway-clerks are not resident on the premises. Many of them live near, many are compelled to live far away from the scene of their labours. Most of the stations are scated in the most unenviable neighbourhoods, and the doubtful heef, dried-up hum, or saveloys of a ham and buf e-tablishment, or a plate of that ingenious compound known as a-la-mode (not, by the compound known as a k-mode (not, by the way, always a bad thing in its way), or the routine of chop and steak, steak and chop, form the staple of entertainment for the matched half-hour. Now, even this would be not so bad, if it could be got at a decent time; but the chance of a bread-and-butter lunch (as at the great Ichthyosaurio-Megaherian) is a poor stamina for those who work on nine A.M. to five r.M., and we cannot up wondering whether the great iron help wondering whether the granuster cannot feed its cubs better.

Now why cannot our railway authorities, with their gigantic stations, their exaggerated their sumptuous waiting-rooms, and rincely hotels, why cannot they find some-thing like a decent, cheap, and wholesome tabled hote for their own clerks, open, we will say, at one, two, and three o'clock, so as to allow of a certain number going to domer without stopping the necessary work of the station, and likewise remaining within reach of call if imperatively required! Instead of "Chop, sir leyes, sires appears bread, seven etable, eight—any grays, sir!—no, sir,"—we might have a result cut, of a large wholesome joint, or col cut off a large wholesome joint, or role, or a slice of cod, wholesome vege-ties and bread, for something like four Although or four-and-sexpence a-week, every-thing being well served, and the large number remember it a good speculation on the part the company.

Under such an arrangement, especially acquire a whitish colour. Mandragora is with some action clocks acting as steward, not only men connected with railways, but

connect than they can command at present. Every one knows both the economy and the wholesomeness of large joints.

We speak advisedly on this subject know those who had remained through long days of utter exhaustion, until broken health has taken from them wasted years, to seek some new employment. We have known those whom a life among enting-houses has eventually severed from all home ideas. Men are not mere machines (though even a machine requires feeding), and if we would make our railway-clerks a permanent instead of perpetually migrating body—if we would uphold railway credit as an active agent of civilisation—we must recollect that our radway-clerk has a stomach, and we must find out how, when, and where he is to dine.

SUPERNATURAL ZOOLOGY.

WE open the first printed herbal, called the Ortus Sanitatis; it was published in the last years of the fifteenth century, and tells last years of the fifteenth century, and tells what was known, not of plants only, but alls of birds, beasts, fishes, and stones, three or four hundred years ago. We have sketched in some back numbers of this journal the superstitions that formed part of the belief and science of our forefathers, so far as regards men and spirits, and fulfil now an exceedingly old promise by here setting down a note or two about their supernatural zoology for of the wonders of their botany it will be quite enough to speak in one short paragraph.

They figured in good faith the arbor vite, or the lignum vite Paradisi, and stated that the flesh of any man who are it would be firm for ever, and that such a man would be exempt from every care. The wood of this tree is not destroyed but purified by fire. Eitumen, floating on the Dead Sea is also reckoned among plants, although it is defined to be the dung of demans. Butter ranks among herbs as the flower of milk, and choose has a like privilege. It is said, by thebye, that Zoroaster in the desert ate nothing but cheese for twenty years, and was during the whole time free from ache or pain. The Diptannum or Biptannum is described and figured as a sort of must growing in rocky places, and well known in Thessaly and Crete. which being eaten expels arrows or any steel or iron weapons from the body. Arrows shot into a goat by the hunter, if the goat nibbles distance are shot out again. Dew falling diplanmam, are shot out again. Dea falling upon stones or plants congoals and produces It gathered quickly it is green; if it man.a. It gathered quickly it is green; if it remain long on the plant or stone it will acquire a whitish colour. Mandragora is male and female, and is figured with roots in

The plant itself, which is not Eve. fabulous, is described by Serapion and Dioscorides as having been used for the same pur-pose now answered by chloroform, before painful operations with the knife or actual

cautery.

We say no more of botany, and will omit from our zoology all record of the fabulous properties ascribed to common things, as that the spittle of a young man kills scorpions, or that a tond being burnt to powder and the powder left to itself there will be produced out of it a new toad, and not only one but out of it a new toad, and not only one but many; or that to get rid of mice one should funigate the house with the left hoof of a mule. We speak only of some of those animals that are no longer named in any volume of zoology. Such a creature is the volume of zoology. Such a creature is the Amphishena, which is a snake having a head Amphistena, which is a snake having a head in the right place and another where its tail should be. This animal, being particular about its eggs, holds up always one head to watch them while with the other head it sleeps. On the authority of Avicenna, it is stated, that to see or hear this animal is death, and that whatever it bites dissolves. The Cacus is our old Arcadian friend who drags his prey backwards into his cave, and used to exist not only in Virgil's poetry, but also in books of science. Cerastes was a serpent with four horns, of which knife handles were made, that sweated when near poison. In the terrible old days of treachery and passion it was quite worth a man's while to have some means of testing the ment into which he cut.

The Cephus was a man below, a sort of dog above; this creature was never seen except at games in Rome given by Pompey. The Centrocata had the body of an ass, the legs and head of a lion, the voice of an ox, and a mouth splitting the head quite open from ear to ear. Draco, the dragon, is an old acquaintance. In all early books on old acquaintance. zoology he is carefully described, and there is a good deal said about his medicinal pro-perties. He lived in caves on account of the heat of his body, and was big enough in India to crack elephant, India being the great seat of an interminable was between the elephants and dragons. There is a stone in the dragon's head which is not a stone unless extracted while he is alive; after his death it ceases to be hard. This stone is the chief glory and aid of Eastern kings. They cause dragons to be put to sleep with medicated grasses, and then stone them almost as easily as raisons. All things possenous fly from a dragon's fat. The dragon's tongue taken in wine banishes nightnare. The dragon's tengue taken in wine banishes nightnare, the basilisk. We find him discussed a founder the head birds: for as he is partly cock and partly serpent, it is hard to know whether he is rightly bird or beast. At the country, prefer that sort of meat. For old acquaintance-sake we have stopped some little time with the dragon, before passing on to the Draconcopedes. This is the serpent with a woman's head that tempted. The basilisk is produced out of an egg laid

Eve. Bede is of opinion that it showed only its alluring face to Eve, and hid its serpent's body behind the trunk or among the leaves of the tree of knowledge. The Jacobas was a winged serpent that descended upon trees and killed by a look whatever lay beneath. Leviathan is the great horse on which the devil rides. It has terrible battles with the whale, and when they fight the fishes round about swarm in a crowd round the whale's tail. If the whale be vanquished, all the fishes are devoured; if the Leviathan, or Levin, be battled, he pours out of his throat a fearful stench, which the whale repels by squirting at it a great flood of water. In that case, the tishes, the whale's vassals, are saved by their feuchd lord.

feudal lord.

Maricomorion was a beast rarely seen, of about the bigness of a lion. It had a surpent's tail, a lion's feet, a man's head, and in its mouth three rows of teeth. It was of a reddish colour. Imitating the tones of the human voice, it invited the approach of men and then devoured them. Nepa was a serpent of which the female perished in the giving birth to young. The Onoccutaur was the Bully Bottom of the old zoologist, he had the Bully Bottom of the old zoologist, he had

an ass's head on a man's body.

A wonderful beast is the Pathyon. which the heathens thought that it partook of the nature of divinity. It has a purple coat, all radiant with scintillating light. Its bones are wonderfully hard and strong, and its nerves can call be torn its nerves can only be torn asunder with the greatest violence. The Pilosus is as a man with the hoofed feet of a beast; the blessed Hiero describes it in the life of Paul the Hermit. In the zoology of our forefathers, even the horse beloved of poets, Pegasus, was figured and described. After that, we was figured and described. After that, we need not be surprised at meeting also with the l'igmies, mature at the age of three years, old at seven; or at being told, as matter of science, how they ride on wild goats armed with arrows to make war against the craues and capture eggs.

As there was no system preferable in those As there was no system preferable in those days, the arrangement of plants, beasts, birds, &c, was made alphabetical. In turning over the leaves of our book, we have looked from Pegasus to Pigmies, and now pause at Pediculi, the curse upon man's head. They are either produced from perspiration, we learn, or exhalled through the pures of the skin. They swarm in the heads of travallars because in traval men personne much

a hatchet.

It is hardly necessary to repeat the well-known proof of the fine spirit of the Rhinoceros, that he dies of grief when made a captive. The Salamander is depicted by the naturalist on a comfortable litter of fire. It is an armal without a spleen, and with the liver on the left side of the body. Pope Alexander had a robe made of the wool of this animal, which was not put into water but into fire when it wanted washing. We will hurry on to the Unicorn, because the representation of that animal on the British arms as of equal size with the lion—aithough in other respects accurate—is calculated to give an exceedingly erroneous impression. The unicorn is quite a small animal, though noted for its strength. for its strength.

Of course the many-headed Hydra is described with scientific accuracy, and that we may end the alphabet of beasts with a Z, let us speak of the Zubro. This beast, which is depicted throwing into the air three dogs at a time, and trampling on another, is so swift, that, it turns round on its own dung as it is falling, and tosses it back to a great distance with its horns, in order that it may fall as a contract and a sufference the dogs by peterd among, and suffocate the dogs by

We will now treat of surprising birds, and briefly. The Barliata are a sort of Barnacle geese, growing at sea on putrid wood, to which they hang by their beaks till they fall off. The beaks are, as it were, the stalks by which they grow. The good bishop, Jacobus which they grow. The good bishop, Jacobus Atheniensia, in a history of Eastern travel, says that he has seen such birds growing upon trees by the seashore, and hanging by the beak as pears hang by the stalk. The Carista is a little bird that flies unburt through fire. Need it be said, that a few centuries ago, the zoologist included among birds blowflies and stagbeetles?

There was of course also Fenix, the Phoenix, dear still to insurance companies, Phonix, dear still to insurance though why they love it we know not, since though why they love it we know not, since though why arean. This it is a type of nothing else but arson. This Arabian bird—there is but one—when old, collects aromatic herbs under a hot sun, and fans them into flame with its own wings, and so barns itself up, with the direct purpose of so ourns used up, with the direct purpose of rising again in an improved state from the nables. Manifest arson, gentlemen of the Phounix Fire Office! The new Phoenix first appears in the ashes as a worm, but grows rapidly; and this indubitable fact in natural history used to be taken as a proof of the resurrection. Of Grippes, the griffin, and his deals in Hyperbareau mountains, we need deeds in Hyperborean mountains, we need and tak only say, that here he is among the other bards; here too is Harpia, the harpy. Then there is Merops, an earth-loving bird, that for him.

by an aged cock and hatched in a dunghill, or some say by a serpent, but this is uncertain. They who have seen the egg, say that it has not a shell, but instead of shell a skin there is a bird called Merops, which flies so tough that it can scarcely be broken with a hatchet.

It is hardly necessary to repeat the wellis a foolish invention of man. He himself may be such a Merops, for he would be too happy to fly up to heaven without leaving the earth an instant out of sight.

Is the Ossifrago another of these human birds? Its leading character is a great love for marrow-bones, which it takes up into the air and drops, when it desires to crack them and enjoy the marrow.

The story of the Pelican is not so wholly

The story of the Pelican is not so whony creditable to that bird as is most commonly supposed. Inhabiting the waste places of the Nile, it behaves cruelly to its young before it gives its blood for them. Our naturalist says that the young pelicans, when they begin to grow, beat their parents in the face. The angry grow, beat their parents in the face. The parents strike again and slay them. which they sorrow for three days. which they sorrow for three days. On the third day, the mother strikes her rib, and opening her own side, bends over the dead little ones, and pours her blood upon them. By this they are restored to life. We dare not point out in an article of this description, what portions of the story of the pelican have caused that bird to be accepted as a Christian aymbol. symbol.

The Piralis is a four-legged fly (and a fly is a bird) born out of the fire of ovens. The Porphirlo is a two-legged bird, semi-aquatic, having one foot with free claws, and the other webbed.

We pass from birds to fishes; but the fancy of the old naturalist passed out of all fancy of the old naturalist passed out of all ken, in treating of the wonders of the sea. There were sea-horses, sea-lions, sea-hares (awfully poisonous), sea-wolves, sea-lions, sea-locusts, and many more, pictured in books with a few fine and scales, as really horses, lions, hares, wolves, swine, and locusts. There was the Chilon, with a man's lead, living frugally on nothing more than his own viscous humours. There was the Balena, not so very like a whale, most cruel to its mate. There were those marvels, the dolphins, who swam about with their babies at the breast, and their eyes in their blade bones, who dig and their eyes in their blade bones, graves for their deceased parents and friends, follow them in funeral procession, and bury them in submarine cemeteries, out of the way of the fishes. There was that strange way of the fishes. There was that strange fish the Dies, with two wings and two legs, which, in the perfect state lived only for a day. There is the Phoca, which is the senday. There is the Phoca, which is the sea-ox, another occanic brute, who is perpetually fighting with his wife until he kills her. Always remaining in the same spot, when he has killed one wife, he disposes of her body, and takes another, so playing Henry the Eighth to a series of wives, until he either dies himself, or finds a mate who is a match for him. What shall be said of the sea-monk, cruel and deceptive monster, who lifts up a menk's cowled head out among the waves near shore, and with a man's cry seduces men to their destruction? We have seen enough to lose surprise at finding Nereids fully treated of as fishes, and even also Scylla and the Sirens. In treating of Sirens, the zoologist quotes Isotore's opinion, that the account of them is a fable of deceitful women, only to dispute it, upon the authority both of philosophers and holy men, who have regarded them as true sea measters.

That we may close the list again at letter Z, let us name the Zitiron, which was a tish carrying a knightly shield before its breast, and with a head like a knight's head in a helmet, with the visor down. Also the Zedrusos, an enormous fish of the Arabians, with such vast bones that they were sawn into planks, as oak-trees are, and used for timber.

WAR AND WASHING.

The man who makes a blade of grass grow where no grass grew before is a benefactor to his country. Let us contemplate the exalted man. How benevolent he must look—how dignified his attitude must be when he is observing the newly-introduced herbage, and the nobleness of his character is not a bit diminished by the fact that he is himself benefited by the novelty,—nay, if he were enriched beyond the imaginings of a Jew or an army contractor, his merits would remain the same; he would still be a benefactor to his country, and an honour to his sex and name.

A blade of grass, in this traditionary saying, is, of course, a mere parable or similitude; it means many blades of grass—many acres of grass, and not of grass alone, but corn, and wine, and oil. It means, in fact, the cheapening and increasing of the food of man,—it means an annual allowance out of the bounteous exchequer of our agricultural patron of so many pounds a-year to every man who keeps house—my own share, in case of a considerable diminution in the price of beef and mutton, not to mention potatoes and bread, would be a very pretty little fund for pleasure trips to London, and perhaps a month at the sea-side. But, with war howling all round the world, and gallant seamen covering thems, lives with glory by courageous dashes at granaries and mills—burning the finest Dantzie (as quoted at eighty-four shillings) in quantities which would feed a moderate county for a twelvementh, and ships and barques and all the small fry of commercial craft, employed day and night in conveying away mountains of biscuit and innunerable loads of wheat and flour, there is no chance of either additional blades of grass or diminished prices of food. And yet, with taxes rising, and no prospect of a speedy

crumpling up of our gigantic enemy, some means must be found of economising our present expenditure, or increasing our present

means.

Where then shall I begin my economy?

If I bring have and desolation into the kitchen, and reduce my establishment by sending away my cook, how shall we get on for dinner? We can't ent even the tenderest functors, and a raw round. lamb in a state of nature, and a raw round of beef is a frightful idea. Then the housemaid? Are we to live covered over with dust? windows unopened when we come down in the morning; cloth-and eggs-undown in the morning; cloth—and eggs—unland? water boiling in the kettle, but nobody to bring it into the parlour? And supposing all this got over, who is to wait at dinner?—Are we to bring in the dishes ourselves, and change the plates? O, true, it must be the nursery-maid—so called by a kind of hereditary nomenclature, for, properly speaking, we have had no nursery for many years. Ah, I see, it must be that queet, silent individual who is always in a corner of any hedroom you happen to go into also any bedroom you happen to go into, also always on the stairs on her way to the kitchen with a seam in her hand; also always in the housekeeper's room apparently in the act of rising from tea or dinner. must go. And is the cook to be worked to death in sewing on buttons and mending stockings, in addition to all her other work Is the housemaid to have no help in cleaning out the drawing-room and the passage, and the three best bedrooms; inshort, is the house to be turned either into a treadmill, if the remaining two do their duty, or a wilderness of sand and confusion if they don't / It can't, then, be the nurserymaid. I have no others. I have reduced to the lowest stage of reduction already, and I must find out some other manus of reducing the two stages. means of making the two ends meet, clothes? I dress even at present in the oldest of habiliments, as if I were perpetual president of the Antiquarian Society. My wife and children must dress respectably—of course, they must—and that consists in bonnets that don't cover above four inches of the back of their heads, and gowns that sweep the ground in front, as if they had all prodigious feat—which they haven to or wore trains, and had put on their elethes the wrong way; their gloves, of course, fresh once a-week, and a perpetual succession of ribbons and scarfs, as if they lived in a rainbow. O, yes, of course, they must dress respectably and I must pay the very respectable amount contained in the milliner's bill,—so there is contained in the milliner's bill,—so there is no chance of economy in that quarter. I was disheartened for a long time — utterly puzzled how to contract my expenditure by a single shilling, when, fortunately, I went and saw a friend of name,—a very excellent and sagacious friend, and a friend I think he will turn out to a good many people who may read this paper. They will certainly consider him, at all events, equal, if not superior,

to the emplary individual who makes a blade of gass grow, &c. &c. &c. His name, for the convenience of identification, we will

call Hobbins.
"Hobbins." I said, when we were left
alone after dinner, "how do you manage the

He looked a little surprised at first, but

readlected my abrupt ways, and said, "I manage the war, my dear Hobbins?—I don't manage the war, as far as I see."
"I mean, how do you get over the increased expense of living?"

I holbins bughed, and said, "Take another glass of this port—it will do you no harm—and in fact the war won't do you any harm either if you do as I have done."

either, if you do as I have done."

"I shall be delighted," I replied, and drank
the wine in a moment. "How!" I said, ex-

pectrally. The war," he said, "is not half so ruinous as you think. The increase upon the income tax is about four per cent. How much have you a-year?"

I proved a little; but hang it, what's the use of being close when you go to a friend for advice! I told him as near as I knew.

"That's about—let me see. You ought to live well enough on that," he said; "and you have a wife and two daughters?"

have a wife and two daughters?"

"Yes," I replied; "but if you think you can clip off a single shilling out of gloves and longets, boots and silk stockings, you are mist ben. Mrs. Bobbins—"

"I don't mean that," said Hobbins; "but there's another way, without curtailing a

"I don't mean that," said Hobbins; "but there's another way, without curtailing a ribbon. In short, I have no doubt, taking England all over, that I could carry on the war authout the slightest pressure, and without any diminution of comfort."

"Comfort," I said; "perhaps not—but respectability; at least, what Mrs. Bobbins and respectability."

"Sie shall be more respectable than ever;

and you won't feel the tax at all. What is the heaviest item in your weekly bills?"

Well, you know." I said, "Georgiana has a good appetite, and so indeed have Julia and Marianne; and as the butcher has raised has proper a population and the account. of even servants mellided."

"But you could knock off a joint, if required, or take some of the coarser meat. But of the unavoidables which is the most

While I was trying to remember, he seemed to get a little nettled at my stupidity, and said, "I'll tell you what, Bobbins, there and said, "I'll tell you what, Bobbins, there isn't another man in Essex would be so slow. Your greatest bill, in proportion to your forward the number of your family, is of course the washing."

"Ah! so it is," I cried, quite astonished at my own forgetfulness—for I had mused upon the subject long, and quarrelled with Mrs. Bobbins about it regularly once a-week.

"There is the rock that England will split on," said Hobbius, "She is such a vain fool is Britannia. She has California in her wash-tubs, and won't pick up the nuggets, sir," he added, looking like the late Doctor Johnson, "I will overwhelm the Russian emp-ror with soap."

"How !—Cannon balls !—Too soft," Isaid;

How !- Cannon balls !--Too soft," Isaid; but luckily so low that he didn't hear me

"On the expenditure of this great country "On the expenditure of this great country in the article of washing alone, there is the opportunity of saving more than the increased expenses of the war. I find it so in my own experience. This village finds it so. The county might find it so, if it were not a desperately obstinate county; and the nation—yes, the nation—might laugh at the doubled taxation, and call Poland into existence without any percentible enlargement of its bur lens. out any perceptible enlargement of its bur lens. Ay!" he continued, warming with his subject—" tubs and combination—dirty linen and patriotic feeling—anything may be done! You, my dear Bobbins, may keep a gig upon

You, my dear Pobbins, may keep a gig upon the savings, and Warsaw may be free!"

"Julin hates gigs," I modestly observed, "and they are all anxious about a phacton and ponies."

"Here is the whole question," continued Hobbins. I may observe, by the way, that he did not pass the decanter with the regularity required by the solar system. "Why should not the upper classes, as they are called, that is, the people who have houses and families of their own, have the benefit of union as well as the comparatively poor, or such as artisans. as the comparatively poor, or such as arrisans and their wives and children, in the admirable ledging-houses lately built? In nothing is leafging-houses lately built? In nothing is the saving more remarkable than in the article of washing. Lay it down as a rule at once, that to family can do its own washing economically, unless it is of such size as to present the features of combination, though passing under one name. But in establish-ments like yours or mine, where the work is not enough to occupy a maid or maids entirely, at that and nothing else, it is folly to think not enough to occupy a maid or maids entirely, at that and nothing else, it is folly to think of avoiding the professional washerwoman. In her case it is only by undertaking for several families that she makes her profits. Her fires, her tubs, her drying rods, perform their ministrations in a cosmopolitan spirit, and get up the weekly linen for the most opposite establishments. The parson's ban is meet in friendly communion on the wooden herse with the dissenting elergyman's neek-cloths (both perhaps a little overstarched). The money of orthodoxy and of dissent, goes equally to the Prussian blue and the erimping iron. But the powers of earthely washerwomen are limited. Their appliances are usually too scanty to give the benefit of this social combination to its full extent; and there can be no doubt that in country places like this, we are at the mercy of an ignorant like this, we are at the mercy of an ignorant and careless set of people, who charge pre-posterously for work very ill done; and I myself may state, that for many years I nevex had my proper complement of buttons, and my frills were generally burned into holes, so that sometimes they had the appearance of lace. All that is changed; and this is how the metamorphosis was accomplished.

"I went round among the neighbours, and found the discontent with the existing state of things universal. The tyramy of the washerwoman was intolerable, and we determined to become the Pyms and Hampdens of the laundry. Some were inclined to what may be called the fifth monarchy principles of total abolition, and talked of dirt and independence by never having their clothes. of total abolition, and talked of dirt and inde-pendence, by never having their clothes washed at all; but the principles of cleanli-ness and moderation were dear to the great majority. So I laid before them a plan I had deeply studied. The lady of the present day to whom wealth has been entrusted for the purpose of showing what a noble and unsel-fish use can be made of it, had presented to the hospital at Scutari an admirable contri-vance for the railed drying of the linen of a the hospital at Scutari an admirable contrivance for the rapid drying of the linen of a vast establishment for the reception of upwards of a thousand sick and wounded men. In the model wash-houses of London, excellent appliances had been introduced for the saving of labour and fuel. In another quarter I heard of a contrivance for the washing of the clothes, where machinery performed the first and hardest part of the labour, leaving only the easier portion of the ironing and getting-up to the hands of the professional ladies. The calculation made by all the people I consulted as to the saving the professional ladies. The calculation made by all the people I consulted as to the saving of expense by the adoption of these and other processes was, that it could not be less than a half of the usual outlay, and might be a great deal more. Here was a saving of half my annual bill—if of mine, of Jobbuns' and Mobbins', and everybody else's. Now the number of people in this district with incomes from of people in this district with incomes from three up to twelve hundred a-year is immense, and although a man's outlay in this respect is not regulated by his income, but principally by the number of his family, I considered I was safe in taking the average washing-bill of each family at thirty pounds a-year, which is certainly not half their amount under the is certainly not half their amount under the usual system. There are forty of us, all anxious to be tidy and economical, and here was a sum of twelve hundred a-year on which we could rely with certainty. We formed a sort of joint-stock company, managed by a committee of ourselves. We purchased an old barn, and fitted it up with long troughs for the washing, immense cauldrons, fed from a tank of soft water, and a large drying-closet, with every apparatus of pipe and closet, with every apparatus of pipe and cistern that could be required. We also turned a portion of the building into a room for the finishing off of iner portions of apparel, with ironing-boards, needles, threads, and buttons to supply the place of the lost and broken; and the expense of all this preliminary stock was about three hundred pounds. In the old arrangement labour is

almost the entire expense. In a washing, for instance, of a moderate-sized family, amounting to what is technically called twenty-foor dozen (articles, be it understood, not people), the items consist of lifteen shillings for work, the items consist of lifteen shillings for work, and only three shillings and twopence for material—namely, one-and-twopence for some threepence for soda, a shilling for starch, and a penny for blue. Now here comes in the overwhelming advantage of the economy of labour. Our staff consists of fifteen damsels, strapping and tall, at twelve shillings a-week, a man and horse and eart, for general purposes, we take at one pound twelve; materia's of all sorts, such as soap, starch, and so la, we put down for five pounds a-week; the coals at four; and the interest on subscribed capital at twelve shillings. This makes a grand total of twenty pounds four shillinga a-week, or about a thousand and fifty pounds a-week. In addition to this, we must calculate a-week, or about a thousand and fifty pounds a-year. In addition to this, we must calculate the salary of a clerk of the washing-book, whom we think of appointing to keep the accounts and collect the weekly payments; and this, being liberal, we fix at seventy-nyo pounds. But with all this, there is a very satisfactory margin on the original estimate. We shall consider the surplus a fund for repairs and sundries—for machinery will get out of order, troughs will leak, tubes are not perennial, and coals and other materials may rise in price."

I paused a while before I made any reply The paised a white before I made any reply to the benevolent Hobbins. He seemed sure of his ground—his calculations appeared reasonable enough. "Rot," I said, "this plan seems only adapted for a populous neighbourhood like this. It needs a great number of contributors to make the system economical."

number of contributors to make the system economical."

"It needs a certain number," he replied; "but they need not be so many as I have said. It would still be a considerable saving if the company consisted of only a dozen; but in this, as in all other instances of combination, the more the better. If, instead of forty families we had eighty, the proportionate expenditure to each would be still farther diminished. But the great principle of the plan is as much proved by twenty as by a hundred. It is in anybody's power to diminish his washing-bill by a half, and that without injury to the present race of ginloving blanchissenses, for their work will be certain instead of precarious; the huen will be more carefully treated, the water mixed with no deleterious ingredients to give an easy whiteness to the collar and front, at the expense of early rottenness and decay; and, in fact, as I said before, I have no doubt the Russian war could be carried on on the savings effected in suds and sode. I shall propose to the herald's college that a clean shirt be introduced into the royal standard for the honour of Old England, and a sign of scorn and defiance of the unwashed savages of the north. of the north.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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J PRICE DE

OUT OF TOWN.

Streets, on a bright September morning, among my books and papers at my open window on the cliff overhanging the seabach. I have the sky and ocean framed before me like a beautiful picture. A beautiful picture, but with such movement in it, such changes of light upon the sails of ships and wake of ateamboats, such dazzling gleams of silver far out at sea, such fresh touches on the crisp wave-tops as they break and roll towards me—a picture with such music in the billowy rush upon the shingle, the blowing of the morning wind through the corn-sheaves where the farmers' wagons are busy, the singing of the larks, and the dotant voices of children at play—such charms of sight and sound as all the Gallarica on earth can but poorly suggest.

distant voices of children at play—such charms of sight and sound as all the Galleries on earth can but poorly suggest.

So dreamy is the mummer of the seabelow my window, that I may have been here, to anything I know, one hundred years. Not that I have grown old, for, daily on the neighbouring downs and grassy hill-sides, I find that I can still in reason walk any distance, jump over anything, and climb up anywhere; but, that the sound of the ocean meems to have become so customary to my manngs, and other realities seem so to have gone a board ship and floated away over the larizon, that, for aught I will undertake the contrary, I am the enchanted son of the Kang my father, shut up in a tower on the tereshore, for protection against an old shepolitic many in the contained on being my godmother, and who foresaw at the font—wonderful creature!—that I should get into a scrape before I was twenty-one. I remember to have been in a City (my Royal parent's dominions, I suppose), and apparently not long ago either, that was in the dreariest condition. The principal inhabitants had all been changed into old newspaper's and in that form were preserving their window-blands from dust, and wrapping all their smaller household gods in curlpapers. I walked through gloomy streets where every house was chut up and newspapers. I walked through gloomy streets where every house was chut up and newspapers. I walked through gloomy streets where every house was chut up and newspapers. I walked through gloomy streets where every house was chut up and newspapers. I walked through gloomy streets where every house was chut up and newspapers. I walked through gloomy streets where every house was chut up and newspapers, and on the deserted pavements. In the latter purpose, that I think of going out some night next week, in a fur cap and a paper end on the latter purpose, that I think of going out some night next week, in a fur cap and a paper end on the latter purpose, that I think of going out some night next week, in a fur cap and a pap

sleepy policemen, and a few adventurous boys taking advantage of the devastation to swarm up the lamp-posts. In the Westward streets there was no traffic; in the Westward shops, no business. The water-patterns which the Prentices had trickled out on the ward shops, no business. The water-patterns which the Prentices had trickled out on the pavements early in the morning, remained uneffaced by human feet. At the corners of mews, Cochin-China fowls stalked gaunt and savage; nobody being left in the deserted city (as it appeared to me), to feed them. Public Houses, where splendid footmen swinging their legs over gorgeous hammer-cloths beside wigged coachmen were wont to regale, were silent, and the unused pewter pots shone, too bright for business, on the shelves. I beheld a Punch's Show leaning against a wall near Park Lane, as if it had fainted. It was deserted, and there were none to heed its desolation. In Belgrave Square I met the last man—an ostler—sitting on a post in a ragged red waistcoat, eating straw, and mildewing away.

If I recollect the name of the little town, on whose shore this sea is murmuring—but I am not just now, as I have premised, to be relied upon for anything—it is Pavilionstone. Within a quarter of a century, it was alittle fishing town, and they do say, that the time was, when it was a little smnggling town. I have heard that it was rather manous in the helands and brandy way, and that coëvally with that reputation the lamplighter's was consi-

that tub, I shall escape. I shall make a Thermopyle of the corner of one of them, defend ith my cutless against the const-guard until my brave companions have sheered off, then dive into the darkness, and regain my Susan's arms. In connection with these breakneck steps I observe some wooden cottages, with tumble-down out-houses and back-yards three feet square, adorned with garlands of dried ('sh, in which (though the General Board of Health might object), my Susan dweds. The South Eastern Company have brought

The South Eastern Company have brought Pavilions one into such vogue, with their timal trains and splendid steam-packets, that a new Pavilionstone is rising up. I am, myself, of New Pavilionstone. We are a little mortary and limey at present, but we are getting on capitally. Indeed, we were getting on so tast, at one time, that we rather overdid it, and built astreet of shops, the business of which may be availed to arrive in about which may be expected to arrive in about n years. We are sensibly laid out in general; and with a little care and pains (by no incans wanting, so far), shall become a very party place. We ought to be, for our situapretty place. We ought to be, for our situa-tion is delightful, our air is delicious, and our breezy hills and downs, carpeted with wild thyme, and decorated with millions of wild thyme, and decorated with millions of wild flowers, are, on the faith of a pedestrian, perfect. In New Pavilionstone we are a little too much addicted to small windows with more brocks in them than glass, and we are not over-fanciful in the way of decorative architecture, and we get unexpected sea-views through cracks in the street-doors; on the whole, however, we are very snug and comfortable, and well accommodated. But the Home Secretary (if there he such an officer) cannot too soon shut up the build-ground of the old parish church. It is in the midst of us, and Pavilionstone will get no good of it, if the old parish church. It is in the midst of us, and Pavilionstone will get no good of it, if it be too long left alone.

The bon of Pavilionstone is its Great Hotel.

The bon of Pavilionstone is its Great Hotel. A dozen years ago, going over to Paris by South Eastern Tidal Steamer, you used to be drooped upon the platform of the main line Pavilionstone Station (not a Junction them), at eleven o'clock on a dark winter's night, in a rearing wind; and in the howling were mess outside the station, was a short onar-bus which brought you up by the fore-head the instant you got in at the door; and in the world. You bumped over infinite cleak, until you were turned out at a strange in the world. You bumped over infinite chalk, until you were turned out at a strange building which had just left off being a barn without having quite begun to be a house, where nobody expected your coming, or knew where no lost expected your coming, or knew what to do with you when you were come, and where you were usually blown about, and it was happened to be blown against the cold leef, and finally into bed. At five in the morning you were blown out of bed, and after a dreary breakfast, with crumpled company, in the midst of confusion, were hostled on board a steamboat and lay wretched on deck until you saw France lunging and surging

at you with great vehemence over the how-

sprit.

Now, you come down to Pavilionstone in a free and easy manner, an irresponsible agent, made over in trust to the South-Fastern Company, until you get out of the railway-carringe at high-water mark. If you are crossing by the boat at once, you have nothing to do but walk on board and be happy there if you can—I can't. If you are going to our Great Pavilionstone Hotel, the sprighthest contern under the sun whose cheerful looks are porters under the sun, whose cheerful looks are a pleasant welcome, shoulder your luggary, drive it off in vans, bowl it away in trucks, and enjoy themselves in playing athletic games with it. If you are for public life at our Great Pavilionstone Hotel, you walk into that establishment as if it were your club; find ready blishment as if it were your club; find ready for you, your news room, dining-room, sine king room, billiard-room, music-room, public breakfast, public dinner twice a-day (one plain, one gorgeous), hot baths and cold baths. If you want to be bored, there are plenty of bores always ready for you, and from Saturday to Monday in particular, you can be bored (if you like it) through and through. Should you want to be private at our Great Pavilionstone Hotel, say but the word, look at the list of charges, choose your floor, name your figure—there you are, established in your easile, by the day, week, month, or year, innocent of all comers or goers, unless you have my fancy for walking early in the morning down the grows of boots and shoes, which so regularly flourish at all the chamber-doors before breakfast, that it seems to me as if nobody ever got up that it seems to me as if nobody ever got up or took them in. Are you going across the Alps, and would you like to air your Italian at our Great Pavilionstone Hotel! Ta'k to at our Great Pavilionstone Hoter! I are the Manager—always conversational, accomplished, and polite. Do you want to be aided, abetted, comforted, or advised, at our Great Pavilionstone Hotel? Send for the Great Pavilionstone Hotel? Should be always friend.

aided, abetted, comforted, or advised, at our Great Pavilionstone Hotel? Send for the good landlord, and he is your friend. Shool I you, or anyone belonging to you, ever be taken ill at our Great Pavilionstone Hotel, you will not seen forget him or his kand wife. And when you pay your bill at our Great Pavilionstone Hotel, you will not be put out of humour by anything you find in it.

A thoroughly good inn, in the days of coaching and posting, was a noble place; and I mean, with permission, before long, humbly to offer my experience of such establishments, in these pages. But, none of them would have been equal to the reception of four or five humbred proper, all of them wet through, and haif of them dead sick, every day in the year. This is where we shine, in our Pavilionstone Hotel. Again—who, coming and going, patching and tossing, boating and training, hurrying in and flying out, could ever have calculated the fees to be paid at an old-fashioned house? In our Pavilionstone Hotel, verabulary, there is no such word as fee. Everything lary, there is no such word as fee. Everything

In the case of your being a pictorial artist, desirous of studying at small expense the physicanomics and beards of different nations, come, on receipt of this, to Pavilionstone You shall find all the nations of the earth, and all the styles of shaving and not shaving, hair-cutting and hair letting alone, for ever flowing through our hotel. Couriers you shall see by hundreds; fat leathern bags for five-franc pieces, chaing with violent snaps, like discharges of chang with violent snaps, like discharges of fire arms, by thousands; more luggage in amorning than, lifty years ago, all Europe saw in a week. Looking at trains, steam-boats, sick travellers, and luggage, is our great Pavilion-tone recention. We are not strong in other public amusements. We have a Literary of the strong that the latter than the latter training and the strong training and trai rary and Scientific Institution, and we have a Working Men's Institution—may it hold many given holidays in summerfields, with the kettle builing, the band of music playing, and the people dancing; and may I be on the hill-ade, looking on with pleasure at a wholesome ight to crare in England!—and we have two or three churches, and more chapels than I have added up. But public amusements are carce with us. If a poor theatrical manager onuts with his company to give us, in a loft, Mary Bax, or the Murder on the Sand Hills, wer on tours much for him-starve him out, in fact We take more kindly to wax-work, especially if it moves; in which case it keeps much clearer of the second commandment when is my friend, and always leaves a good ner feshind him), gives us only a night in using through. Nor does the travelling an ageric think us worth a longer visit. It assing through. ave us a look-in the other day, bringing out of the residentiary van with the staned lass wandows, which Her Majesty kept reals made at Windsor Castle, until successful a suitable opportunity of submitting it or the proprietor's acceptance. I brought was five wonderments from this exhibition. have wondered ever since, Whether the tests ever do get used to those small places confinement. Whether the monkeys have f continement . hat very bormble flavour in their free state; Whether wild animals have a natural ser for time and time, and therefore every four footed creature began to howl in despair when the band began to play; What the hor ap; and, Whether the elephant feels to med of himself when he is brought out of den to stand on his head in the presence the whole Collection.

We are a tidal harbor at Pavilionstone, as

is done for you; every service is provided at a fixed and reasonable charge; all the prices say. Atthat time, all the stranded is his glounts are hung up in all the rooms; and you can make out your own bill beforehand, as well marine monsters; the colliers and other shipping stick disconnicted in the much; the strangers look as if their white chimneys would never smoke more, and their red paddles never turn again; the green sea-slime and weed upon the rough stones at the entrance, seem records of obsolete high tides never more to flow; flagstaff-halyards droop; the very little wooden lighthouse shrinks in the idle glare of the sun. And here I may observe of very little wooden lighthouse, that when it is lighted at night, -red and green, -it looks so like a medical man's, that several distructed husbands have at various times been found, on occasions of premature do-mestic anxiety, going round and round it,

trying to find the Nightbell.

But, the moment the tide begins to make, the Pavilionstone Harbor begins to revive. It feels the breeze of the rising water before the water comes, and begins to flutter and stir. When the little shallow waves creep in, barely overlapping one another, the vanes at the mastheads wake, and become agituted. As the tide rises, the fishing boats get into good spirits and dance, the thagstaff housts a red fing, the steamboat smokes, cranes creak, horses and carriages dangle in the air, stray passengers and luggage appear. Now, the shipping is affeat, and comes up buoyantly, to look at the whart. Now, the carts that have come down for coals, load away as hard as they can load. Now, the stemmer smokes immensely, and occasionally blows at the paddle-boxes like a vaporous whalegreatly disturbing nervous loungers. Now, both the tide and the breeze have riscu, and you are holding your hat on (if you want to see how the ladies hold their hats on, with a stay, passing over the broad brim and down the nose, come to Pavilionstone). Now, everything in the harbor splaches, dashes, and bobs. Now, the Down Toud Train is telegraphed, and you know (without knowing how you know), that two hundred and eighty-seven people are coming. Now, the fishing-boats that have been out, sail in at the top of the tide. Now, the bell goes, and the locomotive hisses and shricks, and the train comes gliding in, and the two hundred and eighty-seven come scuttling out. Now, passing over the broad brim and down the and eighty-seven come acuffling out. Now, there is not only a tide of water, but a tide of people, and a tide of luggage—all tumbling and flowing and bouncing about together. Now, after infinite bustle, the steamer steams out, and we (on the Pier) are all delighted when she rolls as if she would roll be tunned out, and are all disagragated when her funnel out, and are all disappointed when she don't. Now, the other steamer is coming in, and the Custom-House prepares, and the wharf-labourers assemble, and the hawsers are made ready, and the Hotel Porters come indeed I have implied already in my mention wharf-labourers assemble, and the hawsers of telal trains. At low water, we are a heap of mad, with on empty channel in it where a rattling down with van and truck, eager to comple of men in big boots always shovel and begin more Olympic games with more largange And this is the way in which we go on, down at Pavilionstone, every tide. And, if you want to live a life of luggage, or to see it lived, or to breathe sweet air which will send you to sleep at a moment's notice at any period of the day or night, or to disport yourself upon or in the sea, or to scamper about Kent, or to come out of town for the enjoyment of all or any of these pleasures, come to Pavilionstone.

WINIFRED'S VOW.

WINIERED JAMES sat in the autumn moonlight by the sea-shore with her friend Grace Wilson. The heavy dew had soaked through Grace's thin muslin gown, so that it clung dank and close about her; her hair lay uncurled on her bosom, and her wan face looked paler and sadder than ever in the waning light of the pallid autumn moon. There were no tears in her sunken eyes looking mournfully out on the dark waves, but they were full of a deeper sorrow than is ever told or lightened by tears. Her thin hands lay listlessly in her lap, and their palms, curved inward, were burning as if on fire; her lips were drawn and hard, and the veins on her brow were blue and swollen; no hope, no joy, no energy, no life was round her; there was nothing but the dull oppression of despair, the quiet of a sorrow which can only be dissolved by death.

Winifred had often tried to understand the strange mystery which of late had hung round Grace. For she had not always been the broken-hearted creature she looked to-night. But, excepting a promise that she would tell her sometime, Grace used to change the subject as soon as her friend approached However, to-night she let her say what she would. Either the time fixed by herself for her confession had arrived, or she was con-quered by the tenderness and love and quiet strength of Winifred. Suddenly taking her hand, she placed it on her waist; and, leaning forward, whispered something in her car which made Winifred shrink and start, and

which made Winifred shrink and start, and cover her face with both her hands, trembling.

"Now you will hate me," said Grace, in a hollow voice, letting her hand fall dead in her lap.

"Like all the rest, when they know,—you too will despise and desert me. I deserve it!"

"Never! never!" said Winifred passionately, looking up through her tears and kissing her. "Never, Grace!"

"Nor it?" said Grace. "When I am dead will you take care of it?"

kissing her. "Never, Gra "Nor it?" said Grace. will you take care of it?"

will you take care of it?"

"No; nor it—and I will take care of it.
But you will not die, Grace! You cannot
die, then! When you hear that little voice
your soul will come back again to earth,
were it at the very gates of heaven."

"Heaven? For me?" said Grace. "No,
Winified. my birthright on earth and my
hope of Heaven lie in the same grave with

to support eternal shame myself, and to see all that I love—all that belong to me—cust into the deep shadow of my disgrace! It were better for us all that I and it should die together. For when I am gone, who will be its mother? Poor baby! What wrong has it done to be born to an inheritance of sorrow and infamy?"

"I will be its mother, Grace," said Winifred. "I will love it, and care for it, all my life. If you leave it—if you die—it shall never feel that it has lost its mother. While

I live, it shall have one in me."
"You swear this, dear Winifred?"
"I swear it!" said the girl, solemnly,

"Now I shall die happy," said Grace, kissing her cheek. "Death has no pang for me, now that I feel I shall not leave my one, now that I lee! I shall not leave my poor child wholly motherless. A pang ! No! death is my best friend, my only hope, truly an angel messenger from God! O. Winifred, how can I thank you for your goodness! You little know the heavy burner of parton I have done in the state of the control of the contr den of sorrow I lay down, by this desolate seashore, to-night—a burden unclasped by your hands. But you will not be unrewarded. The God who punishes, recompenses; the hand which has stricken me will strengthen you. Now, let us go home. I am weary, wou. Now, let us go home. I am weary, Winifred, and my heart is very full. I must go and pray—not for myself; I dare not pray for myself; but for you and this innocent unborn life, I may; and God will not refuse to hear me when I ask His blessing for you!"

Weeks passed away, and Winifred stood by Grace's dying bed. The supreme moment had come; and as she had foretald, the home

by Grace's dying bed. The supreme moment had come; and, as she had foretold, the hour which gave life to her child, closed her own;—mercifully for her. Winifred did not forget her vow. She took that child of sorrow, shame, and death, and carried it to her own home, as tenderly as if its birth had been the shame, and death, and carried it to her own home, as tenderly as if its birth had been the wellspring of a nation's joy. Her mother, a kind, good, weak woman, sanctioned the unusual position she adopted: at least, by silence. She did not condemn, if she did not commend, but let things take their own course. She only lifted up her Lands and eyes, saying, "Grace Wilson, who'd have thought it!" and so the sad story passed without further comment. But in time there were not wanting many who ridiculed the idea of such devotion, and who hinted plainly that little Mary was nearer to Wanfred than a mere adopted child. It was all very well, they said, for Mrs. James to be so complaisant, and Winifred so generous, but they had better reasons than a romantic morality between them. Depend upon it, when folks gave themselves out for better than the rest of the world, they were sure to be a precious deal worse. Grace Wilson was dead, and queer things were said of her; but dead, and queer things were said of her; but hope of Heaven lie in the same grave with who knew whether they were true or not? my honour. Do not wish me to live as I And wasn't Miss Winifred away out of sight am now. Why should I! What have I but! for a long time, too? So the cloud darkening the tomb of poor Grace fell over Winifred reading together, thinking, talking, study-as well; and the fatal truth that no wrong ing; until at last the conditions of their is finite, but that the influence of evil spreads daily lives grew so closely interlaced, then as well; and the later waren to spreads a finite, but that the influence of evil spreads a finite, but that the influence of evil spreads and multiplies for ever, rested like a bli on the young foster-mother and her child.

It was striking the change which this adoption worked in Winifred. No, not change, so much as development. Always a gurl of deep feelings and an earnest nature, the terrible story of one who had been like her own sister, her mournful death, and now this adoption of her child brought out all this adoption of her child, brought out all that was most serious in her character, and subdued whatever girlishness she might have bad. But this change in her, only made her character more beautiful. Always good, she was now admirable; always conscientious, she was now heroic. And how she loved that little one !

It was a dear little baby too, loveable for itself, if for nothing else more touching. It was one of those round, fat, curly things, that laugh, and cry, and kick up and crow, all day long—a thing of unrest and appetite, for ever fighting with its fat, foolish arms, and sense-less hands doubled into rosy balls, striking wide, and hitting its own eyes or nose in the spasmodic way of babyhood; when it wanted to before it could reach its rosy, wet, wide-open mouth, and generally obliged to take both hands before it could accomplish that first feat of infancy; a restless, passionate, insati-able bab, that had strong notions of its own importance, and required at least one slave in perpetual attendance; an unreasonable baby; wilful baby; but a baby after a woman's devoted herself, never heering the devoted herself, never heering that a day might come when any other love could step in between her child and herself.

Louis Blake was Winifred's great friend. They were like brother and sister, and insection. Louis was exactly Winifred's own

They were like brother and sister, and inse-parable. Louis was exactly Winifred's own age — five-and-twenty; the little Mary about three years' old now. It was circumstance and opportunity that made them such fast allies; for by nature they had not many points of sympathy together. Louis was a brave, energetic, honourable man, but essentially a man of the world—ambitious, clever, and eminently unromantic. That in him which pleased Winifred was his manliness. Tall, han isome, powerful, and practical, he was the ideal of masculino strength; while the materialism and worldly pride which marved his character were not brought which marred his character were not brought out in the circumstances of a quiet country life, The only side now seen was his undeniable common sense and personal dignity; and these were graces, not defects, in their present common sense and personal dignity; and are so pale—and—why, Louis, you are trembled were graces, not defects, in their present bling! Oh! what has happened to you?"

"I am grieved, Winny," he said, affectionately, taking her hand from his shoulder, to ing, riding, atting by the same dark sea hold it between his own. "I did not think I which had borne away poor Grace's tears; should ave felt it so much."

neither thought it possible to separate them.
Winifred had thought so little at any time about love, that it never occurred to her to ask herself whether this were love or friendship; and Louis knew too well how large his own ambition was, and how it filled his heart, to dream it possible he could give place to any other passion. So they went on in the old sweet way of descent, and believed they were standing on the high plain above. But Louis began to think more of Winifred

than he liked to acknowledge to himself; and he began to think, too, how he could arrange his life if he married her. If this should ever his life if he married her. If this should ever be, he thought the first thing he would do would be to send little Mary to the Foundling Hospital, or put her out to nurse, and after wards to school. At any rate he would have her taken from Winifred. Louis thought this the best thing for the girl herself; and as for Mary's happiness, she must take the consequences of her painful position. Her birth was an accident, certainly, and it seemed hard to punish her for it; but the birth of a royal duke was an accident too, and yet he got the benefit of it. So Louis rensoned, amoking his cigar in the evening, and believing that he reasoned judiciously and well.

Things went on in the same way for many

months, until at last a letter came, demanding the immediate presence of the young student in London, on matters of great consein London, on matters of great consequence, connected with his future career. Louis was pleased at the prospect of immediate employment; it was the first round of the great ladder won, and was the best practical news he could hear. But he was more than grieved to leave Winifred and South Shore. He had solved the problem, and found that love and ambition could exist together.

ext lesson would be on their proportions.
"Winifred," he said, "I have bad news for

us—though good for me too."
"What is it, Louis!" said the girl, looking up from the ground where she was sitting, playing with little Mary.

"Leave that child to herself for a moment, if you can," he said, almost pettishly, "and come with me into the garden."

Winifred gathered up her black bair.

Winifred gathered up her black bair, which had fallen below her waist, and, sendup her black bair, ing Mary to her nurse, went out with her friend. They walked some time in silence;

Louis pale and agitated, his arms crossed, and biting his forefinger.

"What is the matter, dear Louis?" said Winifred at last, laying her hand on his shoulder, as a sister might have done. "You are so pale and why Louis you are trans-

"Felt what, Louis?"

" Leaving South Shore."

"Leaving us ! O! are you going to leave us!" cried poor Winfred bursting into tears. "What shall I do without you, Louis—my friend—my brother—my own dear Louis!"

"An I are you so sorry, Winfred!" said

Louis in a low voice, holding her tenderly

pressed to his heart.

"How can you ask, Louis! What will be my life without you? I cannot even imagine

it without you to share it! Louis! Louis! what shall I do when you have left me?"

"Winifred,"—and Louis trembled, so that he could scarcely speak—"do you then really love me—love me as my wife should?"

The girl started back; she flung off his hands, and looked at him with a wild, frightened look. Her colour went and came; heart throbbed violently; her eyes were dim, and she could scarcely see. At first she was about to deny, and then to leave him—to rush from him to the end of the earth, if that were possible; and then these two impalses passed, and something broke and something rose within her. She went back to her old place, threw her arms round his neck, and, sobbing on his shoulder, said, "O Louis, I believe this is love!"

There was no time then for explanations. Louis could make no conditions, Winifred oppose no conflicting duties. The dream must go on for a short time; and, though the pain of separation mingle! with the first joy of their love, yet this could well be home when helped out with such divine stimulant.

Months passed before Louis even spoke of return, and months again before he could execute his wish. In all, it was between two and three years before they met again. In the meantime he had been in the heart of the world—in the midst of London life struggling, fighting, conquering, so far; but in the struggle his ambition and all his worldly passions were roused and excited. He had been too with conventional people; and had got more than ever of that conventional honour and morality which are the farthest possible rem ved from truth. His object in life was success—by all fair means, and homograble. And though he would not have sacrificed love entirely, yet that love must be as compatible and as helpful as might be to future he had marked out for himself. To Winnfiel herself there was no kind of objection. She had fortune; she was of good family; and her reputation, even through the undeserved reproaches sought to be east on it, was yet grand and noble. But his objection was to the child. So long as Mary was with Winifred, she was no wife for him. For so long as she kept the little one by her side, For so and gave her her name, there would be still the scandal and the steer; and his wife must be not only pure before God, but blameless before men. No; she must choose between

her love for him and the little one. They

could not exist together.

This was the feeling, then, that Louis brought with him to South Shore, when he returned after more than two years' absence, to arrange for their wolding. And these were the reflections with which he overwhelmed Winifred, in the first days of his arrival.
"You are not serious, Louis?" she said,

turning pale.

"Never more serious in my life! My dear girl, we must have a little common sense in this world! We cannot always act solely on impulse against our best interests,"

But dishonour and perjury can never be our interest, Louis," said Winifred. "Not to speak of their intrinsic wrong, they are even bad stepping stones to fortune."

"Dishonour and perjury are hard words,

Winifred."

" But time ones, dear."

"But true ones, dear."
"That may be. But, dishonour or not,"
said Louis, rather angrily, "it must be done.
Once now, and for ever, I distinctly refuse to
sanction this absurd adoption of yours; nor
do I recognise your duty or your right in
maintaining it. Let the child be sent to
school. I do not wish her to go to the workhouse, or to come to harm ; but I wish absent

utely that my house shall be free of her, and your name dissociated from her."

"Don't say that, Louis," said Winifred, trembling. "Do not say that I am to desert my child, for that means I am to lose you.
I could not break my yow, Louis, though I

might break my heart."

"Folly! The heated fancy of an cuthusiastic girl! Is this to be put in competition with my love, Winified!"

"O Louis, nothing in the world can be put in competition with that," cried Winnired, "but duty!"

"A mere play on words. Your duty is tome."
"And to the helpless and the dead," said
Winifred, softly.

"Then you don't love me, Winified 1"
"More than my life, Louis," cried Wmifred, passionntely.

"But not more than this senscless child !" " Not more than my honour, my user, and

"Not more than my nonour, my user, and my vow," she said, weeping.

"Let us talk no more of it," said Louis, rising. "I leave your fate, and none too, in your hands. Think well before you decide; and remember, that you have to choose between a superstitious literalism or my

love, my happiness, and my life."

And he left the room, sternly.

This was the first of a long series of conver sations, all in the same tone, and all on the same point; Louis becoming angry, and Winifred sorrowful; but both true and with each discussion less than ever discused to give way. At last Louis, one day, more passionately than usual, even swen he would not marry any woman in the world who refused the condition he had made; At last Louis, one day, more could only reply by releasing him from his engagement. This release he accepted with andent sorrow, but yet with decision; feeling that he had now given up all chance of penceful happiness, and that he must make his life

So, the lives which should have been united for ever, became, not only separate and distinct, but estranged. But though Louis went back to the world and to the strife he loved, he was not happy; for he was not at peace with himself. Even now, white he still hoped all things from ambition, and while flushed with the passion and the and while flushed with the passion and the eagerness of the combat, he had misgivings, -indistinct and infrequent, but not the less real; while Winifred sank into a silent, sorrowful, prematurely aged woman, whose only or was in the love which had cost her all her happiness. Without Mary, she would her happiness. probably have died in the first years of her widowhood—for it was a true widowhood for her, so friendless as she was. But the strength which had enabled her to make the acrince, enabled her to support it; and the love which had demanded it, rewarded her.

Wmifred's mother died not long after this, and Wmifred left South Shore with the child They went into Devonshire, where they took a house in the most beautiful part of the county, and where they lived peaceful and retired—Mary's education the occupation of Wmifred's life. Bearing the same name, Mary passed there for Winifred's niece, and even the motherly way in which she spoke to her, and Mary's calling her, "Mamma Winny," did not bring suspicion on them; for, us people said, if there had been any to the same of the same conceal, why did they not conceal it? And why did they come as strangers to a place alvertising themselves as unworthy of notice when they might so easily have avoided at suspecien? So that Winifred found her life pass more easily here than even in herold house, and gradually her spirits gained, if

Mary was now a beautiful girl of about eighteen or nineteen—a noble, animated creature, all life and love, and enthusiasm. cisature, all life and love, and enthusiasm, and anocence. Just, free-spirited, with bright vers and bright heir, a bright quick colour, and a voice that was like a silver bell; accing all things through the clear air of her own hope and love, making a very sunstance round her path, and wherever she went taking joy and smiles with her; the true ideal of a glad-hearted girl. This was the development of that turbulent baby kicking in its cradle nineteen years 20. She seemed to have robbed Winifred of

and Winifred said firmly, she would not buy youth. Her black hair had grown thin and either her own happiness or his, by desertion grey, her laughing eyes were dim; her lips and treachery. So, Louis went to London, had lost their tint, her cheeks were pale and the day after wrote, so that Winifred and hollow; not a trace of any possible beauty in the past was left on her face; and no one who saw her for the first time would believe that as a young girl she had been even more than ordinarily pretty. But it had been a beauty merely of youth, passing with the bright skin and the happy smile of youth, and leaving the ill-formed features, with all their want of regularity and unsoftened.

In the midst of his ambition, Louis Blake still remembered Winifred. She was the only woman he had ever loved, and as time gave its romance to the past, it seemed as if he had loved her even more ardently than was true. He had gained all he had striven for in life; he was rich and powerful, and his highest flights of ambition were realised. But his heart was empty; his home was solitary. He blamed himself for the part he had acted; and, secure of his position now, thought he had been even unwise in not associating Winifred and all her life with him. He would have been strong enough to have borne them up the ladder with him, and she would have lived down the petty solvency that endeavoured to destroy her calumny that endeavoured to destroy beautiful action. For it was beautiful; yes, he recognised that now. Full of these thoughts, and just at the age when the man who has been ambitious in his youth wishes to be domestic in his maturity, he made inquiries about Winifred at her old home; and learning her address there, he set off suddenly to Devonshire, to renew his acquaintance—perhaps his love, who knows? with his former friend and fiancee. made one fatal mistake. He did not realise the years that had passed since he parted with Winifred. It was always the same Winifred whom he left sitting on the ground, playing with a baby girl—her black hair fall-ing far below her waist, and her dark eyes bright and clear—whom he expected to find again. All the world told him—and he knew without vanity, that it was true—that time had been his friend. His curly chesnut hair, a little worn about the temples, had not a silver line in it; his bearing was more manly, and his figure better developed than when Winited saw him last; success had given him a certain commanding manner which might easily pass for majesty; and constant intercourse with the world, a profound insight into human nature. He was eminently one of the present generation-one of the men whose mind and character influence their whole circle. Handsome, noble, and capable, he was a very king and here to the minds of most women; against whom not the most beautiful youth in the world, were he Apollo han elf, would have had a chance of success; and who, the a veritable monarch, might have chosen in haby keeking in its cradle nineteen years against whom not the most beautiful yours in the world, were he Apollo hunselt, would in the world, were he Apollo hunselt, would all her life, to exuberant was her own, so have had a chance of success, and who, the pale and depreciated her poor foster-mother's. All Wrattred's beauty had gone with her queen wheresoever he listed. And he thought

that time, which had so beautified him, would that time, which had so beautized him, would have done the same for Winifred. It would be a matured, ennobled, glorified woman that he should meet, but still the same that he had left; it would be the nymph become the goddess. And thinking, hoping, believing this, it was with all the fervour of his old affection that he knocked at the door of the cot-

tage where they told him Miss James lived.
A beautiful girl came barriedly and rather noisily into the room, almost as soon as he had cutered. She did not know of his visit, and a deep blush broke over her brilliant face. Louis forgot all about baby Mary, and never remembered the possibility of this glo-rious creature being the butterfly from that cradled chrysalis; he only said to himself, that dear Winifred had just as much sweetness as ever, and as little vanity, else she never would have dared the presence of such a beautiful girl as this. He asked for her, n beautiful girl as this. He asked for her, however, smiling; and Mary went out of the room to call her, glad enough to get away.

Winifred came down almost immediately, bringing Mary with her. When she saw Louis, she stood for a moment-stupified, as if she had seen a ghost from the grave before her; then uttering a low cry, she staggered, turned deadly pale, and holdand single ed, turned detaily pair, and noise ing out her withered hands toward him, cried, "Louis! Louis!" and "My love!" and then fell fainting to the ground.

In her fainting the last chance of illusion vanished. O! why had he come? Why had he not been content to live on the pleasant

rounnee of memory and faith !

Winifred's faintness soon passed; and with it her weakness. When she recovered, she it her weakness. When she recovered, she held out her hand, smiling; saying in a tirm time, "It was such a surprise to see you, Louis, that I was overcome." And then, she began to talk of former days with as calm a countenance as if they had parted but last week, and had never met in love. She thus put them both into a true position, which they had nearly lost; and left the future unembarrassed by any fetters of the past. Louis could not but love the woman's delicacy and tact; and saying to himself; "I shall soon get accustomed to the loss of her beauty," believed that he would love her as of old, and that all would go smoothly and of old, and that all would go smoothly and happily for them both. He was glad now, that he had come. After all, what did a little prettiness signify? Winnfred was just as good as, perhaps even better than, she used to be a not what did it in atter if the research. what did it matter if she were less beautiful ? Louis was pholosophical—as men are when they deceive themselves

He remained in Devenshire for nearly a month, and at the end of that time began to grow perplexed and confused in his mind. In the first days he had made Wmifred understand that he loved her still; he had told her why he had come to Devonshire; he had spoken much of the softening and beautiful influence that her memory had been to him

all his life, and of how he had hoped and trusted in the future; he had called back all her former love to him, and had awakened her sleeping hopes; he had poured fresh life into her heart, he had given her back her youth. He had spoken of her to herself as a being to be worshipped for goodness, and in speaking thus, had pressed a kiss on her withered check; and, when he had done all this, and had compromised his honour as well as his compassion, he found out that she was old and falad, that she was a mather not a wife. faded; that she was a mother, not a wife; that, considering her age, love-passages be-tween them were ridiculous. If she had tween them were ridiculous. been Mary, now-

Mary was much struck with Louis Blake. His grand kind of bearing, his position, the dazzling qualities of his mind, all filled her with admiration, so intense that it was almost worship. But worship tinged was almost worship. But worship tinged with awe. And, thus—she changed too. Her frank and childish manners became fitful and reserved; her causeless tears, her wild excitement, her passionate manner to Winifred, embracing her often and eagerly, as she used when as a child she wanted her forgiveness for an unconfessed, but silently recognised fault; her bashfulness when Louis recognised fault; her bashfulness when forms spoke to her; her restless wretchemess when he passed her in silence; her cancer watching for his eye and smile, and her blushes when she was rewarded; all gave the key to Winifred, so far as she was concerned; though as yet she did not know that this key opened another heart as well. that this key opened another heart as well. But, she began to feel a change, gradual, and perceptible, and sure, in Louis. He grew cold in his manner to her, and sometimes riritable; he avoided her when she was alone, and he spoke no more of the past; he was constrained, he was harsh—he no longer loved her, and this was what he was teaching her. His manner to Mary was as fitful as her own. Now tender and fatherly, now hard and cruel; sometimes so absorbed in watching her, or talking with her, that he forgot all the world beside, and sometimes seeming to forget her, and her very existence in the room. Winifred saw it all. She was the first to give the true name to She was the first to give the true name to this perplexity, and factitious attempts to reconcile impossible feelings; and when once enlightened she accepted her position with dignity and grandeur. There was no mix ile way. Louis no longer even fancied that he loved her, and she could not held him to the promise made when under the altasion of that fancy. She must again judge between duty and self, and again ascend to the altar of sacrince. He loved her chald; and Mary—and Winifest want as she could it and Mary-and Winifred wept as she said it low in her own chamber, kneeling by her bed, half-sobbing and half-praying-Mary loved him. Yes, the child she had eared for as lor him. Yes, the child she had eared for as her own, and for whom she would have given her life, now demanded more than her life. And she should have it. It was in the grey evening when Winifred went down-stairs, passing through the low French windows of the drawing-room, and on to the lawn, where Louis and Mary were standing near the cistus-tree. But not speaking. A word too tender, a look too true, bad just passed between them, and Louis was still struggling with the impulse which bid him say all, look all, and leave the issue to fate. Mary was trembling, tears in her eyes, and a strange feeling of disappointment stealing over her; though she could not have said why, for she did not know what she had expected. Winifred walked gently over the grass, and was by their side before they know that she had left the house. Mary gave a heavy sob, and flung herself on

" Darling Winny! How glad I am you have

Louis turned away, painfully agitated.

"Why do you turn from me, Louis?" said
Winitred. "Are you afraid of your friend?
Do you fear that you cannot trust her
love?"

"What do you many W.

"What do you mean, Winifred?" said poor Louis, passionately. "For God's sake, to enigness! O, forgive me, dearest friend, I am harsh and hard to you; but I am mad! —mad!"

"Poor suffering heart, that suffers because of its unbelief," said Winifred tenderly: and taking his hand she placed it in Mary's. Chaping them both between her own. "See, dear Lanis," she said, the tears falling gently over her furrowed checks. "My hand is no barrier between you and your love. Rather a tie the more. Love each other, dear ones, if therein lies your happiness! For me, mine rests with you, in your joy and your virtue. And when, in the future, you think of Winited my Mary will remember the fostermether who loved her beyond her own life, and Louis will say he once knew one who kept her yow to the last."

THE LIGHT OF OTHER DAYS.

A DECEMENT old woman, tempted by a man in black, bus signed with her blood on parchment a contract to become his, body and soul; has received from him a piece of money, the black kine's shilling to the new recruit; has put one hand to the sole of her foot and the other hand to the crown of her head; and has duly hand to the crown of her head; and has duly received a familiar in the shape of a cat or kitten, a mole, a millerfly, or any other little animal, which is the corporate form of a demon, subject to the will of the sail woman, longed by her, and provided with a daily meed of her own blood, drawn from taps established for its use on different parts of her isoly. If any old woman has had an any attree of this kind and keeps such a familiar shaping undoubtedly in spite of all familiar, she is undoubtedly, in spite of all the lights of all the centuries, a witch. But, whether any decrepit old woman ever did

make such a contract and rejoice in the fulmake such a contract and reporce in the in-filment of its terms, is certainly a question not worth asking in the year one thousand eight hundred and lifty-live. However, let that pass. Grant her the demon, and then let us inquire, what manner of witch she may be. All will depend upon the use made of her ill-gotten power. If by it she choose to help people to recover stolen goods, heal sickness, and make herself useful to her sickness, and make herself useful to her neighbours, she is a white witch. If she be malicious, a cuming thief, an afflicter of malicious, a cunning thief, an afflicter of children and of cattle, she is a black witch; if she be partly white and partly black in her behaviour, she is a grey witch; and her familiar spirit is accordingly pronounced to

familiar spirit is accordingly pronounced to be black, white, or grey.

Why are almost all witches women, and, in sooth, old women? The popular idea of a witch coincides at this day with the picture of her, sketched by Master Horsett a quarter of a thousand years ago:—"An old weather-beaten crone, having her chin and knees meeting for age, walking like a bear leaning on a staff, untoothed, having her lips trembling with palsy, going mumbling in the bling with palsy, going mumbling in the streets; one that hath forgotten her paternoster and yet a shrewd tongue to call a drah noster and yet a shrewd tongue to call a drab a drab, and who hath learned an old wife's rhyme ending pax, max, tax, for a spell." His sagacious Majesty King James the First explained this by a theory, "For," he said, "as the sex is frailer than man, so is it easier to be attentional in the same to be the sex is frailer than man, so is a entrapped in the gross shares of the Divell as was over well proved to be true by the serpent's deceiving of Eve in the beginning," and of course when the weaker sex is at its period of greatest weakness, when it has fallen into bodily decay and dotage, then is the time for evil powers to make sure of catching it in traps. So of a decrepit old woman, if she was poor and lived a lonely life, without the aid and comfort of a loving husband or a sturdy son, the presumption was fair that she must have been caught in the trap, and being a witch ought in the name of all things holy to be burnt alive. Moreover, there would be a disposition on the part of men to be very tolerant of women who were well-favoured or tolerant of women who were well-havoured or young, and at least an equal disposition on their part to be intolerant of women who were old and ugly. Let the tenderness of Colonel Hobson testify.

In the year sixteen 'forty-nine the people of Newcastle-upon-Tyne were much troubled with witches, and two of the town-sergeants were despetched to Scatland in order to enter

were despatched to Scotland in order to enter into agreement with a Scottish witch-inder. On the arrival at Newcastle of this public functionary, the magistrates of the town sent the bellman through the streets, inviting any person to bring up suspected witches for examination. Thirty women were accord-ingly produced at the town-hall, and most of them, after trial by the thrusting of pins into the flesh, were pronounced guilty. The witch-finder informed Colonel Housen that witch-finder informed Colonel

he know whether or not women were witches by their looks, but when the said person was something a personable and well favoured woman the Colonel replied and said, "Surely this woman is none, and need not be tried." But the Scot said, "Yea, she was, for the after the strings which tied her; had her carried lack to the mill, and indicatoured to connoce the people of the uncertainty of the experiment, and offered to lay five to one that any woman of her age, so tied up in a loose sheet, would float; but all so no first the second connection of the control o this woman is none, and need not be tried."

But the Scot said, "Yea, she was, for the town said she was, and therefore he would try her." Presently afterwards he ran a pin into her and set her aside as a child of Satan. Colonel Hobson proved on the spot that the man was deceived grossly, whereupon the witch-finder cleared the woman and said she was not a child of Satan. Nineteen women were ordered to be burnt at Newcastle upon the conviction of this man, who then went into Northumberland, where he tried witches at three pounds a head. It is poor consola-tion to be told that this ruffian himself died on the gallows, when it has to be added that he confessed himself to have caused the death of two bumbred and twenty women in England and Scotland, and, taking them all round to have earned about a pound upon each job.

Of the trial of witches by water, every one has heard. A scene like the following used in fact to be one of the incidents of ordinary life in English villages, and was not alto-gether rare when this letter was written, a hundred and eighteen years since, to the London Magazine :

"Onkley, three miles from Bedford.

"Sta,—The people here are so prejudiced in the belief of witches that you would think yourself in Lapland, was you to hear their ridiculous stories. There is not a village in the neighbourhood but has two or three. About a week ago I was sevent at the two or three. About a week ago I was cresent at the ceremony of ducking a witch, a particular account of

which may not perhaps be disagreeable to you.

"An old woman of about 60 years of age had long bin under an imputation of witcheraft, who being anxious for her own sake and her children to clear herself, consented to be ducked; and the parish officers promoved her a quince if she should tink. The place appointed was by the river Ouse, by a mill. There were, I believe, 500 spectators. About II o'clock in the foreneon the woman came, and was tied up in a wet sheet, all but her face and hands; her toes were tall clear to take the matter of the strength of hards tred close together, as were also her thumbs, and her hards tred to the small of her legs. They fastened a race about her middle, and then pulled off her cap to search for puls for their notion to, if they have but

one pin in them, they won't sink).

When all prelunitaries were settled, she was thrown in. But, unbup its for the poor creature, she floated, though her head was all the while under water. Upon the there was a confused cry: A write! I a word. Drown her' Hang her! She was in the water at out a minute and a half, and was then taken out, half-drowned. When she had recovered breath, she was tried twice more, but with the name success; for she floated each time, which was a plan demonstra-tion of goilt to the ignorant multitude! For, not-For, notwill a miding the poor creature was laid down upon the s appendices and almost dead, they were so far from who may any pry or companion, that they strove who should be the mest forward in londing her with represented such a the durettee of popular prejudices.

Her my part, I stood against the torich; and when I therefore the water would not receive them.

purpose, for I was very near being mot'd. Some time after the woman came out, and one of the company happened to mention another experiment to try a wreeb—which was to weigh her against the Church Bible; for a wrich, it seems could not outweigh it. Immediately seconded the motion (as thinking it might be of service to the poor woman, and made use the consequence which (though as weak as K. James' ? of an argument which (though as weak as K. James for their not sinking) had some weight with the people; for I told them that if she was a witch, she certainly dealt with the devil, and as the Bible was undoubtedly the word of Ood, it must weigh more than all the works of the devil. This seemed reasonable to several, and those that did not think so, could able to several, and those that did not think so, could not answer it. At last the question was carried, and she was weighed against the Bible, which weighed about 12 pounds. She outweighed to This convinced some and staggered others; but the parson, who believed through thek and thin, wentaway fully assured that she was a witch, and endeavoured to incultate that belief in all others. I am, &c. &c."

A hundred years ago, three men were tried at Hertford for the murder of Rewho was suspected as a witch. Ruth Osburn, The over seers of the parish, wishing to save the woman (who was seventy years of age), from threatened danger, removed her and her husband to the workhouse. A body of about five thousand people, however, assembled at Tring, and behaved with so much violence that the authorities were at length obliged to give up the victim. The poor woman was so much ill-treated by the ignorant mob in their experiments to prove whether she was a witch, that she died shortly after.

It is not fifty years, since Mr. Nicholson, the incumbent of Great Paxton in Huntingthe incumbent of Great Paxton in Hunting-donshire, preached against the belief in witchers to his ignorant parishioners, and told them some of his experience. A poor woman, the mother of eight children, persecuted as a witch, had gone to him weeping, protesting innocence, and asking leave to prove it by being weighed against the pulpit Bible. Mr. Nicholson then expostulated with his people in the church, but to no purpose, for soon afterwards their violence increased. At St. Nocth market, a woman coming home in the waggon, was about to put her parcel of grocery on the top of some corn-sacks, and was advised by Anne Izzard, a neighbour, not to do so; by Anne Izzard, a neighbour, not to do so; she did it, nevertheless, and on the way do so ; home, by some accident, the was an uptour, set. This set the whole village in an uptour, set. and on the following Sunday night, its bitants went in a mass to the unhappy woman's co'tage, dragged her naked from her bed, dashed her head against the stones of

the causeway, mangled her arms with pins, and beat her on the face, breast, and stomach with the wooden bar of her door. When left to herself, she crawled for protection to the constable and was refused it; but, in the house of a merciful woman, who was a widow, she found refuge, and the widow, Alice Russell, bound her neighbour's wounds, and put her into her own bed. By this Christian deed, she incurred the wrath of the people brutalised by superstition, and was subjected by them to indignities, and kept in a state of incessant terror, whereof twelve days afterwards she died. But, on the day after the first outrage, Anne Izzard was again dragged out for ill-usage, after which she took refuge under the roof of the clergyman, who was blamed sorely for the shelter he afforded.

The behef in witches, even at this day, survives in many corners of the land, among an untaught people; while superstition of the grossest kind, though not the most atrocious, is to be met with everywhere. In the London drawing-room of the wealthy connoisseur in rappings; in the remote hovel of the poorman, who to avoid misforture, is induced to swallow necromantic mixtures, and among whose household treasures are to be found constantly such documents as this: "The gar (jar) of mixtur is to be mixt with half a pint of gen (gin), and then a table-spoon to be took mornings at Eleven O'clock, four and eigt, and four of the pills to be took exery morning fasting, and the paper of powder to be divided in ten parts, and one part to be took every night, Going to bed in a little honey. The paper of arbs (herbs) is to be burnt a small bit at a time, on a few axiles with a little hay and rosemery, and whiles it is burning, read the two first verses of the GS Salin, and say the Lord's prayer after."

GHOST-MUSIC.

No. a Rarea Nova, in Finland, there is a lake, in which let're the Coxetter of the Castledius a spectrum, in the bate of Arnea with his harp, appears, and makes accommon the provided an accommon Melancholy.

Bewarn the pallid castle walls
Of Rupes, where the rocks wowl primly,
And down dark erigs the rankglit falls,
A lake lies duniy.

Nothing is seen upon its thore But weary waters, flat and grey, Or boat that in the distance hoar Fadeth away.

Or, prering out between the sedge,
The buttern; or the beron drinking;
Or stork that by the water's edge.
Seems always thinking.

Yes, round about, by night or noon,
A ordinar of enchanturest flea,
For-sounding, like a fairy time
When daylight dies,

The rocks all round broad, brown, and hare, Down-trampled by the eternal streams— Have struggled into shapes that glare Like scalptured dreams.

And in the trees that shade the ground The furtive wind sits always humming; And in the caves is heard a sound Of clitch drumming.

The Lake is smooth, and bare, and wide;
The distant shore looks out like sleep;
And sleepy water ities ride
At anchor deep,

And open their white vases dim,
And cuffle their dark leaves, and quake,—
Like water-nymphs that by the brim
Lio half awake.

And ever, when that ghostly mere
The moonlight paves with shaking gold,
Upward there grows a sense of fear
And gathering cold.

For, in the blue-black depths, a cell
Holds a swart goblin, known far sound
For weaving one postentous spell,
On which is wound

The life of him who sits in state

With n the neighbouring castle walls,

And governs with an iron weight

His vassal thralls,

He sways them with a lordly will, And holds their lives within his hand: Death seems his stave; yet fears he still When Death shall stand

Before him like a master, sent
To call him through the dack away;
He knows that when his life is spent
The Elif will pray.

He knows that up from watery gloom.
The awful Elf will use, and take.
The Harp that lies like sleeping doom.
Beside the Like;

That lies in broken rock and weed, Untouch'd from year to year, except When the loosed winds with shuddering speed. The strings have suept.

The dreadful Fairy heaves the Harp From out the weed, from out the stone; He sits upon a headland sharp, And wakes it's tone.

At first it seems a little sound, Fine, and faint, and far away, From behind the hills that bound That rocky hay.

At first it has not strength to shake The lightest leaf upon the tree, Nor rouse the rapple on the Lake, Nor start the bee

From out the ewinging fox-glove bella,

Not sway the spoter on no thread;

But soon the many pants and swella,

Till, overhead,

Comes the sound of many voices, Comes the rushing of many sings; And with those buge, harmanious noises The dull air rings.

And the stagnant trees are slinken
As with wind in Autumn meaning;
And the ripples begin to waken,
And the bees cease droning

In the fox-glores, and the spider Shrinks in fear to a yellow ball. Deeper spread the tones, and wider, Round the Hall.

The near rocks thrill with an iron tongue,
The distant rocks give faint replies:
The doom'd man hears his death-knell rung,
And, swooning, dies.

Then sinks the Goblin down below;
The Burp lies idly by the lake;
The wreathed upples cease to flow,
The leaves to shake;

The bees again in the fox-gloves blaze.
The crage hum fainter, thrill on thrill,
The spider trails out in the air,
And all is still.

A Power c'en yet in Finland reigns, Who waits some music from Leneath To tell him that his planet wones In bloody death.

The hissing of glad awords,—the throng
(If hullets singing as they wend,
Like storms in March,—will be the song
That marks his end,

He watches in the day and night
To see the dreadful shape born through;
And Europe, gathering up her might,
Stands watching too.

MODEL OFFICIALS.

The public mind is supposed just now to be considerably occupied with what is called Administrative Reform; and, therefore, any little hint on the subject will not be entirely thrown away. Now, there are two ways of illustrating a topic; either to surround it with a halo of perfection—to idealise it and offer its glorified image—to invest humanity with celestial beauty—to select the faultless features of a hundred models in order to compose one perfect statue; in short, to exhibit a pattern for imitation; or, to set before the spectator a picture of warning,—to teach temperance by parading a drunken Helot—to show Orson in all his wildness to anticeducationists—to point out the bottom (if there is one) of many easy descents, and to make it clear what we may come to, if we don't take care what we are about, and pull up others as well as ourselves when they are drifting a little too far in a wrong direction,

and when even veteran red-tapers are obliged to emborse an application for a job with the unwonted memorandum, "This is too bad!"

Certainly, we are blest in England with a few official personages,—from the worthy magistrate who adorns the beach to the managers of various public establishments and offices,—who are striving to raise the standard of the British character in respect to faithfulness, despatch, and integrity. If we go on thus, we shall come to a climax soon. Public confidence will have reached a point beyond which it will not be received to preced further—that way at possible to proceed further,—that way, at least. Thus, setting aside whatever has come to the private knowledge of myself and mine, my newspaper this morning informs me, in its Multum in Parvo, appropriately so styled in the present instance, that, "on a l'ost-office official, arrested the other day in the Duchy of Brunswick, the enormous quantity of fourteen hundred stolen letters were found. He had only been attached to the post-office for one year." And again, "out of one hundred and thirty-five letters containing money, which passed through the Wolverhampton post-office during the month of July, forty-Who is so unreasonable as to suppose that they ever will? And what should I deserve, but the hastinado, if I were so impertinent as to complain about my ten-pound note, and my maiden nunt's law-papers, which haven't come to hand, and don't mean to,—unless a handsome reward is offered for the latter,—or to grumble that the postage stamps with which I deface the front of my letters are considerately removed before the stampers of St. Martin's have had time to blacken them? What, but stripes, are the meed of malcontents? And to that mode of discipline as insurgent populace will have to submit. The case is not without precedent, as you now shall learn.

Certain French officers have been compelled to act the part of police magistrates in Algeria; not that they particularly liked the task, but, "force," says the vulgar dictum, "has no choice." What must be—must. So these Frenchmen set to work to administer justice in the Arab courts of police and law, with much the same expression of countenance as you would assume previous to swallowing a bumper of salts and sound. Several of them, after a lapse of years, have turned their stipendiary magisterial experience to a literary account. Among others, has written what would be an amusing book, Scènes de Mœurs Arabes, were it not evident that he too is an official reformer in his way;—that he is by no means satisfied with his underlings—that he works with them, in a state of high disgust, like a man who is compelled to handle dirty tools, and that he only employs them for want of better.

But what, I ask, would be the use of burdening oneself with the load of office, high or low, it one did not thereby acquire a few privileges unattainable by the vulgar herd lesuch, for instance, as peeping into letters, if you are perched on the top of the tree, and of making them pay a handsome toll, if you are only nestled amongst the branches. I say, poor lords and gentlemen who compassionately undertake government for us, cannot go on with their hands tied as they are; they ought to be deputed to administer, to every unreasonable grambler a wholesome dose of the stick, after the Arth fashion. However, the reader shall judge for himself, whether Algeria dose not furnish a useful hint. He shall be indulged with a glumpse into an Arab police-office, and shall hear the Frenchman's own report; he can then form his own conclusions, without being influenced by the reporter's wrongheadedness. Can you expect common-sense from an officer of engineers, formerly a pupil of the Polytechnic school?

The bureau itself is of simple aspect, scarcely equal to Downing Street or the Herse Guards. A plain one-storeyed house has before its entrance-door a sort of courtyari furnished with enormous benches, which may be called an external antechamber. In another large court, on the other side of the building, a Moorish café displays its filth. Within, an antechamber contiguous to the door opens into an audience-room, which is nucle of every other decoration than a series of broad benches. At one end stands a writing-table and the curule chair of the French-Arabian magistrate. A narrow passage leads from the reception-room to the deputy-magistrate's private cabinet, and also to the police-offices, properly so called, wherein a few privileged scribes follow their trade of arratching ink-marks on paper as fast as their targers can go.

The actors who appear on this simple stage re neither brilliant nor numerous. First, there is the head of the bureau, or magistrate, an official part, in the present instance per-formed by M. Richard. His character compels him to act as the representative of European conquest and civilisation. Next is the kadi of the Arab bureau; a raven'sbented face, consisting solely of a nose which exceeds the limits allowed to the human opecies—very stupid, but profoundly versed in the holy books—never at a loss for a text at the service of the constituted authoritiessmelling offensively-clotics potted with black constellations, the sprinkhis writing-desk-buried behind his rineipal's arm-chair in a heap of dusty and lixorderly books-indefatigable with the pen. Thudly (it ought to have been first) comes the charuch,—a comt ination of headle, policeman, drum-major, sheriff's officer, crier of the court, and chief constable—an individual who practices blind obedience, provided it does but brung hom in something-ready to wring his

own father's neck for the trifle of a douro—(four-und-sixpence)— mousquetaire's face, well-made figure, and tall enough to give a good thrashing to whoever chose to run the risk of one—highly respected and feared by the vulgar—a very bad Mussulman, being strongly addicted to strong liquors in secret—the epitome of human impudence and villany under a pleasing aspect. (It is right to say what good we can.) In the wings, or side-scenes, are the medje.és, or Mussulman magistrates, who, for the most part, conceal beneath an imposing dignity or an evangelical simplicity of manners profound immorality, but who, nevertheless, compose the highest and the healthiest portion of Arab society. Then there is a chorus of functionaries of every grade, kaids, cheiks, winesses, defendants, plaintiffs, spies, and divers personages, besides equestrian supernumeraries known as mekrazenis, indigenous horsemen in the special service of the bureau. They are a species of centaur divisible into two parts—the man and the horse—who enjoy the feling faculty of seeing in the dark, and of traveling to any indefinite distance. Amotous as they are of douros and good cheer, when neither are to be had they are capable of fasting for a fortnight—the equine just as well as the human portion of the compound animal.

M. Richard's chaouch, named Djilali, was remarkable for astounding volubility of speech, the result of unwearied practice; and he often displayed it in public professions of attachment to his chief, such as-" I am your servant, your child, your slave, the sole of your shoes. I acknowledge none but you and Allah. Never will you find devotion comparable to mine." If the worthy magistrate ventured to hint that there was plenty of time for such effusions of affection at leisure moments, but that now he had better go and attend to his business, Djilali would retire, heaving such sighs as can only be heaved by misunderstood souls and under-valued hearts. But Djilali bestowed the valued hearts. But Djilali bestowed the outpourings of his love on those below as well on those above him. One day, at the audience-room, when a case had been disp sed of and another was coming on, the chaoreh went to the door, as if summoned by a friendly voice, and at the same instant entered El Hhadj Bou Zebel, a fellow who had the run of the house, in consequence of being employed in cleaning the stables and in the transport of horse-manure. He held broom in his hand, and both his dress and person bore evident traces which left no doubt as to the nature of his functions. He presented himself as a complainant in a state of the greatest exasperation; and, to judge from the indignation which he manifested, oy his gestures, and particularly by the evolu-tions of his broom, you would have concluded him to be the victim of some gross is appear After a few stammered exclamations

broken sentences, he gradually became a little more calm and less unintelligible under the soothing influence of Pjilali, who appeared to entertain for him a special sympathy. At last he shouted, "Tis abominable! shamefui!

infamous! I invoke Ailah and his justice!"
"My poor fon Zebel," said the magistrate,
"what can have happened to put you into

such a forious passion?

I have been treated worse than they treat the lowest shepherd. I have been insulted— my respectability has been lowered."

"The deuce! The affair is serious. And in what way, my poor Bon Zebel, have they

on what way, my poor Bon Zebel, have they contrived to lower your respectability?"

"I am your servant—I sweep your stables— therefore I ought to be treated with respect; that is my only object in working for you.

"Assuredly nothing can be truer than that," said the magistrate drily.
"I wait upon the makeezen, the courier, a public functionary—whoever insults me deserves to be punished."
"The fact is incontestible; and the more

"The fact is incontestible; and the more so, because, even if you were not a public functionary, no one would have the right to insult you with impunity."

"Nobody has any right to interfere with me but you. I will take nobody's orders but yours. I consider only as my equals or my inferiors all whose rank is lower than yours."

"Such pride is honourable, considering the functions you fall?"

functions you fulfil; but just explain what it

"It is, look you, that as for all the khalifs and all the aghas in the world, I look upon them as a mere nothing in comparison with myself, because I-I am your servant-I belong to your household."

"You are perhaps indulging in a little exaggeration, my poor Rou Zebel; but what is the meaning of all this talk?"

" It means that I have plenty of nose."

[To have plenty of nose signifies, amongst the Arabs, to be possessed of proper pride.]
"I never doubted the fact."

By your cherished head! I had rather die than suffer the least diminution of the respect which is due to me."

Those are noble sentiments; but what

"I can bear witness, in fact," Djilali chimed in, "that Bou Zebel is a famous fellow, and that he has a prodigious quantity of nose

"Oblige me by hobling your tongue," interrupted the magnetrate; "for if you begin to blow your trumpet in concert with his, it is impossible to guess when there will be an end of it."

"To insult me! a person in the service of the courier! 'tis the upsetting of all received

"The offence is grave, I allow," said the magistrate: "but only explain—"
"Me, who sweep your stables! me, a man of your household! your child!—for I am your child."

" Heaven defend me from repudiating the

honour of the pivernity; but after all—"
"Besides, ask Djilah about my antecedents; you must not takey that I am a mere no-

"By Sidi Abd-Allah!" exclaimed the chaouch, "Bou Zebel is a very considerable personage, and, such as you see him, he has been a drummer in a battalion of regulars, where I was myself—he is my brother in arms."

"Ah, dear me!" said the magistrate, trying hard to keep his temper; "will you dear me!" trying hard to keep his temper; "will you oblige me by not wasting my time in this useless way. Bou Zebel, I give you warning that although you are an employé of the makrezen, and moreover my child, I will have you turned out of doors like the singlest private individual if you do not choose to explain yourself more clearly."

"Ah! Sidi, Sidi, you will listen to your child. You will not repulse him without doing him justice 1"

"Ah! Sidi, Sidi," chaunted Dillali, "con-

"Ah! Sidi, Sidi," chaunted Djilali, "con-

"Ah! Sidi, Sidi," chaunted Djilali, "consider the wrongs of poor Bou Zebel:"

"Will you say what you want?" asked the magistrate, a trifle impatiently; for he began to feel like a certain right honourable speaker (who well deserves his salary), when honourable members have lost them elves in a wood of words in which they threaten to wander all night long.

"I will, Sidi; I am coming to the point. Sidi, I was busy in the exercise of my forcetions, occupied in brooming the front of the stables, when who should come but Hhamed Ould Denér on horseback, at full gallop, as if

Ould Denér on horseback, at full gallop, as if he were going to break his neck. The lout, instead of shouting out Gare! haid me flat on my back, sticking on a muck-heap, not her more nor less than if I had been a lump of more nor less than if I had been it runny or carrion, saving your presence. I presed myself up, and said to him, with becoming calmness, 'I think, Ould Dence, you much have had a little respect for an employe of the makrezen, a servant of the agha. In-stead of apologising, will you believe how he answered me? 'Go to the fire, you dog, son of a dog, servant of Christians.' I did not deign to make any reply to this gross found, but came immediately to make my countaint. but came immediately to make my complaint

but came immediately to make my companies before you."

"Were any witnesses present when this scene took place?" the magistrate inquired; "because you know it is not my practice to hear one side only."

"Yes, certainly; there were witnesses present. All the kands' horsemen were there. But, by your cherished head, I lave spoken nothing but the truth. Cut off my head—cut me in two with a saw—if I have not strictly spoken the truth."

"There is no intention of cutting you any-

"There is no intention of cutting you sny-how or anywhere; but I should like a little

further information."

"Do ou suppose I have told you a lie!
Me, your servant, your child! This is not

the place for lying. Is it possible to tell a he in your presence !"

"I have some reason for believing that the

thir ; is possible.
"Ah, Sidi!" e exclaimed Djilali, "Bou Zebel tell a lie! Impossible. Everybody knows that never did a talschood proceed from his

"That is what we mean to verify, if it

pleases Alinh."
"Hô!" said Djilali, "what need of verifi-"H6!" and Dillali, "what need of verifi-cation ! Is not your servant's word a suffi-cient guarantee!"

I must confess that it is not."

In spite of the reiterated protestations of the chaouch and his friend, witnesses were heard, and the result of their depositions was as follows:—Ould Dener was passing on horachuck, close to Bou Zebel, at a foot-pace, and not at full gallop, when the latter executed—most probably with malice prepense—a manegure with his broom, which sprinkled some filth on the garments of the former, Ould Denoi, having taken the liberty of making a few simple observations on what had occurred, was apostrophised with epithets such as son of a dog, son of a shepherd, and was even threatened with the broom of the public functionary. He replied to the verbal an equivalent value, such as, son of a hog, and son of horse-dung; and he avoided the contact of the broom by sticking both his apara into his horse's sides. It was imposable to deny, in fact, that the horse had galloped; but, unfortunately for Bou Zebel, t was in an opposite direction to that which he had declared, and for an essentially differ-

ent purpose.
"Well, Bou Zebel," said the court, when
the witnesses had done; "you see that things
did not occur exactly in the way in which
you stated."

Ah, Sidi ! don't believe what they say. Their acpositions are all false, as far as I am concerned. They are jealous of my position near your person. And besides, they detest near your person. And besides, they detest me because I am your servant—the servant

"Side," said Djilali, "are you not aware of the sufferings we endure on your account? This poor lion Zebel is a victim of the hatred which we are persecuted because of

"I am truly sorry," said the magistrate, "because to these misfortunes I am obliged to add another, namely, to make him spend a night in prison, to teach him, in the first place, to restrain the outbreaks of his broom,

and secondly, not to lie.

At this there commenced an affecting attempt to mitigate the sentence pronounced, executed by the chaouch and his friend.

The court out it short by an imperative sign. and be calling in the assistance of a couple of in the ante-chamber.

"What is the meaning," he asked, as soon as they were gone, "of this sympathy between Djilali and Bou Zebel! Have they played any tricks together in former

"I believe so," snuffled the kadi, from the idst of his dusty books. "They are the midst of his dusty books. "They are the fellows, as I have heard, who cleaned out Ali Ben Todjard, as he was returning from Algiers, with a mule laden with precious merchandise. It happened in Ben Alel's time." time

"Ah! Now I understand. There must have been something of the kind between them."

"Djilali's influence," continued the kadi,
"procured Bou Zebel his place in the

stubles.

"Tis Djilali's protection which makes him so proud. It reminds me," the magistrate went on, aside, "of what I have read in the English journals: 'Handsome douceurs and secresy offered to whoever will procure the advertiser a government situation.' The Arabs at least have the decency not to print and publish—"

and publish—"
"Would you like to prosecute them," asked the kadi, in ignorance of the current of his superior's thoughts. The commentaries of Sidi Krelil authorise—"

"Silence! We must not rake up old grievances. If we were once to begin to do that, I do not know who amongst you could

aleep in peace.

The kadi held his tongue, folded up his commentaries, and seemed perfectly to comcommentaries, and seemed perfectly to comprehend the state of the case. There was even reason to believe, from the attitude which his nose assumed, that some trifling recollections of the past were flitting across his memory. The magistrate made signs to Djilali to introduce fresh plaintiffs and defendants. As soon as he had done so, a horse-fendants. man entered to announce the approach of a cavalcade from the tribe Oud-Medaguin, who were coming to pay their achour, or grain-tax; and that it was necessary to send some one to meet them, to conduct them into the town, and show them where to deposit their corn. Djilali, who was always foul of cultivating relations with loads of wheat or burley, with an unusual amount of energy. "Those with an unusual amount of energy. "Those volunteered his services to fulfil the mission young folks, every one of them," he said, with that adorably self-sufficient air for which we know him to be remarkable, "are quite meapable of managing such a business with anything approaching to competency. It is absolutely necessary that I should be there absolutely necessary that I should be there in person. Holy Sidi Mamar! if I were not you would see a pretty scene of confusion." He started off, without waiting for permission, leaving his official sceptre in the hands of the makrezeni, who, although unworthy, has sometimes the bonour to an as his substitute. Diptal's double immediately set, to work to reaform his functions in the absolutely necessary set to work to perform his functions in the style of a man who is versed in the details of introduced a female plaintiff, beautiful girl of eighteen or twenty, of whom we have not time to say more at present than that she was a model of the Arab type in all its purity. Scarcely was her interesting story ended, when Djudi entered completely out of breath, by turns fanning and wiping his visage with the rich silk handkerchief which habitually adorned his girdle. He ran about the ream is all directions the room in all directions, uttering innumerable exclamations, all of which, however, had a tendency to make you take him for a man who had just accomplished a mission of unequalled difficulty with an unrivalled dis-

play of genins.
" Holy Sid "Holy Sidi Bou Krari!" he shouted.
"May Sidi Abd Allah burn me to all eternity, if ever I have had so hard a job! What a bright idea of mine it was to go there myself! By the benediction of him who has made you victorious, and has raised you on high, there isn't a man in the world who could have got out of the difficulty, except your humble servant; and you know I am not in the habit of boasting."

"To whom are you speaking?" asked the

magistrate, quietly.

These Oud-Medaguins are more stupid than the asses they lead. Fancy that, at the moment when I arrived, they had almost all discharged their grain at the gate of the court of administration. There was a heap there as big as a mountain, and so well arranged, that the meant their assessment when any and their assessment was a mountain. the men and their asses were underneathmay Allah burn me if I am not speaking the truth-and their corn on the top of them. You know pretty well what the Arabs are. In their hurry to get rid of their load, and be off, they had completely caught themselves in a trap. There were shouts, howlings, kicks, and fisticuffs, enough to make you tremble. I confess that I once entertained a moment's doubt whether it would be possible for me to set matters to rights."

"I am surprised at your doubting," said e court. " And then ?"

the court.

" Being well aware that words alone would not produce the slightest salutary effect, caught sight of half-a-score good thic caught sight of half-a-score good thick cudgels that were lying amongst the stores of wood, and with them I armed ten of the stontest out of the cavalry soldiers who had escorted the party hither. I told them to do exactly as they saw me do; namely, to lay about them as hard as they could on the whole heap of rubbish. We thrashed, and thrashed away; in short, it was what I call thrashing.

"I will believe you on your word this

" To such good effect, that after a quarter of an hour's manœuvering, at the very outside, we succeeded in completely separating the men, the asses, and the sacks, each in their own corner. This done, we were obliged to have the asses reloaded to make them enter

the magazine; but this operation being much more simple than the former one, a few blows with the cudgel, and even often a few panelies with the fist, were sufficient. Ouf! M right arm is dislocated. The sons of dog shall dearly pay for the cudgelling which they made me give them."

"That would be no more than just; nothing

but what is reasonable.

"If I were only paid," continued Djilali, wiping his forehead, "in the old Turkish way, according to the number of thumps bestowed, I am sure that I should have made my fortune." Then, as if suddenly inspired: "But, in fact, Sidi, why don't you pay me by the number of blows? They are my vested

rights."

"It would be no more than just. But, you know, we have abolished the cherished rights of chaouchs. I lament the circumstance; but I can do nothing for you."

Ah! Sidi, you are laughing at your ser-

vant."
"You are wrong to entertain such a supposition. But, if you please, have you not killed, or at least wounded, some person or

reflect, or at least wounded, some person or persons in performing the operation which you have just described?"

"Wounded! killed!" exclaimed Djilali, in profound astonishment. "Did a rap with a stick ever kill or wound an Arab? On the contrary, I have known many cured in that way when they were ill."

"My dear Djilali, I have not the honour to be a chough; and leaving lost withing to

to be a chaouch; and baving lost nothing by the suppression of the bludgeon, you will excuse my not being unanimously of your opinion on that subject. But, tell me, how many donkeys were there in the cavalcade of the Oud-Medaguins ?"
"I counted six hundred and twenty-three."

"That's a good many. Are you quite sure

about the number !

"When I say six hundred and twenty-three, I ought to have said six hundred and twenty-one. Because there were two-but it is an incredible adventure; I am even yes amazed at it myself."

"Let us hear the adventure. I am certain, beforehand, that you have not been the loser

"It is perfectly inexplicable! Unless, indeed, some conjuring marabout has been working a charm and casting a speil."

"Really! I was not aware that you be-

lieved in marabouts.

" Sidi, who could have caused you to doubt it?" said Djulali, with the nir of an innovent clown when caught in the fact of stealing sausages. "But you shall judge for yourself if there is not something miraculous in the matter."

"Out, then, with the miracle."

"My task ended, I was returning quietly towards my tent, wherein I required a moment's repose. After proceeding a few hundred paces, on turning round, I perceived

behind me, closely following my steps, a couple of asses belonging to the cavalcade. Thinking very naturally that they had lost their way, I turned them round in the direction of the magazine, and sent them on their way rejoicing with the help of a few thumps artistically applied. This done, I continued my walk. A moment afterwards, I turned round, and, Holy Sidi Bon Krari! what did I behold again? The same two asses, which had not left me. Once more, I made them face to the right-about; but all in vain! minute afterwards they were on my track again. Sidi, you know me—I am your child

—you are aware that falsehood has never
sullied my lips—"

"Verily, indeed!"
"You will believe, therefore, when I tell you that more than thirty times I tried to make the asses go home, and that my efforts proved unavailing. Consequently, this diabolical pair of donkeys, do what I could, follical pair of donkeys, do what lowed me up to my tent, and into my tent, with me, and in spite of me. I was in a rage with them; so I broke my cudgel on their backs. But look here—seeing is believing." And Djilali produced his broken bludgeon in confirmation of his marvellous narrative.

bet anything that these two asses

had their load of wheat upon their backs."
"You know I have the utmost horror of falsehood. It is true; the asses had their falsehood. It is true; the asses had their sacks on their backs."

"The devil fly away with you!" exclaimed the magistrate, giving way to a burst of impatience. "You have been wasting my time in listening to a cock-and-bull story in justification of your making off with a couple of sucks of wheat. You have been prating bout miracles, as if there were any miracle

in that "
"O Sidi, what a suspicion! "O Sidi, what a suspicion! To suppose that I could—Holy Sidi Abd Allah! May holy Sidi Maman strike me blind, if—" Dilali's embarrassment, as he endeavoured to justify himself, was overwhelmed with a burst of laughter, in which the whole assembly, the court included, joined.

"Get along with you!" said the magistrate, who could not help smiling when he had at his chaouch's pitiable mien. "Do

trate, who could not help suming when he looked at his chaouch's pitiable mien. "Do you take me for a Turk, to tell me such a parcel of nonsense as that !"

"Ah, Soil! Seli!"

"You deserve that I should make you pay

dearly for your two sacks of wheat." But here a harmonious concert of supplications in the channel's favour arose in chorus in the midst of the assembly, in conformity with the Arab tradition, which, to the other privi-leges enjoyed by this functionary, adds that

care how you begin again." An admonition given a hundred times before.

"I am your child; you are my father!"
The eternal argument of chaouchs when caught at their tricks.

"At any rate, have you sent back the asses, after having emptied their sacks?"

"Certainly, I have not failed to do so. Sacks and asses are now in their master's hands. You know, Sidi, how scrupulous I am in all those matters."

"So it seems," muttered the magistrate.

"And now try and make up for the time

"And now try and make up for the time you have lost me."

Djilali is the hero of other adventures. Enough for once has been given to-day. is a study worth the attention of adminis trative reformers (if any such beings are still in existence), and he is recommended, as a model, to their consideration.

ITALIAN VILLAGE DOCTORS.

I LIVE in the neighbourhood of Naples, and as I wish to talk about some people here, without being too personal, let it be said that this my village is the commune of anything you please—of Castellano for example. My life is in the hands of one of those people about whom I intend to speak; it is most pacessary, therefore, to be heedful lest I necessary, therefore, to be heedful lest I give offence. In an underhand way, let me without their leaves, talk of the doctors of our village, surgeous, barbers, priests, medical men-and women.

The priests appear to me to be at the head of the medical profession in this kingdom of the Two Sicilies. They publish the cures performed by almost every image, every relic. When the cholera was here, they taught relic. When the cholera was here, they taught our devout heathens to swallow bits of paper upon which were woodcut pictures of the Madonna. And as for the solidified Madonna's milk, which I take to contain more check than any milk in London, every woman in our village treasures a piece, which the priest has sold to her for a miraculous remedy against all distresses to which woman is liable.

I was so unfortunate as to fall sick while in this village, and my first visitor in illness was an old woman who drives a considerable trade in amulets and charms. She entered trade in anulets and charms. She entered my room with a bit of chalk in one hand and a glass of water in the other. "Ah, squor," she cried, "here is a blessed remedy, if your excellency would but try it." "Tell me first what it is, my worthy mistress." She then explained to me that she was one of the subscribers to a Society for the Conversion of the Turks, and that the monks of Ladro made their rounds once a-year to collect subscriptions. The collector when he last or being unpunishable. The knd of the court, and the subscriptions. The collector when he list came round had presented to her and to other women small pieces of a sacred mountiractionsly entered Djilah's tent.

"Very well," said the court. "I do not wish to be severe on this occasion; but take if some scrapings of it were taken mixed.

with water. "And I am sure, signor, it would and herbs to make a healing application to make you better, if you would but drink some." I complied with her request by swailowing with a good grace the dose she offered, and her heart thereupon was opened. offered, and her heart thereupon was open-"Sure, your excellency, 'tis a blessed medi-cine. Padre Antonio has just come back from Jerusalem, as you may see." Here she unrolled, in proof of the fact, a sheet of paper covered with bad pictures of the Temple, Bethlehem, the Madonna and Child, the Stable, and so forth, which were the border to a set of doggerel verses. "And the padre And the padre himself in his travels came to the great mountain of milk, which was made, he says, when the Madonna fled with her bambino into Fgypt. Some drops of her milk fell on the ground and immediately they grew up into this mountain. It was a prodigious miraele, signor." "Prodigious!" I agreed. "And," signor." "Prodigious!" I agreed. "And," said the old charm dealer, " that is not all the wonder of it; for although pious monks carry away every year a great part of the mountain, yet it has never lost in size, by so much as the bigness of an olive, since it was first made." My own faith being weak. I was not benefited by this medicine.

Supernatural help failing, I had only the natural to look to. Offers of aid were tendered to me by a very eminent neighbour, who, because he does not find that the practice of medicine will keep his hands-or his mouth -full, combines with it the occupation of day-labourer. In his capacity of labourer, this person is called Bugiardello, or the little linr, in contradistinction to his father, who is Bugiardo, the big liar. But Bugiardello when engaged upon a patient is respectfully styled Don Francisco; and there are times when he is absolutely regarded with veneration. The fame of Don Francisco extends even to Naples, and to spots forty or tifty miles distant from his native place; and when he sets out on a distant expedition, he arrays himself in a state dress—an online suit of black cloth and a real Parisian hat-which is reserved for such occasions. All heads bow before him when he goes abroad in this attire, and tougues are quiet that have wagged often enough against the work-a-day Buguardello in his red Phrygian cap and jacket. Don Francisco was originally famous for his vermifuges, which were doggerel verses spoken by him while he pressed with his forefinger and thumb against the stomach of his patient. The vieur of our parish, however, claimed a monopoly of this branch of the healing art, and forbade its exercise by Don Francisco, who accordingly lost income until he made his grent discovery that all diseases begin in the milt or spleen. There are few sound stomachs among us, and, as every stomachacheor twinge of indigestion is declared to be a symptom of disease in the spicen. Bugiardello lias a crowd of patients round his door at sunrise every morning. Each patient brongs with him a fresh egg or two, and the doctor beats up egg

the part affected. Sometimes, he applies only the inside of a cactus leaf to the patient, and

eats the egg himself, The regular doctor looks with a true affection of the spleen at Bugiardello's practice, and often threatens to inform against a cheat. He never, however, gives himself that trouble. In close alliance with the legally recognised practitioner is a gentleman who puts over his door the picture of a person whose blood spouts from every vein, and who is evidently soothing himself by the trickling of so many fountains. I call this ally of the practitioner, a gentleman, but he is properly a fop, and commonly appears with a ful-blown rose in his buttonhole, daintily walking on his toes. He is the village barber, who is also, in our case, a municipal officer, acting as turnkey to the village gaol. He has taken as turnkey to the village gaol. He has taken out his degree as bleeder, and is constantly at the heels of the doctor himself, whem etiquette forbids to use the lancets. It is Baroer Andrea's belief that loss of blood is the chief gain that can accrue to man. This opinion being to some extent prevalent, every person in the village, sick or sound, is bled periodically, and many take bleeding and hair-cutting together, as a matter of course, once a month. Barber Audrea's marks are thus set upon every hand in the form of a number of small white source and if the periodical to the life of the source and if the periodical to the periodical to the source and if the periodical to the source and if the periodical to the This opinion scars, and if you meet the blood-letter him-self abroad, he is commonly to be seen with his cutts turned up, as if he had but that instant stabbed a ven. At the same time, be will own to you, that as he is a shapely man, he cannot help displaying some pride in his

For the charge taken by him of the poorwho constitute almost our whole populationthe legal doctor of the commune receives pay from government. The number in which he is subsidised, differs but little from the customs The manner in which he is observed in Italy three centuries ago. Each commune has a limited power of charge. When a vacancy occurs, the syndic reports to the sub-intendent, who reports to the tendent, who reports to the superintendent tenient, who reports to the superintend at mainister of the interior. In the case of the islands under Neapolitan rule, a competition is invited, and the candidate who person as the best man gets the office. It is worth a trifle under forty pounds a-year. On the mainband, the minister selects one of three doctors, named to him by the municipality; and the pay is, in a commune of the first class, about twenty guineas a year to a physician, and thirteen ton surgeon; in a remaine of the second class, the respective salaries are twelve and ten gumens; and in a commune of the third class, eight goiness and four per ds. The payments on the mainland are less than those in the islands, because in the former case there is also some field for private practice. If the district served be of more than a given area, the salary is larger by a think. A plantcian acting as a surgeon, or a surgeon acting as a physician, our demand payment, even of the poor: his salary not covering such services. Connected with the little stipend is also the : hi- salary not covering such services. advantage that it remains to the holder as a retiring pension, after forty years' service. Twenty-five years' service qualify for a pension equal to one-half of the salary; twenty years, for a third. Two and ashalf per cent. of all pay is deducted as a contribution to the fund, out of which widows are pensioned with a sixth of the deceased husband's official meonie,

Chus is an island commune, and our signor doctor, Don Tommaso Sanguesuga, has an income of, I should think, as much as fifty pounds a-year. He is a very learned man, and has been chosen for our syndic on the strength of his reputation for great wisdom, We all understand, too, that he is a man who need not stint his wine, and can afford to eat regent at least once a-week. up to him accordingly. He came to us unmarried, and the want of a wife is a great drawback in the medical profession. Seeing that to be the case, he speed ly took to himself the advocate's daughter; and the couple presper. I. of course, during my own illness, applied to Don Tommaso. The milk and water had not done me any good; and I was only half persuaded by my good frend, Bagiardeile, to try the effect of a vegetage of the milk. while four two over the region of the milt; of course, the barber had, in the meantime, used about me copious and periodical bleeding; but I would surrender myself only into the hand of the regular practitioner, and Doctor Sanguesoga was cooled in. I was much colored by the learned discussions which he carried on at my bed-side, with some invi eithe dispotant, and much solaced by the length of the words he employed, and the acquaintmust be strong to save a man from dying. good doctor's treatment of me was that which he tites in all cases, namely, some combination of there ideas - a foot-bath, bleeding, and a suboritie. I recovered health. Therefore he a sustoritie. I recovered health. Therefore he is my friend. Imake unceremonious calls upon him; and although while I mount his stairs I always I say that I hear much southing and running in his room, yet when I reach the wise man's story, an lenterit, I find him in complete abstraction, poring over his book. He reads with his coat off, and his hands buried in his and he is so immersed in constant study, that he never becomes conscious of my presence until I take the liberty to lay a hand quon his shoulder. Poerhave is his great neitherity; but, the works of other men of the same standing, bound in parchiment, are upon hes shelves. Boorbave may not be among the most recent authorities to which physicians in France, England, Germany, or ofter such countries, refer, but he was a great man in his day, and so in his day and village is the Doctor Sanguesuga. Our doctor has

even saved money by frugal living, goes well dre-sed himself, adorns his wife with a gold chain and coral bracelets; more than all, he has contrived to buy five or six little houses, and has become a landowner. scarcely have guessed his income at too low a sum. After my own illness, I pendered much upon the bill I had run up, and thought of all the guineas my good friend had carned. Not being experienced in the customs of the

place, I referred the case to my servant.

"Well, signor," said she, "eightpence a visit is the sum paid to the great Doctor Sandolgo, the famous military surgeon; but that is paid by wealthy strangers. Here you are living in this commune, and paying taxes, for which reason I don't see that you will be expected to pay anything to Doctor Sanguesuga."

To that suggestion I demurred, and my

servant went on.

"Well, to be sure, your excellency is an Engl shman, and you would like to do something generous and handsome, so I should think you might O, no, I fear it would be too much!

What?

"I was thinking that you might send the doctor what would, indeed, be extravagant." "But what was it?"

" A leg of mutton."

I paid my doctor, therefore, with a leg of mutton, and was lauded on all sides for that act of profuse generosity. Having found this notion so extremely satisfactory, I always pay the doctor, now, with mutton; and, when I have had much need of the lawyer's services, I send him a round of beef. One cannot help remembering that such a payment to him is pecuniary in the oldest sense of the word, which was derived from pecus (cattle), at a time when ox-flesh stood for money.

INSTRUCTIVE COMPARISONS.

There are in Edinburgh two industrial schools, both very well conducted, though founded upon apposite theories of educafounded upon opposite theorem of educa-tion for the poor. A local pamphlet that has found its way into our hands, ana-lyses the results that have in each case been obtained by matter-of-fact comparison between the last annual reports of the two institutions. The evidence obtained in this way is, we think, so far as it goes, of a kind likely to be useful to the public.

Of the two institutions thus compared, one, known as the Original Ragge I School, is by some years the elder. Its foundation has been one of the many good works of a bene-volent and able minister, whose high local repute does not exceed his ment—Dr. Guthrie. The management of this school, resting mainly in the hands of free churchmen, and entirely in the hands of pours Protestants, it follows that Protestant teachers, the Protestant version of the White, Protestant commentaries, have been made

essential parts of the school system. is known very generally, that the wynds and closes of such places as the Cowgate and the Gross Market at Edinburgh, contain throngs of miserable Irish families; and that of all the re-ged children whom these schools are meant to bless, no inconsiderable portion is supplied by Roman Catholics. Many persons of influence in the town considered it, in the case of the Original Ragged School, a serious objection that it was not practically open to all classes of the poor; and being unable to change the management, these gentlemen second from it in a body. Headed by Lord Murray, and afterwards by Lord Dunfermline, they set on foot another ragged school in consonance with their own sense of what is liberal and just: which other school exists under the name of the United Industrial. In the United Industrial School, it is made necessary that religious teaching should be given, in hours set apart for that purpose; but it is not furnished by the school itself, which is content to open its doors to the various religious instructors chosen for the pupils by their friends. For the last eight years the respective merits of these systems have been eagerly discussed in Edinburgh by those con-cerned in questions of the kind. The discuscerned in questions of the kind. sion represents in little, a much more exten-sive controversy. In that sense we think it worth attention; and so, taking the report of each school for the present year, and comparing the results proclaimed by each, we adopt the question, What have they to show? adopt

In the first place, with regard to the funds which each has at disposal, it may be said that the income of the Original Ragged is about twice that of the United Industrial. The subscriptions for the last year amounted in one case to about sixteen humbred sixty pounds, and in the other case to about eight hundred and fifty; while the Original Rugged has the aid of a reserve fund, rather more than equivalent to certain special funds of the United Industrial, which form part of the voluntary contributions. With double the voluntary contributions. With double funds, the Original Ragged School has had charge of more than twice as many children as its rival—the numbers for last year being two lumited and seventy-five in one case, one hundred and seventy-nye in one case, one hundred and sixteen in the other; one-third of the larger number, but only one-sixth of the smaller number, being infants who were not receiving regular education. This larger percentage of infants in the Original Ragged School, while it may account for the somewhat greater number that have been maintained by the same funds, must also be lorne in mind as affecting the per-centure of work done, a cigiving a show of weakness to the elder school in some points comparison which, to a certain extent, it is said that of the Original Ragged scholars sixty-lour in a hundred, and of the United Industrial scholars eighty-tour in a hundred,

are taught trades, there is no real inequality of operation to be marked; but a very marked difference appears when we discover that among the Original Ragged sch lars only eighteen or nineteen in a hundred of those who leave achool get employment, while employment is obtained at once by fifty-six in a hundred, of the children trained

up on a less exclusive system.

The managers of the United Industrial School, keeping in view the children whom they have taken from the streets and put into decent ways of life, can account for about one hundred and forty out of one hundred and sixty boys who have gone to situations. Nunety of these are still in their first places. It can account, also, for ninety-two girls, who, out of a hundred and six finding employment, still keep up a friendship with their teachers. Thirty-four of these are still in their first places. The parents who send chaldren to this school, having their religious feelings openly respected, are content; and from this school, accordingly, all straying away of pupils is extremely rare. On the other hand, the report of the school hampered by a too zealous orthodoxy, giving an account of its year's work, has to record that, while out of two hundred and seventy-five pupils, not more than forty-nine (or eighteen and a-half per cent.) went to employments, nearly an equal number (forty-nine) deserted, or would not return, or could not be found; that of the remaining number twenty-tree constant the remaining number, twenty-two seconded to Roman Catholic exclusive schools, twentytwo went to parishes on which they had claim, twenty-nine left Edinburgh without employment, and ten were taken away by their parents. Thus, about half the number entering the more sectarian school was lost by desertions and removals; and the other school, with not more than half the resources, sent out into the world, last year, an also-lutely larger number—a number larger by one-fourth—of ragged boys and girls con-verted into useful and industrious young men and women. It has also sent them out, not merely instructed in the religion of their fathers, but taught by daily habit the important lesson, that no difference of creed should part young playfellows, or divide the interests of men and women in the common work of

As for the filth and crime among one wretched classes, who does not know that it is too often at bottom a question of position The other day a young thief, apparently in full sincerity, when sentenced to four years imprisonment, begged for fifteen of transportation. It he were locked up for four years, and let loose again among his own companions, he could only thieve, as of old. Punish crame by all means—punish it severe by whole you puty the condition that produced it—but do not lorget that there are thousands of poor device plundering and begging, who cry, "Gentleplundering and begging, who cry, "Gentlemen, what else are we to do?" Such schools

as those we have described just now, are good me coming here!" He too precisely in proportion to the means they offer for the manufacture of the raw material of thieves into honest artisans. And it is not only by ragged schools that this is done. Even while we write, our mind contains the fresh impressions of a visit to an unobtrusive London institution, at which a great deal of the same kind of good is done in another way. The pupils in this school are not simply the children of the wretched poor, many of whom have only a life of crime before them, but already convicted thieves. The place itself is

already convicted thieves. The place itself is a den of thieves—happily penitent. We have walked up and down the New Road many hundreds of times; but it was only the other day—because we made a special search for it—that we noticed the name of the Preventive and Reformatory Institution, painted in white, at the corner of Gower Street North. At the locality that Gower Street North. At the locality that had been indicated to us we saw nothing but a rather handsome cabinetmaker's shop, with cu-tomers in it. A beadle, in awful array of cocked hat, staff, and gold-laced cont, was cocked hat, staff, and gold-laced coat, was standing over the way. We crossed, and diffidently requested him, as an official person, to direct us to Mr. Bowyer's Preventive and Reformatory Institution. He knew nothing about it. We described it as a place where ill-conducted boys and young thieves were taken in to be mended. No; he had never heard of it. And the stupid creature, with the uniform upon his asinine person blazing in the sunshine, looked at us as though we had insulted the majesty of the law by mentioning a thief to him. A respectable mentioning a thief to him. A respectable tradesman, to whom we next applied, seemed to have a better opinion of the place, and pointed it out with alacrity. The cabinet-maker's shop itself was the establishment we

Fassing through the shop, we were con-ducted into a workroom behind, where several young men were at work upon different articles of cabinet ware, similar to those exposed for sale, which were also of their workmanship. They all touched their caps as we entered, and looked like respectable artisans. "But where are the trieves!"—"They are here," replied our conductor: "all whom you see have been in threves! - "They are here, replied our conductor; "all whom you see have been in prison; and that boy," pointing to a bright-looking, intelligent lad, "was a regularly trained thief, and one of the best hands at that trade in London." A friend with us remarked upon the intelligence of their faces. "Why, yes," he replied, slightly laughing, "they have all lived by their wits till they are somewhat sharper than is needful." We where heavier work was going on. One little fellow, who was sitting outside upon a bench, with a log before him, into which he was dr. ving a chi-el with great zeal, looked up at another.
us with a conneal twinkle in his eyes, as much As for the discipline, the boys themselves
as to say, "Arn't it a fine lark to think of are appealed to, and depended upon, to

was an old acquaintance with the police. From the car-penters' we went to the smiths' place, where everything bespoke great activity; and the sweat was pouring down the men's faces in a way that answered for the vigour of their labour. There are tailors and shoemakers also in the establishment, but we did not visit them.

We went into the kitchen, and there we learnt that everything, from the kettles to the kitchen range had been made on the premises. We then mounted up to one of the sleeping-It contained more beds than was absolutely desirable, but that could not in the present state of things have been avoided. Each inmate has a separate iron bed; everything is clean; and the room is airy and well-ventilated. We visited, last, the refectory and school-room: a long, whitewashed apartment. Wooden benches and tables, and bookshelves containing some well-chosen books, completed the furniture. Here we sat down and began to ask questions. What are the rules? and

how is the time spent?

The inmates rise at half-past five, and are allowed to go out of doors where they please until seven. Then they meet in the school-room, and have instruction in reading and writing, &c., until a quarter to eight o'clock, which is the time for prayers and breakfast. From half-past eight until one, they are kept hard at work. They have an hour for dinner and amusement; then follows hard work again until six o'clock, when there is an hour allowed for ten and recreation. After seven, there is secular instruction until it is time for prayers and bed. The day ends at a quarter to ten. A very good mixture, on the whole, of

Books and work and healthful play,

as good Doctor Watts sings. Admission into society is not difficult to any who apply it. The only limitations are the funds of for it. the establishment. The inmates are of all ages above sixteen. They come entirely with their own consent, and there is nothing to prevent their leaving at any moment if the please. They consist of convicted criminalsthieves, who, from attendance at the ragged schools, or any other cause, acquire a wish leave their ug.y mode of life, and try a handsomer. Some are youths struggling on the brink of vice and wishing to keep honest. Of late years, notices of this institution have been put up in different prisons, in order that prisoners desiring to lead an housest life may know where to apply. Sometimes the caudidates are chosen by the chapkins, and with these pupils of industry the government pays five shillings a-week. As soon as a boy enters, he is put to a given trade; if he shows no aptness for that, he is put to

observe the rules of the establishment; and their self-respect is re-instated in every pos-During the periods of recreation sible way. no surveillance is exercised; indeed, from the nature of the premises, which consist of several houses in a densely crowded neighbourhood, it would be impossible to set up anything like bounds. Nevertheless they are not found to consort with their old communications that are placed above them and not found to consort with their old com-panious—they are placed above them, and consider they have made a step upward in life. Mr. Bowyer tells us, that the appeal to their self-respect is his strong-hold over them all, and that he frequently entrusts boys who have been in the Institution for some time, with rather large sums of to pay bills, &c.; that by so doing he had never once been made to suffer, never met with a breach of trust. To our anxious inquiry, How do you dispose of your inmates, when you have reformed them? he re-plied, Most of them emigrate. Connected with the Institution there is a fund to enable us to send them out. All we have sent out have done well. Others again are draughted into the army and navy, and we have received excellent characters of them from their officers. Some, who are good workmen, have obtained situations in this immediate neighbourhood. There is a disposition to employ them, and a character from us is a sufficient recommendation. Each inmate remains two rears, by which time his good habits have taken root. Every boy who enters, has to undergo a fortnight's separation from his companious, and a bread and water diet. This is a test of his sincerity; and is not introduced until some weeks after he has joined; because, it is thought, when he has once enjoyed for a time the benefits of the Institution, his solitude is more likely to be profitable. If he wishes to work in his solitude, he is allowed to have his tools."

The expression of the boys' faces we found to be, with few exceptions, good. Mr. Bowyer tells us, that the improvement which becomes visible in that respect is so great, that after the lapse of a few weeks he can sometimes ly recognise a new-conter for the same had who entered. The exceptions remarked by us proved to be all of them new-comers, and we were assured that they would alter their exof the success that has attended the working of this institution is undoubtedly owing to the present influence of the manager over the innutes. He has evidently a liking for his Another advantage is, the simplicity and directness of the effect; there is no waste of power; no eninbrons machinery stands between the programme and the performance; there is no philauthropic routine to be set in motion; what has to be done, can always be done at once. The expenses of the linguistration are incurred only for things of the strictest necessity. Nothing is wasted upon an impression that he is often positively appearances; consequently great good has hunted down and harried by a piece of yellow

been effected with comparatively little money. Mr. Bowyer, who is founder of the Institution, was not a rich man when he undertook the His meome was decidedly limited, time much occupied by his employ ment; but he was interested in the rage schools; many boys came to him, and said, if they had a refuge and the chance of doing better, they would thankfully leave their evil courses. Then, at his own expense, he engaged rooms and began with eight boys. giving them at all events a home. Friends have since gathered round the good Samaritin; a list of noble patrons gives to his en-terprise the prestige of their names; the value of his work is recognised by a free-hearted and free-handed public; and there is now every reason to believe that it will go on, increase, and prosper.

HOLIDAY QUARTERS.

I HAVE stolen away from care-haunted London (which has always seemed to me the abiding-place of turmoil and wearmess, with ungentle thoughts), and I am living in a little brick box on the pleasant heights of Richmond Hill.

I rise with the birds and the cows of a morning. I see the sheep wake one by one as I ramble forth with my pipe and thoughts. None but they and I are up, with the exception of a young man and his wife who keep a small shop in the neighbourhood, an i who a small shop in the neighbourhood, and who seem to be always healthfully wrestling with a coy but cheerful fortune. I love these mornings. They are so sunny and joyona. The three geraniums which blossom on my window-sill seem to be dancing always to the soft music of the breeze. The burds make quite a playground of the quiet road, and when disturbed whirr off to the old paling opposite, and trill out (as I fancy) a committee of design to the aller that song of derision to the silly old bookworm who shuts himself up with the feathers of that waddling bird the goose (their common butt); and a few such rage (metain uphoused a little) as they use to build the commonest part of their nests.

My landlord is a carpenter by trade. He is a short dapper brisk little man, who is fond of going about in a cap and shirt shows. According to the usual mysterious dispensation of Providence, he has, of course a long wite. I am bound to say she is a very long wife; but a decent, thrifty pains taking body as needs be. She keeps her little house in as trim and well-scrubbed a combine as her little husband. If I might venture to unke the remark, I would suggest that the bouse is a little too clean; and if the purport of some subdued remonstrances from the car-

The water, indeed, as I have good reason to know, is of so hard and unconfrontising a nature, that it feels to the like the application of a few saws or a cornster. It is followed by an effect lume-crusher. resembling the marks of stinging nettles, and the human nose looks red and angry for a good half hour after its use.

The house is so very clean that if I take the liberty of laying down my pipe anywhere it structuray makes such a mark that I am fain to rub it out with my pocket handkerchief, lest it should be seen. I sit I am apprehensive that they may be soiled or damag d if I treat them discour-tuously. When I go out, I look nervously behind me to see if all is in order. I scru-pulously understand that the little room is contract to me under a tacit but awful respon-sibility to keep it tidy. I would not for a rent that the carpenter's long wife week's rent that the carpenter's long wife about come in apon me suddenly with my papers in disarray and my handkerchief untied. I should fall too painfully in her estimation. I know that I am under a moral obligation to be orderly and neat in all my dealings. I have an uneasy suspicion that if I were otherwise I should be at once detected, that the watchful eye of the little carpenter's long wife would look reproachfully at me through the keyhole and abash me utterly; while her voice would be heard in accents of withering condemnation through the chinks a of the little door. She is a vigilant woman with wonderfully harassing endowments of eye and ear. I could in nowise escape from

If I cough or sneeze, or move my chair ever so little so that it creaks I am inwardly aware that Mrs. Tiddle is uneasy in her retarement, and wonders if I have injured the bught little Kiddlerminster carpet. I hear count antly call out, oh, dear ! oh, dear ! in for we are divided only by a lathy partition agree ing to the custom of builders in modern

Therefore, it betides that I am a sort of prisoner of honour. I know, indeed, that I may escape; but am obliged to confess that it would be highly unbecoming in me to do If I were to descerate the snowy door-(which is the pride of Mrs. Tiddie's housewitery), by any hasty or indecorous movement-if I were flightly to jump over it or to touch it with boots already familiar with slew and gravel -I should cause such a commotion in my landlady's breast, that I abould be ashamed to appear in her presence during many days. I should feel like a guilty and worthless person while at meals, under her severe and unforgiving observation. et I do not like to go to her frankly and say, "Ptrase, ma an, may I go out, because I The carpenter and his wife have a daughter, do not know how she might take it. I remain, a fair, surprised, blue-eyed little maid, with

scap and a small wooden bowl half-tilled with therefore, patiently biding my time; and if I can only catch her when she is engaged with the greengrocer, or any other of the respectable itinerant tradesmen who cultivate her intimacy and enjoy the racy truths of her discourse during the fore part of the day, I boisily seize the advantage and swagger out with a "Good morning, Mrs. Tiblie!" I know that the risk of meurring her serious displeasure for such conduct is very much diminished when she is warmed and melted by the glow of social intercourse, from her usual austerity. I am not ignorant also that my absence at such times is desirable, as permitting Mrs. Tiddle a greater latitude of discussion, and even furnishing her with an occasion for more pungent remarks on my person and character, than a restraining sense of politeness would allow her to include in, in my hearing. Sometimes, however, when the weather is unfavourable, or Mrs. Tiddle is engaged in her favourate domestic accomplishment of washing, I wait for an opportunity in vam. On one occasion, when reduced to extremities by a close confinement of two days, I seriously considered the practicability and prudence of making escape through the window. I was about to attempt the exploit, confident that my agility would enable me to clear the stocks, mignonette, and geraniums, which barricaded the way, without doing devastation among them. I had no sooner risen from my chair, however, and gingerly raised the window in pursuance of my design, than an unfortunate click of the lattice-bolt at once brought Mrs. Tiddie to the apartment, with a "Lor, sir! won't you go hacut at the door; it's a pity to muddle the flauers so, it is." It is, of course, needless to add, that I now subsided at once into my habitual insignificance, and remained as silent as a mouse during the rest of the day.

Now, the little carpenter manages better. Whenever he wishes to go to the tom-and-jerry shop, he acts with a wariness of judg-ment and coolness of discretion which, had he been born an hereditary legislator, would have infallibly raised him to the highest fortunes. He surlily requests Mrs. Tiddle to hand him over "that there sor." He takes the saw openly in his hand, as if he had got a hasty job, and thus accounted marches boldly to the choice companionship of his own familiar crony. The crony is a pudding-faced young man, who has a habit of looking down and twisting his shoulders when spoken to, and answering as if his ideas were rusty that he had some difficulty in getting them out. The rust seems even to have reached his voice, which has a rejudant croak about it, though it is not sulky or unkindly; for he assents to everything that is said, only he appears to make a concession while deline we as if he had been a great while doing so, as if he had been a great while coming to a decision.

The carpenter and his wife have a daughter,

freekles and golden hair. She waits upon The little maid has not bright or even ate ideas respecting boots. Mine have accurate ideas respecting boots. Mine have gradually fided into a brownish grey. I have occasion to suspect that they are washed, blacking being generally of too sullying a nature to be kept in the house.

The little parid transpares my both. There

The little maid prepares my bath. There are grits in it. She says they got there by accident. To my grosser vision, the grits appear little round lumps of mould from the garden. I am led partly to this conclusion because I see that my bath is sometimes used for the easier replenishing of a horticultural watering-pot. I confide to the little maid, in a friendly way, the objections which occur to me at the moment with respect to bathing in grits; but she opens her eyes so widely, and looks so seared, that I make but a brief catalogue of them.

Then we have a grand conversation about I like to converse with the little maid. My breakfast is some very pale-coloured milk of a bluish tint, an impregnablelooking loaf, and some erratic butter on a saucer. I mention, in a jaunty way, that my bread and butter is not in slices. O! says the little maid, and will I cut it myself. reply that I dare say cutting bread and butter may be a very good business, but that you must be used to it. Then the little maid smiles and vanishes. Presently she returns with the bread and buccorn, shape and dimensions. Indeed, I should say, blocks and wedges, such as might fit into the stomach of a robust ploughboy. The butter lies on them in lumps and blotches, for the little maid has spread it in her haste, and I made her nervous. I take a perverse delight in making the little maid nervous: I cannot help it. So I ask her gravely whether she thinks a slice of her bread and butter would break my toes if I were to het it fall. "O, no! I think not, sir," chirps the little maid, and her white teeth glisten brightly for a moment; but the next she has disappeared, like a bashful ray of April sunshine, as if she really had not been brought up in that way, but to wear a well-starched frock, and look exceedingly prim in the next room, with the old Dutch lock, which ticks a waggish approval of such demureness.

But, O! how dainty looks the little maid upon a Sunday! Her face shines bright and early with scrubbing and yellow soap; she wears a white frock, with a blue something, and her straw bonnet is garnished with the astounding ribbon which I modestly deposited a week ago in the coal-scuttle for her use, though there appears to have been a tacit compact between us never to allude in any way to the circumstance. Daisies and buttercups! (excuse so appropriate an oath) what an euchanting picture of humble life looks the little maid as she trips through the garden-gate, all blushing, with the meat from

the bake'us, handy. She seems to me like such a very busy little birdic, all churrup, flutter, and rumpling feathers, that she is quite a study, and I can watch her, twittering and flitting about, for ever so long. It gives me, I vow, almost a feeling of pain when I think that she must, some day, fly away from her pretty nest, and become a scrubbing, washing, boiling, cleaning, scouring, vigilant, apple-faced, elderly female like her respected

Our cottage is one of a good-looking row of out-of-the-way dwellings, so that pride may hide poverty decently there. Of course, we have a fine neighbour. The fine neighbour's husband, Mrs. Tiddie tells me, was in the funcy bakery line. He had ideas about a horse and gig, a fast-trotting pony, also about Greenwich and Gravesend as agreeable places of recreation, so that the fancy bakery catablishment was speedily sold, together with the good-will and fixtures. I am afraid that the good-will and fixtures. I am afreed that the fine neighbour's husband has now dwindled into the official in a gold-laced cap, who cries "C'tee! C'tee! 'Cross! Bank! Bank!" behind the most fashiomable of our omnibuses. It is polite, however, to ignore this circumstance in our row. I do not know what the fine neighbour herself may have been, but I sometimes cherish an idea that she has been educated in one of our classical suburbs; she says "kayend" for kind, and "yeass" for yes, which I have observed are among the psculiurities which belong to academic parishes near London. I am aware that the fine neighbour takes an incomprehensible pleasure in talking st

I am aware that the une necessary an incomprehensible pleasure in talking at an incomprehensible pleasure in talking at me as I smoke my pipe of a morning. She issues, ribbony, from the little door of her house, and falls into sudden raptures. This immediately brings out the little mad to comher, for we can, of course, hear our neighbours cough, and all that kind of thing, quite confortably. "Occool!" said the fine neighbour, only this morning; "what beautiful bownhs! are they not deeah?" The term of tenderness was addressed to the httle mod, but her mother heard it, and immediately but her mother heard it, and immed...t ly came out with a "Lor, weer l" for Mrs. Tiddle is of a practical and matter-of-tact

turn of mind.

"Heah, to be shyure, men " answer the fine neighbour, whose husband has to the moustache movement, and who is four treating people as if they belonged it some degree to the French nation. This is, however, too much for Mrs. Tablic, who at ones flounces off in a great huff, with "Them's grunsell, mum!" We are very polite. wardly, in our row; but I am compeled own that Mrs. Tiddie subsequently meal. in such energetic expressions about the ano neighbour, when in the privacy of her son apartment, that I fear she scarcely entertuna the same wendering admiration of her as the little maid who, I am sure, could exten to fashionable elecution for ever.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

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SPORTSMANSHIP IN EARNEST.

WE have most of us, when boys, written edifying themes on gratitude, virtue, and luxury. The latter was a particularly favorite luxury. The latter was a particularly favorite subject; but we never suspected, nor do we now suspect, the conclusion of that theme to be applicable to ourselves. When we have said our say about Lucillus's suppers in the Hall of Apello and Heliogabalus's dishes of peaceocks' brains, we think there is an end of the matter. Not a square amongst us, nor a clergyman either, ventures to point to his neighbour and boldly utter, "Thou art the man!" It at facts are better teachers than aitth-form themes. Our national shortcomings in the presecution of war (redeemed, it is true, by a heavy penalty of blood), give us the hant that we may have too much yielded in the than ishments of pacific civilisation. I to the than hishments of pacific civilisation. I

the than ishments of pacific civilisation. It have conversed with sensible Frenchmen in case coronostances, wealthy even, who have not becaused to say,

"You English are too nice, too dainty in your personal ways, too luxurious. You thin a comment about your 'confortable' in your personal ways, too luxurious. You began so bealty in the Crimea."

Now, although we certainly were not comfemable in the Crimea when the French had some coal in making themselves perfectly at the main question is none the less described in the Crimea when the French had some coal in making themselves perfectly at the main question is none the less described in the Crimea when the French had some coal in making themselves perfectly at the main question is none the less described in the Crimea when the French had some coal in making themselves perfectly at the main question is none the less described in the Crimea when the French had some coal in making themselves perfectly at the main question is none the less described in the Crimea when the French had some coal in making themselves perfectly at the main question is none the less described in the Crimea when the French had some coal in making themselves perfectly at the main question is none the less described in the Crimea when the French had some coal in the Crimea when the French had some coal in the Crimea when the French had some coal in the Crimea when the French had some coal in the Main the Almost as little effective resistance at Caption Cook's sandons experiency from some time and repairs and druggests' associated to be the fact the long perfectly of the perfect of the penguins and noddles on the fact the long pedestrian journey, the anatour factor of the penguins and noddles on the fact the long pedestrian journey, the anatour factor of the penguins and noddles on the
really a serious affair, if true, as many any and believe.

Gentlemen are, at this moment of our publication, popping their guns at partrid ess and pheasants, — sport in which active women, with a slight change of attire, might participate. Many a French vivancières would succeed very well after a few days' practice. In a French village which I now and then frequent, there died, not very bug since, alady, the entrance-hallof whose clateau was hang with skurs of wolves of her own killing. What would she have said of a battne of pheasants reared under coops, with burn-door hers for their foster-mothers? But my friend Dr. Whipemwell means to set his hoys a theme on luxury, as evinced in English sport. They will be required to leave the Romans out of the question altogether, and to discuss the moral and corporal tendency of the preservation of hares and partridges on the nation at large; —whether, in consequence of the population know the right and of a gene from the average one. Gentlemen are, at this moment of our

years in Algeria, where three beautiful childred to march against a lion, or to await down were born to them who were never surprised (after the first time or two) to find a lion's footsteps in their garden in the morning, has been lowered by the sporting feats of and one of their goats or tune antelopes gone. and one of their goats or tame antelopes gone. Perhaps, therefore, I shall be helping Dr. Whipemwell's boys in writing their theme on luxury in sport (especially as their time is entirely taken up with Latin and Greek-modern languages being deemed quite superfluous in the doctor's establishment), if I communicate to them a few facts and hints which have been let fall in print by M. Jules Gérard,

killer of lions, and lieutenant in the third regiment of Spahis.

M. Gérard's shooting campaigns have been undertaken from a sense of duty; as his book is written in the hope of raising up worthy disciples and successors to himself in the same branch of the chace. Be it remembered that he French are to be thanked by the rest of Europe for many things they have done in Algeria; for many things which have been harshly criticised, and for much even which they could not help doing. The Arab has been too long regarded as a purely poetic object. It will clear our vision to rest assured that, if the inhabitants of the north coast of Africa had been allowed to have their own way, without control or interference, the Mediterranean waters might still be swarming with the pirates of Morocco, Tunis, and Algiers, and many a Christian family might have to mourn a member still pining in Mohammachan slavery.

Mohammedan slavery.
But the Arabs are brave. They look down on Europeans from the height of their grandeur with insufferable disdain. The mission of the French, therefore, has been to be them by a moral victory. If you do mossion of the French, therefore, has been to smodue them by a moral victory. If you do good amongst them by giving to the poor, they will say you don't know what to do with your money; and will not think a bit the better of you for it. If you do good by rendering strict justice, they will say you do this to conciliate their good opinion; to convert them to your belief, your customs, your religion; and they will be distrustful of you. If you prove yourself bolder and stronger than they, they will hold you in respect and veneration. You will overnwe them, always and everywhere. They will not dare to look you in the face. You risk your life, therefore, not solely for your own pleasure, but

and everywhere. They you in the face. You risk your life, therefore, not solely for your own pleasure, but for civilised Europe, for your native land.

What the Arabs fear mest, after God, is the hon. To destroy him they usually make use of stratagem. They decoy him into a hale, and butcher him there. They also number him beneath the screen of solid-built subterranean retreats called melbedas, built subterranean retreats called melbedis, or from the tops of trees to which they have climbed. Rarely do they attack him openly; and when they do it is a battle in which the victory is dearly bought, even when the victory is on their side. But never has an Arab, alone or in company,

The Arab is brave; and how is it possible for him to be otherwise? He is born, lives, and dies, in the midst of dangers which the civilised European knows not, and cannot know. In his childhood, instead of morality, they talk to him about massacres, war, and combats. The wisest, the most virtuous, the man of greatest consideration, is the man who commits murder the best, and the often st, commits nurder the best, and the oftenest. He is taught family vengrance, nutual hatred of tribe against tribe, execration of the stians; and, to complete his education, when he has attained his fifteenth year, some evening, after the old men have been telling, around the fire beneath their tent, their hatreds and their vengenuces, — when the neighbours have retired just as the lad is around the fire beneath their tent, their hatreds and their vengences,—when the neighbours have retired, just as the lad is going to seek a place to lie down in, his father pushes him with his foot, calling him lazy and coward. The boy, who does not anderstand what such treatment means, began his parent to explain. The elder laughs, and points to an old pistol hanging on the tent-pole by the side of a poignard. The lad leaps towards his father, and respectfully kisses him on the shoulder. The parent, happy and proud to have so promising a son, makes him sit down beside him, and addresses him thus:—

makes him sit down beside may dresses him thus:—
"Have you ever gone out at night without my seeing you?"
The lad relates the story of his flirtations with a girl whom he has sometimes visited, at the risk of having his brains dashed out

at the risk of having his brains dashed out by a pistol-shot.

"Very well," says the father; "but that is not enough. You are tall now, and it makes me blush to hear the neighbours call you little. It is time to show them that you are a mau."

"I ask nothing better?" review

"I ask nothing better," replies the boy; "but to go alone,—the night looks very dark, and I am afraid."

"For the first time you shall not go alone, ske these arms. Take off your business; is too white. And tighten your shirt be-Take these arms. it is too white.

it is too white. And tighten you said neath your girdle."

Whilst the pupil is making his tourtte, the old man slips under a friend's tent, and maya, "My son is ready." The mammas shed a few tears, fearing an unfortunate and unsuccessful result; but they are reassured by the knowledge that their darlings will be conducted by a man of prudence and counage.

Exercthing is thus arranged for the best;

Everything is thus arranged for the best; and, at ten o'clock, in a pelting rain and a night as dark as pitch, three men, dressed in earth-coloured shirts raised above the kneed by a leather girdle, mysteriously start from the down, or clustered group of tents. Be-neath a burnous patched in a thousand places, and which has served three generations with-

one oals a pistol and a dagger. are covered with brown caps, and their feet are naked. They much in silence across the country, and do not stop till they are within sight of their enemy's tree. The hostile douar consists of ten or twelve tents pitched in a citcle and touching each other. In the moddle are the flocks and herds. Outside, and before each tent, are a multitude of dogs, who admirably fulfil the duty of sentinels. In the donar is a man whose father, or grand father, killed the parent, or the grandparent, of one of our adventurers. The life of this man is what they want. One by one the fires are put out, and everybody sleeps, or seems to sleep, except the dogs. The elder, aware that at a certain hour of the night some of the dogs, worn out with fatigue, go to sleep at last, waits for the moment of action to arrive.

Meanwhile, a lien who has gone without his dinner, and who, as may be supposed from the Inteness of the hour, has a rather sharp-set appetite, arrives in the same direction. He perceives three men crouching on the ground. "Good," he says; "here are three comrades waiting for me extremely appropria." And he lays himself down. You must know that the lion is naturally very most know that the lion is naturally very night are more frequently cattle-stealers than murder is, the mother-lioness generally gives the following advice to her cub, when, on attaining his majority, he feels a desire to see the world: "My child, whenever you no t with men by night, you will follow than, you will do them no harm, so long as they keep quiet. Men's flesh is not so good as to dock's flesh; for the most part, they are as dry as herrings. You will therefore truvel in company with them. When they mur ler is, the mother-lioness generally gives arrive near a donar, you will lie down, and they will work for your benefit. Allow them to drive away the beasts they have stolen, to n certain distance; and then, when you come to a brook or a spring beside the path, present yourself and claim your portion.

The bon who has followed his mamma's

instructions, has found the advantage of doing so. Instead of having to carry or drag his dinner for a tiresome quarter of an hour, and then going afterwards to find a brook to stake his thirst, he is spared all that trouble by his human friends. Well; our lion is stretched on the ground, and is waiting; but the dors, who have seen his eyes, or have cote i him, make a diabolical hubbub. The sharn is given in the donar, and every one is up and staring. The women relight the fires, and throw blazing brands about. If that manurive is to go on long, the day will be all before the lion's comrades can do a be ak before the fion's comrades can do a will recompense him for his good action.

Stroke of business. But hunger is pressing. The man who has received such an education be grows impatient. "Ah, ha!" he tion as this is necessarily bold, and bold by appa; "I may as well take a sheep myself; it might. Whence, then, comes the respect is not heavy to carry." And he rises. The which the Arab entertains for the lion? It.

out being washed, each of these adventurers down is situated on a slope, and he rapidly consents a pistol and a dagger. Their heads wends his way to a point above it. The dogs, wends his way to a point above it. The towards the same quarter. He darts forward, and, in less time than it takes me to tell it he has cleared the hedge, six feet in height, which surrounds the donar. caught a sheep in the inclosure, leapt back again, and disappeared. The digs are inside the tents, dumb with stupor. The men are like the dags. The tempest over, the rape of the sheep is formally verified. No European eye would be able to distinguish either sheep or tents, so grave-dark is the night. Everyone has gone to rest again, and, with the exception of a few old dogs, the guardian pack have followed their master's example. Then our three men carefully inspect the priming of their pistols, and, croeping on their hands and knees, they advance silent and invisible. The tent is pointed out by the cher, who only says these words to the young people, "Children, be men." They touch the hedge of living bushes which protects the donar; the outlet for the flock is stopped up with thorns. The old man whispers in his com-panions' ears, "Do not star from this spot till you hear the dogs barking on the other side; but then dispatch your work quickly. He turns on his belly right-about face, and, creeping round the donar, he has arrived at the side opposite to the tent of the common enemy. He raises himself little by latte. If the dogs do not yet see him, he advances a few steps—he coughs. That will do. In an instant, at the warning given by one, all the curs of the douar are around him. keep them at a distance he has only to walk towards them on all fours-the dogs are afraid, and will not come near him.

But the gate of the douar has already been cautiously r-moved by his lads in training. The tent is there, within their grasp. They thrust their heads in, and listen. Nothing. Everybody is slumbering. The women are at the further end—the children are near the women. The master, whom they want, is lying asleep across the entrance, with a pistol under his head and his yataghan by his asle. The lad with whom we are acquainted has completely disappeared hencath the teut. The darkness prevents him from seeing his enemy, but he hears his breathing. He drags himself up to him; he scents his breath. The head must certainly be them to A related that is beauty. tainly be there! A pistol-shot is heard, and all is told. An hour afterwards, our three assessins are snoring in their tents, like assessins are snoring in their tents, like saints in bliss. Next day, the chill is proclaimed a man, and is allowed a deliberative voice in the councils. His comrades speak to him with deference, and some pretty girl

many combats-always has the lion proved the strongest. When he has fallen before the force of numbers, the victory has cost too

The lion's existence is divided into two distinct parts, which make him, to a certain extent, two distinct animals, and have given rise to numberiess errors respecting him. Those two parts are, the night and the day. By day his habit is to retire into the forest, away from noise, to digest and sleep at his ease. Because a man has chanced to meet face to face, with impunity, by day, a lion whom the dies or the sun has compelled to shift his quarters, or who was driven by thirst to the nearest brook, it has been said that the lion will not attack man; it has been forgotten that the animal was half asleep, and also had that the animal was half asteep, and also had his stomach full. In a country like Algeria, literally covered with flocks and herds, the lion is never hungry during the day. The natives, fully aware of that, take care to keep at home at the hour when the lion leaves his den; and, if they are obliged to travel by night, they never do so alone or on foot.

It is difficult to estimate the destruction of life and property caused in Africa by lions. One lion, whose acquaintance was specially sought after by M. Gérard, had been domi-cited in the range of hills called Jebelcited in the range of hills called Jebel-Krounega for more than thirty years. During that time his maintenance must have cost the neighbourhood no small trifle. From the age of eight months to a year, lion-whelps been to attack the flocks of sheep and goats which during the day come into the neigh-bourhood of their home. Sometimes they attack cattle; but they are still so clumsy, that there are often ten beasts wounded for one killed, and their father is obliged to interfere. It is not before they are two years old that young lions are able to strangle a horse, a bullock, or a camel, by a single bite in the throat, and to clear the hedges, more than six feet high, by which the donars are supposed to be protected. The period from The period from to two years of age is absolutely ruinous to the country; in fact, the amuable family kill not merely to feed themselves, but to learn how to kill. It is easy to imagine the expense of such an apprenticeship to those who have to supply the materials worked upon. The Araba, on pitching their tents in a fresh spot, calculate as follows: so much for nic, so much for the government, and so much for the hon; and the hon has always the hom's share. Lions are not adult till they are eight, years old. At that age they much for the hon; and the hon has always the hon's share. Luons are not adult till brothers, who were two persons condemned to death,—two the hon's share. Luons are not adult till brothers, who were to be executed the next they are eight years old. At that age they way. They were highway robbers, humbave acquired their complete strength; and stringers, and cut-throats, of whose courage the male, a third larger than the female, has and strength the most surprising tales were his full mane. Do not judge of wild itons by related. The Rey, fearing they would make the degenerate individuals whom you behold in menagaries. The latter have been taken gather; that is, each of them had one foot from the teat, and brought up like tame riveted in the same ring of solid iron. No

arises from the numerous instances which rabbits, not with their mothers' milk, open-the animal has given of his strength and air life, and liberty; but with insufficient courage. There have been many struggles, and unhealthy diet. Hence their mean and slender proportions, their wretched physinguous, and their scanty mane, which make them resemble poodle-dogs, and would cause them to be disowned by their Lolow-brutes in a state of nature, who live well by plundering the Arabs, and on whom they lay a tax ten times heavier than that which lay a tax ten times heavier than that which is paid to the state. A lion's life lasts from thirty to forty years. He annually kills or consumes six thousand francs' (two hundred and forty pounds') worth of horses, mules, oxen, camels, and sheep. Taking the average length of his existence, which is thirty-five years, every lion costs the Arabs two hundred and ten thousand france. The thirty lions at this moment to be found in the province of Constantine, and who will be replaced by others arriving from the regency Tunis or Morocco, cost a hundred and eighty thousand francs annually. In the districts where M. Gérard habitually shoots, the Arab who pays five francs in taxes to the state, pays fifty to the lion. The natives have destroyed half the woods of Algeria, to keep these dangerous animals at a greater distance. The French authorities, in the hope of putting a stop to the fires which threaten to destroy the forests completely, inflict heavy fines on the Arabs who act is incentiaries. What happens? The Arabs incemiaries. What happens ? The Araca club' to pay the fines, and the fires go on as destructively as ever.

The lion's black-mail on property is exact-ing enough; now for that on human life. In summer time, when the days are long, the black-maned lion (there are three varieties of lion in Algeria) leaves his den at sunset, and hon in Algeria) leaves his den at sunset, and takes his post by the side of a mountain-path, to wait for late-travelling horsennen and foot-passengers. An Arab of M. Gerard's acquaintance, in such a rencontre, dismounted, took off the bridle and saddle, and ran away, carrying on his head the equipment of his horse, which was immediately strangled before his eyes. But things do not always turn fore his eyes. But things do not always turn out so well; and, whether on foot or mounted, travellers seldom get clear off, if they once in the presence of the black-maned off, if they There are a great many modern instances of Arabs being devoured by lions; the following is quoted because it is well-known to all the native inhabitants of Constantine — Several years before the French constantion

of that city, amongst the numerous male-factors with whom the prisons overflowed.

one knows how the matter was managed; but every one knows that, when the execu-tioner presented himself, the cell was empty. The two brothers, who had succeeded in escaping, after vain exertions to cut or open their common fetter, proceeded across country, in order to avoid any unpleasant meeting. When daylight came, they hid themselves in the rocks; at night, they continued their journey. In the middle of the night, they met a lion. The two brothers began by throwing stones at him and shouting with all the state to the him away. their strength to drive him away; but the annual by down before them, and would not stn. Finding that threats and insults did no good, they tried the effect of prayers; but the hon bounded upon them, dashed them to the ground and amused himself by eating the the ground, and amused himself by eating the elder of the two at the side of his brother, who pretended to be dead. When the lion who pretended to be dead. When the hon enue to the leg which was confined by the iron fetter, finding it resisted his teeth, he cut off the limb above the knee. Then, whether he had eaten enough, or whether he was thirsty, he proceeded to a spring a little way off. The poor surviving wretch looked around for a place of refuge; for he was affected the lion would come back again after drinking. And therefore dragging after him. drinking. And therefore, dragging after him his brother's leg, he contrived to hide himself in a sito, which he had the good luck to find close by Shortly afterwards, he heard the lien rearing with rage and pacing to and fro At last, daylight came, and the lion departed.
The instant that the unfortunate man got out of the sile, he found himself in the pre-sence of several of the Bey's cavalry, who were on his track. One of them took him up on horseback behind him, and he was brought back to Constantine, where they put him into preson again. The Bey, scarcely believing the facts related by his vassals, desired to see man, and had him appear before him, dragging after him his brother's leg. atill dragging after him his brother's leg. Ahmed-Rey, notwithstanding his reputation for cruelty, ordered the fetter to be and granted the poor wretch his life. broken,

It is now time to buckle on our game-bag, and go out with M. Górard to shoot a lion to

put into it.

"Ms and had been requested,"—writes the Lion-killer,—"by the inhabitants of the Mahouna (circle of Ghelma), to rid them of a family of lions who had taken up their quarters among them, and who abused the rights of hospitality. On arriving there, I received all the requisite information, and I ceased that every night they went to crink in the Oued-Cherf. I immediately rejected to the borders of that stream, and found there, not only those gentry's footmarks on the sand, but also the points of laws usual approach and departure. The family was numerous; it consisted of the fatter, mother, and three grown-up children. According to the natives, their den was

situated in an impenetrable stronghold halfway up the mountain. Old Tareb, the chieftain of the place, came to me, took me by the arm, and said, as he pointed to the numerous tracks imprinted on the water's edge,

" They are too many for us; let us come

BWSV.

"At that epoch, I had already passed more than a hundred nights alone and unsheltered, with the starry firmament for my roof, sometimes seated at the bottom of a ravine frequented by lions, sometimes beating the narrow paths which were scarcely distinguishable through the woods. I had met with gangs of marauders and with lions, and, by the help of God and St. Hubert, I had always got out of my difficulties unharmed. Only, experience had taught me that two bullets rarely sufficed to kill an adult lion; and every time I opened a fresh campaign, I could not help remembering such and such a night which seemed a little too long, either because I had been suddenly attacked by the fever which compelled my hand to tremble when I commanded it to be firm, or because an unwelcome thunderstorm had prevented my seeing the least thing whatever near me for whole hours, and that at moments when the rolling thunder was responded to by the lion's roar, so close that I regarded every flash of lightning as a lucky event whose continuance I would have purchased at the price of half my blood.

"But still, I loved this solitary life; I sought it from a feeling of nationality, for the sake of lowering the malevolent pride of the Arabs, whom I delighted to see bow down before a Frenchman; not so much for the services which he gratuitously rendered them at the risk of his life, but because he accom-plished alone what they dared not undertake in company. And thus, not only was every lion who fell a subject to them of astonishtion who fell a subject to them of astonish-ment; but, moreover, they could not under-stand how a stranger dare venture alone by night into ravines which the natives avoided broad daylight. In the eyes of the Arabs (brave in war, brave everywhere except in the presence of "the master," who, they say, derives his strength from God) the sportsman has no need to awaken the douars of the main has no need to awaken the dodness the mountains by a distant gunshot, in order to obtain a triumph. It is enough for him to quit his tent at the evening twilight, and to return safe and sound at the point of day. It will be easily understood that this feeling of the nopular mind made it a law for me the popular mind made it a law for me to proceed in the path I had traced out; that it even afforded me a great support against too strong; emotions which were sometimes too strong; and, I am not ashamed to add, against the mental agony of nocturnal isolation in a country abounding with perils of every deemotions which were sometimes

"If, amongst the sportsmen for whose sake
I have written these lines, there were one who
desired to enter the lists, —in order to make

euch a profession as this, to him I would say: The career is open to all; enter upon it valiantly! But have nothing to do with the covered hiding-places, the ambuscades in use amongst the Araba! Have nothing to do with daylight sport, either alone, or in the presence of people who will prevent your feeling afraid! Wait for the night; and at the first roar of the lion, set out, but set out alone and on fo t. If you do not meet with the animal, begin again the following night, if you can, and then the next, and then again the next, till your expedition has come to its dénoncement. If you return (which I heartily desire, in order that I may resign my office to you), I promise you, in reward for the troutle you have had, in the first place, a perfect indifference about death, with whom you will always be ready to enter into alliance; and secondly, the esteem, the affection, the gratitude, and more than that, of a multitude of people who are, and will remain, host le to all your countrymen, and to a multitude of people who are, and will re-main, host le to all your countrymen, and to your relation: and, finally, recollections which will infuse youth into your old age. If you do not return (for which I shall be extremely sorry, both on your account and my own), you may be assured that on the spot where the Arabs find your remains, they will raise, not a mausoleum, as people call it at home, but a heap of stones, on the summit of which they will place broken pots, old iron, cannon balls, in short a heap of things which serve them in the place of epitaph, and which signify, 'A man died here.' You ought to signify, know that amongst the Arabs, it is not enough to wear mon taches on your lips, and a beard on your chin, to be 'a man: and I can assure you that this simple epitaph implies more than many eulogistic phrases, and that, for my own part, I desire no other."

This digression will be excused as a transi tionary interlude to the rest of M. Gorard's

atory.

"The old cheik earnestly insisted at first, that I should enter the douar, and then that he should leave with me a few men, whose looks betrayed that they were not anxious to stop. I refused both propositions, and persuaded him to reture with his people; for the night was approaching, and the lions might now come down at any moment. The brave fellow unwillingly complied with my brave fellow unwillingly complied with my advice; and before leaving, asked my permission to say the evening prayers in company with his followers, in order, he said, that God might watch over me during the night, through the whole course of which no one in the mountain would close their eyes, but would anxously await, both great and small, for the news which my gun should tell them. The prayer ended, the cheik came to me, and said:

Wit please God to hear our prayers, and

him comprehend the enjoyment which is the if you will cheer the spirits of those who recompense for the moral and physical fatigue love you,—after you have killed, light the are necessarily undergone by whoever exercises which my men shall prepare directly; so such a profession as this, to him I would say: that, when our ears have heard the signal of battle, our eyes may behold the token of victory. I promise you we will answer you.' I readily assented to Tateb's wish; and in an instant an enormous pile was made, and so an instant an enormous pile was made, and so well prepared that a match was all that was wanted to set it on fire. While the check's people were busy about the preparations, with an ardour rare amongst the Arabs (who are the incarnation of indolence), their master remained close by my side, and

"' If I thought you would not laugh at me,

I would give you a piece of alvice.'
"'An old man's words,' I answered, 'are always respected.'
"'Well, listen, my son. If the lious come to-night, the seigneur with the great head (the Araba thus designate the adult male lion) will march the first. Do not trouble yourself about the others. The children are already too big for the mother to concern herself about them, and they all trust entirely herself about them, and they all trust entirely to their father; keep your eye, therefore, on the seigneur with the great head. Do not forget that, if your hour is come, it is he who will kill you, and the others who will eat you. His people having called him at that moment. 'Go on,' he shouted to them, 'I will follow you directly.' Then, after an inquiring glance around, as if he had some confidential communication to make, he put his month close to my ear, and said in a his mouth close to my ear, and said in a whisper, 'He has stolen my handsomest mare and ten bullocks.'
"'Who has robbed you of that?' I asked, in the same subdued tone of voice.
"'He!' he answered, pointing with his fist.

to the mountain slope.

"'But,' said I, beginning to lose patience,
'tell me the name of the thief.'
"'The seigneur with the great head.'

"The last words were spoken so low that I could only catch the final syllables; but I guessed the rest, and could not belp laughing when I recollected his recommen lation few minutes afterwards the cheik had disappeared in the wood, and I was left alone on the brink of the Oued-Cherf, in the presence of the footsteps of five lions who had been there only the day before, of the pile of firewood prepared in their honour, and of the mysterious day over which the chades of mysterious den, over which the shades of night already cast an impenetrable veil, which my imagination amused itself with tearing asunder, to count the claws and the teach of the seigneur with the hig head and of the family under his protection.

"Seated beneath an olennder which com-mands the ford, I tried hard to discover with ears and eyes the fire of a tent, the barking of a dog on the hills, something, in short, which should say to me, 'You are not utterly alone.' But all was silent and dark around me—ax far as sight and hearing could ascertain, nothing human was near. I was absolutely tête-à-tête with my gun. Meanwhile, the hour advanced, and the moon (which I did not expect to see, so contracted was my horizon) began to scatter around me a sort of half-balt which I accepted with gratitude. It mught be eleven o'clock, and I began to be surprised at having to wait so long, when I thought I heard something walking in the a wish to kill a line. You may have even thought I heard something walking in the Little by little the sounds grew more wood. Little by little the sounds grew more distinct—there was no possibility of doubting they were caused by several large animals. I man perceived beneath the branches some moving luminous points, which cast a reddish gleam. I had no difficulty in recognising the family of lious, walking in single file in the direction of the ford where I had posted myselt. Instead of five, I counted only three; and when they stound of offern receal directly the stout of the form when they stout of the sound of the sound when they stout of the sound of the sound when they stout of the sound of the sound of the sound when they stout of the sound of t and, when they stopped at fifteen paces' distance from the river's brink, I thought that the one who came first, although more than respectable in stature and physiognomy, could not be the seigneur with the large head whose description had been given me, and whom the cherk recommended so warmly to

my notice.

"There they were, all three at a stand-still, regarding me with looks of astonishment. Following out my plan of attack, I simed at the middle of the shoulder of the first, and first. A terrible roar of agony replied to my shot, and, when the smoke allowed me to see, I digun mished two of the lions slowly re-en-I distinguished two of the lions slowly re-entering the wood, and the third, with both his shoulders broken, dragging himself on his bally to make for me. I immediately comprehended that the papa and the mamma did ot belong to the party, a circumstance which did not regret one single instant. Feeling Feeling now reasonred respecting the intentions of those whom their brother's fall had induced to depart, I devoted my whole attention to him I had just relonded my barrel with powder, when, with an effort that made him root with pain, he arrived within three paces of myself, showing me every tooth in his of myed, showing me every tooth in his head. My second ball, like the first, sent him rolling in the river's bed. Thrice he returned to the charge. The third ball, put point blank into his eye, stretched him

The lion whom I had just killed was an The hon whom I had just killed was an animal about three years old, very fat and plump, and armed like a veteran. After having made sure that he was worth all the powder I had burnt on his account, and that the Arabs on beholding him would salute him with respectful satisfaction, I remembered the beacon pile, and soon made an illustration on the mountain ridge. The echoes mination on the mountain ridge. The echoes brought me a distant detonation; the signal of the vactory which the chick transmitted to fed the donars of the Mahouna, who responded of the vectory which the chick transmitted to yard—then in the tenney of Evelyn, author of the doners of the Mahouna, who responded to it in their turn. At daybreak, more than two hundred Arabs, men, women, and children, arrived from all quarters to contem-

may have sometimes expressed, after dinner, a wish to kill a lion. You may have even said, "I am sure that I could kill a lion." If the desire is in your heart, and not on your lips merely, here is the clue to the secret of doing so. But no,—I had better stop short. You can go and take lessons of the lion-killing lieutenant himself.

PETER THE GREAT IN ENGLAND.

THERE was to be seen till lately in the Palace at Hampton Court, a fine full-length portrait of a beardless young man (intentionally beardless), in armour, with a broad and vigorous expression of face, with large eyes that betray a fixed determination of purpose, and, I must add, a liking for strong drinks. I refer to the portrait of Peter the Great, which Sir Go livey Kneller painted for King William the Third during the brief visit of three months which the Czar paid to England in the exceeding sharp and cold season of the year sixteen hundred and ninety-eight. Kneller was never happier than in this preture. He knew hisstrength; and in the background—a sea-scape (as painters affect to call such things)—he obtained the assistance of the younger Valdervelde, a master in the treatment of maritime matters. This picture is now, I believe, at Buckingham Palace. Prince Albert took it away during the visit to England of the late Emperor Nicholas; but his royal highness, now that the case is altered, may perhaps think proper to return it to its old numeters. at Hampton Court, a fine full-length poraltered, may perhaps think proper to return to its old quarters.

it to its old quarters.

Peter was in his twenty-sixth year when he first set foot in England. He had been learning ship-building at Amsterdam, and his visit to England was for no other avawed purpose than that of improving his mechanical skill by steady labour in our moval dockyards. He came among us with the approbation of King William the Third; houses were hired for him and his rough retinue, and paid for by the king.

His first London lodging was in Norfolk Street, in the Strand, then a newly-built street, and one of the best inhabited streets in London. Some red-brick houses of Peter's

in London. Some red-brick houses of Peter's time still exist. His second house-I might time still exist. His second house—I might almost call it his country house—was at Saye's Court, in Deptford, on the banks of the Thames, configuous to the Royal Dock-

The chief native attendant of the Czar bere a name that has lately become familiar encula in English ears: he was called Prince Menzikoff. His English attendant was Osborne Marquis of Carmarthen, afterwards the second Duke of Leeds. The marquis was a naval other of talent and distinction; and this selection by the king was in every

way appropriate.

way appropriate.

His visit was one of entire privacy, and consequently without those courtly ceremonies attending his arrival which usually accompanied the visits of kings and emperors and their ambassadors. He came to this country from the Hague with Vice-Admiral Mitchell, and arrived among us on Tuesday the eleventh of January, sixteen hundred and ninety seven—eight. His arrival was some made multip, but the privacy of his visit. soon made public, but the privacy of his visit was still as far as possible maintained. On the day after his arrival he went incognite in a linckney-coach to Kensington, to see William the Third and his court at dinner,—during in public being then a custom still lingering about royalty. On the following be called on the Marquis of Caermarthen Legester Square, then an invalid, having hurt his leg at the fire which, only a week before the Czar arrived among us, ceased to make Whitehall the palace of a sovereign. On the Friday following he received a visit from King Wilham the Third. It was a private visit, Wilham the Third. It was a private visit, made by the king in the coach of the Earl of Ronney, the brother of Algernon Sidney, and the handsome Sidney of De Grammont's Memoirs. The Czar accompanied the king in moirs. The Czar accompanied the King in Lord Ronney's coach as far as Whitehall, where he stepped into his own carriage, and, the House of Peera. The penny-a-liner of the House of Peera. The penny-a-liner of the time, from whom we derive these particulars, adds: "His Czarish majesty was there, it is said, incognito." But this I see reason to doubt.

Peter the Great while in England was as sby and unwilling to be seen as Peter the Whild Boy. He was present at a ball given at Kensington by King William in honour of the birthday of the Princess Anne, afterwards queen; or rather he may be said to have seen the b.dl, for his shyness confued him to a small room, from which he could see without being seen. When he saw King William on his throne in the House of Lords (a sight he had throne in the House of Lords (a sight he had expressed a particular wish to see), it was not from the gallery nor from below the bar of the house, but from a gutter in the house-top, from which he was enabled to peep through a window into the house. He retired from this unpleasant point of view sooners it is said than he intended from the trades. it is said, than he intended; for he made so ridiculous a figure (says Lord Dartmouth, who was present) that neither king nor peers could forbear laughing.

He was taken to all our London sights at that time of any moment. To the lions and

that time of any moment. To the lions and armouries in the Tower; to the monuments

and wax figures in Westminster Abbey; to Lambeth Palace; to the masquerade on the last night of the Temple revels; and to the two theatres in Drury Lane and Durset Gardens. He was chiefly attracted by the Tower and the performances at Drury Lane. The wild beasts and implements of war were The wild benasts and implements of war were adapted to his rougher nature, while the charms of a Miss Cross, the original Miss Hoyden, in Vanbrugh's Relapse, and the first actress who had Miss prefixed to her name in playbills, were so engaging that the rough Czar of Russia became enamoured of her beauty. Of this Miss Cross the story is told in the Sugetteer that when she first arrived in the Spectator, that when she first arrived in the Low Countries, she was not computed to be so handsome as Madam van Brisket by near half a ton. There is a fine old mezzetinto which still preserves to us the beautiful features that won the youthful heart of Peter the Great.

He did not speak English, nor is he known to have been at all desirous of learning it. Few of his sayings have therefore been pre-served. Three, however, have reached us. He told Admiral Mitchell that he considered the told Admiral Mitchell that he considered the condition of an English admiral happer than that of a Czar of Russia. To King William he observed, "If I were the advisor of your majesty, I should counsel you to remove your court to Greenwich, and to consider the state of the s vert St. James's once more into an hospital. When in Westminster Hall, he inquired who

When in Westminster Hall, he inquired who the busy gentlemen were in wigs and gowns; and being told they were havyers—"Lawyers!" said he; "why, I have but two in my whole dominions, and I design to hang one of them the moment I get home."

The Marquis of Caermarthen was very attentive to the wishes of the Czar. On Tuesday last (records the penny-a-liner of the period) the Marquis of Caermarthen treated the Czar of Museovy in a splendid manner. He took him to Chatham to a launch,—and to Spithead to a mayal review. They went to Spithead by the old Portsmouth road, and He took him to Chatham to a launch,—and to Spithead to a mayal review. They went to Spithead by the old Portsmouth road, and returned the same way, resting at Gottinnia for a day, where (at the King's Arias Ina, in the High Street) they had two meals, breakfast and dinner. The bills of tare on the occasion have been preserved by Wanley, the learned keeper of Lord Oxford's library. They were thirteen at table (an unconfortable number), and twenty-one in all. At breakfast they had half a sheep, a quarter of lamb, ten pullets, twelve chickens, nine quarts of brandy, six quarts of mulled wine, seven dezen eggs, with salad in proportion. At dinner they had five ribs of beef (weight three stone), one sheep (weight, fifty-six seven dezen eggs, with salad in propoition. At dinner they had five ross of beef (weight three stone), one sheep (weight, fifty-six pounds three-quarters), a shoulder of lamb, and a loin of veal boiled, eight pullets, eight rabbits, two dozen and a half of sack, and one dezen of claret. Here is a ball reminding us by its locality and rabbits of Mary Tofts, who has given an unhappy calchrity to the pleasant little post-town of Godalming in Surrey. I have often wondered if the story of the Czar's two meals was remembered by the Emperor Alexander when, in eighteen hundred and fourteen, on the visit of the allied sovereigns, he passed through Cockdoning to Portsmouth, to return to the capital of the Czar Peter!

There was a natural curiosity among the

Ergash people to see a sovereign from remote a country as Muscovy; and Overt Overton, the printseller (he is immortalised by Pope), took advantage of this desire, and borrowing a plate from Holland of the efficies of his Czarish majesty, immediately worked off sufficient impressions to satisfy the public. sufficient impressions to satisfy the public. Other proofs of his popularity have been preserved. A song in praise of the Czar of Muscovy was performed on Thursday, the tenth of February, in the Music Room of York Buildings, the Hanover Square Rooms of the then London; and the History of the Ancient and Present State of Muscovy, by Abel Roper, was advertised to be published this term—the lawyer then as indeed long. this term—the lawyer then, as indeed long after, materially regulating the London

I have discovered the name of the opera which the Czar went to hear. It was Beaumont and Fletcher's Prophetess, or the Hisadditions, after the manner of an opera, made by Ectterion the great actor. It was a new opera. The music was by Purcell, the dances Mr. Priest, and the scenes, machinery, and clustes were costly and effective. It was a perfectly successful piece, and there was enough in it to attract the Czar, to whom everything of the kind was an entire novelty.

A new entertainment was advertised for Thursday, the seventeenth of February, sixteen handred and ninety-seven—eight. It was at Exeter Change, in the Strand, and was added to the constitution of the Strand, and was called (corruptly enough) A Redoubt after the Venetian manner,—"where," continues the advertisement, "there will be some considerable lasset Banks and a variety of other entertainments." No person was to be ad-mitted without a mask. Tickets were to be had at the well-known chocolate-houses, Ozinda's and White's, and the entertainment was to begin exactly at ten o'clock at night.
Poter came from Dentford to London to you came from Deptford to London to see his Venetian importation; but he found it suppressed with six constables at the door outpressed with six constances to prohibit the performance. To relieve his an appointment—so a Mr. Bertie writes to Dr. Clariett of Oxford—he fell to drinking hard at one Mr. Morley's; and the Marquis to the marginal of the marginal transfer of the large transfer of the marginal transfer of the hard it one air. Morely a; and the Marquis of Chermarthen, it being late, resolved to being him at his brother-in-law's. Here (and still with the Marquis) he dired the next day—trank a pint of sherry and a bottle of brandy for his morning draught; after that, about eight more bottles of sack, and so went

to the playhouse.
There was a cordial at this time fit for the

lar, if we may believe the public advertisements, called Nectar Ambrosia, the highest cordial—we are assured by the proprietor that ever was made in England. was pre herbs, and pared from the richest spices, flowers, and drawn from right Nantz brandy. On Wednesday, the ninth of February, the author of the new cordial called Nectur Amauthor of the new cordial called Nectar Ambrosia, so much in vogue of late, presented the Czar of Muscovy with a large bottle of it curiously wrought in flint, which his Czarish majesty very kindly accepted, and he, the prince, and the rest of his nobles very highly approved of it. The proprietor was Mr. John How, living in Ram's Head Yard, in Fenchurch Street; a man no doubt of many trades, for I find that he was the publisher—in sixteen hundred and ninety-nine—of Ned traces, for I find that he was the published in sixteen hundred and ninety-nine—of Ned Ward's London Spy. Ned himself afterwards kept a public-house, and may have had a finger in the concection of the Nectar Ambrosia, that so took the Czar. This celebrated compound was sold in bottles, price two shillings and one shilling each, and in glasses of two pence and one penny each. The newspapers inform us, that the Czar afterwards sent for a quantity—highly approving of it.

There was a great meeting while Peter was in England, and at which he was expected to have been present. This was the Newmarket meeting, then the centre of attraction for horse-racing, cock-fighting, and other kindred pursuits. Led horses for the Czar—the papers report-had been sent to the palace. The king report—nad been sent to the palace. The sing was there, attended by five dukes, eleven earls; by barons, baronets, knights, and squires. There was much that was attractive. The famous Yorkshire horse, backed by Mr. Poucher, was to run against Mr. Framptom's Turk. The distance was four miles—the weight that each was to carry was ten stone, weight that each was to carry was ten stone, and the stake five hundred pounds. Among the earls was a great captain, the future luke of Marlborough. Lord Godolphin also was present—whose name, through his famed "Arabian," is known to thousands who never heard of the Godolphin ministry. heard of the Godolphin ministry, nor Sid Hamet's rod, made immortal by Dean Swift. There was one person whom the Czar (while

in England) expressed a wish to meet, and that in England) expressed a wish to meet, and that was Edmund Halley, the great mathematiciant and astronomer, whose practical acquaintance with the variation of the compass and the courses of the tides he rightly thought were matters of great importance. Halley spoke German fluently, and Peter was pleased with the conversation of the illustrious

Englishman.

Religious enthusiasts sought engerly to see this ruler of barbaric millions. The Quakers were, of course, the most pressing. William Penn (he lived in Norfolk Street) had an interview with him. The brother-in-law of Robert Barelay (the apologist) managed to converse with him on Quaker tenets, and to converse him company of two courses. There was a cordial at this time fit for the obtain his acceptance of two copies of Vac-closet of any person of quality, and very populary's book. A teaxing question was put A teaxing question was put by

the Car to Barclay's brother-in-law. "Of what use can you be in any kingdom or government, seeing you will not bear arms and fight?" The Czar was inclined to look upon them as Jesuits, but altered his opinion, and with his attendants in the English costume of time, attended a Quaker meeting in White Hart Court, in Gracechurch Street that court where, only a few years before, Fox the founder of the sect had died. His presence was recognised, and, to avoid the gaze which he could not endure, he left before the meeting

was over.

When Peter was in England the see of Canterbury was filled by Tenison—the same Tenison who, as vicar of St. Martin's, had preached a sermon of forgiveness at the funeral of Eleanor Gwyn. Peter paid a visit to the prelate at Lambeth, and, having expressed a wish to be informed as to our religion and constitution the Arabbishop with gion and constitution, the Archbishop, with the approbation of the king, selected the bishop of Salisbury. No better man could have been chosen. The Bishop of Salisbury of that time was Gilbert Burnet, who had written the History of our Reformed Religion, the same divine who administered consolation to the death-bed of Rochester, and contri-bated religious comfort to Russell in the cell and on the scaffold.

Burnet had good interpreters, and had much free discourse with him. He found that he was subject to convulsive motions over his body, and that his head seemed to be attested by them; that he was not wanting in capacity, and had a larger measure of knowledge than his education had led him to exp et. He found him a man of a very bot temper, soon influenced, and very brutal in his passion, raising his natural heat by trequent recourse to brandy, which he rectain. himself. His turn was for mechanics; and nature—so thought the bishop—seemed and hature—so thought the bishop—seement to have designed him rather to be a ship-carpenter than a great prince. He wrought much with his own hands, and made all about him work at the models of ships. He was resolved to encourage learning, and to polish has people by sending some of them to travel in other countries, and to draw strangers to come and live with them. He was desirous to anderstand the doctrine of the Church of Enchant has did not recovered. fingland, but did not seem disposed to mend matters in Muscovy. The bishop adds—and this, perhaps, is the most important portion of what he has related about Peter—"He told me he designed a great fleet at Azoff, and with it to attack the Turkish empire."

Here we have, explained, the policy which Russia has been pursuing secretly, but sometimes openly (now openly enough), since l'eter learned to build ships at Deptford. Lattle, perhaps, did the Czarinnagine that this policy was, in the year eighteen hundred and lifey four, to cost the country in which he was bearing the arts of aggression, a fleet in the Black Sea, and an sister's intrigues, and a confirmation of his

expedition into the Sea of Aroff. Nay, that to repel his attack on the Turkish cap repersion of the first time; and that the existence of Turkey as an empire would be fought tor, as it now is (a world-wide fact), before the greatest stronghold of Russia or of any nation, succent or modern.

The Czar liked brandy and Ambrosia, and he liked a strong mixture called "popper and brandy." The Marquis of Caermarthen ofcen joined him in his orgies. But what told on the Czar Peter—perhaps from its frequency—is not known to have been injurious to the English marquis Peter was at this time subject to convulsive motions of the body, that seemed, as I have already related, to affect his head. But the English were deep drinkers, especially our sailors, and the marquis was an English admiral—so, indeed, was Benbow, another of Peter's companions during his three months' visit to England. Peter should have known (we fear he did not) the most distinguished admiral then alive—Admiral Hussell, who defeated the French off La Hogue, for which he was created Earl of Orford, and who is said to have mixed the largest bowls of punch ever made. One was dog in his garden at Chippenham in Cambridgeshire, the other he made at Lisbon. the other he made at Lisbon.

There is still to be seen in Little Tower Street, in the City of London, a public-house (recently refronted) bearing the sign of the Czar's Head. This was the favourite resort of Peter when in London. Hither he would come from Deptford after his labours in the dockyard, and his watching the changes which the artificers of the yard were making in a yacht called the Royal Transport, which King William had presented to him, with permission to make such alterations in her as he considered necessary. He come from Deptford to London in a small decked boat, which he assisted in working to Tower Stairs. After the orges he delighted in, he was not, I fear, very well fitted to pilot the boat on their return down the river to Deptford, but the Thames was not then lashed and troubled by large and small steamers and locate of every description, which now crowd her waters from London Bridge to Backwall. He may have concluded his nights at the Czw's Head

King William was not inntentive to the Czar. He made him a second visit, at which an odd incident occurred. The Czar had a favourite monkey, which usually sat upon the was seated, the monkey jumped somewhat angrily upon him. The "great Nassan" was disconcerted, the whole ceremonial discomposed, and most of the time—Lord Dartmouth, who tells the story, assures us-was spent an apologies for the monkey's behaviour.

suspicions hurried him away. On Monday, the eighteenth of April, sixteen hundred and ninety-eight, he went to Kensington, to take leave of the king. "He thanked his majesty for the kind entertainment and honour he had received in his majesty's dominions, and for the fine ship he had presented him with." On the same occasion, Peter made a present to his majesty of "a fine ruby of very great value." On Wednesday, the twentieth of April, he dined at Wimbledon with the Duke of Leeds, the Earl of Danby, so celebrated of Leeds, the Earl of Danby, so celebrated in the reign of Charles the Second, and the father of his friend the Marquis of Caermarthen. On his return to Deptford the same night, he found, "very fine music to divert and scre-nale him." This was the last night he spent on shore. On Thursday, the twenty-first of April, he set sail from Deptford, for Holland, under convoy of two men of war—the York and the Greenwich -and three yachts, com-monded by Admiral Mitchell. He was detained for some days by contrary winds, but at last left England, which he was never to see again. He landed at the Hague, sending see again. He landed at the Hague, sending the Boyal Transport yacht to Archangel, from whence (so it was said) he was to carry it by land to the river Tanais. Lord Chermarthen accompanied him as far as Chatham, to whom, however, he did not say farewell without conferring a favour—and one of moment. This was the right of importing to bacco into Russia. In the first year he was to consign three thousand hogsheads, in the second five thousand, and afterwards aix to usual hogsheads yearly. What the marques made by his monopoly no one has

Itis physician he left behind him for two months, that he might see Oxford, Cambridge, and Eath, and took with him two by a from the mathematical school founded at Christ's Hospital by King Charles the Second and what the newspapers of the time describe as, "the famous geographical clock made by Mr. John Carte, watchmaker, a the sign of the Dial and Crown, near Essex Street in the Stand; which clock tells what Street in the Strand; which clock tells what coulon's it is in any part of the world, whether it is day or night, the sun's rising or se ting throughout the year, its entrance into the source of the zodiac; the arch which they and the sun in them makes above or below the ormon, with several other curious motions."

when Admiral Benbow returned to his bonne at Save's Court, great was his consterration at finding the unnecessary damage that had been done to it by Peter and his retinue; still greater was the consternation which the author of Sylva expressed when he saw the state to which his far-famed garden had been reduced. Benbow complained to Evelyn, and both Benbow and Evelyn memo-rialise I the lords of the Treasury for compen-sation for the injuries done. Their joint

memorials were referred to the surveyor-general of works, Sir Christopher Wren, and to his majesty's principal gardener, Mr. London, the carliest English gardener of any don, the carliest English gardener of any reputation whose name has reached us. Both reported strongly in favour of the claims for compensation. Evelyn received, "in compensation for the damage done to his house, goods, and gardens, at Deptford, by his Czarises majesty and his retinue while they resided there," the sum of one hundred and sixty-two pounds seven shillings; and Admiral Benbow received, "for like damage done to his goods," the sum of one hundred and thirty-three pounds two shillings and sixpence. The payments were made by the paymaster of his majesty's works, and are included in his accounts. The in-door habits of Peter and his retinue were, it appears from the estimate of damages, filthy in the extreme. extreme.

In the garden at Saye's Court was what Evelyn himself calls an impregnable holly hedge, four hundred feet in length, nine feet high, and five feet thick. This fine holly hedge was a source of delight to letter and his retinue. They made it a point of attack, and were accustomed to amuse themselves by endeavouring to drive a wheelbarrow through it. Peter himself was sometimes in the It. Feter limson was sometimes in the barrow. Such is the received story, which I can now confirm by Benbow's claim for compensation: his estimate for damages including the sum of one pound for three wheelbarrows broke and last.

Evelyn was prepared for some damage to his house. "There is a house full of people," his servant writes to him, "and right masty. The Czar lies next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at The Czar hes next your library, and dines in the parlour next your study. He dines at ten o'clock and six at night; is very seldom at home a whole day; very often in the king's yard, or by water, dressed in several dresses. The king is expected here this day; the best parlour is pretty clean for hun to be entertained in. The king pays for all he

London, the gardener, divided his report (it is dated May ninth, sixteen hundred and ninety-eight) under, "what can be repaired and what cannot." The marrow of his re-port (it is now published for the first time) is as follows:

- All the grass-work is out of order and broke into
- 1. All the grass-work is out of order and move into holes by their kaping and showing tricks upon it.

 2. The lowling-green is in the same could tan.

 3. All that ground which used to be sufficient for catable plants is all overgrown with weeds, and is not manured nor cultivated, by reason the Crar would not suffer my men to work when the season offered.

 4. The wall-fruit and standard femi-trees are na-
- The hedges and wilderness are not cut as they ought to be.

 ti. The gravel walks are all broke into holes and out
- of order.
 - The several observations were made by Genta

London, his Majesty's gardener, and he certifies that to put the garden and plant times in as good repair as they were in before his Cauch Majesty resided there, will require the sum of fifty-five pounds

GRONGE LONDON.

Great damages are done to the trees and plants, which cannot be repaired, as the breaking the branches of the wall-fruit trees, spoiling two or three of the of the wall-fruit trees, spoiling two or three of the finest true phillereas, breaking several hollys and other flue plants.

Any inroad of the Czar Nicholas and all the Russias upon Europe would leave Europe much as the Czar Peter and his retinue left the house and garden at Deptford of the learned and retined John Evelyn. I can hear the laugh of Peter, as with brute force, stimulated by drink, he drove the wheel-barrow, with Prince Menzikoff upon it, into the prickly holly hedge, five feet in thickness.

LONDON STONES.

HAMMERING at the Alps, when there is a wallet to be filled with geological specimens in London streets, is scarcely worth the while in London streets, is scarcely worth the while of any amateur stone-pecker who lives within sound of Bow bells. I understand going in search of Alpine breezes, studying physical geography abroad, fossil hunting, stratum stalking, but I should hardly think of quitting London to collect diversities of rock. Of that sort of geology, why may I not have my fill between Cheapside and Piccadilly!

To begin at the beginning, without climbing a mountain, I can see where the granite crops out, beyond the kerb of every pavement. The metropolitan police may object to a free use of the hummer, but even if no cart-wheel ever chipped us off a specimen, it is a blessed institution of the metropolis that roads or

institution of the metropolis that roads or pavements are perpetually being taken up; and he is a wonderful man whose lot it never has been to get a specimen of granite in his eye, chipped from the mass by some one of eye, empped from the mass by some one of an army of men licensed to use hammer and chisel. You may go to Switzerland or Nor-way, travel over miles, and see only one sort of granite. Here, in London, you have speci-mens of almost every sort. In chips of every form and colour, you may admire the spangles of the mice and the very many sorts of granite pudding made by sundry mixtures of the felspar and the quartz. With granite, geology begins; upon that hard, crystalline rock, our solid earth all lies a-bed. It has been molten once, and has cooled into a crystalline form; of it, as well as porphyry, senite and basalt, there are innumerable specimens to be had in the streets of London. We take an omnibus at the Bank for Paddington, and rumble over stones that were all prepared in the furthought about, or indeed before Britannia's heal was fairly above water.

Then, of the slate rocks that rest upon the granite, we have a most ample representation on the roofs of houses. Wherever there is a

house being built, the seeker of slate is saved a trip to Wicklow or North Wales, and may till his pocket with a class of rooks several thousands of feet thick, that naturally rise to a great elevation, and by their broken, secreted outlines, give peculiar beauty to the scenery of which they form a part.

The geological deposits of London are not governed by the same laws that remulate

governed by the same laws that regulate the depositions of the strata in the common course of nature. Here the first may be last and the last first, the granite overline the clay, and such reversal of the usual order of things has been produced by no movements within the bowels of the earth, but by movements on its surface, commonly effected by the agency of water, wind, steam, and animal traction, brought into full play by the requirements of a crowded population. If there be a useful purpose to which the rock formation of any geological period can be economically applied, it is sure to be deposited in London, irrespective of any order of nature to the contrary; but if otherwise, the geological student may safely make up his mind that it will not be found. For this reason it is not easy to get specimens in London streets of the rocks which naturally overhe the primary—the transition rocks—which set out with Sir Roderick Murchison's solu-rian system. They are at home in England on the south-east borders of North Wales, where they reside constantly, and never come to town. They are the country cousins of the stones of London. But of the old red sandstone rocks, the Devonian, the coal, the new stone rocks, the Devonian, the coal, the new red sandstone, the magnesian limestones, which are the strata next following in order, we get numerous examples. Door-steps, landings, and many miles of London pavement are composed of a great artificial stratum of the carboniferous sandstone from Craigletth, and other parts of Scotland. In no place at the world are there to be found a greater number of the varieties of coal, or more people actively engaged in soliciting public attention to their respective qualities. Fragattention to their respective qualities. Frag-ments of lias are much less abundant, though they may be found in lapidaries' yards, chipthey may be found in inpidaries yards, emp-ped from the blocks used by lithographers, while of the oolitic series, which lies above, the specimens are splendid. Of the rec-stone, which comes among the stones of London as a friend from Buth, the new facing to Henry the Seventh's chapel, at Westmuster, is a the Seventh's chapel, at Westmuster, is a pretty specimen, but it looks worn, though its age is under thirty. Specimens of this Eath limestone may be had in the neighbourhood of several new buildings specimens are to be found of another and finer limestone brought to us from the Isle of Portland. St. Paul's Cathedral, Somerset House, and the Reform Club, are good specimens of this last. The currons observer may also study the effect of London air and smoke on stone. Some carved fragments meant to be worked into St. Paul's Cathedral have

sen lying in Portland Island ever since St. Paoi's was built. They are covered with lichen, but not a chisel mark has mouldered out of sight, while fellow portions of such columns which are exposed to the south and seath-west wind in Saint Paul's churchand south-west wind in Saint Paul's church-yard have lost all sharpness of outline. Then there is the magnesian limestone, separated by the lower beds of new red sandstone from the coal. Westminster Hall is a London fragment of magnesian limestone, brought fragment of magnesian limestone, brought from the quarries of Huddlestone, near Sherborne. The New Houses of Parliament form a more recent specimen, of which it must be a proud thing to a chemist to feel that they provide for the legislature of Great Britain a grand temple of chalk and magnesia. The magnesian limestone used in the budding of the Houses of Parliament, whereof there are to be had an infinity of chips, is hereaft from Balsaver in Derhyshire and its brought from Bolsover in Derbyshire, and its extreme durability is attested by the fresh look of a church at Southwell, in Notting-hamshire, built of the same stone some nine

hundred years ago.
The decay of rocks, as well as many various kinds of them, may be examined also in our London gravevards. Every tombstone is a number of geologists.

The green-sand, which is exposed in cliffs on the south side of the Isle of Wight, is brought to the surface in London by deep been as for Artesian wells. Above the green-, and immediately below the London clay, the great chalk formation, represented in the mak of the metropolis. As for the Lon-don care, we case conselves in that, for it is represented in the London bricks. Finally, there has over all the alluvium, the London soil the deposit going on in our own day. This is certainly a thing which no man will you known to see, but which he must quit school not to wee, the more's the pity.

A DREAM.

ALL vesterday I was spinning, Sitting above in the sun; The do am that I spun was so lengthy, It lested till day was done.

I breded not cloud or shadow That flitted over the hil, Or the tracking of the rill.

I took the threads for my spinning, All of hime summer air, And a tlickering ray of sunlight Was woven in here and there.

The shadows grew longer and longer, The evening wind passed by, And the purple splendour of sunset Was flooding the western sky.

But I sould not leave my spinning, For so fair my dream had grown, I breded not, hour by hour, Most the allent day had flown. At last the grey shadows fell round me, And the night came dark and chill, And I rose and an down the value, And left my dream on the init.

I went up the hill this morning To the place where my spinoing loy.
There was nothing but glistening dewdrops
Remained of my dream to-day.

HALF A LIFE-TIME AGO.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

HALF a life-time ago there lixed a single woman, of the name of Susan Dixon, in one of the Westmoreland dales. She was the of the Westmoreland dates. She was the owner of the small farm-house where she resided, and of some thirty or forty neres of land by which it was surrounded. She had also an hereditary right to a sheep-walk, extending to the wild fells that overhang Blea Tarn. In the language of the country, she was a Stateswoman. Her house is yet she was a Stateswoman. Her house is yet to be seen on the Oxenfell road, between Skelwith and Coniston. You go along a moorland track, made by the carts that occasionally come for turf from the Oxenfell. A brook babbles and brattles by the way-side, giving you a sense of companionship which relieves the deep solitude in which this way is usually traversed. Some miles on this side of Coniston there is a farmstead,—a grey stone house and a square of farm-buildings surrounding a green space of rough turf, in the midst of which stands a mighty, funereal, umbrageous yew, making a solemn shadow, umbrageous yew, making a solemn shadow, as of death, in the very heart and centre of the light and heat of the brightest summer On the side away from the house, this yard slopes down to a dark-brown pool, which is supplied with fresh water from the over-flowings of a stone cistern, into which some rivulet of the brook before mentioned continually and melodiously falls and bubbles.
The cattle drink out of this cistern. The the cattle drink out of this cisteric. The household bring their pitchers and fill them with drinking water by a dilatory, yet pretty, process. The water-carrier brings with her a leaf of the hound's-tongue fern, and, inserting it in the crevice of the grey rock, makes a cool green spout for the sparkling stream.

The house is no specimen at the meaning

a coor The house is no specimen, at the present day, of what it was in the lifetime of Susan Dixon. Then, every small diamond pane in the windows glittered with cleanliness. You the windows glittered with cleanliness. You might have eaten off the floor; you could see yourself in the pewter plates and the polished oaken awmry, or dresser, of the state kitchen into which you entered. Few strangers penetrated further than this room. Once or twice, wandering tourists, attracted by the lonely picturesqueness of the situation, and the exquisite cleanliness of the house itself, made their way into this house-place, and othered money enough (as they thought), to tempt the hostess to receive them as longers. tempt the hostess to receive them as lodgers. They would give no trouble, they said : they would be out rambling or sketching all day long; would be perfectly content with a share of the tood which she provided for herself; or would procure what they required from the Wat rhead Inn at Coniston. But no liberal waterhead Inn at Conston. But no liberal sum—no fair words—moved her from her stony manner, or her monotonous tone of indifferent refusal. No persuasion could induce her to show any more of the house than that first room; no appearance of fatigue procured for the weary an invitation to down and rest; and if one more bold and less delicate sate down without being asked, Susan stool by, cold and apparently deaf, or only replying by the briefest monosyllables, till the unwelcome visitor had departed. Yet those with whom she had dealings in the way of selling her cattle or her farm produce, spoke of her as keen after a bargain-a hard one to have to do with ; and she never spared herself exertion or fatigue, at market or in the field, to make the most of her produce. She led the haymakers with her swift steady rake, and her noiseless evenness of motion. She was about among the earliest in the market, examining samples of onts, pr.cing them, and then turning with grim satisfaction to her own cleaner corn

She was served faithfully and long by those who were rather her fellow-labourers than her servants. She was even and just in her dealings with them. If she was peculiar and silent, they knew her, and knew that she might be relied on. Some of them had known her from her childhood; and deep in their

hearts was an unspoken—almost unconscious
—pity for her; for they knew her story,
though they never spoke of it.

Yes; the time had been when that tall,
gaunt, hard-featured, angular woman—who never smiled, and hardly ever spoke an unnecessary word—had been a fine-looking girl, bright spirited and rosy; and when the hearth at the Yew Nook had been as bright as she, with family love and youthful hope and mirth. Fifty or fifty one years ago, William Doxon and his wife Margaret were alive; and Susan, their daughter, was about eighteen years old-ten years older than the only other child, a boy, named after his father. William and Margaret Dixon were rather superior people, of a character belonging—as far as I have seen—exclusively to the class of Westmoreland and Comberland statesmen,-just, independent, upright; not given to much speaking; kind-hearted, but not demonstra-tive; dishking change, and new ways, and new people; sensible and shrewd; each housenew people; sensible and shrewd; each house-hold self-contained, and having little curiosity as to their neighbours, with whom they arrely met for any social intercourse, save at the stated times of sheep-shearing and Christ it was never spoken about—not even between mas; having a certain kind of soler pleasure in almassing money, which occasionally made them miserable (as they call miserly people healthy girl; a clever help to her in ther up in the north) in their old age; reading no light or ephemeral literature, but the grave, more of a man in her (as he often soul) than solid books brought round by the pediare (the her delicate little brother ever would have.

Paradise Lost and Regained, the Death of Abel, the Spiritual Quixote, and the Progress's Progress's were to be found in nearly every Progress) were to be found in nearly every house: the men occasionally going off lakin; i.e. playing, i.e. drinking for days toge her, and having to be hunted up by anxious wives, who dared not leave their husbands to the chances of the wild precipitous roads, but walked miles and miles, lantern in hand, in the dead of night, to discover and guide the solemnly-drunken husband home; who had adrendful headache the next day, and the day after that came forth as grave, and sober, and after that came forth as grave, and sober, and virtuous-looking as if there were no such things as malt and spirituous liquors in the wor'd; and who were seldom reminded of their misdoings by their wives, to whom such occasional outbreaks were as things of course, when once the immediate anxiety produced by them was over. Such were—such are— the characteristics of a class now passing away from the face of the land, as their comaway from the face of the land, as their com-peers, the yeomen, have done before. Of such was William Dixon. He was a shrewd clever farmer, in his day and generation, when shrewdness was rather shown in the when shrewchess was rather shown in the breeding and rearing of sheep and cattle than in the cultivation of land. Owing to this character of his, statesmen from a distance from beyond Kendal, or from Borrowdale, of greater wealth than he, would send their sons to be farm-servants for a year or two with him, in order to learn some of his methods before setting up on land of their own. When Susan, his daughter, was about seventeen, one Michael Hurst was farm-servant at Yew Nock. He worked with the master and lived with the family, and was in all respects treated as an equal, except in the field. His father was a wealthy statesmen at Wythburne, up beyond Grasmere; and at Wythburne, up beyond Grosmere; and through Michael's servitude the families had become acquainted, and the Dixons went over to the High Beck sheep-shearing, and the Hursts came down by Red Burk and Loughrig Tarn and across the Oxenfill when there was the Christmas-tide feasting at Yes Nook. The fathers strolled round the fields together, examined cattle and sheep, and looked knowing over each other's horses. The mothers inspected the dairies and house The mothers inspected the dairies and beoschold arrangements, each openly admiring the plans of the other, but secretly presenting their own. Both fathers and mothers east a glance from time to time at Michael and Susan, who were thinking of nothing less than farm or dairy, but whose unspoken attachment was in all ways so suitable and natural a thing that each parent reposed over it, although with characteristic reserve it was never spoken about—not even between

He was his mother's darling, although she lored Susan well. There was no positive engagement between Michael and Susan-I doubt if even plain words of love had been spoken; when one winter-time Margare Thron was seized with inflammation conse Margaret quent upon a neglected cold. She had always been strong and notable, and had been too busy to attend to the earliest symptoms of illness. It would go off she said to the woman who helped in the kitchen; or if she did not feel better when they had got the hams and bacon out of hand, she would take some herb-tea and nurse up a bit. But Death could not wait till the hams and bacon were cured: he came on with rapid studes, and shooting arrows of portentous agony Susan had never seen illness—never agony Susan had never seen filless—never knew how much she loved her mother till now, when she felt a dreadful instinctive certainty that she was losing her. Her mind was througed with recollections of the many times she had slighted her mother's wishes; her heart was full of the echoes of careless and angry replies that she had spoken. What would she not now give to have oppor-What would she not now give to have oppor-tunities of service and obedience, and trials of her patience and love for that dear mother who lay gasping in torture! And yet Susan had been a good girl and an affectionate

The sharp pain went off, and delicious ease came on; yet still her mother sunk. In the mother of this knight peace she was dying. She motioned Susan to her bedside, for she could only whisper; and then, while the father was out of the room, she spoke as much to the eager, hungering eyes of her daughter by the motion of her lips, as by the slow feeble sounds of her voice.

"Susan, lass, thou must not firet. It is God's will, and thou wilt have a deal to do. K-ep father straight if thou caust; and if he goas out Ulverstone ways, see that thou must han before he gets to the Ohl Quarry. It's a dree bit for a man who has had a drop. As for lile Will "—here the poor woman's face began to work and her fingers to move nervously as they lay on the bedguilt.—"lile Will will miss me most of all. Father's often vexed with him because he's not a quick, strong lad; he is not, my poor lile chap. And father thinks he's saucy, he cause he cannot always stomach cat-cake and porridge. There's better than three pound in th' old black teapet on the top sient of the emphoard. Just keep a piece of hat-tread by you. Susan dear, for Will to come to when he's not taken his breakfast. I have, may be, spoilt him; but there'll be I have, may be, spoilt him; but there'll be

She becan to cry a low feeble cry, and covered up her face that Susan might not see her. That dear face! those precious moments viola set the eyes could look out with love and intelligence. Susan laid her head down close by her mother's ear.

"Mother, I'll take tent of Will.

"Mother, I'll take tent of Will. Mother, do you hear? He shall not want ought I can give or get for him, least of all the kind words which you had ever ready for us both. Bless you! bless you! my own nother."
"Thou'lt promise me that, Susan, wilt thou? I can die easy if thou It take charge of him. But he's hardly like other folk; he tries father at times, though I think father'll be tender of him when I'm gone, for my sake. And, Susan, there's one thing more. I never spoke on it for fear of the bairn being called a tell-take, but I just comforted him up. He vexes Michael at times, and Michael has struck him before now. I did not want to make a stir; but he's not strong, and a word from thee, Susan, will go a long way with Michael."

Susan was as red now as she had been pale before; it was the first time that her influ-ence over Michael had been openly acknow-ledged by a third person, and a flash of joy came athwart the solemn sadness of the moment. Her mother had spoken too much, and now came on the miserable faintness. She never spoke again coherently; but when ber children and her husband stood by her bedside, she took lile Will's hand and put it into Susan's, and looked at her with im-ploring eyes. Susan clasped her arms round Will, and leaned her head upon his curly nate and yowed to herself to be as a mother pate, and vowed to herself to be as a mother to him.

Henceforward she was all in all to her brother. She was a more spirited and amusing companion to him than his mother had been, from her greater activity, and perhaps also from her originality of character, which often prompted her to perform her habitual actions in some new and racy manner. She was tender to like Will when she was prompt and sharp with everybody els.—with Milt that was tender to lile Will when she was prompt and slarp with everybody els.—with Michael most of all; for somehow the girl felt that, unprotected by her mother, she must keep up her own dignity, and not allow her lover to see how strong a hold be had upon her heart. He called her hard and cruel, and left her so; and she smiled softly to herself when his back was turned to think how little he guessed how deeply he was loved. For Susan was merely comely and fine-looking; Michael was strikingly handsome, admired by all the girls for miles round, and quite enough of a country coxomb to know it and plume himself accordingly. He was the second son of his father; the eldest would have High Beck farm, of course, but there was a good penny in the Kendal bank in store for Michael. When harvest was over, he went to Chapel Langdale to learn to dance; and at night, in his merry moods, he would do his steps on the flag-floor of the Yew Nook kitchen, to the secret admiration of Susan, who had never learned dancing, but who flouted him perpetually, even while she admired, in accordance with the rule she secured to have made for herself about. Keeping him at a distance so long as he lived under the same roof with her. One evening he sulked at some saucy remark of hers; he sitting in the chimney-corner with his arms on his knees and his head bent forwards, lazily gazing into the wood-fire on the hearth, and luxunating in rest after a hard day's labour; she sitting among the geranioms on the long, low window-seat, trying to catch the last slanting rays of the autumnal light, to enable her to position of the shadow arising from the firerays of the antumnal light, to enable finish stitching a shirt collar for Will, who lounged full length on the flags at the other side of the hearth to Michael, poking the burning wood from time to time with a long hazel-stick to bring out the leap of glitter-

ing sparks.

"And if you can dance a threesome reel, what good does it do ye!" asked Susan, looking askanee at Michael, who had just the professional and the rocks. you plough, or reap, or even climb the rocks to take a raven's nest. If I were a man I'd

be ashamed to give in to such softness."
"If you were a man you'd be glad to do anything which made the pretty girls stand round and admire.

"As they do to you, ch! ho! Michael!

that would not be my way o' being a man."
"What would then?" asked he, after a pause, during which he had expected in vain that she would go on with her sentence. answer.

"I should not like you as a man, Susy. You'd be too hard and headstrong." "Am I hard and headstrong?" asked she

with as indifferent a tone as she could assume,

but which yet had a touch of pique in it. His quick car detected the inflexion.

"No, Susy! You're wilful at times, and that's right enough. I don't like a girl without spirit. There's a mighty pretty girl comes to the dancing-class; but she is all milk and water. Here was a mighty pretty did like the same water. comes to the dancing-class; but she is all milk and water. Her eyes never flash like your's when you're put out; why, I can see them flame across the kitchen like a cat's eyes in the dark. Now, if you were a man, I should feel queer before those looks of your's; as it is, I rather like them, because—"
"Because what !" asked she, looking up and perceiving that he had stolen close up to her.

her.
"Because I can make all right in this way,"

said he, kissing her suddenly.

"Can you?" said she, wrenching herself out of his grasp and panting, half with rage.

"Take that he was of proof the said she. "Take that, by way of proof that making right is none so easy." And she boxed his ears pretty sharply. He went back to his seat discomfited and out of temper. She could no longer see to look, even if her face had not burnt and her eyes dazzled, but she did not choose to move her seat, so she still preserved her stooping attitude, and pretended

to go on sewing.
"Elemoor Hebthwhite may be milk-and-water," muttered he, "but— Confound thee, lad! what art doing!" exclaimed Michael, as

position of the shadows arising from the fire-

light shining upwards right under it.
"I tell thee what, Michael," said she, "that lad's motherless, but not friendless."

"His own father leathers him, and why

"His own father leathers him, and why should not I, when he's given me such a burn on my face," said Michael, putting up his hand to his cheek as if in pain.

"His father's his father, and there is nought more to be said. But if he did burn thee, it was by accident, and not o' purpose, as thou kieked him; it's a mercy if his ribs are not broken." are not broken."

"He howls loud enough, I'm sure. I might a kicked many a lad twice as hard and they'd ne'er ha' said ought but damn ye; but you lad must needs cry out like a stuck pig if one touches him," replied Michael sullenly.

Susan went back to the window-seat, and

looked absently out of the window at the drifting clouds for a minute or two, while her eyes tilled with tears. Then she got up and made for the outer door which led into the back-kitchen. Before she reached it, how-

made her thrill, say-"Susan, Susan!"

"Susan, Susan!"

Her heart melted within her, but it seemed like treachery to her poor boy, like faithlessness to her dead mother to turn to her lover while the tears which he had caused to flow were yet unwiped on Will's checks. So she seemed to take no heed but passed the darkness, and, guided by the solar lines the darkness, and, guided by the solar lines. into the darkness, and, guided by the some cronched among disused tubs and churns.
"Come out wi'me, lad;" and they went into

the orchard, where the finit-trees were but of leaves, but ghastly in their tattered cover-ing of grey mose; and the soughing November-wind came with long sweeps over the felia till it rattled among the crackling boughs, under-neath which the brother and sweer sate in the dark; he in her lap, and she hushing has head against her shoulder.

"Thou shouldst na' play wi' fire. It's a nughty trick. Thou'lt suffer for it in worse unughty trick. ways nor this before thou'st done, I'm afeared, I should ha' hit thee twice as lungwars kicks as Mike, if I'd been in his place. He did ua' hurt thee, I am sure," she assumed, hah as a

question.

"Yes! but he did, sick," And he let hi "Yes! but he did. He turned me quite sick." And he let his head full languidly down on his sister's breast.

"Come lad! come lad!" said she auxiously "Be a man. It was not much that I am.

Why, when first the red cow came she kicked

wet and ruffled hair from his heated face; and he and Susan rose up and hand-in-hand went towards the house, walking slowly and quietly except for a kind of sob which Widie could not repress. Susan took him to the pump and washed his tear-stained face, till she thought she had obliterated all traces of the recent disturbance, arranging his curls for him, and then she kissed him tenderly, and led him in, hoping to find Michael in the kitchen, and make all straight between them. But the blaze had dropped down into dark-ness; the wood was a heap of grey ashes in which the sparks ran hither and thither; but even in the groping darkness Susan knew i y the sinking at her heart that Michael was not there. She threw another brand on the hearth and lighted the candle, and sate down to her work in silence. Willie cowered on his stool by the side of the fire, eyeing his ster from time to time, and sorry and op-ressed, he knew not why, by the sight of er grave, almost stern face. No one came, her grave, almost stern face. No They two were in the house alone. The old woman who helped Susan with the household work had gone out for the night to some thread's dwelling. William Dixon, the father, was up on the fells seeing after his sheep. Some had no heart to prepare the evening

"Susy, darling, are you angry with me?"

d Willie, in his little piping gentle voice.

le had stolen up to his sister's side. "I won't never play with fire again; and I'll not cry if Michael does kick me. Only don't look so like dead nother—don't—don't—place don't!" he exclaimed, hiding his face

the shoulder.

"I'm not angry, Willie," said she. "Don't be feared on me. You want your supper, and you shall have it; and don't you he feared on Michael. He shall give reason for every hair of your head that he touches—he shall."

when William Dixon came home, he found Susan and William Dixon came home, he found Susan and Willie sitting together, hand in lead, and apparently pretty cheerful. He bade them go to bed, for that he would sit up for Michael; and the next morning, when some came down, she found that Michael had started an hour before with the eart for line. It was a long day's work; Susan knew it would be late, perhaps later than on the preceding hight, before he returned—at any rate, part her usual bed-time; and on no account would she ston up a minute has a line. rate, past her usual bed-time; and on a that tour in the kitchen, whatever she might do in her bed-room. Here she sate and matched till past midnight; and when she was tour coming up the brow with the carts,

she knew full well, even in that faint moonfere her legs were tied. See thee! here's a
preparation of the hight; only don't give way so, for it hurts
me sere to think that Michael has done thee
any harm, my pretty."

Willie roused himself up, and put back the
and radial hair from his hertal force. even at that day, who had not been brought up as Susan had, among a class who considered it as no crime, but rather a mark of sidered it as no crime, but rather a mark or spirit in a man to get drunk occasionally. Nevertheless, she chose to hold herself very high all the next day when Michael was, perforce, obliged to give up any attempt to do heavy work, and hung about the outbuildings and farm in a very disconsolate and sickly state. Willie had far more pity on him than Susan. Before evening Willie and he were fast, and on his sigle, estentations him than Susan. Before evening wither and the were fast, and on his side, estentations friends. Willie rode the horses down to water; Willie helped him to chop wood. Susan sate gloomily at her work, hearing an indistinct, but cheerful conversation going on the shinger while the cows were being in the shippon, while the cows were being milked. She almost felt irritated with her little brother, as if he were a traitor, and had gone over to the enemy in the very battle that she was fighting in his cause. She was alone with no one to speak to, while they prattled on, regardless if she were glad

or sorry.

Soon Willie burst in. "Susan! Susan! come with me; I've something so pretty to show you. Round the corner of the barn-run! run!" (He was dragging her along, half reluctant, half desirous of some change in that weary day.) Round the corner of in that weary day.) Round the corner of the barn; and caught hold of by Michael, who

stood there awaiting her.
"O Willie!" cried she, "you naughty

stood there awaiting her.

"O Willie!" cried she, "you naughty boy. There is nothing pretty—what have you brought me here for? Let me go; I won't be held."

"Only one word. Nay, if you wish it so much, you may go," said Michael, suddenly loosing his hold as she struggled. But now she was free, she only drew off a step or two, murnuring something about Willie.

"You are going, then?" said Michael, with seeming saddess. "You won't hear me say a word of what is in my heart."

"How can I tell whether it is what I should like to hear?" replied she, still drawing back.

"That is just what I want you to tell me;

"That is just what I want you to tell me; I want you to hear it, and then to tell me if you like it or not."

"Well, you may speak," replied she, turning her back, and beginning to plait the hem

of her aprou.

He came close to her car.

"I am sorry I hurt Willie the other night.

He has forgiven me. Can you?"

"You hurt him very badly," she replied.

"But you are right to be sorry. I forgive you."

you."
"Stop, stop!" said he, laying his hand upon her arm. "There is something more

I've got to say. I want you to be my-what is it they call it, Susan ?"
"I don't know," said she, half-laughing, but trying to get away with all her might now; and she was a strong girl, but she

could not manage it.
"You do. Myto be ?" -what is it I want you

be quiet, and just let me go in, or I shall think you're as bad now as you were last might."

"And how did now have the "I tell you I don't know, and you had best

And how did you know what I was last night? It was pust twelve when I came home. Were you watching? Ah, Susan! be my wife, and you shall never have to watch for a drunken husband. If I were your husband, I would come straight home. and count every minute an hour till I saw your bonny face. Now you know what I want you to be. I ask you to be my wife. Will you, my own dear Susan?"

She did not speak for some time. Then she only said, "Ask Father." And now she was really off like a lapwing round the corner of the bare, and up in her own little room, crying with all her might, before the triumphant smile had left Michael's face

where he stood.

The "Ask Father" was a mere form to be gone through. Old Daniel Hurst and William Dixon had talked over what they could respectively give their children long before this; and that was the parental way of arranging such matters. When the probable arranging such matters. When the probable amount of worldly gear that he could give his child had been named by each father, the young folk, as they said, might take their own time in coming to the point which the old men, with the prescience of experience, and that they were drifting to; no need to hurry them, for they were both young, and Michael, though active enough, was too thoughtless, old Daniel said, to be trusted with the entire management of a farm. Meanwhile, his father would look about him, and see after all the farms that were to be let.

Michael had a shrowd notion of this preliminary understanding between the fathers, and so felt less daunted than he might otherwise have done at making the application for Susan's hand. It was all right, there was not an obstacle; only a deal of good advice, which the lover thought might have as well been spaced, and which it must be confessed he did not much attend to, although he assented to every proposition. Then Susan he did not much attend to, although he assented to every proposition. Then Susan was carled down-stairs, and slowly came dropping into view down the steps which led from the two family apartments into the house-place. She tried to look composed and quiet, but it could not be done. She atood side by side with her lover, with her head drooping, her cheeks burning, not daring to look up or move, while her father made the newly-betrothed a somewhat formal address

in which he gave his consent, and many a piece of worldly wisdom beside. Susan listened as well as she could for the beating of her heart; but when her father solemnly and sadly referred to his own lost wife, she could keep from sobbing no longer; but throwing her apron over her face, she sate down on the bench by the dresser, and fairly gave way to pent-up tears. Oh, how strangely sweet to be comforted as she was comforted, by tender caress, and many a low whispered promise of Her father sate by the five, thinking of the days that were gone; Willie was still out of doors; but Susan and Michael felt up one's presence or absence—they only knew they were together as betrothed husband and

In a week, or two, they were formally told of the arrangements to be made in their of the arrangements to be made in their favour. A small farm in the neighbourhood happened to fall vacant; and Mi had's father offered to take it for him, and be responsible for the rent for the first year, while William Dixon was to contribute a certain amount of stock, and both tathers were to help towards the furnishing of the house. Suann received all this information in a quiet indifferent way; she did not care much for any of these preparations, which were to hurry her through the happy hours; she cared least of all for the money amount of dowry and of substance. It perceives to be made the confidant of occasional on her to be made the confidant of occasional slight repinings of Michael's as one by one his future father-in-law set aside a beaut or pig for Susan's portion, which were not always the best animals of their kind upon the farm. But he also complained or had own father's stinginess, which somewh though not much, alleviated Susan's are ke to being awakened out of her pure distan-of love to the consideration of working

But in the midst of all this bustle, Willie moped and pined. He had the came chool of delicacy running through his mind that made his body feeble and weak. He kept out of the way, and was apparently occurpied in whittling and carving uncould heads on hazel sticks in an out-house. But he positively avoided Michael, and shoutk away

positively avoided Michael, and should away even from Susan. She was too nuch of a pied to notice this at first. Michael pouted it out to her, saying, with a laugh.—
"Look at Willie! he might be a cast-off lover and jealous of me, he looks so dark and downcast at me." Michael apoke this jest out loud, and Willie burst into tears, and ran out of the house

jest out loud, and Wilhe burst into tears, and ran out of the house.

"Let me go. Let me go?" enid Susan (for her lover's arm was round her wair).

"I must go to him if he's tretting. I promised mother I would!" She pulled herself away, and went in search of the boy. She sought in byre and harn, through the orchard, where indeed in this leathers winter-time there was no great concealment, op

into the room where the wool was usually stored in the later summer, and, at last she found him, sitting at bay, like some hunted creature, up behind the wood-stack.

"What are ye gone for, lad, and me seeking you everywhere," asked she, breathless.
"I did not know you would seek me. I've been away many a time, and no one has cared to seek me," said he, crying afresh.
"Nonsense," replied Susan, "don't be so

foolish, ye little good-for-nought." But she crept up to him in the hole he had made un-

derneath the great brown sheafs of wood, and squeezed herself down by him. "What for should folk seek after you, when you get away from them whenever you can?" asked

away from them she.

"They don't want me to stay. Nobody wants me. If I go with father, he says I hinder more than I help. You used to like to have me with you. But now, you've taken up with Michael, and you'd rather I was away; and I can just bide away; but I cannot stand Michael jeering at me. He's got you to love him and that might serve him."

"But I love you, too, dearly, lad!" said she putting her arm round his neck.

she, putting her arm round his neck.

"Which on us do you like best?" said he, wistfully, after a little pause, putting her arm away, so that he might look in her face, and see if she spoke truth.

She went very red.

"You should not ask such questions. They are not fit for you to ask. Nor for me to answer."

"But mother bade you love me," said he, plaintively.

"And so I do. And so I ever will do.

Lover nor husband shall come betwirt thee and me, lad, ne'er a one of them. That I promise thee, as I promised mother before, in the sight of God and with her hearkening now, if ever she can hearken to earthly word again. Only I cannot abide to have thee fretting, just because my heart is large enough for two."

"And then'lt have me always." "And thou'lt love me always."

"Always and ever. And the more—the more thou'lt love Michael," said she, drop-

ping her voice.

"I'll try," and the boy, sighing, for he remembered many a harsh word and blow of which his sister knew nothing. She would have risen up to go away, but he held her tight, for here and now she was all his own, and he did not know when such a time might So the two sate crouched up come again. and silent, till they heard the horn blowing at the field-gate, which was the summons home to any wanderers belonging to the farm, and at this hour of the evening, signi-fied that supper was ready. Then, the two fied that supper was ready. went in. CHAPTER II.

SUSAN and Michael were to be married in April. He had already gone to take possession of his new farm, three or four miles relish; but still they did not speak, and once

away from Yew Nook; but that is neighbouring, according to the acceptation of the word, in that thinly-populated district,—when William Dixon fell ill. He came home one evening, complaining of head-ache and pains in his limbs, but seemed to loathe the posset which Susan prepared for him; the treacle-posset which was the homely country remedy against an incipient cold. He took remedy against an incipient cold. He took it to his bed, with a sensation of exceeding weariness, and an odd, unusual-looking back to the days of his youth, when he was a lad living with his parents, in this very house.

The next morning, he had forgotten all his life since then, and did not know his own

children, crying, like a newly-weaned baby, for his mother to come and soothe away his terrible pain. The doctor from Coniston, said it was the typhus fever, and warned Susan of its infectious character, and shook There were no

his head over his patient. friends near to come and share her anxiety; only good, kind old Peggy, who was faith-fulness itself, and one or two labourers' wives, who would fain have helped her, had not their hands been tied by their respon-sibility to their own families. But, some-how, Susan neither feared nor flagged. As for fear, indeed, she had no time to give

for fear, indeed, she had no time to give way to it, for every energy of both body and mind was required. Besides, the young have had too little experience of the danger of infection to dread it much. She did, indeed, wish, from time to time, that Michael had been at home to have taken Willie over to his father's at High Beck; but then, again, the lad was docile and useful to her,

and his fect lessness in many things might make him be harshly treated by strangers, so perhaps it was as well that Michael was away at Appleby fair, or even beyond that; gone into Yorkshire after horses. Her father grew worse; and the doctor insisted on sending over a nurse from Conis-

Not a professed nurse, Coniston could not have supported such a one; but a widow who was ready to go where the doctor sent her for the sake of the payment. When she came, Susan suddenly gave way; she was felled by the fever herself, and lay uncon-scious for long weeks. Her consciousness returned to her one spring afternoon; early apring; April,-her wedding-month.

was a little fire burning in the small corner-

grate, and the flickering of the blaze was enough for her to notice in her weak state. She felt that there was some one sitting on the window side of her bed, behind the curtain, but she did not care to know who it was; it was even too great a trouble to her languid mind to consider who it was likely to be. She would rather shut her eyes, and melt off again into the gentle luxury of sleep. The next time she wakened, the Coniston nurse perceived her movement, and made her

more Susan by motionless—not asleep, but strongely, pleasantly conscious of all the small chamber and household sounds; the fall of a einder on the hearth, the fitful singing of the half-empty kettle, the cattle tramping of the half-empty kettle, the eattle tramping out to field again after they had been unlked, the aged steep on the creaking stair—eld Peggy's as she knew. It came to her door, it stopped; the person outside listened for a moment, and then lifted the wooden latch, and looked in. The watcher by the bedside arose, and went to her. Susan would have been glad to see Peggy's face once more, but was far too weak to turn, so she lay and listened.

"How is she ?" whispered one trembling,

aged voice.
"Better," replied the other. "She's been awake, and had a cup of tea. She'll do now.

Has she asked after him?"

"Hush! No; she has not spoken a word."
"Poor lass! poor lass!"

"Poor lass! poor lass!
The door was shut. A weak feeling of sorrow and self-pity came over Susan. was wrong? Whom had she loved? was wrong? Whom had she loved? And dawning dawning slowly, rose the sun of her former life, and all particulars were made distinct to her. She felt that some sorrow was coming to her, and cried over it before she knew what it was, or had strength enough to ask. In the dead of night,—and she had never slept again.—abs collections. enough to ask. In the dead of night,—and she had never slept again,—she softly called to the watcher, and asked, "Who?"

"Who?"

"Who what?" replied the woman, with a conscious affright, ill-veiled by a poor assumption of ease. "Lie still, there's a darling, and go to sleep. Sleep's better for you than all the doctor's stuff."

"Who?" repeated Susan. "Something is wrong. Who?"

wrong. Who?"

"Oh, dear!" said the woman. "There's nothing wrong. Willie has taken the turn, and is doing nicely."

"Father?"

"Father?"

looking another way, as if seeking for some-

thing.
Then it's Michael! Oh, me! oh, me!"
She set up a succession of weak, plaintive, hysterical cries before the nurse could pacify her by declaring that Michael had been at the house not three hours before to ask after her, and looked as well and as hearty as ever man did.

" And you heard of no harm to him since?" inquired Susan.

"liless the lass, no, for sure! I've ne'er heard his name named since I saw him go out of the yard as stout a man as ever trod alioe-leather.

It was well, as the nurse said afterwards Peggy, that Susan had been so easily pacified by the equivocating answer in respect to her father. If she had pressed the questions home in his case as she did in from time to time.

Michael's, she would have learnt that he was dead and buried more than a mouth before. It was well, too, that in her weak state of convalescence (which lasted long after this first day of consciousness) her perceptions were not sharp enough to observe the sad change that had taken place in Willie, His bodily strength returned, his appetite was something enormous, but his eyes wandered continually, his regard could not be arrested, his speech became slow, impoled, and incoherent. People began to say that the fever had taken away the little wit Willie Division had a support that the same allowed that the same had a support to the same and a support to the same are supported Dixon had ever possessed, and that they feared that he would end in being a natu-ral, as they call an idiot in the Dales. The habitual affection and obedience to

The habitual affection and obedience to Susan lasted longer than any other feeling that the boy had had previous to his illness; and perhaps, this made her be the last to perceive what every one clse had long anticipated. She felt the awakening rude when it did come. It was in this wise.

One June evening she sat out of dears under the yew-tree, knitting. She was pale still from her recent illness; and had languor joined to the fact of her black dress made her look more than usually interesting. She was no longer the buoyant, self-sufficient Susan, equal to every occasion. The men Susan, equal to every occasion. The men were bringing in the cows to be milked, and were bringing in the cows to be milked, and Michael was about in the yard, giving orders and directions with somewhat the air of a master; for the farm belonged of right to Willie, and Susan had succeeded to the guardianship of her brother. Michael and she were to be married as soon as she was strong enough—so, perhaps, his authority we manner was justified; but the labourers lid not like it, although they said little. They remembered him a stripling on the fatta. not like it, although they said little. They remembered him a stripling on the farm, knowing far less than they did, and often glad to shelter his ignorance of all agricultural matters behind their superior knowledge. They would have taken orders from Susan with far more willingness; may! Willow humself might have commanded them, and for the old hereditary feeling towards the owners of land they would have obeyed him with far menter cordiality than they now showed to of land they would have obeyed him with lar greater cordiality than they now showed to Michael. But Susan was tired with even three rounds of knitting, and seemed not to notice, or to care, how things went on around her; and Willie—poor Wellie—there ho stood lounging against the door-sill, enormously grown and developed, to be sure, but with reatless even and ever over them thank with restless eyes and ever-open mouth, and with restless eyes and ever-open month, and every now and then setting up a strange knot of howling cry, and then sending vacantly to himself at the sound he had made. As the two old labourers passed him, they looked at each other ominously, and shook their heads. "Wilhe, darling," said Susan, "don't make that noise—it makes my head ache."

She spoke feebly, and Wilhe did not seem to hear; at any rate, he continued his howl from time to time.

"Hold thy noise, wilt 'a ?" said Michael roughly, as he passed near him, and threatening him with his fist. Susan's back was turned to the pair. The expression of Willie's face changed from vacancy to fear, and he came shambling up to Susan, and put her arm round him, and, as if protected by that shelter, he began pulling faces at Michael.

Susan saw what was going on, and, as if now first struck by the strangeness of her brother's

manner, she looked auxiously at Michael for an explanation. Michael was irritated at Willie's defiance of him, and did not mince

the matter. " It's just that the fever has left him silly-

It's just that the lever has left him siny—
he never was as wise as other folk, and now
I doubt if he will ever get right."
Susan did not speak, but she went very
pale, and her lip quivered. She looked long
and wistfully at Willie's face, as he watched
the motion of the ducks in the great stablepool. He laughed softly to himself from time

to time "Willie likes to see the ducks go overhead," said Susan, instinctively adopting the form of speech she would have used to a

young child.
"Willie, boo! Willie, boo!" he replied,

clapping his hands, and avoiding her eye.

"Speak properly, Willie," said Susan,
making a strong effort at self-control, and
trying to arrest his attention.

"You know who I am—tell me my name!"

She grasped his arm almost painfully tight to make him attend. Now he looked at her, and, for an instant, a gleam of recognition quivered over his face; but the exertion was evidently painful, and he began to cry at the region of the effort to regard her payor. vainness of the effort to recall her name. He hid his face upon her shoulder with the old affectionate trick of manner. She put him affectionate trick of manner. She put him gently away, and went into the house into her own little bedroom. She locked the door, and did not reply at all to Michael's calls for her, hardly spoke to old Peggy, who tried to tempt her out to receive some homely sym-

THE CAITIFF POSTMAN.

pathy, and through the open casement there still came the idiotic sound of "Willie, boo!"

ONCE upon a time, and not by any means a thousand years ago, there was a great and noble baronet, who lived upon a very fine estate, famously stocked with game. And in the midst of this very fine estate, there lived a mean little country postman. In the midst of the estate, and hotly besieged and invested by the game of plump Sir Pitiles.

Stone, Bart., Mantrap Court, the little farm-house stood, at the end of the small village of Hareskin, tenanted of another landlord by the gaunt, wearv-faced Matthew, of her Majesty's of those bright ornaments of earth is Post Office Department. Now, Matthew was an indefatigable and by no means too proposed blackness and obstinacy of sin fusely salaried servant of the queen, who, like confined blackness and obstinacy of sin

many a postman in a rural district, travelled forty miles a-day, through winter and summer, fair weather and foul-twenty miles on foot and twenty on a pony.

The few acres of ground which this mean little fellow of a postman has about his house wherewith to eke out a subsistence, are, for the most part, orchard-land; and when Matthew's apples had been gathered, they used to be left exposed upon the grass for a month or two, according to the custom

of the county, before being converted into cider. The rabbits of Sir Pitiless Stone love the little postman's apples; and accordingly they organise excursion parties every night during the season to eat apples and enjoy themselves at the expense of Matthew upon Matthew's orchard-ground. From all parts of the extent trains of rubbits come into the bit

Matthew's orenard-ground. From an parts of the estate, trains of rabbits come into the bit of ground, forming, as they think, parties of pleasure; though it is a sign of the great obduracy and hardness of that rascally Matthew's heart that he can find no pleasure. He did once, even, conceive the in them.

diabolical design of upsetting one of these excursion trains, and the story of that outrage is the subject of the present notice. Perhaps it is too dreadful a story for the pages of this journal—not, indeed, on account of the strength of incident, but of the

deep awe with which everything that con-cerns beings so high in the scale of law or nature as pheasants or rabbits have to be thought about, and of the irreverence of naming them together with such vermin as postmen. We will tell our tale as best we

may, however:—

It pleased the sacred rabbits so to honour the poor postman as to eat his apples; and the postman's wife, out of her unsoftened and unsanctified heart, was bold enough to denounce these superior creatures, as if they had been her equals, by the name of vermin, and to order her son Tom—a private in Sir Pitiless's own militia regiment—to lay a snare for them. In this way she proposed to check those visits which were certainly an honour, and (though it might not seem so to her limited view) could only have been a blessing to her household. The bad woman

and her son Tom—partly misled by a wicked law which authorises farmers and other creatures to kill hares and rabbits when they come upon their premises supposed that a snare in their fence on the track of the blessed visitants would best answer their wicked purpose, and be also in accordance with the corrupt spirit of the law just mentioned.

We almost shrink from saving that the atrocious boy Tom did accordingly, for the mean selfish object of protection to his paltry mother's paltry apples, lay a snare in the principal run of the rabbits, as the path of those bright ornaments of earth called. If anything is required to assure

against all that is most sacred in the rural districts of England, we have only to add, that he did this audaciously, publicly, in the face of his neighbours; that there was even no concealment of it from the nearest minister of game, who as a keeper of their holy temple —the preserves—came on the same night and sat, like a game bird himself, perched on a tree all the night long directly over the said snare. So, when the black-hearted wretch came to the spot at about six in the morning to find his snare empty, the reverend minister of game leaped down on him and collured him, and dragged him off as a prisoner to Mantrap Court

As is the way with all great rogues, Tom invoked loudly the aid of the law; declared that his arrest without a summons was illegal, and defied Sir Pitiless to punish him.
"I have a good mind to commit you," sai
Sir Pitiless, and let him go.

O, what a good man was Sir Pitiless to be merciful to a vile boy! He was so kind as to see that when he could not strike this wicked Tom in front without much noise and trouble, to put him out of his pain, or into that destruction which is the reward of boys like him, it was better to stab him in the back. Now, as it was the pride of Tom to prefer his father's substance to the well-being even of a rabbet, here, in this pride, was the very handle for the dagger. Thus wrote the right honourable gentleman to the postmaster-general;

My Loan,—I bog to call your lordship's attention to the case of the postman between Pash and Asterisk. He occupies a house in the midst of my game preserves on which his sons, who are desperate poschers, are community making depredations. He, however, pass their fines when convicted, and encourages them in their unlawful proceedings. I, therefore, have to request that you will deprive this man of his office, and appoint a more respectable character in his place.

I have, &c. &c.,

PITILESS STONE, Bart., J. P.

Now, instead of taking the word of a baronet, and quietly depriving the gaunt postman of his office, his lordship the postmuster-general must Leeds violate the confidence and secrecy implied always by the mover in this sort of transaction; for what does he do? He transacts the letter of Sir Pitiless the baronet to Matthew the mere postman, and asks him -him!-for his answer to the charge contained in it. What is the destiny of a country when a member of its government is to be found asking a fellow like that-a member of the vuigar class—to reply to what a gentleman has said? Who is he that he should have an answer on his lips? Matthew, impertinent, as all low people are, behaved as might have been expected. He task the letter in a great fright to the

He took the letter, in a great fright, to the rivalry and ment between the French and clergy man of the parish, who knew all about English pianoforte-makers, and while stating the matter, as seen from his own conventional, with all possible reserve the claims but

and narrow point of view. Matthew had been a parishioner of his for twenty years, and for that reason he had the audacity to think himself called upon to certify to the post-master-general that Matthew's cone had never once been fined, were by no means poachers, and had never been accused of poaching save in the one recent instance; finally, that he himself knew the respect-tive to the poaching of Matthew's family to have been kent managetted for twenty years. Destroy kept unspotted for twenty years. Desiring to support himself in this wrong cause of opposition to the wishes of a noble baronet, whose only design had been to make a rascal feel what it was to grumble at the condescension of his game, this clergyman referred to other clearyman and conditions. referred to other clergymen and gentlemen of the vicinity for a corroboration of his tesof the vicinity for a corresponding of this testimony. It is hardly necessary to add that the profligate government official took advantage of this testimony as a ground of refusal to the application of Sir Philosoft What use is it to have a stake or pheasant in the country, if this is the attention one gets upon application even for the smallest favour?

Surely, however, there are more ways than one of ruining a postman. Sir Pitiless applied to Matthew's landlord, and desired to buy the little farm the cail. If occupied. One become Matthew's landlord, he could, not only turn him out, but keep him out. The landlord, of the same gang, it would seem, with the postmaster-general, summarily refused to self.

Sir Pitiless Stone, Bart., could do nothing then but worry the boy Tom in his capacit of private under his command in the Asterisk Militia. Tom, who had not respected rabbits, was of course the boy to speech noured derously of a Bart, and was heard to say in a desperate way, that Sir Pittless termented and worried till he was half ready to run his payonet through him. He did a better bayonet through him. He did a better thing, by withdrawing himself wholly from the sight of his offended master. He entisted into the line, and is at present a private of the twenty-seventh, now on its way to the Crimes

PIERRE ERARD.

On Monday, the twentieth of August hut, when all Paris, and all its vast growns of visi-tors, were agog to see Queen Victoria in the Champs Elysées, a stately hearse, followed by mourning coaches and a large procession, crossed the avenue, and changed for a me-ment the thoughts of the such source. The crossed the avenue, and changed for a moment the thoughts of the aight-score. The question, "Whose is it!—whose is it!" brought out the answer, "It is the funeral of Pierre Erard, the piano-forte maker "—the last of his name.

Without prejudging the questions of rivales and

forth by the Erards, we think part of their tak worth teiling to our readers, most of whom must have heard of Erard's pianos. The genealogy of these instruments is the psaltery or dat mer, the clavichord (the tinkling grandlather of the pianoforte), the harpsichord, and then the pianoforte—the softloud.

Sibastien Erard was born at Strasbourg in seventeen hundred and fifty-two, and was the chiest of the four children of an upholsterer. His father sent him, when he was eight years old, to schools in which he was taught the clements of architecture, perspective drawing, and practical geometry. His father batter married very late in life, was surpriced by death before his children reached an age at which they could be useful to their mother or support themselves. Sobastien Enand because the head of a family at the age of stateen. As his native town did not afford him the scope of which he felt the need, he set off courageously for Paris. There he nesset off courageously for Paris. There he obtained employment in the shop of a maker of clavichords, who was a man mean enough to demiss Sebastien because he wished to understand all that he saw. His second employer having received an order to make a clavichord of an extraordinary kind, found it required a number of mechanical contrivances of which he felt himself to be incapable. Thinks to Schastien, however, the clayerhord ... finished and pronounced a masterpiece. When the nominal maker was questioned by competent persons, he could neither show to refer them to his assistant. Henceforth Sebation Erard found himself connected with distinguished persons, who made a posses of extolling him. Presented to the Dachesse de Villeroy, who occupied herself much with art and music, she offered him a largeg in her hotel, which he accepted. At the period parass were little more than career ties. A few amateurs only had obtained them from Germany and England. Selection constructed one for the Duchesse de Volcey—the first he ever made. The numerous orders he received caused him to some for his brother, Jean Baptiste, to come nature to a orders he received caused him to some fact his brother, Jean Baptiste, to come and help him. Quitting the Hôtel de Valleroy, he from teel his house in the Rue de Bourbon, in the Fachourg St. Germain. By this first step (says M. Adams, of the Institute, patriotically) he connecipated his country from the foreigners; English and German transcentification are all place everywhere to Franch parts give place everywhere to French (anos, and the instrument which had been out) or eptionally used came into general

The luthiers, or makers of musical instruments, who bought and sold foreign planes, found the new factory injurious to their commence. They made a seizure in it, under the protext that the brothers Erard were not rescabers of the Corporation of Faminakers to which the luthiers belonged. Sécastien Erard had powerful friends, however, and he obtained a brevet from Louis the Sixteenth which delivered him completely from the persecuting corporation. This document has the rare merit of being a pleasant specimen of the paternal government of the Bourbons; we translate it entire:

This day, the fifth of February, one thousand seven hundred and eighty-five, the king being at Versailles infermed that Mr. Sebastien Etard has succeeded by a new method of his invention to improve the instrument called a fortis-piano; that he has even obtained the preference over these made in England, of which he makes a commerce in the city of Pans, and his majesty wising to fiv the talents of Mr. Erard in the said city, and to give him testimonies of the projection with which he homours those who, like him, have by assiduous labour contributed to the useful and agreeable arts, has permitted him to make, to cause to be made, and to sell in the city and fastbourgs of Pans, and wherever it may seem to him good, for opianos; and to employ there, whether by himself or by his workmen, the wood, the iron, and all the other materials necessary to the perfection or the ornam at of the said natrument with at his being liable on this account to be troubled or disturbed by the gorner, syndies, and adjutants of the corporations and committees of arts and trodes for any come or under my prefect whatever; under the conferming him elt to the expedition and ordinances concerning the desophic of journeymen and workmen, and of not admitting into his workshops any but those who shall have account his majesty has commanded me to expedite to the aforesaid regulations. And for assurance of his will, his majesty has commanded me to expedite to the aforesaid R. Eard the present brevet, which he has chosen by me, Secretary of State, and of his commands and frinances.

(Signed) Louis.

Le Baron de Breteure.

The chief improvements in musical instruments due to the Erards are, the double action of the harp and the double escapement of the piano. Sébastien Erard imagined the improvements, and his brother, Jean Eaptiste, and his nephew, Pierre, brought them to

The double action made the harp a complete instrument, on which inharmonically modulated music could be played. Sibustically modulated had been induced to turn his attention to the improvement of the harp by Krumpholtz, a celebrated harpist of Paris. After he had been working for a year, learnmarch is, author of the Barber of Sevelle, who was at once an author, a politician, a musician, and a mechanician, on examining his plans told him frankly that, as they were impracticable, he would do well to abandon them. Erard did not heed his advice, and was on the point of obtaining success when Krumpholtz connected his interests with a maker of harps upon the old models. Erard felt that success was impossible in Paris if he encountered the opposition of the harpists with Krumpholtz at their head, and left for

There he continued his experiments, finished his improvements, and established a house. The double action cost him twelve years of anxious toil; and, although he took out his first patent in eighteen hun-dred and one, he did not complete his invention until eighteen hundred and eleven. His immediate pecuniary success was extra-ordinary. He sold twenty-five thousand pannels worth of the new harps in London alone in the first year.

The double escapement of the piano was not made public until eighteen hundred and twenty-three. The wonders achieved on the piano by such performers as Lizt and Thalberg, are due to the scope given to their perseverance and genius by mechanism which makes the instrument capable of expressing the sweetest, the most powerful, and the most varied sounds, and the most delicate

repetitions,
Organs have occupied the talents of the Erards, as well as harps and pianos. Schastien Erard applied to the organ his system of ex-pression by the fingers. An organ which he had constructed in the chapel of the Tuileries, had constructed in the chapel of the Tuileries, was destroyed by the insurgents of July, eighteen hundred and thirty. Luckily, the whole of the mechanism of the expression had been preserved in the factory. Pierre Erard was authorised by the present emperor to construct another eigan in the Imperial chapel; an order which he promptly executed. The new instrument is admired as a chefdicaurie of mechanical art.

The financial causer of the Erards was chaptered. The political events in France towards the end of the first empire had an evil influence upon commerce, and the Paris branch of the house was forced to sus-

an evil influence upon commerce, and the Paris branch of the house was forced to suspend payments in eighteen hundred and thirteen, overwhelmed by a debt of more than one million three hundred thousand frames, or fifty-two thousand pounds. The establishment was not, however, totally crippled; for, aided by the prosperity of the Lambon house, the firm paid off this debt in

ten years.
The history of the fortunes of the Erards is photor council connected with the beautiful Chaban do la Muette, at Passy, near Paris, a chât our which may be seen from the end of the lake recently made in the Bois de Boulogne. When Sidestien Bravel was a young man, newly arrived in Paris, he waited one Sanday at the gate of the chateau to see the Queen Marie Actoinctte, who resided in it, come out In her carriage. Schastien, who was in the most of the crowd when she passed, cried, "Vivo la Reace!" with a powerful you cand an Abacism accent. The queen remarked the fine young man, whom she mistook for one of her own countrymen. She spoke to him, and asked him of what country he was? He replied, "I am French at heart by my lirth, as your majesty is by your marriage." in her carriage. Schustien, who was in the

The queen ordered the Swiss grands at the gate to allow him to walk over the gatelen and see the grounds. Schastien went in and see the grounds. Schastien went in and spent the day in admiring the machinical alleys and fairy-like walks of the park. A few years later Schastien Erard constructed a piano for Marie Antoinette, which combined several remarkable inventions to adapt the instrument to the limited resources of her voice. About half a century after the Surday on which the Queen of France permitted the young clavichord-maker to walk over the gardens, the Château de la Muette was for sale, and in eighteen hundred and twentythree Schastien Erard was the purchaser, and installed himself in it with his family. He took a great pleasure in repeating the story of his first interview with Marie Antoinette.

Antoinette.

Jean Saptiste Erard died in eighteen hundred and twenty-six. He had been extremely useful to his brother in superintending, the execution of his designs and inventions. In eighteen hundred and thirty-one, Scoustien died. During the period in which the man of genius of the family was at the head of it, uncontrolled and unassisted, the details of execution were in glocted, the financial aspect of the business was last sight of and the marginal aspect. of the business was best sight of and the instru-ments of the Erards lost somewhat of their repute. Pierre Erard, born in sevent in hundred and ninety-four, was left sole executor of his uncle; and, when the inventory of the state of the affairs was submitted to a London state of the affairs was submitted to a London attorney, Pierre was advised to renounce the succession. He had, however, more containing in the capabilities of the business, and continued it with such success that in a few years he extinguished the enormous factorith which it was encumbered. He attended to the execution of the planes, and rared the house to its greatest pitch of prosperity and recover renown.

The Chateau de la Muette plays once in we a part in the history of the Francis. In eighteen hundred and fifty-two there was a railway executed which environs Paris. Proceed

railway executed which environs Paris. Force Erard saw it in his garden, and heard the engines shricking underscath his windows. It was too much for him. He became a mental wreek, and died in August, goreen hundred and fifty-five.

The Erards have wisely stood by their own order. When Jean Baptiste might have obtained, by means of her fortune, a husband for his daughter from among the nobinty of France, he preferred Spouting the composer, who could sympathise with the just pushe and feel the inventive and industrial means of the Erards. Their family is now extinct, and the Erards. Their family is now extinct, and the Erards. Their family is now extinct, and a century clapsing from seventeen much ed and fifty-two to eighteen hundred and fifty-live rounds the story from the crailes of the orphans of the pool cabinet-maker of Strabburg to the hearse of the wealthy trades over which divided the attention of the Parisans with the equipage of Queen Victoria.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL. CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 290.

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 13, 1855.

A DASH THROUGH THE VINES.

There is a French city whose name, in English, means simply Water's Edge. The same name might serve in common for hundreds of other towns, villages, and hamlets; but the city to which I now am journeying holds itself to be no commonplace town. It holds itself to be no commonplace town. It has peers of France among its wine-mer-chants. It has a brick-and-stone bridge longer than Waterloo Bridge in London. It has a theatre, probably the handsomest in Europe, considering it both outside and in, where the sensible arrangement is made of where the sensible arrangement is made of keeping the scenery and properties in a reparate building, to diminish the risk of are, on which topic, see a future paragraph. In that magnificent opera-house, you may sit in the pit in a well-stuffed, plush-lined armchair; you may admire the ladies in the chorus with yellow bodices and black and purple petiticoats; you may hear an opera, perhaps Verdi's Jerusalem, and remark that the army of female pulgrims must have had an excellent commissariat with them, to keep the army of female polyrims must have had an excellent commissariat with them, to keep them in such tidy order and excellent plight; you may see a ballet marvellously danced and dreased, all for the sum of one and eightpenes English. This proud, luxurious city has a noble, horse-shoe-shaped, but ill-paved quay, on which hogsheads of wine are lying about, like so much worthless goods. It looks as if all the tubs in the world had compared a meeting those to suitate a reform of ven d a meeting there, to agitate a reform of their grievances. There are tubs new, tubs odd, tute yellow, tubs purple, tubs black, tubs on end, tubs reclining, tubs on shore, tubs on board ship, tubs sound in wind and hmb, other tubs with their ribs staved in, everywhere tubs, tubs, tubs! And the sleek, soft-eyed, fawn-coloured bullocks, who drag, in paus, those tubs about, or loads of wood, or do other leisurely work,—I wonder if lies Boubeur has painted them yet! If she ham't, she ought to run down to the South purposely. Each of those oxen is allowed, I smould think, a bottle of wine and bread-and-butter at discretion, at their déjeuner and d a meeting there, to agitate a reform of

them. On the portion of the quay named Des Chartrons, there are elm-trees pruned to represent chandeliers (which causes them to grow short and stubby, and in many instances grow short and stubby, and in many instances to be covered with gouty nodosities), and surrounded at their base with earth and tub-staves, so that their living trunks serve as mooring-posts for the goodly show of vessels in the crescent reach of the noble river. The show of shipping is goodly certainly; but with pride let me waive all comparisons, by informing you (even while strolling through the capital of clarets, Bordeaux the Stately), that there is only one London and one Thames in the world. world.

The ground-plan of wealthy, luxurious Bordeaux is a slight modification of the diagram of the Assea' Bridge, which has proved impassable to so many students of Euclid. The two sides of the triangle to be produced, AB, AC, are two long, long streets named —— Cours, that start from a common apex, a tobacco-factory. But, instead of the cob-web network, or cat's-cradle, below the base CB of the too often impregnable, un-Sebastopolitan triangle, the river Garonne forms a sweeping horse-shoe, and serves as a highway for migratory salmon, who afterwards migrate by land, over the Pyrences, as far as Madrid. Were this crescent backed far as Madrid. Were this creacent backed by a range of hills, up which the town might mount in a continued slope, the effect would be magnificent. The townsfolk, however, are equally content to flit to and fro on level ground through the handsome streets, many of which are called fosses, or ditches, from their occupying the site of former fortifications. The river's bank, on the side which skirts the town, is lined with a vast arc-of-acircle of quays. The general front of the quay slopes down to the water's edge at gentle inclination, on the face of which the ebbing tides deposit abundance of drift-straw and cast-out rubbish, whose investigation han't, she ought to run down to the South pure sely. Each of those exen is allowed, I cargo, destination, and habits of the ressels butter at discretion, at their déjeuner and interestant considerable doubts whether those aldermanic bullocks are ever transmuted into beef; it would be too bear an approach to cannibalism to eat something in the look of the place, something

in the air, which makes you feel instinctively conscious of your neighbourhood to the Peninsula. Though the side streets start off so smidenly, they do not succeed in making so suidenly, they do not succeed in making their final escape, but are caught by the Cours (whatever title it may bear, whether St. Jean, De Tournay, or Du Jardin Public), which forms one of the stiltified legs of the aforesaid Asses' Bridge. Bordeaux is the torment of corny toes. Both the narrow streets, the airy quays, and the aristocratic courses are so roughly paved, that far better mesaic work is to be found in the Camp of Honvault, where soldiers amuse themselves by fetching pebbles from the beach in the short intervals of drill and draw tractice. If you want to see year both drum practice. If you want to see vast bath establishments for men and women,—twin and similar, but separate temples raised to the Genius of Hygienic personal purity,—go to Bordeaux, and cleanse the outside of your platter; also, if it be your pleasure to behold gipsy like women wearing extraordinary head dresses, composed of a sort of shawl-handkerchief, folded in a way to defy all fraud, for ery, or imitation whatever. No need to ticket them with "Beware of counterfeits." No need to apply to the vice-chan-No need to apply to the vice-chancellor for an injunction to prevent plagiarism in the present case. The head-gear is as in the present case. perfect a puzzle as the napkin-folding mys-teries of certain steambout-stewards and certain steambont-stewards and restaurants, or the paper-folding feats of ambulant street conjurors. Other features of the town which strike you, are the numerous glazed galleries, or passages, like those of Paris. For fear the shops on your right or your left should not attract your notice sufficiently, as you go past them, they contrive to meet you, by proxy, face to face. The names, wars, numbers, and merits of countless tradesmen are painted on canvas in large letters, and stretched across the streets from house to house. If Pegasus were trained to perfusing at Action? perform at Astley's (some say he has been reduced to worse shifts than that) these airial advertisements would exactly serve him as garters and balloons, to jump over and through. As it is, prosaic pedestrians and earringe-people walk or drive under a series of sail-cloth triumphal arches, raised in honour of the goddess of shopkeeping commerce. Finally, Bordeaux will make you open your eyes at the splendour of the lacies' out-door dresses. You pursue in your mind the following train of logic; if the open-air toilettes are so gorgeous and rich, what must be the dazzling brillancy of the dinner-party and ball-room costumes.

The word finally was used unadvisedly, because no allusion has yet been made to the effect produced on you by the wines of Bordeaux. Burgundy, Champagne, and Guienne (where we how are) are the three provinces of France which produce wines of cosmopolitan celebrity. Good Burgundy needs no female guise. Feminine forms would be

bush, here. I cannot forget the touching couplet,

Pomaid, et Meulceaux, Et Volnay, qui est plus hant;

implying that while Pomard and Meulecaux are excellent, Volnay, higher up the hill, is are excellent, voltary, higher up the hill, is also better, in short, at the top of the tree. I would even be content with a bottle of Moulin-a-vent, or Windmill Eurgundy, for next Sunday's dessert. But let me not wan-tonly set your mouths a-watering. While the gods grant us a wholesome sufficiency, it is a sin to be hankering after dainty drinks; and the Bordeaux wines are a boon to man-kind.

The claret climate, that is to say the climate of the Department of the Gironde, is moister evidently, than that of the Côte d'Or, where the best Burgundy wines are produced, to a considerable hygrometric degree. Unmostrically a size of the considerable sizes are produced to a considerable sizes are produced to the considerable sizes. considerable hygrometric degree. Unmostaticable signs are, moss, lichens, and ferna, on the atems and branches of trees, grasses growing on roofs and walls, and other slight but sure symptoms. The causes are manifest in its westerly position, skirting the vast Bay of Biscay, and in the influx and the confluence of two such rivers as the Dardogne and the Garonne which not only surply as and the Garonne, which not only supply an incalculable quantity of aqueous vapours, both visible and invisible, from their heaving bosoms, but also, by wide-spread in multitions, fill the atmosphere with moisture a periods of no great interval.

If the Burgumban climate could be susconfining it in some solid translucent celestral vault, like a vast bell glass, claret water might perhaps become the best in the world; but they could not be poured out in that mighty flood-tide with which they now irrigate, like their own full-flowing streams, the thirsty throats of the wine-drinking world. On the other hand, if the humid mists of the Gironde were constantly to bathe the slopes of the Côte d'Or, the quantity of its golden nectar might be enormously increased, the precarious fickleness of the supply might be greatly duning the moderating influence of the tempering rapour during sudden and sharp spring free to but the colour night fade to a fainter ruby, the perfume might lose something of its even-ite delicacy, and the beverage by robbed of part of its latent fire. As it is, all seems to be for the best; of course I mean when all goes right with each respective vintage. Generous burgundy still remains to impart atrength, taste, and spirit to the infirm and old; while noble-hearted, open-handed claret supplies the drink of nations, supporting the energies of laborious manhood, and sustaining without

more appropriately adapted to coquettish and his wife, the Mademoiselle champagne tusing the epithet coquette in its of London (who remembers Mademodalle good sense, as the French often do); to Theodore? In what other book than Young's dulcet, voluptuous, syren-like drinks, such as Malmsey-Madeira and Muscat-Frentignae. But burgandy should be an energetic young vintager of five-and-twenty, in the act of vintager of five-and-twenty, in the act of hiding tongues of flame in his golden vase, at the moment that he steps forward to pour out the wine. Claret should be a hereolean man of five-and-thirty, such as Michael Angelo loved to pourtray, reposing after an interval of vine-dressing, like a river-god, with his arm leaning on a half-recumbent overflowing amphora, from which streams a purple, violet-scented brooklet that all who

can come and partake of.

Even from Paris only to Bordeaux is more than a mere step; it is a tolerably long bop, skip, and jump—though a pleasant one; no less, by railway, than five hundred and eighty-three kilometres, or one hundred and forty-five French leagues hundred and forty-five French leagues and three quarters, or three hundred and sixty-seven English miles, within a fraction. During the epoch of diligences, it took three days and two nights of continuous translations. relling to accomplish the journey, at a high fare, and at considerable cost for refreshment on the road. Now, you may start by an omnibus train at five minutes before eleven at night, and reach your journey's end at half-post seven next evening, for the respective charges of sixty frames twenty centimes, or fitty shillings and twopence, first-class; forty-five frances and thirty contimes, or thirtyseven shillings and ninepence, second-class; and thirty-three francs sixty-five centimes, or twenty-eight shillings and a halfpenny, third class. An additional tax has lately been imposed to pay for the expenses of the war. Before the invention of the rail, Bordeaux was inclated from the metropolis and other great class of France. The long, tedious land pourses deterred almost all but visits of necessity. But it was not a barbarous, ignorant, consty Part it was not a barbarous, ignorant, or poverty stricken isolation; on the contrary, it was a wealthy, self-complacent, highly civilise I and sensual independence. Bordeaux wanted for nothing that the capitals of kingwanted for nothing that the capitals of king-doms usually possess. Arthur Young, who travelled in seventeen hundred and eighty-seven, writes: "Much as I had heard and read of the commerce, wealth, and magni-ficence of this city, they greatly surpassed my expectations. The Place Royale, with the statue of Louis the Fifteenth in the matth, is a fine opening, and the buildings which form it regular and handsome. But the quarter of the Chapeau Rouge is truly magnificent, consisting of noble houses, built, like the rest of the city, of white hewn stone. like the rest of the city, of white hewn stone. I have seen nothing that approaches the might fetch across the Channel, containing theatre, built about ten or twelve years ago. The establishment of actors, actresses, a comb, a tooth-brush, a night-cap, and a suggers, dancers, &c., speak the wealth and piece of soap, you simply slip it under your luxury of the place. Dauberval, the dancer, seat. You are off; the barriers are left.

are her pirouettes and entrechats recorded are retained as principal ballet-master and first female dancer, at a salary of twelve hundred and twenty-five pounds, sterling. The mode of living that takes place here among merchants is highly luxurious. Their houses and establishments are on expensive scales. Great entertainments, and many served on plate: high play is a much worse thing;—and the scandalous chronicle speaks thing;—and the scandalous chronicle speaks of merchants keeping the dancing and single girls of the theatre, at salaries which ought to import no good to their credit. Journeyed to Barbesieux, situated in a beautiful country. [Now for a warning touch of ante- (not anti-) revolutionary aristocracy.] In this thirty-seven miles of country, lying between the great rivers Caronna. Darkhouse between the great rivers Garonne, Dordogne, and Charente, and consequently in one of the best parts of France for markets, the quantity of waste land is surprising. Much of these wastes belonged to the Prince de Soubise, who would not sell any part of them. Thus it is whenever you stumble on a Grand Seigneur, even one that was worth millions, you are sure to find his property desert. Go to their residence, wherever it may be, and you would probably find them in the milst of a forest, very well peopled with deer, wild boars, and wolves. Oh! if I was the legis-lator of France for a day, I would make such great lords skip again!" They were made to skip with a vengeance, sooner than even he anticipated.

Arthur Young's journey to Bordeaux made on horse-back, or rather mare-back, on an animal of unrecorded colour, but unquesan animal of unrecorded estate, but unquestionably gray; for, after resting one day at Calais to recover from the fitting of nine hours' rolling at anchor, not to mention the voyage in a sailing vessel, she was ready next morning to start with her master for any indefinite distance. Now-a-days, such travoidefinite distance. Now-adays, such traveiling would be deemed too snail-like, though it is a capital mode of seeing a country thoroughly and forming your judgments deliberately. But now, arrived in a few hours at Paris, you toss your carpet-bag into a hack-there, and for twenty-five sous the course, you drive to the Gare, or station of the Chemin de Fer d'Orleans. Blessings on the French railways for one thing; they relieve you of all care about your huggage. You have it weighed, entered, you pay your ten centimes or upwards, you take your ticket, and then you need trouble no more about your impedimenta, as the Romans called it, till you reach your journey's end. But with a tiny little your journey's end. But with a tiny little hand bag, like mine, which a carrier pigeon might fetch across the Channel, containing nothing more than a shirt, a pair of stockings,

behind. You can now eat ment and drink wine untaxed by octroi duties. You rush across meadows through which the Scine meanders, becoming, at every fresh glance you catch of it, fine by degrees and beautifully less. The principal figures that animate the landscape are horses and cows, besides women scattered over the fields for the purpose of grubbing up dandelion plants to gra-tify Parisian epicures. The quantity of raw dandelion eaten as spring salad in Paris must, use a novel expression, be seen to be believed. On we go, leaving suburbs, marketgardens, suburban villages, and village chateaux behind us. Everywhere we are struck by the immense abundance of fruit-trees. The plum season hereabouts must be a trying time. Have they any infallible anti-dote to the I-dare-not-say-what ache, in time of need? Perhaps the numerous walled-in orchards of St. Michel are only meant to put a prudent restraint on a people too voracious of vegetables and fruit. Turpentine is said of vegetables and fruit. Authentiate is to be a specific against the internal parasites which tense the inward man, when the outward man's mouth is too greedy of unripe gooseherries and apples; perhaps that may be the reason why more fir-trees are planted here than are usually seen in other parts of France. You dart along a cut in the chalkhills of Estampes; you glide on to Angerville; and there you find yourself flat on your back, as far as the picturesque is concerned, on the wearisome, endless plain of La

The plains of Champagne are bearable. They are undulating; and you may speak of them in the plural number. La Beauco is a plain—and unbearable to those whose senses require other stimulants than corn and cattle. In La Beauce, supposing you to be standing on any given spot, you say to yourself, "What is the use of stirring? If I go forward ever so far, the scene will be exactly the same as it is here, and if I go forward for ever so long, neither my own nor my horse's legs will ever be able to carry mo out of it." Take the idea of arable land, as present in the mind of a scientific agricul-turist, let it spread itself out to an indefinite extent in all and every possible direction, like a pint of oil poured on the surface of a like a pint of oil poured on the surface of a lake, as if it meant to constitute itself into a diaphragm of the universe, separating utterly the upper from the lower half of things created, and you have a clear notion of La Beauce. Belsia (the Latin name of this cheering landscape)—Belsia, says a middleage poet who had the happiness to be Bishop of Poictiers, is a triste country, for it is deficient in only twice three things—namely, springs, meadows, woods, stones, bushes, and grapes. All which is true to the present day. There is not a bush nor a bramble to be seen; not even a respectable tuft of cheering landscape)—Belsan, says a middleage poet who had the happiness to be Bishop
of Poietiers, is a triste country, for it is deficient in only twice three things—namely,
springs, meadows, woods, stones, bushes, and
grapes. All which is true to the present
day. There is not a bush nor a bramble to
be seen; not even a respectable tuft of
nettles, or a good tall thistle, for a benighted
limet or goldsinch to hide itself in. The
watering-place, where, instead of Gravesend

paved roads show the want of pebbles macadamisation would be a piece of extravagance only to be effected by the importation of materials from such enormous distances as would render them very precious stones in-deed. What is it to us, flying travellers, that this brown and hedgeless desert consists of fertile loamy soil, which lets for so many francs per hectare? The little, squat, grey, dumpy towns seem to crouch as close to the ground as they can, either because they are ashamed of themselves, or because they are afraid of being swept away by the first fresh gale that blows. The neat, plain, utilitarian farm buildings are scattered over the land with such regular irregularity, that you take with such regular irregularity, that you take them to have been driven into their present positions by some principle of mutual repulsion, or, perhaps, had been suddenly fixed to the spot in the midst of a grand game of chassechasse. Everything else is made to give way to the convenience and comfort of wheat and beans, of ploughs and harrows, and of the animals who drag and drive them. The Ecauceron gradges a current bush or a cherry tree ceron gradges a currant bush or a cherry tree the space of ground it takes to grow in, because the space of ground it takes to grow in, because it is so much land stolen from his darling grain. The best thing I have heard in his favour is, that he is in the habit of paying ready money. You grow sick of the very sight of La Beauce before you have travelled half-way across it; but have patience—look out of the window now and then. At last you will see a couple of blant sticks riging side by side at the side. now and then. At last you will see a couple of blunt sticks rising side by side at the edge of the horizon. They are the towers of

of the horizon. They are the towers of Orleans Cathedral.

"The origin of Orleans is lost in the night of ages." Oh, dear me, what a pity it is that the history of so many European towns should invariably begin with the above set phrase! What a delicious variety it would give to our topographical works, if we could introduce a few flourishing young cities, blooming in their teens, like the promising juvenile municipalities of California, New Zealand, and Australia. Orleans is old, and looks old. I won't bore you about the Maid this time, further than to say that I hope her own merits were greater than those of her own merits were greater than those of her statue in the market-place. Orleans is one of the numerous French towns whose prevailing tint resembles that of the harmonious Friar of Orders Grey; while the handsome cathedral, the dulness, and the easy life led there, tempt many devotees to "walk forth to tell their beads." The Orleannais speak low—an excellent virtue in a woman, but somewhat lazy and unenergetic in men. Those

(except, perhaps, the anticipation of eating genuine plums in a preserved — should the season forbid a recent — condition) is consciousness of having escaped from the half-lozen negatives of the Beauceron wil-derness. At Orleans there are vines, and premising ones too; a single stem left to a single stool about the height of a raspherryeane. These slight peculiarities of training are worthy of note. Remember, we are now entering a district almost unthought in England, which sends forth, in tolerable seasons, incredible supplies of excellent wine. On descending, as they call it, at your inn at Orleans, only call for a bottle of white Beaugency, and if your landlord treats you well, you will find it delicious. I put white Beaugency in italics, because there are white French wines and yellow wines. The dis-tinction is striking to the eye, and might be made to enter into common conversation, without exposing the innovator to a just charge of affectation. Some of the wines of the Orleannais and the Touraine have a peculiar Irish whiskeyfied taste (to my own palate), as if the bottles had had a whilf of smoke puffed into them; sometimes it varies to a kind of aromatic, cocon-nutty flavour. But their great merit, in the merchant's eyes, is their versatility; the number of characteristics in the suide racters they are able to assume; the wide range of parts in their repertoire. Vouvray, near Tours, is quite celebrated for its cham-You may drink madeira which has hever crossed the sea, and sherry which knows nothing of the south side of the Pyrenees. All these are spoken of with as httle reserve as a London pastrycook would employ in mentioning mock turtle. It may be believed that when the wines of the Loire once reach Berey and the Entrepôt de Vins at Paris, they are made to represent by turns the growth of every known and un-known vineyard. Their fundamental excellence, which enables them to manifest such var ed talent, arises from the same cause which gives the Rhine wines their strength and keeping qualities-namely, that where the best samples are produced, the river flows from east to west. It makes no difference that, in the analogous case, the Rhine flows from west to east—from Bingen to flows from west to east—from Bingen to Mayence. The grand consequence is, that the northern bank of either stream lies fully exposed to the mountide sun.

The principal lions of Orleans are the cathedral and the Loire, with its one stone bridge over it. It would not be reasonable to ask for more than one to span such an inundative shingle-sweeping stream; the railway, however, has contrived for itself a second viaduct. The first conducts you to an ill-kept bo-tame garden (for which I should blush celestial

shrimps and Broadstairs flounders, they may can be be be been says, were I the director), cat barbels from the Loiret and salmon from the Loire.

The great delight of arriving at Orleans at were not botanic—some silky-feathered Cochin China fowls. As a set-off, at Orleans there are public and gratuitous lectures, and lessons in the art of pruning and grafting fruit trees, created, to borrow the indigenous phrase, by the department and the town in

partnership.

The Orleans folk (and the same remark applies as you travel southwards) smoke a considerably less amount of the weed than is consumed in the northern departments of France, especially in those which are con-tiguous to the Belgian and the Prussian trance, especially in those which are contiguous to the Belgian and the Prussian frontiers. There you may see even quite young men with a little round hole worn in the teeth on each side of the jaw, simply by the wear and tear caused by constantly holding a short clay pipe in the mouth. The Orleannais and Touraine women, besides carrying flat baskets on their heads, are also fond of surmounting their noddles with cans surmounting their noddles with caps shaped like sewing-thimbles. While looking at them, I could not drive from my mind the punishment administered in dame-schools called thimble-pie. More pleasing objects were the handsome carriages and well-dressed people who frequent the streets. The grocers' shops filled with stores of dried plums in great variety, besides pears and figs, are cheering to beholders gifted with a sweet are the could be a confectious. tooth, as are also the confectioners' windows. Savoury condiments are seen in the market, in the guise of burnt turnips and flat-baked onions, to give colour and flavour to the pot-à-fen. Glance respectfully at the hôtels of the noblesse, with their lofty portes-cochères and their dull, dull walled-in courts, lighted with oil réverbères, and wonder that people whose passes begin with De should permit whose names begin with De should permit such abominable faults in orthography as are to be seen on the posters pasted up against their walls and even painted on the corners

of their walls and even painted on the corners of their streets.

Off to Blois in double-quick time! The banks of the Loire, as seen from the railway, do not correspond to De Balzac's eulogies; those of the Seine are infinitely prettier; and everywhere, as you rattle along, you have evidences that the Loire is a mischievous evidences that the Loire is a mischievous stream,—a passionate person who now and then loses all self-control,—a temporary then loses all self-control,—a temporary maniac, with lucid intervals, during which his is sorry for the injury he has done to his friends and neighbours. He buries them beneath beds of shingle, sand, and gravel; he drowns them under a rushing cataract, and sweeps all their goods and chattels away; and then, by-and-by, he disfigures the landscape by displaying an empty hed, with more grey stones than water exposed to view. His natural guardians try to keep him withgrey stones than water exposed to view. His natural guardians try to keep him within bounds by a sort of double-straight-jacket. called a levde. But the levdes raised on each side of the Loire do not improve the beauty

of the river. In some places, the railway runs within a stone a throw of the stream, which remains invisible; because the ugly levée screens it completely, rising before you like a tall green wall. The strip of land between the levée and the rising ground is as utterly marshy a patch of ground, as if it were a little bit cut out of Holland, considerably below high-water mark, and subject to the chronic inconveniences of infiltration and stagmant waters. All cultivation is obliged to be carried on by means of high narrow ridges, to serve as Mounts Ararat when the waters of the deluge are subsided a little, and deep furrows to act as drains. In spite of every precaution, the cabbages in the Touraine are scorched to death by last winter's frost, like our own at home, showing that that severe schoolmaster. Mr. Zero, has that severe schoolmaster. Mr. Zero, has nipped and pinched his pupils as sharply in central France as in England. Nowhere have I seen vines growing on so moist a soil. The very vine-props, when done with at the end of the summer-to prevent their rotting, are obliged to be mounted high in the air, in are obliged to be mounted high in the air, in little bundles, on four or five other props cleverly placed crosswise, and stuck in the ground. The vine-stools about Blois look like wretched snakes writhing to rid them-selves of the shaggy coat of parasitic mess that annoys them by sticking to them perti-naciously. The moss is owing to the mista-salish rise from the bosom of the Loise naciously. The moss is owing to the inists which rise from the bosom of the Loire itself, as well as from the constant vapours given out during great part of the year by the leakage of the river, which will ooze in, in spite of all the care bestowed on the levée. The vines themselves are cultivated in rows. In autumn, the earth is mised up in ridges; in spring, manure or fresh mould, when either are to be had, are laid in the hollow between the rows, and the earth is again over it. The vines of the Touraine (Tours may fairly be taken as the centre of this district), must receive a much greater supply of moisture from the atmosphere than those of Burg andy possibly can; and yet the former are by ... means watery, or deficient in strength. To taste them you would not suppose them to have been baptised, either naturally or artificially. I suppose it is the sun who works all that chemistry. But, be assured, it will not do to tride with Toursino wines because they happen to look white and limpid; for I have known even eider-drinkers attacked with serious delirium tremens. attacked with serious debrum tremens.

Though people may call them petits vins,
when they once get fairly home, they will
prove that they do not want for energy.

Before reaching Blois, you pass Meung,
where Madame de Pompadour once opened

a new bridge, by driving over it in her coach and six. People said that it must be strong, and six. Peopsince it had horne the heaviest burden of France. Leaving Blos (where you cannot drive out of your head the horribly-treacherons munder of the Duo de Guse, with his

sovereign's consent and knowledge), you get a fine view on the left of the castle of Am-boise, where Abd el-Kader spent five years of captivity. During his present visit to Paris, he and another illustrious personage can include in pleasant chat, touching their prison experiences. Soon afterwards, you skip over the Loire, and you find yourself at that particularly genteel English colony, Tours, on which I will not bestow another word except to say that Bourgeuil and St. Ibertin are good red wines, and that the city itself is a species of Frenchified Cheltenham. Your reception there will be measured by

reception there will be measured by your connections; your own merits will have nothing to do with it. This (I am speaking of the English residents, you observe) shows a noble national spirit, and promises well for the future prosperity of our beloved country. So good-bye to the pate-shops and circulating libraries of Tours. Although I never paid eighteenpence in the pound in England, and do not live abroad on the income I have settled on my wife, still my lather was a cobbler, and my respected mother a charcobbler, and my respected mother a char-weman. With that drawback, my large fortune might help me to a little civil consideration; but my good looks, my talents, and my engaging manners, to none at all. What my engaging manners, to none at all. can't be cured must be endured. Hup! fiery locomotive steed, gallop away! Organised meteor, flaring phenomenon, gallop away! Carry us as fast as you can to Chaaway!

tellerault.

On the river Cher, which falls into the Loire, you have the same levées and immelations past, present, and to come. At Saint Maur, you have vines trained bowerwise. And then you enter the town of assissing. From time aumentorial, the women and grils of Chitalleguele house. of Chatellerault have exercised the right of demanding the traveller's money, knife in hand, or if that failed, of attacking him fiercely with carving-fork and seissors. In the diligence days, it sufficed to have traversed a single street, to remember all the rest of your life that the place was famous rest of your life that the place was famous for cutlery. While the horses were changing, these armed females climbed up the conching these armed females climbed up the conching the life. wheels, and made their invasion by the window, forcing a hallstorm of pointed and penknives down your thront. It you entered a room to take refreshment, it was instantly swarm-full of cutlers' wives and daughters, each with her box, insisting, as the law of the place and their municipal right, that buy you must. There they were, young and old, ugly and pretty, but equally loquacious and equally impudent in demanding for every article of steel four or five times as much as it was worth. The railway has offected no great reform; for the she-brigands find their way to the platform of the station. I could not drink a glass of wine-and-water at the huratte without a young warman at the the buvette without a young woman's ettek-

In travelling to Bordeaux, from the north f France, you rush forward to meet the oring. There, on March twenty-second, ere wall-flowers in blossom, with hawthornhedges, rose trees, and weeping-willows fast coming into leaf. At Poitiers, adorned with cypresses and picturesque quarries at the entrance of the town, artichokes and other vegetation were precociously advanced in the narrow valley through which the river Clain Further on, the rows and quincunxes fine old chestnut-trees speak well of the climate; and the evergreen box growing wild in the hedges, is a novelty, under those conditions, to English eyes. In Poiton, you behold real shepherdesses, who would not recognise their own selves at a fancy ball, or in the portraits which fashionable artists have painted. They spin all day long, to while away the time; and they cannot help running the risk of intermingling their flocks (consisting of half-a-dozen sheep each at most), by meeting in knots of four or five to gossip and grumble about the price of bread. Around Vars, the land is cultivated in strips of equal breadths of vines and wheat, as if the inhabitants had resolved to produce exactly equivalent proportions of loaves and wine. Angouleme looks like a city suspended in the air Its rocky pedestal concealed by appricot trees in full blossom, is spitted by the railway tunnel, which pitilessly pierces it. You glide on to Libourne, famous for claret; you flit over the broad-spread stream of the Dordogne. A little further, and then n little fifther, and the porters shout the welcome word—Bordenux!

BARBAROUS TORTURE.

In the present degenerate days a pair of curling-tongs, very seldom used, represents nearly all the apparatus of the bairdresser, pertaining to the fine-art department of his Scissors, razor, brushes, and combs, remain, of course, to him; but they belong to his profession merely as it is an useful art—as branch of the time arts it is almost extinct. Here and there a professor may be found who believes in high art, writes wig-maker over his door, and talks to a chance visitor of the general falling-off of the age. His rack is full of rusty tools; and, on his alcives, are worm-eaten blocks covered with lather and scrape a fresh customer every two munutes, and continue to do so without an instant's pause for nearly twelve hours; keeping him up all night, and cutting his way a little too far into the Sunday. Thereupon he shakes his head, and savs, "You may believe it, if you like." He has his doubts, and begs leave to retain them. It is not high art, he must observe.

"There was a woman who for many years shaved for a halfpenny opposite St. Giles's Church."

"Indeed, sir! I am not surprised. the history of my art—speaking, by your leave, of the time when it was an art—I read of the fashionable barbers' shops in Drury Lane, under the reign of his sacred majesty King Charles the Second, and that his of them were conducted by ladies, as I believe I may make bold to remind you that the ballad said,

> The you ever see the like, Or ever hear the same, Of five wo-o-mer. Barberers That lived in Drury Lane.

One of these shops still remains, and nearly in the same state it existed in of yore. want to see it, sir, you must inquire for the corner of White Hart Yard. The daughter of the lady who kept it attended General Monk in the Tower, sir, and married him. It was a good match for the general. No, sir, I would not exclude woman from the practice of an art scarcely less fascinating than herself; and if, even in its degenerate state, she will adorn it by her touch, I am not surprised. It is her usual goodness. I am even consoled. Woman, sir, it has ocam even consoled. Woman, sir, it he curred to me often, is a great consoler. told that in France to this day the other sex ply the razor and scissors upon our sex's caputs very extensively. In what style, sir, would you have your hair dressed?"

"I want it cut, simply."
"Cut to look simple? Yes, sir. In the Roman style perhaps, with a Brutus. I hope you know, sir, that, according to the Athenian Chronicle, the barber's art was so beneficial to the Roman public, that he who first brought it into fishion in Rome had a statue erected to him.'

"I need to have the patience of a statue."
"Did you ever meet with a book, sir, by one
Mr. Philip Stubbes! Mentioned lately in
an eminent periodical! Indeed, sir! Now, Indeed, sir ! do you know, your wish to be cut simply, reminds me, by your leave, of the days of Queen Elizabeth, and of what Mr. Stubbes, (whose book I possess) says upon the pulmy days of our art, in that reign so glorious to Britain.—I think I could recite the passage."

Pray-

"Not a word, sir." And our estimable friend, releasing our head suddenly, sat down by his table, spread one arm abroad over its surface, and beat time delerously with his fingers as he droued forth at us, the elegant extract which he had (not, it is to be feared, without a suppression or two) stored in his capacious memory :

There are no finer follows under the sun,

nor experter in their noble science' (well put, you observe, sir) — noble science of barbing than they be; and therefore, in the fulness of their overflowing knowledge, they have invented such strange fashions manners of cuttings, trimmings, shavings, and washings, that you would wonder to see. They have one manner of cut called the French cut, another the Spanish cut; one the Dutch cut, another the Italian; one the new cut, another the old; one the bravado fashion, another of the mane fashion; one a gentleman's cut, another the common cut; one cut of the court, another cut of the camp;—with infinite the like which I overpass. For they have other cuts innumerable; and, when you come to be trimmed they will you whether you will be cut to look terrible to your enemy, or amiable to your friend; grim and stern in countenance, or pleasant and demure. Then, when they have pleasant and denure. Then, when they have done all these feats, it is a world to consider how their moustachies must be preserved and laid out from one cheek to another-yea, almost from one ear to another, and turned up like two horns towards the forehead. Desides that, when they come to the cutting of the hair, what snipping and snapping of seissors is there; what rubbing, what scratching, what combing and cleaning, what trackling and toying. And when they come tricking and toying. And when they come to washing, how gingerly they behave themselves therein. For then shall your mouth be bassed with lather, or foam, that riseth of the balls (for they have their sweet balls wherewith they use to wash); your eyes must be anointed therewith also. Then must be anointed therewith also. Then anap go the fingers full bravely, God wot. this tragedy ended, comes warm clothes to wipe and dry him withal; then the hair of nostrils cut away, and every-thing done in order, comely to behold. You shall have, also, your orient performes for your nose, your fragrant waters for your face, wherewith you shall be all to be-prinkled; your music again and pleasant liarmony shall sound in your ears, and all to tickle the same with vain delight. And in the end your clock shall be brushed, and God be with you, gentlemen.'-Ah! sir, there are few passages in literature finer than that. are ow passages in Interature finer than that. I seem to see the thing before me. U, the palmy day of beautiful Queen Gloriana, which is, Bess!"

"But I trust, also, Mr. Wigmaker, that you seem also to see me before you, waiting, in the days of Queen Victoria, to have my hair cut."

"Certainly, sir. Would you like to play a little on the cittern while I am employed about your head? I have one here. In the good old times, cittern and lute were at the good old times, eithern and three service of the barber's customers. Mr. Lattrick, one of our last great men, sir, had a set of bells.—Whittington's bells, they were called. Also monkeys."
"Monkeys are still met with, and parrots."

"In-deed, sir? I was not aware. Possibly you may never have heard of Thomas Battrick. He was born, sir, in the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty, and he died in the year one thousand eight hundred and fifteen; so that he was a Nestor, sir, and besides that, quite a Trojan. He practised in Drucy Lane and in his later days there were Drury Lane, and in his later days there were never less than seven fights in Drury Lane every Sunday morning. He attended and encouraged them all, sir, for he was a great patron of the manly art of self-defence. didn't shave for a halfpenny on Sunday mornings. Curious now, sir; that old man remembered the time when there were no shaving-brushes. Lather used to be put on, sir, by the hand, until the French barbers brought in the brush; in, I think I may say, the year one thousand seven hundred and fifty-six. A barber's shop in the old time, looked rather more like a surgery than sir. Shakespeare, sir?"

"Pshaw! What lines?"

"Why, sir, these:

The strong statutes
Stand like the forfeits in a barber's shop,

"Forfeits? What forfeits?"

"Ah, that's the point, sir. Hear Dector Warburton upon that: 'Formerly with us the better sor of people went to the barber's shop to be trimmed, who then practised the under parts of surgery; so that he had occarion for numerous instruments, which lay there ready for use; and the idle people with whom his shop was gamedly enveloped. with whom his shop was generally crowded, would be perpetually handling and misusing them. To remedy which, I suppose, there was placed up against the wall a table of forfully and a called a called the against the wall a table of forfully a called to a year, officers of this feitures, adapted to every offence of this kind; which it is not likely would long preserve its authority.' Stevens says: I have conversed with several people who had re-peatedly read the list of forfeits alluded to by Shakespeare, but have failed in my endexyours to procure a copy of it.' These ferfeits, sir, were as much in mock as mark, because the barber had no authority of himself to enforce them, and he put them up more in jest than earnest, nearly always in deggerel. Henley perfectly remembered to have seen a set of them in Devonshire. They were printed like King Charles's bantering rules, "What do I owe you?"

"What do I owe you?"

"Save me, sir, you are not going with only one side of your haircut! Excuse me, you really must sit down, and if you could keep your head still—let me see, what was I saving? Three hundred and sixty halfpenny beards shaved by one hand in a single day! Impossible. Now, that reminds me—ha, ha!—of the Flying Barber. But he is no longer in existence. He used to run through the values sir, with a can of het water has longer in existence. He used to run through the villages, sir, with a can of hot water, but the villages, sir, with a can of hot water, but razors, soap, and napkin, and bis barber's

basin. You consider that singular, sir, do you not? One never meets now with the Flying Barber. That, by the bye, reminds me— I beg your pardon, sir, I did not catch your observation. Yes, certainly, sir, I do meet with a good many flying customers. It is a rare thing to see the same tomers. It is a rare thing to see the same face twice, such is the state of the profession. In the year one thousand—Sir, if you jerk your head so suddenly, an artistic cut is quite out of the question-in the year one thousand seven hundred and thirty-six, the race of barbers was menaced with complete extinction by a public announcement, which, if you please, I will repeat to you: 'A chemist from Germany is come over hither in order to obtain a patent for a certain water he prepares, that by only wetting the corner of any linen cloth with it, and rubbing it over the beard a little—be it longer or shorter-instantly moulders away the hair of it like dust or powder, cleaner and closer than any shaving, and in a tenth part of the time taken up in shaving, and for less than a penny charge each time, and yet does not in the least soil or hurt the skin, or cause any smart, or prevent the beard's growing again; nor does it smell any more than fair water, nor can hurt the mouth, nostrils, or eyes, should any by chance get into them. does the same on the head as well as the heard.

"Curious, sir, I think. Ah! we have had many a finght in our history, and many a bitter persecution. We have been sent to Bridepercention. well, sir, for exercising our trade on a Sunday. When hair-powder was in fashion we have been fined twenty pounds a-piece, by the hundred of us, for using flour in our trade, on the plea that we took food out of the people's mouths. That was selore the constitution of the Guild of Parber Surgeons. Very interesting circumwith the medical profession. Lord Thur-lowe in his speech for postponing the further reading of the Surgeons' Incorporation Bill, July seventeenth, seventeen hundred and July seventeenth, seventeen hundred and ninety-seven, in the House of Peers, stated, that by a statute still in force, the barbers and surgeons were each to use a pole. barbers were to have theirs blue and white striped, with no other appendage; but the surgeons', which was the same in other respects, was likewise to have a galley-pot and a red rag, to denote the particular nature of their vocation.' This description is well versified by Gay, in his fable of A Goat without a Beard ;

Ills pole with pewter basins hung, rotten teeth in order strung ; Ranged cups that in the window stood, laned with red rags, to look like blood, Isol well his threefold trade explan,

setting that was wanted in those days. People were a deal better attended to then, than they are now, I'm thinking; and since both callings were separated, they have both gone to the dogs. People don't they have both gone to the dogs. shave, now, sir; they wear beards and moustaches. Then railways don't break half as many bones as bad roads and rickety carriages used to do. Pay me, sir ? Whenever you please. A barber who is an artist is paid only by fee. Look at your head in the glass, sir. Simplicity itself?! I thank

YELLOWKNIGHTS.

WHEN Roscius was an actor in Rome, I think it highly probable that private theatri-cals, imitative of the performances of the great dramatic exemplar of the day, were a highly popular amusement among the juvenile Roman aristocracy. It is pleasant as well as reasonable to think so. I would have given something to have been able to witness such a celebration in the great city of men; and that such sights often took place I have very small doubts. That amiable system of classical education under which you and I, my dear Hopkins, were reared, but which our sons, let us hope, will mercifully escape—that grand scheme of grammatical tuition which held chief among its axioms that the mind of youth, like a walnut-tree, must be quickened by blows in its advances to maturity; that the waters of Helicon were not wholesome unless duly mingled with brine; and that the birch and the bays were inextricably interwoven in the poetical chaplet-that system, I say, taught us (among irreproachable quantities and symmetrical feet) to look upon everything appertaining to Rome and the Romans with somevery much akin to horror; to regard Phattus as a bugbear and Terence as a tyrant; to remember nothing of Horace but the portrait of Orbilius—nothing of Virgil but the save memoram Junonis. But now that a new generation has grown up, and we ourselves (according to an ingenious theory some time propounded) have changed our cuticle, and have had provided for us a new set of viscera, we can afford to look back without bitterness or regret, without fear or trembling, upon the old days of verbum personale and studio grammatice. Queer days! They would have flogged us for reading Mr. Macaulay's Lays, and caned us had we looked upon Lemprière, not as a dult book of reference, but as the most charming collection of fair talks in the week! collection of fairy tales in the world. Nov all our gerunds and supines, our dactyle and spondess, our subjects and attributes, our I hand with red rags, to look like thood,
I had well his threefold trade explain,
Who shaved, drew teeth, and breathed a vein.

We used to do all the bleeding and bonethirty-aixth Olympiad, and don't know the Lames of the forty tyrants, and can't member the value of an As or the number of shana is tween Rome and Capri (I speak for myself, Hopkins but I should not, believe me, respect you half so much as I do if I thought you capable of remembering any-thing definite about Greece or Rome)—we can include in the fancy that the Romans were not at all times frowning, awful spectres, with hook-noses. laurel bound brows, tres, with hook-noses. Invertonant country and flowing togas, incessantly occupied in crossing the Rubicon, subduing the Iceni, reviewing the tenth legion, striking Medusalike modals, standing behind chairs with hatchets and bundles of rods, or marching about with S. P. Q. R. stuck on the top of a pole. Cicero pleaded against Verres, but there were other advocates to plead in the cause of a countryman's pig. The geese were not always saving the Capitol-bo must have been occasionally said to them, and they caten with sage and onions sometimes. The Cumean with age and omons sometimes. The Cumean sybri must have taken a little snack on her tripod from time to time. Maccenas must have made jokes, great Cassar stooped to pun, and stern Brutus played with his children. Yes; smong all this solemn bigwiggery—these triumphs, ovations, sacrifices, orations (in which a tremendous amount of false Latin was talked, you may be sure), there must have been a genial, social, homely, comic element among the cives Romani. Who shall say that there were not Cockney Romans who pronounced vir, wir, and dropped the H in Horrida? Who shall say there were no games at blindman's-butf. forfeits, and hunt the slipper, on long winter evenings, in the great consular families; that there was no kissing under the mistletoe in the entertainments of the Roman knights; that there were no private theatricals, blithesome, ridiculous, and innocent, what time Roseius was an actor in Rome ?

For that matter, I am persuaded that, long before, Thesps's little brothers and sisters performed tragedies in a go-cart, not in socks and blaskins, but in socks and pinafores, before their big brother took to the legitimate business in a waggon; and that Alcibiades got up a private pautomime among his friends, paredying Aristophanes' Knights, with himself (Alcibiades) for clown, Socrates for pantaloon, and Glycerium for columbine. But contining ourselves to Rome, would you not have delighted to have witnessed some ancient private theatrical entertainment in the now capital of the papal dominions! It is good (contounding chronology) to fancy the largest lamp lit; the Atrium fitted up, draped with some borrowed togas; the patres conscription in the front rows, the matres conscription the Gracebi, thinking the performances of her children the most wonderful that ever were seen, but entertaining no very exalted opinion of the dramatic efforts of Master Marcus Antonius Lepidus, aged nine,

or of that conceited little upstart Fanna, who would not be allowed to play at all if she were not the nicce of the Fonts x Maximus. See-there are the blashing impering young Roman virgins, all in fine white linen with silver hems, and their tresses pow-dered with gold-dust. There is pretty little Livia Ottilia, the great heiress, whose cruel papa wanted her to give up her large fortune towards the expenses of the Punic war, and become a vestal virgin; but she knew better, and ran off to Brundusium with young Sextus Quintilius. There is demure little Miss Octavia Prima-she looks as though spikenard would not melt in her mouth; who would think, now, that she sticks gold pins into the shoulders of her slaves, and beats her lady s-maid with the crumpling-irons? There are the young Roman beaux, terrible fellows for fast chariot driving, wild beest fighting, gladiator backing; you ler is young Flavius, the president of the Whip club; his motto i-Quousque tandem: there, ambergrised, pow-lered, perfumed, is that veteran toadeater and tufthunter, but pretty poet, Q. Horatius Flaceus; he will write a charming copy of Sapphies on the occasion, dedicated to his influential patron the Marquis Mescenas, who will probably ask him to duner and give him roast pig stuffed with honey, garum, and slave-fed carp. There is Ovidius Naso, who was a fine man once, but now goes among the gay youths by the man of Nosey. He has led a very dissipated life, and will t compelled to fly from his creditors by-andby, to some remote corner of Asia Minor, attributing of course his forced absence to political reasons. There also, among the audience, you may see P. Vingilius Maro, in top-boots and a bottle-green toga. He, too, is a poet but is a great authorities a poet but is a great authorities. top-boots and a bottle-green toga. He, too, is a poet, but is a great authority on matters bucolic, breeds cattle, is a magistrate of his county, and president of the Campanian Agricultural Association. There is Curus Dentatus, that conceited fop, who is always showing his white teeth; and Aulus Gellius, who is a new Othella to his write and Possible to his writer and Possible to the property of the possible to the possible who is a very Othello to his wife; and Pompeius Crassus, who is considered to be very like his friend Cæsar; and Mark Antony, who has incurred something like odium for his naughty conduct towards Mrs. Mark, and his shameful carryings on with a mulatto lady in Egypt; and there is Cate, the cen lady in Egypt; and there is Cate, the censor, who disapproves of theatricals, public and private, in the abstract, turning up his nose in a corner and pretending to read the last number of Sybilline Leaves. But, mercy on us! what chronology is this? Mark Antony, Curius Dentatus, and Cato the censor! As well have Romulus and It mus with the wolf in for the last scene, Numa Pompilius to give the entertainment, and Horatius Coeles announce that a shell-ligh support is peady. announce that a shell-fish supper is ready.

Away, pleasant fancies!

The mind of my life is as a cemetery, full of gravestones; but here and there are gay cenotaphs, airy temples of the composite

men on to matrimonial destruction. He must have been very indiscriminate in his luring, be it as it may, for he was visited by a whole colony of sexagenarian gentlemen living in the vicinity, who cared, I think, much more about his rice old port than his performances, and by a host of children, among whom I can mention one youth, aged eight, who was develedly not lured by any matrimonial snares with reference to the Miss Haweses, but by a juvenile predilection for plum-cake, orange ware, trifle, a glorious grapery, an unrivalled nectarine wall, and a whole Tower armoury of toys, rocking-horses, cricket hats, electric ducks, regiments of soldiers, and India-rubber halls like balloons. Of course I fell in love with all the Miss Haweses afterwards; but somehow they all married somebody else. Perhaps my hair didn't curl, so I could not come into wedlock with them. Hipkins Hipkins they Hawes took the young men exactly as the came, and as he found them. "If the fellows came, and as he found them. "If the fellows," he was wont to say, (he was a plain-spoken man), "come after my gals, let 'em. If Loo or Bell are sweet upon Jack or Dick, let them come to Hipkins Hawes and tell him what they mean, and he'll see what to do. Hipkins Hawes knows how many blue beans make five." Hipkins Hawes did. Though he lived in that grand and commodious man-sion Yellowknights, and kept horses, car-rages, and tootmen, he had formerly pur-aned no more elevated a calling than that of a coachbuilder; and many and many a holday afternoon have I spent in gazing at and almiring the wonderful lord mayors and chemis coaches that Hipkins Hawes built at his grand repository in Orchard Street, Pertman Square. To be lifted into one of these carriages, and to sit for a moment on one of those imperial squabs, was to me then the summum bonum of human felicity. What would I give to be able to feel such a pleasure

We, the family of your informant, were hundle neighbours of the wealthy Yellow-kinghts people; dwelling, indeed, in a detached cottage, where an attempt at gentility was made by the existence of a coach-house and a two-stall stable, but the vehicular accommodation of the first of which was only called into requisition for a child's chaine, and in the second of which trunks, lumber, and odds and ends cumbered the manger, and refused not to abide by the crib. The

order, with comic masks sculptured on the both in a small village same five miles from bothment.—flower-grown tombs, sacred to private theatricals. This pen shall be a key, and open one of them.

There was "Yellowknights." Yellow-genteel habitat had been pulled down hodily, knights was the commodious family mansion of Hipkins Hawes, Esquire, a man of the richest, but of the merriest and the best. He had a prodigious number of daughters, all pretty; and envious people said that his private theatricals were only batts to lure young men on to matrimonial destruction. He South-Southern Branch College for Ladies, must have been very indiscriminate in his Lecturer on physical astronomy, Professor Lecturer on physical astronomy, Professor Charles S. Wain! Hipkins Hawes is Sir

Charles S. Wain! Hipkins Hawes is Sir-Hipkins Hawes, Bart, now, and dwells in a mansion at Tyburnia as big as a barrack. But in the old days Hipkins Hawes, the retired coach-builder, was the merriest, most hospitable, charitable soul on the whole suburban country side. He was always giving balls, suppers, fôtes champêtres, archery balls, suppers, fôtes champêtres, archery meetings, charades, fancy-dress soirées, and especially private theatricals. The Miss Haweses used to drive to London in car-Haweses used to drive to London in carriages and four (it was not considered extravagant to drive four horses then, and I have seen a great duchess, dead and gone, riding in a coach and aix), convulse Holywell Street, and throw Vinegar Yard into an uproar, in voyages of discovery after theatrical costumes. They were quite costume-books themselves. I think I must have seen the eblest Miss Hawes as a Bayadère, Lady Maelath, Columbine (in Turkish trousers), the Fair One with the Golden Locks, Zuleika, Clari the maid of Milan, Ophelia (a very cheap costume, consisting in the last Zuleika, Clari the maid of Milan, Ophelia (a very cheap cestume, consisting in the last part merely of a bedgown and back haar), Mrs. Haller, and Flora Macdonald. As to the youngest Miss Hawes, she was so incessantly playing fairies, sylphs, and Ariels, that at this day I can't help picturing her to myself with wings, a silver-foil wand, and a short muslin skirt; though I know her to be married to Mr. Bearskin (of Bull and Bear-kin, stockbrokers) and the mother of six children. ried to Mr. Bearskin (of Bull and Bearskin, stockbrokers) and the mother of six children. Then the young Haweses (males), of whom there was a swarm, all six feet high, in the army, the navy, the church, Cambridge University, Guy's Hospital, and the Charter House, were continually busy with private theatricals; painting scenes on the lawn, modelling comic masks in clay, putting the footboy to hard-labour in whitewashing, pulling up the dining-room flooring for traps, partoining the sheets and table-cloths for ghosts, blowing up the green-house with hadly-made fireworks, stifling the servants with premature red-tire, and, in fact, as Mrs. Hipkins Hawes said (the only person at Yellowknights who did not approve of private theatricals), "turning the house out of windows." She was a weak hidy, subject to headaches, and with an expressive but somewhat monotonous formula of reply to every stockbrokers) and the mother of six children. and odds and ends cumbered the manger, what monotonous formula of reply to every and refused not to abide by the crib. The great mansion and our genteel cottage were the doctor to her, when at last she had

mortally sick, "I fear, madam, that you are seriously indisposed." Whereupon, "Stuff and nonsense!" cried out Mrs. Hipkins Hawes, and died.

Hopkins Hawes himself did not take any active part in the private theatricals, save paying good round sums for the expenses incurred, and enjoying in a most beaming man-ner the enjoyments of the children he loved so well. His principal employment was to sit at the great French windows overlooking the lawn, drink old port, and tell funny stories to young Bearskin, the stock-broker, and to Captain Chuff, who had been a king's messenger, had travelled the wide world over, had a wonderful potato snuff-box, presented to him by the Emperor Alexander's aide-decamp, and was reported to be a gay man. I never knew anyone seem happier, more contented, more at peace with the world and himself than Hipkins Hawes, the retired coach-builder, then a florid, bald-headed, fair, round-bellied proprietor, aged lifty. He lawn, drink old port, and tell funny stories to round-bellied proprietor, aged lifty. He would hold the prompt-book during the re-hearsals of his children's plays, and make tremendous mistakes in his self-imposed task. He would laugh the loudest at the jokes, and clap his fut hands, and take the little children clap his fat hands, and take the little children who had played the fairies on his knee and kiss them. Ah! those were the days of pipe and labour, of joy and gladness, of cake and wine; of the mirror before any of the quicksilver at the back is worn off; of the plated service before whitening and chamois-leather have been too often used, and the copper begins to show. We youngsters were frequent guests at Yellowknights, partly, perhaps, because show. We youngsters were frequent guests at Yellowknights, partly, perhaps, because all youth was welcome at that universal children's friend society; partly because we were considered to be (I say it without vanity—wee isme!) a somewhat elever family. I had a brother who was a great chemist, who always had particoloured fingers and sined clothes, who burnt holes in all the blankets with novinus acids who once nearly blew the with noxious acids, who once nearly blew the front of the house out with some subtle che-mical preparation, and who was always trying experiments upon the cat. I had a brother experiments upon the cat. I had a brother who had a wonderful genius for drawing ships. He drew so many of them on the margins of his spelling-book, that he quite overlooked the words ending in one or more syllables, or the book itself, and turned out an egregious dance. I had a brother who made electrical machines out of cardboard and sealing-wax, models of ships that wouldn't swin, and wooden clocks that wouldn't go. His famous and favourite feat, however, was borrowing sixpence of me, which he never gave back. I had a sister—she is dead, dear girl!—who wrote the neatest, prettiest hand that who wrote the neatest, prettiest hand that ever was seen, long, I am sure, before she

could read. I have one of her books now, "Lines to —, Merning. Psalm CIX." I don't know what I was famous for myself, beyond sore eyes, and an intense love for private theatricals. This last attachment made me useful. I was call-boy, underprompter, mob (behind the scenes). Sir Jeffers Hudson in the pie, one of the Children in the Wood, Prince Arthur, one of Hop-o'-my. Thumb's brothers, a demon, a fairy, a black footboy, and the Yellow Dwarf. I wonder I never turned actor in after life: so devoted was I to the drama in those early days.

days.

Our theatre was the great front drawing-room at Yellowknights, our stage, of course, the back drawing-room, the folding doors making the proseenium. The dining-room was our favourite salle de spectacle; but Hipkins, our host, fond as he was of private theatricals, was fonder still of his dinner, and was not to be cheated out of the enjoyment of his rare old port by the French windows looking out upon the lawn. I think Captain Chuff, Admiral Deadeyes (from the Priory) old Mr. Puffweazle the retired solicitor, and others of his port-wine friends, coincided in this view of matters: it was the more annoying to us, as the dining-room was garnished by two massive Corinthian pillars, and looked exactly like a real stage proseculum.

We did the best with what we had though, the drawing-rooms, and famously with those. Crowded audiences we used to have in those cheerful apartments, deaf old ladies in the front row, groups of happy children everywhere, and a grinning background of servants—to see how Miss Louisa do take her part to be sure! I need not enter into a minute criticism of our performances. We idayed everything, tragedy, comedy, farce, burlesque, and opera (all the Miss Haweses played and sang). I am afraid I was not much of su actor myself—I was so small and weak; but not to be egotistical, I imagine that I did once make something like a sensation as the physician's head in Za-ze-zi-zo-zu.

I think if I had built coaches enough (mental or bodily) to be very rich, that I should like to have a commolious family mausion, where my sons and daughters could

I think if I had built coaches enough (mental or bodily) to be very rich, that I should like to have a commodious family mansion, where my sons and daughters could play their private theatricals out. I am sure I would not grudge them the use of the dining-room, but would build a commodious summer-house on the lawn, where I could sip my old port wine.

THE PRESENT.

Do not crouch to-day, and worship
The old Past, whose life is fled.
Hush your voice to tender reverence;
Crown'd he lies, but cold and dead;
For the Present reigns our monarch,
With an added weight of hours,
Honour her, for she is mighty!
Honour her, for she is outs!

What an incetimable been has the invention of phetography been to heads of families whose younger branches me addicted to the study of charactery. You can't well blow a house up with a cancera obscurs, i done, collectors, and gather and, and you may produce a pretty portrait of someticity.

See the shadows of his heroes Girt around her cloudy throne; And each day the ranks are strengthen'd By great hearts to him unknown; Noble things the great Past promised, Holy dreams, both strange and new; But the Present shall fulfil them,

What be promised, she shall do.

She inherits all his treasures, She is heir to all his fame, And the light that lightens round her Is the lustre of his name; She is wise with all his wisdom Living on his grave she stands, On her brow she bears his laurels, And his harvests in her hands.

Coward, can she reign and conquer If we thus her glory dim? Let us fight for her as nobly As our fathers fought for him. od, who crowns the dying ages,

God, who crowns the dying ages, Bids her rule, and us obey— Bids us cast our lives before her, With our loving hearts to-day!

HALF A LIFE-TIME AGO. IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER III.

AFTER the stun of the blow came the realisation of the consequences. Susan would

sit for hours trying patiently to recal and piece together fragments of recollection and consciousness in her brother's mind. She would let him go and pursue some senseless bit of play, and wait until she could catch his eye or his attention again, when she would resume her self-imposed task. Michael com-

plained that she never had a word for him, or a minute of time to spend with him now; but she only said, she must try, while there was yet a chance, to bring back her brother's then Michael stormed, and absented himself for two or three days; but it was of no use.

When he came back he saw that she had

been crying till her eyes were all swollen up, and he gathered from Peggy's scoldings (which she did not spare him) that Susan had eaten nothing since he went away. she was as inflexible as ever. "Not just yet. Only not just yet. And don't say again that I do not love you," said she, suddenly hiding herself in his arms. And so matters went on through August.

The crop of oats was gathered in ; the wheatfield was not ready as yet, when one fine day Michael drove up in a borrowed shandry, and offered to take Willie a ride. His manner, when Susan asked him where he was going

to, was rather confused; but the answer was straight and clear enough.

"He had business in Ambleside. He
would never lose sight of the lad, and have

him back safe and sound before dark." Susan let him go.

Before night they were at home again: Willie in high delight at a little rattling paper windmill that Michael had bought for

him in the street, and striving to imitate this new sound with perpetual buzzings. Michael, too, looked pleased. Susan knew the look, although afterwards she remembered that he had tried to veil it from her, and had assumed a grave appearance of sorrow whenever he caught her eye. He put up his horse; for, although he had three miles further to go,

and he did not care how late he had to drive on such a road by such a light. After the supper which Susan had prepared for the travellers was over, Peggy went up-stairs to see Willie safe in bed; for he had to have the same care taken of him that a little child

the moon was up—the bonny harvest-moon

of four years old requires. Michael drew near to Susan "Susan," said he, "I took Will to see Dr. Preston, at Kendal. He's the first doctor in the county. I thought it were better for us—for you—to know at once what chance there

—for you—to know at once what chance where for him."

"Well!" said Susan, looking eagerly up.

She saw the same strange games of Langard faction, the same instant change to apparent regret and pain. "What did he say?" said she. "Speak! can't you?"

"He said he would never get better of his

weakness." "Never!" "No; never. It is a long word, and hard And there's worse to come, dearest.

The doctor thinks he will get worse from The doctor thinks he will get worse from year to year. And he said, if he was us—you—he would send him off in time to Lancaster Asylum. They've ways there both of keeping such people in order and making them happy. I only tell you what he said," continued he, seeing the gathering storm in

her face.
"There was no harm in his saying it," she replied, with great self-constraint, forcing herself to speak coldly instead of angrily. "Folk is welcome to their opinions." They sate silent for a minute or two, her breast heaving with suppressed feeling.

"He's counted a very clever man," said

"He's country."
Michael, at length.
"He's none of my clever mided by him, "He may be. He's none of my clever men, nor am I going to be guided by him, whatever he may think. And I don't thank whatever he may think my poor lad to them that went and took my poor lad to have such harsh notions formed about him.

have such harsh notions formed about him. If I'd been there, I could have called out the sense that is in him."

"Well! I'll not say more to-night, Susan. You're not taking it rightly, and I'd best be gone, and leave you to think it over. I'll not deny they are hard words to hear, but there's sense in them, as I take it; and I reckon you'll have to come to 'em. Anyhow, it's a bad way of thanking me for my pains, and I don't take it well in you, Susau," said he, getting up, as if offended.

"Michael, I'm beside myself with sorrow Don't blame me, if I speak sharp. He and He and me is the only ones, you see. And mother did so charge me to have a care of him! And this is what he's come to, poor like chap!" She began to cry, and Michael to counter the with accounter the with a counter the witness that we will be with a counter the with a counter the will

comport her with caresses.

"Don't," said she. "It's no use trying to make me forget poor Willie is a natural. I could hate myself for being happy with you, even for just a little minute. Go away, and leave me to face it out."

"And you'll think it over, Susan, and

"I can't forget it," said she. She meant she could not forget what the doctor had said about the hopelessness of her brother's case; had referred to the plan of sending Willie away to an asylum, or madhouse, as they were called in that day and place. The idea had been gathering force in Michael's mind for long; he had talked it over with his father, and secretly rejoiced over the possession of the farm and land which would then be his in fact, if not in law, by right of his wife. He had always considered the good penny her father could give her in his cata-logue of Susan's charms and attractions. But of late he had grown to esteem her as the heiress of Yew Nook. He too should have land like his brother—land to possess, to cul-tivate, to make profit from, to bequeath. For some time be had wondered that Susan had been too much absorbed in Willie's present, that she never seemed to look forward future, state. Michael had long felt the boy to be a trouble; but of late he had absolutely loathed him. His gibbering, his uncouth gestures, his loose shambling gait, all irritated Michael inexpressibly. He did not come near the Yew Nook for a couple of days. He thought that he would leave her time to become anxious to see him and reconciled to his They were strange, lonely days to They were the first she had spent face to face with the sorrows that had turned her from a girl into a woman, for hitherto Michael had never let twenty-four hours pass by without coming to see her since she had had the fever. Now that he was absent it seemed as though some cause of irritation was as though some cause of irritation was removed from Will, who was much more gentle and tractable than he had been for many weeks. Susan thought that she observed him making efforts at her bidding, and there min making efforts at her bidding, and there was something piteous in the way in which he crept up to her, and looked wistfully in her face, as if asking her to restore him the faculties that he felt to be wanting.

"I never will let thee go, lad. Never! There's no knowing where they would take thee to, or what they would do with thee. As they say in the Bible, 'Nought but death shall part thee and me!'"

The country-side was full in these days of

The country side was full, in those days, of atories of the brutal treatment offered to the insane; stories that were in fact only too.

well founded, and the truth of one of which only would have been a sufficient reason the strong prejudice existing against all such places. Each succeeding hour that Sasan passed, alone, or with the poor, affectionate lad for her sole companion, served to deepen her solemn resolution never to part with hun. So, when Michael came, he was annoyed and surprised by the calm way in which she spoke, as if following Dr. Preston's advice was utterly and entirely out of the question. He had expected nothing less than a consent, reluctant it might be, but still a consent; and he was extremely irritated. He could have repressed his anger, but he chose rather to give way to it, thinking that he could so best work upon Susan's affection, to gon his point. But, somehow, he over-reached houself; and now he was astonished in his turn at the passion of indignation that she burst

"Thou wilt not bide in the same house with him, say'st thou ! There's no need for thy biding, as far as I can tell. reason why I should bide with my own its-h and blood, and keep to the word I pledged my mother on her death-bed; but, as for three, there's no tie that I know on to keep thee fra going to America or Botany Ray this very night, if that were thy incidnation. I will have no more of your threats to make me send my bairn away. If then marry me, thou'lt help me to take charge of Willie. If then deem't choose to marry me on those terms—why! I can samp my fingers st there why! I can snap my fingers at thee, never fear. I'm not so far gone in lare as that. But I will not have thee if thou say'st in such a hectoring way that Willie must go out of the house—and the house his own too — before thou'lt set foot in it. Willie bides here, and I bide with him."

"Thou hast may-be spoken a word too much," said Michael, pule with rage. "If I am free, as thou say'st, to go to Canada or Botany Bay, I recken I'm free to live where I like, and that will not be with a natural who may turn into a madman some day, for aught I know. Choose between him and me Susy, for I swear to you, you shan't have both."

"I have chosen," said Susan, now perfectly composed and still. "Whatever comes of it, I bide with Willie."

replied Michael, trying to " Very well," assume an equal composure of manner.
"Then I'll wish you a very good night." He went out of the house door half-expecting to be called back again; but, instead, he heard a hasty step inside, and a bott drawu "Whew!" said he to himself, "I think I was there are the said he to himself. "I think I

must leave my lady alone for a week or two, and give her time to come to her 3cmer. She'll not find it so easy as she thinks to let me go."

So he went past the kitchen-window in nonchalant style, and was not seen again at Yew Nook for some weeks. How did he

pass the time? For the first day or two he seeing the house all darkened and shut up was unusually cross with ad though and peo-might quench any such intention.

Then wheat-har-' Very sick and weary at heart, she went to ple that came across bim. Then wheat-har-vest began, and he was busy, and exultant about his heavy crop. Then a man came from a distance to hid for the lease of his farm, which had been offered for sale by his father's advice, as he himself was so soon likely to re-move to the Yew Nook. He had so little iden that Susan really would remain firm to her determination, that he at once began to haggle with the man who came after his farm, showed him the crop just got in, and managed skilfully enough to make a good bargain for himself. Of course the bargain had to he and he at the same of the language and to be sealed at the public-house; and the

friends enough to tempt him into Langdale, where again he met with Eleanor Hebthwaite.

How did Susan pass the time? For the first day or so she was too angry and offended to cry. She went about her household duties in a quick, sharp, jerking, yet absent, way; shrinking one moment from Will, overwhelming him with remorseful caresses the next. The third day of Michael's absence she had the relief of a good fit of crying; and after that she grew softer and more tender; she felt how harshly she had spoken to him, and remembered how angry she had been. She made excuses for him. "It was no wonder," she said to herself, "that he had been vexed with her; and no wonder he would not give in, whon she had never tried to speak gently or to reason with him. She was to blame, and she would tell him so, and tell him once again all that her mother had bade her be to Willie, and all the horrible stories she had heard about mad-houses, and he would be on her side at once."

And so she watched for his coming, intending to apologise as soon as ever she saw him. She burried over her household work, in order to ait quietly at her sewing, and hear the first distant sound of his well-known step or whistle. But even the sound of her flying or whotle. But even the sound of her flying needle scened too loud—perhaps she was losing an exquisite instant of anticipation; so she stepped sewing, and looked longingly out through the geranium leaves, so that her eye might catch the first stir of the branches in the wood-path by which he generally came. Now and then a bird might spring out of the court cotherwise the leaves were heavily still covert : otherwise the leaves were heavily still

bed; too desolate and despairing to cry, or make any moan. But in the morning hope make any moan. came afresh. Another day-another chance! And so it went on for weeks. And so it went on for weeks. Feggy understood her young mistress's corrow fall well, and respected it by her silence on the subject. Willie seemed happier now that the irritation of Michael's presence was removed; for the poor idiot had a sort of antipathy to Michael, which was a kind of heart's echo to the repugnance in which the latter held him. Altogether, just at this time, Willie was the happiest of the three.

is Susan went into Coniston, to sell her butter, one Saturday, some inconsiderate per-son told her that they had seen Michael Hurst the night before. I said inconsiderate, but I might rather have said unobservant; for any one who had spent half-an-hour in Susan Dixon's company might have seen that she disliked having any reference made to the subjects nearest to her heart, were they joyous or grievous. Now she went a little joyous or grievous. paler than usual (and she had never recovered her colour since she had had the fever), and tried to keep silence. But an irrepressible pang forced out the question-

"At Thomas Applethwaite's, in Langdale. They had a kind of harvest-home, and he were there among the young folk, and very thick wi' Nelly Hebthwaite, old Thomas's thick wi Nelly Hebthwate, old Thomas's niece. Thou'lt have to look after him a bit, Susan!"

She neither smiled nor aighed. The neighbour who had been speaking to her was struck with the grey stillness of her face. Susan with the grey stillness of her face. Susan herself felt how well her self-command was obeyed by every little muscle, and said to herself in her Spartan manner, "I can bear without either wineing or blenching." She want home early at a tearing passimals page. went home early, at a tearing, passionate pace, trampling and breaking through all obstacles of brear or bush. Willie was moping in her of briar or bush. Willie was inoping in her absence—hanging listlessly on the farm-yard gate to watch for her. When he saw her, he set up one of his strange, inarticulate cries, of which she was now learning the meaning, and came towards her with his loose, galloping run, head and limbs all shaking and wagging with pleasant excitement. Suddenly she turned from him, and burst into tears. She with pleasant excitement. Suddenly she turned from him, and burst into tears. She sate down on a stone by the wayside, not a hundred yards from home, and buried her in the sultry weather of early autumn. Then she would take up her sewing, and with a spasm of resolution, she would determine that a certain task should be fulfilled before she would again allow herself the poignant lurary of expectation. Sick at heart was she made that day diminished. Yet she stayed up longer than usual, thinking that if he were coming—if he were only passing along the distant road—the sight of a light in the window might encourage him to make his appearance even at that late hour, while back in a trice, bringing with him his che-rished paper windmill, bought on that fatal day when Michael had taken him into Kendal, to have his doom of perpetual idiotey pro-nounced. He thrust it into Susau's face, her hands, her lap, regardless of the injury his frail plaything thereby received. He leapt before her, to think how he had cured all heart-sorrow, buzzing louder than ever. Susan looked up at him, and that glance of her sad eves sobered him. He began to whimper, he know not when the control of whimper, he knew not why; and she now, comforter in her turn, tried to soothe him by twirling his windmill. But it was broken; it made no noise; it would not go round. This seemed to afflict Susan more than him. She tried to make it right, although she saw the task was hopeless; and while she did so, the tears rained down unheeded from her

bent head on the paper toy.
"It won't do," said she, at last. "It will never do again." And, somehow, she took the accident and her words as omens of the love that was broken, and that she feared could never be pieced together again. She rose up and took Willie's hand, and the two

went in slowly to the house.

To her surprise, Michael Hurst sate in the house-place. House-place is a sort of better kitchen, where no cookery is done, but which is reserved for state occasions. Michael had gone in there because he was accompanied by his only sister, a woman older than himself, who was well married beyond Keswick, and who new came for the fact time. and who now came for the first time to make princed his sister with Susan. Michael had princed his sister with his wishes with regard to Will, and the position in which he stood with Susan; and arriving at Yew Nook in the absence of the latter, he had not scrupled to conduct his sister into the guest-room as to conduct his sister into the guest-room, as he held Mrs. Gale's worldly position in respect and admiration, and therefore wished her to be favourably impressed with all the signs of property which he was beginning to consider as Susan's greatest charms. He consider as Susan's greatest charms. He had secretly said to himself that if Eleanor Hebthwaite and Susan Dixon were equal as to riches, he would sooner have Eleanor by far. He had begun to consider Susan as a termagant; and when he thought of his intercourse with her, recollections of her some-what warm and hasty temper came far more readily to his mind than any remembrance of her generous, loving nature.

And now she stood face to face with him;

her eyes tear-swellen, her garments dusty, and here and there torn in consequence of her rapid progress through the bushy bye-paths. She did not make a favourable impression on the well-clad Mrs. Gale, dressed in her heat silk course and therefore mentals. in her best silk-gown, and therefore unusually susceptible to the appearance of another. Nor were her manners gracious or cordial. How could they be, when she remembered what had passed between Michael and herself the last time they met? For her penitence

had facled away under the daily disappoint-

ment of these last weary weeks.

But she was hospitable in substance. bade Peggy hurry on the kettle, and busced herself among the tea-cups, thankful that the presence of Mrs. Gale, as a stranger, would prevent the immediate recurrence to the one subject which she felt must be present in Michael's mind as well as in her own. But Mrs. Gale was withheld by no such feelings of delicacy. She had come ready-primed with the case, and had undertaken to bring the girl to reason. There was no time to ne It had been pre-arranged between the brother and sister that he was to stroll out into the farm-yard before his sister introduced the subject; but she was so confident in the success of her arguments, that she must needs have the triumph of a victory as soon as possible; and, accordingly, she brought a hail-storm of good reasons to bear up a Susan's. Susan did not reply for a long time; she was so indignant at this intermeddling of a stranger in the deep family sorrow Mrs. Gale thought she was gaining the day, and urged her arguments more p ti-lessly. Even Michael winced for Susan, as lessly. Even Michael winced for Susan, and of wondered at her silence. He shrunk out of sight, and into the shadow, hoping that his sister might prevail, but annoyed at too hard way in which she kept putting the combard way in which she had pretended to be engaged in, and said to him in a low voice, which get not only vibrated itself but made us hearers.

not only vibrated itself, but made its hearers vibrate through all their obtuseness:

"Michael Hurst! does your sister speak truth, think you?"

Both women looked at him for his answer: Mrs. Gale without anxiety, for had she not said the very words they had speken together before; had she not used the very arguments that he himself had suggested! Susan, on the contrary, looked to his answer as settle z the contrary, looked to his answer as settler ther doom for life; and in the gloom of her eyes you might have read more despire than

He shuffled his position. He shuffled in

his words,
"What is it you ask? My sister has said

"What is it you ask? My sister has said many things."

"I ask you," said Susan, trying to give a crystal clearness both to her expressions and her pronunciation, "if, knowing as you do how Will is afflicted, you will help me to take that charge of him that I promised my mother on her death-bed that I would do; and which means, that I shall keep him always with me, and do all in my power to make his life happy. If you will do this, I will be your wife; if not, I remain unwed."

"But he may get dangerous; he can be

"But he may get dangerous; he can be but a trouble; his being here is a pain to you, Susan, not a pleasure."
"I ask you for either yes or no," said she, a little contempt at his evading her our scool

"And I have told you. I answered your question the last time I was here. I said I would ne'er keep house with an idiot; no more I will. So now you've gotten your answer."

"I have," said Susan. And she sighed

Come, now," said Mrs. Gale, encouraged by the sigh; "one would think you don't love Michael, Susan, to be so stubborn in yielding what I'm sure would be best for the

Michael.

"Oh! she does not care for me," said fichael. "I don't believe she ever did." "Don't I? Have not I?" asked Susan, er eves blazing out fire. She left the room hereetly, and sent Peggy in to make the tea; and catching at Will, who was lounging about in the kitchen, she went up-stairs with him and bolted herself in, straining the less, lest any noise she made should cause him to break out into the howls and sounds which she could not bear that those below should hear.

A knock at the door. It was Peggy. "He wants for to see you, to wish you

"I cannot come. Oh, Peggy, send them

It was her only cry for sympathy; and the away, somehow; not politely, as I have been

gran to understand.

"Good go with them," said Peggy, as she work watched their retreating figures.
"We're rid of bad rubbish, anyhow." And turned into the house with the intention I making ready some refreshment for Susan, shor her hard day at the market, and her hir her evening. But in the kitchen, to which he passed through the empty house-place, noting a face of contemptuous dislike at the need tea-cups and fragments of a meal yet he see tucked up and her working apron on, be ed in preparing to make clap-bread, one of the hardest and hottest domestic tasks of a dieswoman. She looked up, and first met and to n avoided Peggy's eye; it was too full of mpathy. Her own checks were flushed, the lar own eyes were dry and burning.

Where's the board, Peggy? We need city-brand; and I reckon I've time to get through with it to-night." Her voice had a dry tone in it, and her motions had

the vehement force. As she stooped over the manteaus, writing paper, broiled mackerel, them, regardless even of the task in which carpet-bags, ink, umbrellas, mackintoshes, and prawns. The waiters and boots were equal to the occasion. Travellers and what she did not see at first. It was a foreign tongues were familiar to them, cup of ten, delicately sweetened and cooled, They were not in a harry, they know

mingling with her tone. He perceived it, and held to her lips when exactly ready by and it nettled him. the faithful old woman. Susan held it off a hand's-breadth, and booked into Peggy's eyes, while her own filled with the strange relief of tears.

"Lass!" said Peggy, solemnly, "thou hast done well. It is not long to bide, and then the end will come."

"But you are very old, Peggy," said Susan,

quivering.

"It is but a day sin' I were young," replied Peggy; but she stopped the conversation by again pushing the cup with gentle force to Susan's dry and thirsty lips. When she had drunken she fell again to her labour, Peggy heating the hearth, and doing all that she knew would be required, but never speaking another word. Willie basked close to the fire, enjoying the animal luxury of warmth, for the autumn evenings were beginning to be chilly. It was one o'clock before they thought of going to bed on that memorable night.

BOUND FOR BRAZIL.

"Arhalf-past eleven, a.m."—sosaida printed bill on the mirror of a Southampton cofficeroom where at all hours of day and night, waiter with ambrosial curls, and snow-white cravat, faultlessly tied, an apparently never-sleeping being, is to be found, intently watch-ful, ready to minister to the varied wants of the continually arriving travellers, from all parts of the world, by sea and land-"A small steamer will be ready at the Docks, to small steamer will be ready at the Docks, to convey passengers and their baggage to the Bella Donna. The Bella Donna will sail at three p.m." Where does the Bella Donna sail to? What do I know? To every part of the Indies, as the Spaniards used to call them. To South American ports—to Jamaica, to St. Thomas - to Cuba, everywhere those tropical sangaree-drinking regions, either itself, or in conjunction with other vessels; that is, personally or by correspondence. The Belia Donna is a Royal Mail steam-ship, of multifarious power; a first-class steamer, a floating hotel with a farm-yard, poultry-yard, and ice-house; where you can have every-thing you call for, and the only disadvantage is that you can't do what I heard a little girl cry out very piteously to be allowed to do the other day in a hurricane between Calais and Dover—"get out and walk."

On this occasion I was not a traveller, and therefore coolly surveyed the collection around me,—the old hands intent on breakfast, the young ones fidgeting about luggage. In a Rabel of languages orders were given for coffee, chops, bunts, coats, bam, eggs, pens, portthe exact time it would take to discharge their part of the living and dead freight, and received or gave their orders, and performed their work with the calmness of treasury clerks, or field-marshals.

My old friend, Pencarryn, about to report

on certain South American and West Indian mines, had caught me on my way to the New Forest, and secured me as a spectator of his departure,—not romantically, for the voyage was nothing new to him—but he asked me to see him off just as he would have done, if he had been merely taking the steamer for Edinburgh instead of for Rio de

Janeiro. In due time we moved from the hotel on shore-through the broad, clean, well-built streets of New Southampton-in an involuntary procession of other voyagers, their friends and interpreters, led on by baggage carts on which were artistically piled trunks, chests, and hat-boxes, of every description of trunkish physiognomy. There is a physiognomy in trunks, and a specialty in baggage very suggestive, in the eyes of an old traveller, of the owners. There were vast square wooden boxes, not of the sailor sea-chest look, strong, serviceable, cheap, which hailed quite naturally from Aberdeen. Large portleather, manteaus of unmistakeably stout canvass imitations, of curious no calf or canvass imitations, of curious colours, well banded round, and covered with stout protective knobs, some being provided, in addition, with little castors, were unmistakeably North American. Then there was the regular military baggage, black marked in white, "Captain Stumpe, one hundred and riftieth West Indian Regiment." Even without the loud screams and vivid gesticulations of the proprietor, I should have known that the two yellow, ill-made portmanteans, the capacious carpet-bag, the square hat-box, and the bundle of bludgeons and canes curiously carved, bound up with two umbrellas of brilliant colours, belonged to Monsieur Millefleurs, artist in hairdressing, perfumer, and tonsor, bound for Havannah, from Paris, who was on his first voyage. Besides tin-boxes, bonnet-boxes, chests, bags, there were many others, which to name, as the Latin Grammar says, would

take up too much room. The Mouse, tender-steamer, waiting to receive us-dwarfed to the size of a very Azteo by comparison with a huge mass in the offing hissed impatiently in the manner peculiar to such sea sprites on such occasions. deck was soon crammed with passengers and luggage-a Noah's ark of varieties, enlivened by a confusion of tongues. I will not profess to give the characteristics of each nation— that has been done too often. The march of steam has rubbed habitual travellers down to a general class not easily to be distinguished. A sombrero-hatted, black moustachioed, solemn, cigarette-smoking, person, whom I took for a Spaniard, turned out

to be a Scotchman, deep in the hide trade; a thin dandy - ringed, chained, curled, caned, and studded; in the neatest of boots and tightest of gloves—in fact, in externals a pure Parisian, fresh from Tortom's, the Jockey Club, and the Bourse—was a New Yorker. At any rate, there were gathered on the deck of the little tender English, Scotch, Irish, French, Germana, "Statesmen," Spaniards, Spanish creoles, Italians, Portuguese, Brazilians, English West Induaes, and gentlemen and ladies of colour of divers tongues. With a few striking exceptiona, there was no special difference between our party and one that may be found any summer's day on a Rhine steamboat. Wide-awake bats, moustachios, cigars, and cigarettes, manypocketed garments and ample nether di-teguments abounded, as well as the before-mentioned curious bundles of sticks of all dimensions, from the shillalagh to the thin cane with gold, silver, or ivory head, strapped round an umbrella, which forms the invariant able accompaniment—the modern fasces of a

foreign fine gentleman. One figure, however, stood out involuntarily, almost timidly, from the common-place groups around him-a middle-aged, middle-aged, fattish, lemon-complexioned gentleman; beardless, whiskerless, perfectly smoothfaced, spectacled, in snow-white trousers, white waistcoat, white cravat, grey cloth boots tipped with varnished leather, grey wide-awake hat, and loose black coat. I had never seen him before, except in pictures, sitting under a verandah, with a cigar in month, but at once recognised the West Indian creole shivering in spite of a bright English sun under the rising sea breeze. But the great attraction (not to me only) was a real Specish or rather Havanese baby, a few months old, in the arms of a large, tlabby, hard-complex-ioned, sedate Spanish nurse. It was a little plump thing, of pale white-lead tinge not the whiteness of English babies with the blackest heads of eyes, and a profusion of job black straight hair peoping from beneath its night-cap. The little creature was full of the strangest antics and grimares, screwing up its red little button of a mouth in a manner of one of the engineers, pronounced it to be "no canny." Its favourite toy was—what will you guess, you learned in English nurseries?—not a coral, nor a bunch of keys, nor an ivory ring, nor a watch-chain, but—a fan! Here was a key to the inimitable grace with which the Spanish beauties handle a fan they begin in time; taking their first lessons in a nurse's arms; whenever the little imp seemed inclined to be fractious, the fin was unfolded, gently waved before its face by the grave nurse, fluttered for a moment or two, and then the infant stretched out its tiny fixt. seized the prize in a firm grasp, and tried to im. tate the operation.

Of course we had not steamed many yards

from the dock-side, before loud cries of lamentation arose, not for parting triends,—that soit of grief is reserved for less genteel conveyances,—but for parcels mislaid, and umbrellas left behind. Perspiring passengers and porters held up their hands on the quay, despairing for a moment, and then disappearing to hire one of the wary boatmen, who every week gather a fair harvest from the great Too-late family. A short quarter of an hour's gliding by the lovely scenery of the Solent brought us alongside the Bella Donna. The style of getting on board a large steamer from a small steamer has considerable advantages, both in dignity and comfort, over the small boat and rope-ladder system of emigrant ships; where, with a short sea and wobbling boat, climbing up an unsteady machine with efforts worthy of those of a street mountebank, becomes the necessity of passengers, without exception to age and sex; all of whom "must climb who never climbed before;" and not only climb, but hold on for their lives. We were better off.

When the Mouse ran alongside the Bella Donna, a sort of big door was opened in the side of the latter (excuse want of nautical knowledge), leading to the lower deck. The court was ready ranged in rows, to receive its king, the captain; on one side the officers in blue uniforms and gold lace; on the other, a aelection from the crew, in white trousers and bine Jerseys, with "Bella Donna" embroidered in red on every cheat. Among these were two negroes, of the blackest, fuzziest type; evidently impressed with the dignity of their office and the unaccustomed magnificence of their costume. After the captain, the passingers followed pell-mell, and were soon widely dispersed, the new voyagers madly shraking for the steward and stewardess.

leaving them to their confusion, I mounted to the deck; where, from bow to stern, a clear premienade, long enough for exercise in a pony chair, extended without break or step—a vast improvement in comfort on the old style of lefty picturesque peop. Man-of-war discipling prevailed. The whiteness of the planks, the heatness of every arrangement, must be something frightful to the tobacco-chewing sections of the one hundred and fifty passengers whose acquaintance with dirt has been so close and so provincted, that they have acquired an affection for it. Two operations of a very different character were going on simultaneously. On one side passengers, escaped from the luggage department, were busy, choosing their light reading for the voyage from a parti-coloured collection transplanted from a railway station;—the stock of which had gone off with extraordinary briskness. On the other, the captain mostered his crew and engineers, a formidable array, for the officers and crew made up more than fifty; six engineers had under their command twenty-four firemen, eighteen coal trimmers, and a couple of mechanics. Stewards and survants made up a round dozen,

from the dock-side, before loud cries of lamentation arose, not for parting friends,—that sort of grief is reserved for less genteel conveyances,—but for purcels mislaid, and umbrellas left behind. Perspiring passengers and porters held up their hands on the quay, despairing for a moment, and then disconnaining to hire one of the wary boat-holes.

From the quarter-deck, I made my way amidships to look into the farm. I found it well stocked. In separate pens, pigs grunted, sheep chewed the cud; while fowls, ducks, geese, and turkeys occupied long coops, in marvellous profusion. There is no department in which improvement is more needed than in sea-going pens and coops. If every sheep had its separate stall divided off by stout open rails, and if the coops for poultry were subdivided so as not to have more than four or five in each division; if, in addition, the grain-troughs were kept always full of food, and a tin fountain of sufficient size were attached to each water-trough, a large per centage of the poultry now destroyed during every voyage by over-crowding and fighting for water, would be saved, and all would be kept in good condition. Already poultry mortality had begun to take place, and the sheep, if they had been penned separately, would have avoided many bruises,

without any loss of space. From the stock-farm I descended to the kitchen, without halting in the long luxuriant dining room, surrounded by softly cushioned sofas. The kitchen is a sort of cage of iron, placed on the lower deck, nearly amidships; there I had the pleasure of seeing the French chef, a first-rate artist, attended by his myr-midons at work,—and of learning bow, within a section scarcely twelve feet square, dinners of many dishes worthy of the renowned artists of the Boulevard Italien and Palais Royal, -could be prepared, dished, and transferred to the hands of the twenty-five waiters; who, in full livery of blue coats with metal buttons, and white continuations, perform the part of geni of ancient story; and, at the appointed signal-no matter whether rubbing a sonorous ring, or ringing a bell-lay out the feast. To appreciate the capabilities of mechanical skill and cooking talents of a high order in triumphing over confined space, and in defying time, the steam kitchen of a steam ship must The commander-in-chief, visited. Field-marshal Governor ('rusoe, is monarch of all he surveys. He plans the whole, but does not disdain to execute details; thus, those who have on one day luxured dish, a matelotte à la Macédoine, fricandeau dish, a matelotte à la went, or a Mayonnaise who have on one day luxuriated over his best frigandeau de poulet, a vol-au-vent, or a Mayonnaise d'homard, may the next see bim hard at work chopping the vegetables destined to form a delicious potage, with the rapidity and neatness of a machine; while keeping an eye on his ovens, his steamers, his braisières, his beilers, and issuing curt directions to his second in command. In this vast floating caravanseral two six pounds a-month, with doubtless some French and one English artist sail permaperquisites. The crew, who have a cook of nently, for the passengera; besides four assistants. While the steam kitchen was throwing out perfumes of delicious fragrance. A word of command recalled me from gourto a hungry man, the door of a cabin close by accidentally opening, displayed another artist engaged on the pastry,—into the manufacture of which he was throwing his whole soul. From these two laboratories proceed the sources of the principal employthe voyage: that is to say,two breakfasts, luncheon, two dinners, tea, supper, also divers little snacks and portions for invalids and infants. A bill of fare for the preceding voyage, which fell into my hands, opened up a new course of study for sea voyagers. It was clear then that all tastes were consulted. Two sources that all tastes were consulted. Two soups prepared for fish, saumon en mayonnaise; then came solid joints, roast beef, mutton, and mutton boiled, with caper sauce, with other solids to meet the soher appetite of John Bull :-but there was also a vol-au-vent de volaille, ducks stewed with little peas—I translate here—and pigs' feet treated in a manner which only French genius can execute. After other strokes of talent of the cute. After other strokes of talent of the same subtle character, a sacrifice was made to grosser English and German taste, in a roast goose. It was August-he was a stubble ose, slightly removed from a green goose. Other roasts succeeded, lightened up by a kidneys and sheep's hearts, haricot which, from such a hand, would inspire perfect confidence. Sweets followed in de-lightful variety and profusion. To wash down these luncheons, dinners, and suppers, besides the old hours to be killed by a cigar and cold drink during a voyage of fourteen days, some twenty tons of ice are provided, and a cellar containing about two hundred dozen of wine, well packed—sherry and claret occupying the largest space, port the smallest; Cham-pagne comes next to sherry; Madeira, Hock, Mozelle, and Sauterne, each fill some dozen bins. Four casks of brandy, and about three hundred dozen of ale and stout, have also to

be provided with compact storage.

The thirstiness of idleness on a South
American voyage must be measured in American vovage must be measured in gadons. In the above, the ship's crew's consumption is not included. Besides the two courses and dessert of the saloon there has also to be provided the following separate dinners:—For the officers' mess; for the engineers' mess; for the warrant-officers' mess; for passengers' servants' and children's mess. Among these, the engineers did not fare badly on pea-soup and roast pork, stewed breast of mutton, haricot, potatocs, rice, and plum-pudding. For the children, chicken and rice, and tapioca-pudding were provided. After examining these bills of fare and seeing the artist at work, I was not surprised to find that the commander-in-chief of the kitchen had ten off, the Bella Donna backed astern, loosed pounds, and that the second in command had and slipped a rope that held her to a

mand and gournet meditations, to which only a Brillat Savarin could have done justice. The Mail tender was alongside, and a division of the crew, chiefly the grinning blackmen, were hauling across the connecting-plane a hauling across the connecting-plane a large cargo of packages, in shape much like gigantic roll-puddings. The canvass puddings contained newspapers, the leather ones letters—how many tons of each I did not learn, but something considerable; and their directions were quite an encyclopaudia of geographical names. Then the word came, "All for shore!" and friends embraced and took leave; but "Good Lord!" as old Pepys would say, "that was a very cool, common-place business."

say, "that was business."

The romance of the sea has gone the way
The romance of the road. Buccaneer conquerors and picturesque pirates have become querors and picturesque pirates have become as impossible as those curled darlings of the melodrama who robbed in velvet coats, and speut their last days in Newgate, consoled by the lamenting visits of curious ladies of quality, and the best wine the jailor's collars could afford. Even the romance of distance, which had survived the swarm of frigates so that to see robbing and secret inland home. fatal to sea-robbing and secret island in our youth, has passed away. in our youth, has passed away. A few years ago, although travellers no longer made their wills and embraced their despairing wives with a tragic air on proceeding from Exeter to London, a sea-voyage was still a serious affair. A man who had plucked mangoes from, or cracked coess nuts beneath, their native trees was a small long. To have visited South America was to have the credit of an intimate acquaintance with the qualities of diamonds; and a sojourn in Cuba entitled the fortunate individual, if young and not bad looking to the deep atten-tion of all the young ladies, while he told stories in which gigantic flowers and butterflies, snakes, lizards, and ludrones, were mixed up with dark eyes, cigarettes, siestas, volantes, mantles, and mantillas, orange-groves, and frightful assassinations.

Steam has changed all that. Distance (no

Steam has changed all that. Pistance (no longer) lends enchantment to the view. Passengers to Rio, Buenos Ayres, and Cuba, shook hands with their home-staying friends as they would have done had they been off in the Bella Donna to Brighton for a week. The only sentimental person in our return boat was a simple country lass, the newly-had never seen the sea or partial with her had never seen the sea or parted with her husband before that day. She wept profusely.

Even the old melodious ceremony dear to sea songsters of heaving the anchor was not great buoy, and then her feathering paddles, racter, including marches, polkas, potpourris, went away like a raceborse.

curious place, and people do the most extra-ordinary things upon it. 'Whatever is, is right,' of course—the number of feet in that line of the Essay on Man is certainly correct—but still I can't help doubting when correct—but shill I can't help doubting whether it be quite right to hate our brothers and sisters quite as much as we do. It can't be exactly a proper thing to take that which does not belong to us, and cut the throats of the legitimate proprietors, because they object to our proceedings; to believe, (or say we believe) that some hundred millions of our fellow creatures are bound headlong to per-dition, because they believe rather more or less than we believe. It may be right, but it doesn't look like it, to send two honest labourers to hard labour in a villanous jail—to herd with Blueskin, Jack Raun, Bill Sykes, and Mat-o'-the-Mint—for the micro-Sykes, and Mat-o'-the-Mint—for the micro-scopic crime of leaving haymaking to see a review; it oughtn't to be right that a Christian priest, consecuated to God's service for our soul's health, should, by virtue of his commission of J.P., have the right to do a abane-ful and cruel wrong. Let me only take one little slender twig from one of the scines with which we are perpetually forti-

fixenes with which we are perpetually fortifying our stronghold of assumed right or
wrong—one splinter of the yule log of inconsistency—Music on Sundays.

And, mind, I am tolerant, I am moderate;
I am content to blink the general Sunday
question—Sunday and bitters, or Sunday and
sweetstuff. Meet me on this question; Is
secular music on Sundays right or wrong and are we inconsistent in our opinions and acts concerning it ?

I maintain that music is always good; and better on our best of days, Sunday. I shall not be long in finding antagonists who will maintain that Sunday music is wrong,

dangerous, may, damnable.

Now, why should secular Sunday music be so dreadfully wicked !—or, again, admitting momentarily, that it might not be quite correct, why can't we be a little consistent in the application of our strictures, remembering that why can't we be a little consistent in the application of our strictures, remembering that maxim so time-honoured (in the breach thereof), that what is sauce for the goose is (or should be) sauce for the gander likewise? Did you never dwell, O ye denouncers of Sunday music! in a provincial garrison town? Did you never listen without wringing of hands, or heaving of breasts, or upturning of eyes, or quivering accents—but, on the contrary, with much genial pleasure and content—to the notes of the regimental breas-ban! coming home with the regiment brass-band coming home with the regiment from church ! Was not that music of a notoriously worldly, not to say frivolous cha- dral, or on the west coast of Africa.

reat buoy, and then her feathering paddles, racter, including marches, polkas, potpourris, ipping almost noiselessly into the sea, she schottisches, valses-à-deux-temps, many of which, by the self-same musicians, you heard performed only last night at the Shire Hall Ball, or the Downger Lady Larkheel's Assembly? And yet I never heard of an association in a country town for putting down curious place, and people do the most extragemental waltzes on Sundays; and I desidedly a very knew the nexts corner of a cidedly never knew the poet's corner of a country newspaper to be ornamented by such a brimstone bard as he who empties his penny phials of penny wrath upon the wind instruments in Kensington Gardens. Tell me, are there not scores of watering placespious watering-places, the chosen vill-ture of serious old ladies with heavy villegialances at their bankers-of evangelical young ladies, whose lives are passed (and admirably, too) in a circle of tracts, good backs, fleecy hosiery, beef tea, rheumatism, and bedridden old ladies—of awakened bankers, possessing private proprietary chapels, and never—oh, never!—running away with the cash-box—watering-places where pet parsons cash-box—watering-places where pet parsons are as pleutiful as pet lapdogs, and every quack, and every ignoramus, and every crack-brained enthusiast can thump his tub and think it is a pulpit—can blow his puny tin trumpet and think it is the last trump? Yet in these same watering-places I never heard of denunciations of the cavalry band, or very frequently the subscription band charming the air with sweet sounds on Sunday afternoons, on the pier or the paradeday afternoons, on the pier or the parade, the common or the downs. To come nearer home, who has not heard of the Sunday band playing upon the terrace of regal Windsor ! Was notthat mundane music patronised by the most immaculate, severely-virtuous of kings—the pattern family-man, George the Third! And who can err who copies George the Third? And to come nearer, nearest home, see where you palace stands—that unsightly but expensive lump of architecture in eruption—that palace before which stand no unholy cabs (oh, wicked Place du Caroussel that sufferest cabs, omnibuses, citadines, Dame Blanches, and voitures bourgeoises!)—in that palace and voitures bourgeoises!)—in that palace the sovereign necessarily dines every Sun-day when in town. Do you think Mr. Anderson and the private band play psalm-tunes while the royal family are at dinner, indulge the royal ears with the Old Hundredth between the courses, and usher in the entries with the Evening Hymn? Away, ye hypocrites! Go away, black men, don't you come a-nigh us. You object to Sunday strains when the music is out-door—when it affords a rational, cheerful, innocent amusement for the tens of thousands of overworked humanity.

I do not consider myself to be altogether a

heathen, I have no sympathy for Fetish rites, or for any form of Mumbo-Jumboism, be that interesting ism found at Eldad, or little Bethel, at Saint Trumpington's Cathe-

not a pagan, a worshipper of Ahriman, a follower of Zoroaster, or a disciple of Tom Paine, yet I am constrained to confess, that I rame, yet I am constrained to confess, that I can discern no difference at all between sacred and secular music, that should render the performance of the first permissible, and of the second obnoxious as impious on the Sabbath-day. Music may be grave or gay, lively or phantive, but it is always sacred. It is an art. Its every phase can soften, subdue, charm, refresh, console, humaniae elevate, improve Whan it is assured. ise, elevate, improve. When it is coarse or vulgar, it is not music at all, but sound prostituted. So would I have no bad music allowed either on Sundays or week-days anywhere, but good music; what nice and con-ceited sciolist is to weigh the nice distinc-tions between the sacred and profane,—to tell me which is lay and which is clerical music? The Dead March in Saul, played in quick measure, is a jig; Adeste Fideles, is as triumphant, joyous, brilliant, mirthful, as the triumphant, joyous, brilliant, mirthful, as the Happy, Happy, duet in Acis and Galatta. My Mother bids me bind my Hair, is as plaintive as any air in any oraterio in existence: and so is Auld Robin Gray. Sound the Loud Timbrel, is in its actual time, almost a polka. Who can call that tremendous deep burst of joy and praise—that chorus or choruses, the Halledajah; to which we, cold-blooded, fleshy, phlegmatic Englishmen even accord the tribute of stand-Englishmen even, accord the tribute of standing ap uncovered whenever it is performed, can call the Hallelujah Chorus sacred in the Sternhold and Hopkins' sense of the word? Sacred it is as the master-piece of a great musician, but it is no sour canticle, no masal chant. It is a triumphant pagan of happi-ness and thuckfulness; it is the voice of all humanity, singing, not miserably, not dole-fully, not with a mouth whose lips are cracked with vinegar, and whose tongue saturated with gall, and whose teeth on edge with bitter doctrine, and whose throat half-choked with a starched neck-cloth, but with foll expansive lungs, with a heart beating with pleasure, with nerves strong with strong reliance an I cheerful faith, with a whole spirit loudly, jubilantly giving thanks for the spirit loudly, jubilantly giving thanks for the sain, the seas, the fields, the seed time, and the harvest, for the merciful present and the merciful to come. Old Rowland Hill was right in his generation when he declared that he could not see why the devil should have all the good tunes to himself,—and followed his declaration by having the words in his hymnbook set to the best secular tunes. But I will go farther than Rowland Hill. I cannot see why the devil should have any good times. Let us respect and cherish, ennoble and protect the art of music, and there shall speedily be no harm in music, secular or secular on Sundays.

Sauce for the goose, sauce for the gander. bitter doctrine, and whose throat half-choked

on board, that plays gaily all the way to the suburban watering place—if at Woodwiel towards seven o'clock you may hear the Artillery band tuning up for the officer,' mess, why should the crowds who now mess, why should the crowds who now wander purposeless about the streets and parks of London be deprived of a cheep, wholesome, and sensible gratification I Which is best—to listen to the overture to Oberea in Kensington Garders, or to broad over a tap-room table, muttering out the latest false or true news of the Turco-Russian war, or growling out the odds on the next Derby, or spelling out over a misanthr sic pipe the record of the last prize-fight? Which is best—to go to a Sunday hed in pure wearn-ness, or skulk about street corners and against posts till the public houses open, and guash your teeth with impotent abuse of the legisla-ture when they close, or manufer over a pamphleton raw cotton in a deserted club-room—or to saunter on the green grass beneath the green trees, surrounded by happy groups, gay colours, kind voices, silver laughter, cholin a spangling the sward like daisies, manhood in its prime, beauty in its flower, old age in reverent complacency—all kept together, not by strong excitement, not by freuzied declamation, not by fireworks or juggless' feats or quacks' orations, but by the sample, tender tie of a few musical chords, of a pretty tune or two played by a score of man in red coats? We might have the grass and the trees, the children and the dassies, you say, without the music. If we need recreation, we might walk in the fields or the lanes. pamphleton raw cotton in a deserte l'elub-room tion, we might walk in the fields or the lanes Yes; and I have seen a cow in a nobl, and she was chewing the cod, and a Jonkey in a by-lane, and he was munching thistles. If I wish to ruminate, to be slone, to be Misanthropos and hate marking I know where to walk that if I wish to see no follows are not all the second of the second walk ; but if I wish to see my fellows aroun ! me pleasurably occupied (for what is hap-piness but delightful labour, and doing good actions the most delightful labour of all'), and by some harmless music please t, and thereby rendering the best and sweete t thanks to that Giver whom (as good Bishan Taylor phrases it) we cannot please unless we be infinitely pleased ourselves—then thither will I go; and thither, too, I went only two Sundays ago, into Keusington Gardens, where sixty thousand persons (and not one pickpocket—apparent, at least), of every rank and grade in life, were collected to hear the band play. I fergive Sir Bex-JAMIN HALL much red tape, past, present and to come, for this one sensible concession of his. of his.

cannot see why the devit should have any good tunes. Let us respect and cherish, ennoble and protect the art of music, and there shall speedily be no harm in music, secular or secred, on Sundays.

Sauce for the goose, sauce for the gander. In the name of common sense, if the Star steam-packet is allowed to start every Sunday morning for Gravesend with a brass-band souls inside, but very little corporeal life—

were wont to come here and crouch upon the raes till routed up by park-keeper's cane, dully listening to the music, and wistfully grzing round from time to time in search of electrosynary pence. But they seldom managed to elude the vigilance of the guarantees. dians even sufficiently to pass the gate. By times threadbare men who did not eat often, pacing the noble avenues in abstract thought or entranced perusal of learned books, would cone, accidentally, upon the aristocratic throng; but they would glance at their shabby clothes and sigh, and hie away quickly on the other side, frightened like unto a fawn on the other side, frightened like unto a fawn leaping out from a covert into some glade of Bushy Park, where a merry pic-nic party is assembled, and betaking itself, startled, into the umbrage of the oaks again. People dressed to attend the band-playing at Kensington. Lines of empty carriages waited outside the gates, while their possessors promenoised the gardens. Round the braying bandsmen were gathered the great London dandies, the great London belles, the pearls of aristocratic purity, and, I am afraid, some other pearls of beauty and of price, but of more Chopatreau configuration, and whose Antonies found here a neutral ground whereon to vaunt their charms and their possession. Could the wiry little terrier in the sulky brougham by Victoria Gate have spoken, he Could the wire little terrier in the sulky brougham by Victoria Gate have spoken, he would have told you where the lady in the long black ringlets, with so many diamonds, and with gold flowers on her veil, was gonethe conchroan could speak, but would not—he was discreet. The whole scene was a charmed circle of moustaches and tufts (the beard circle of moustaches and tufts (the beard movement was not then), watchehains, filla-gree card-cases, Erussels lace, moiré antique dresses, primrose kid gloves, vinaigrettes, autourn curls, semi-transparent bonnets, varbished boots, and bouquet de millefleurs. As for smoking, who would have dared to think of smoking, who would have dared to think of smoking in Kensington's sacred garden, save, perhaps, wicked Captain Relster of the Heavies, or the abandoned Lieutenant Li heerap of the Lancers! They smoked—those incarigible young men—but then it was at some distance from the ladies (whose rounts and proces, by the way, they dis-cussed not quite so respectfully, but with something at a sporting gusto); and there is a very difference, you will allow, between a penny Pickwick and one of Hudson's regalias

nt two and a half guineas per pound.

Miraculously to say, the swells (so unattectedly may I be allowed to term the upper classes) remain. They positively, by a charming condescension and inexplicable affability, frequent the band-playing, now that it takes place on Sundays; and, considering the lateness of the season, in no diminished But to this inner ring of perfumed rouths and jewelled dames, to these sons of proconsols, and daughters of prectors, and were of soldes, there is now added another

(like a "keeper" to a ring of virgin gold) -a belt of work-rs, of peasants, mechanics, arti-sans, clerks, high middle-class, medium middle-class, and low middle-class men, who come here, Sunday after Sunday, rejoicing at, and grateful for, the boon (infinitesimally small as grateful for, the boon (infinitesimally small as it is), who bring their wives and children, down to the baby at the breast, with them; who listen patiently and cheerfully to the music, and, wonder of wonders, do not endeavour to stone the musicians, root up the plants, set fire to the grass, dash out the brains of the children of the aristography and set fire to the grass, dash out the brains of the children of the aristocracy against stones, rend the swells limb from limb, sell the daughters of the practors into slavery, defile the graves of the ædiles' wives, smoke short pipes in the vicinity of the band, fight among themselves, usurp the chairs by force, and refuse to pay for them, carve their names on the trunks of the trees, gather flowers from the Birchbroomicus Bushiense, introduced seventeen hundred and seventy three (as the label says), pelt the attendants of the refreshment-rooms with ginger-beer bottles, or purloin Mr. Gunter's cheese-cakes and raspberry tarts! Who do none of these things, though certain sections of thinkers and speakers, even of a moderate description, appear to think that every Sunday crowthers are preserved to the particles of this pature. must necessarily commit acts of this nature.

My Sunday afternoon in Kensington Gardens was not, perhaps, begun under the most dens was not, perhaps, begun under the most advantageous circumstances. Though the day was hot, it was lowering, and the sky seemed to say, Put on your white ducks and book-muslins, and leave your umbrellas at home, but in balf-an-hour I rain. Again, I entered the gardens by a wrong gate (there are so many gates), and wandered about for some time disconsolately, finding myself at Knights-bridge and eaching a glimpse of the hideous Sayswater when I wished myself at Knights-bridge, and catching a glimpse of the hideous Wellington statue at Hyde Park Corner through the trees, when the next vista I ex-pected was of the red bricks of William the Third's hideous but comfortable palace. Then I came across two children whom I didn't love, as I do most children, but locked upon, on the contarry, with an evil eye, and male-volent aspirations, for they were harrible volent aspirations, for they were horrible children; they squabbled one with the other, and threatened to tell of one another. of them ran between my legs, and another cut me across the ancles with a whip—playfully, as he meant it, no doubt, fiendishly as I
thought. They were aided and abetted in ail
this by a morose nurse, who looked darkly at
me, and wondered, mutteringly, "What
people thought of themselves." I confess, as
far as I was concerned, that I thought it unjust that people should be tripped up and cut across the ancies. Then I was sorely annoyed by a stern and forbidding man, who persisted in walking before me, who had no right to wear the boots he did—they being aggressive, wever of selfles, there is now added another iron-heeled, and craunching the gravel as he belt-thicker, stronger, coarset, if you will walked. He carried an umbrella as though it were a cartwhip; and I could not help faneying that his name must have been some-thing like Captain Prosser, formerly R.N., that he had been governor of some jail, and that he was a hard man, fund of the crank. Altogether I became uneasy and dissatisfied; was almost concluding that my dinner had

disagreed with me.

But I came upon the music-platform at last, the Guards' band standing in a circle and blowing manfully, the adjacent refreshment-room, the chairs, the price of which had been judiciously reduced from sixpence to one penny, and surrounding all, a compact, earnest, eager crowd, 'listening with pleased contents the court of the cou ears to the music. The fine gentlemen, the beau-tiful ladies, the titled and happy of the land, were there in great force: their empty car-riages waited for them at the gate as in the old time; but the immense mass of those present were toilers—working-people of every rank; nor is it necessary to draw any minute distinction between them, for the bank-clerk, the curate, the tradesman, have to work quite as hard, and find it quite as difficult to make both ends meet as the carpenter, the bricklayer, and the journeyman tailor. I do not think I am called upon to descant at length upon the good behaviour, the quiet inoffensiveness of the vast assemblage here collected; upon the absence of broils, or violence, or ribald talk. I am one of those who think that an English crowd is the best behaved, quietest, best humoured crowd in Europe. I think so still, though among those thousands in Kensington Gardens among those thousands in Kensington Gardens at least a tithe formed part of that ominous well-dressed throng whom, not many Sundays back, I had heard yelling at the same noble and happy personages they associated so comfortably with to-day; whom I had seen lashed to frenzy by the pig-headed exhibition of a mis-directed police force, and which frenzy, but for the oil thrown a few days afterwards upon the waves, would have grown into a tempest such as not all the trails of all the six-pounders in Woolwich Arsenal, served by all the young gentlemen who Arsenal, served by all the young gentlemen who have not the least business to be in the House Commons, would have been able to quell.

The same crowd; the same Toms, and Dicks, and Harries; and see what a little is required to keep them in good humour. A circular refreshment room, with ices, gingerbeer, and Banbury cakes; some scores of garden chairs at a cheaper rate than usual, and a platform where my friends the redjackets are operating upon ophecleide, trombone, and kettle-drum, and this was all. I even remarked that the tunes the musicians played were of the dreatiest, most lachry-mose, most penitential tunes that could be well heard,—still secular music, no doubt,— selections from popular operas, of course, but

so long-winded and melancholy, that I could not help fancying that the band-master hineel was one of the principal objectors to Sunday music, and had made a compromise with his conscience by providing the most mournful pieces in the regimental repertoire. A patient public—a placable monster—a grad-natural rabble, this same English natura. Here they seemed quite satisfied, pleased, nay, grateful, for the Lifeguards' band, with their "Tunes that the Cow died of." They their "Tunes that the Cow died of." They asked not (at least audibly) for more than this, with the permission of walking about under the trees, and of seeing their children sporting on the grass. Yet but two Sundays before I had seen another public, far away beyond the Straits of Dover,—a patient public, too: good-natured, long-suffering, but not always quite contented. For that public always quite contented. For that public were provided, as special Sunday treats, military bands, not one or two, but half a dozen; a whole concert of drums; miles of picture galleries, and museums, and autopaties, and palatial saloons to walk about in, free; and a Great Palace full of marvels of the content of industrial saloons to walk about in, free; and a Great Palace full of marvels of art and industry, for which the whole work had been ransacked, to be explored for four sous-twopence!

on the whole, I should like our Sunday to be quiet, cheerful, Euglish, with a little more out-of-doorishness,—a little more harmony—there, I have said it!—a little more sitting down at tables, or strolling about grassy swards to hear good trusted. Don't stop short at Kensington Gardene, good Mr. Chief Commissioner. Don't stop Don't stop short at Kensington transcere, good Mr. Chief Commissioner. Don't stop short at the band of the Life Guards. Research places as Hyde Park, member there are such places as Hyde Park, Saint James's, the Green, Victoria, and member there are such places as IIvde Park, Saint James's, the Green, Victoria, and Battersea Parks. One volunteer is worth a dozen pressed men. Let the solders have their afternoon holiday if they choose one, or let them have extra pay if that is what they desire. We won't object to the rate. But let us have bands of our own in our public gardens to discourse sweet music to us on Sunday afternoons and Sunday evenings. There will be far more brotherly love, and far less lignor and far farger pight desires. and far less liquor, and far fewer night-charges

on Monday,

A little before six o'clock the musici. played Partant pour la Syrie and God save the Queen; then the crowd dispersed quetly. the Queen; then the crowd dispersed que the I saw not one policeman, and not one policeman was needed. The wheezy, red-waist-coated park-keepers were quite sufficient to quell the somewhat too exuberant amount spirits of the London boys, who are to be found in every London crowd, making noises where they ought to be silent, and chambering over radings where they have no business to be.

Walking home much elevated in spirits Walking home, much elevated in spirits from the cheerful scene I had witnessed, and quite forgetting Captain Presser and his boots, and the disagreeable children, I thought to myself, This is not much, but it is some relief for the toiling many.

The total number of persons who entered Kensington Gardens on So oby, August the americanth, was sixty-one thousand, four numbed and fifty-eight.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

Nº 291.]

SATURDAY, OCTOBER 20, 1855.

A WELL-KNOWN ecclesiastical association, having for its members the Rev. W. H. Hale, Archdeacon of London; the Rev. W. H. Hale, Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's; the Rev. W. H. Hale, Master of the Charterhouse; the Rev. W. H. Hale, Almoner of St. Paul's; the Rev. W. H. Hale, Chaplain to the Bishop of London; and the Rev. W. H. Hale, Vicar of St. Gales's, Crapplegate, has lately been made the subject of virulent satire. In a something nursering to be as there in a something purporting to be a charge addressed to the chergy of the architeaconry of London, by W. H. Hale, M. A. The Architeacon of London receives about three hundred a-year; the Canon M. A. The Archdeacon of London receives about three hundred a-year; the Canon of St. Paul's, six or seven hundred and a residence; the Master of the Charterhouse, eight hundred and a residence; the Vicar of St. Gles's, Cripplegate, two thousand and a residence:—all which moneys flow into one pair of pockets, and all which residences are the dwelling of a single priest. Now, taking hard advantage of the prejudice and scandal that arise from this fact, the enemy of the association—save a man from humself!—depicts it in the shape of a great Pluralist dissatisfied with his pecuniary position, and addressing from the pulpit a large body of Christian ministers, who come to him for seasonable counsel, on the blessings of fifth as a source of lucre. For this is, in fact, the substance of the charge to which we are referring. Death and bureal are its solemn themes. The final aspirations of the Christian are connected with his thoughts of some departed souls; but, to his spiritual pastors, the archdeacon is here represented as commending him chiefly in the form of one who is either a customer or dealer at another shop while living, and as resolving himself, when dead, into dust and gas, and money. Only in a land where there is Las. D. instead of I. H. S. upon the pulpitfront, and a great ledger on the pulpitfront, and a great ledger on the pulpitershion, could a charge like this have been delivered.

When, in eighteen hundred and fifty, some

AN ENEMY'S CHARGE.

WELL-KNOWN ecclesiastical association, or its members the Rev. W. H. H. e., Archdeacon of London; the Rev. W. H. Hale, Chaplain the Lisbop of London; and the Rev. W. H. Hale, Almoner of Pani's; the Rev. W. H. Hale, Chaplain the Lisbop of London; and the Rev. W. Hale, Vicar of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, the lisbop of London is and the Rev. W. Hale, Vicar of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, the association which would be required for the loss of their fees; and I have it recorded in writing that the officers of the Board of Health, after receiving the returns from my own parish, intimated that the board would act with the greatest liberality towards individuals who should be affected by the act, such as the incambent "(including the archdeacon, the canon, and the master of Charter house), "the clerk and sexton. Thus far," it is said, "the legislature seemed inclined to adhere to the original purpose expressed in the appointment of the select committee in eighteen hundred and forty-two, respecting the rights of the clergy. But, though many of the clergy "(not including the archdeacon, the canon, and the master of Charter-house), "they we committee in eighteen hundred and forty-two, respecting the rights of the clergy. But, though many of the clergy "(not including the archdeacon, the canon, and the master of Charter-house), "they clerk and sexton. Thus far," it is said, "the legislature seemed inclined to adhere to the original purpose expressed in the appointment of the select committee in eighteen hundred and forty-two, respecting the rights of the clergy. But, though many of the clergy "the destruction of rights acknowledged by the destruction of rights acknowledged by the legislature to exist, all thought of remembers. the legislature to exist, all thought of remedying the injury appears to be aban loned."
This is set forth as the text of the archdeacon's charge, and he is represented by his cruel satirist—in the absence of all hope of cruel satirist—in the absence of all hope of compensation for the loss of intramural burial fees—as striking out against those whom he is contemptuously made to call the patrons of the public health, and talling generally into a state of combativeness, very ludierous to see. Thus he is even supposed to test the gravity of his reverend audience by maintaining that the abolition of intramural interment is injurious in the highest degree to religion and to morals, and that no proof has been as yet adduced, that English churches and churchyards, containing the bodies of the faithful of many by gone generations, are in any way whatever sources of disease, or are dangerous to the public health. If it were possible to suppose this charge really offered who is either a customer or dealer at another shop while living, and as resolving himself, when dead, into dust and gas, and money. Only in a land where there is L. S. D. instead of I. H. S. upon the pulpitfront, and a great ledger on the pulpitfront of the London th

Plaralist who occupies three houses and holes up in his each-box three elergymen's accounts, is not the man whose pity can constitute they should the their livings out by cleaving to a vested interest in what their countrymen declare to be abominable and corrupt) is most likely to be well me to their ear. For which reasons we hold that the solviest of the aforesaid ecclesiastical associated, has most bittery and cruelly attacked

its and t.

He has done wrong also to the body of the London clergy, who, during all the inquires of late years into the state of their town horologards, declared frankly, with but very few exceptions, that they were unwholesome, in a religious point of view. The sup-archdeacon is made to talk, also, of losed archdencen is made to talk, also, of that solemnity which was wont to attend the walking funeral from the poor manis residence to his parish church. Upon this head what is the feeling of the London chargy? Conspicuous among sound church-men there is a dean who, as a scholar and a poet, should have no very mean percep-tion on a point of sense and feeling. "A tion on a point of sense and feeling. "A fine ral procession," says Dean Milman, "through the streets of a great and busy town, can scarcely be made impressive. the hearse in gorgeous gloom, with all the pump of herathry, and followed by the carriegs of half the nobility in the land, will arrest for an instant the noise and confusion of our streets, or awaken any deeper impression with the mass than idle curiosity. While the poor man, borne on the shoulders of men as poor as himself, is jostled off the pavement, the mourners, at some crossing, are either in danger of being run over or separated from the body; in the throng of passers no sign of revernee, no strring of conscious mortality in the heart." What is this but a just expression of the simple knowledge of every man, woman, and child in London competent to observe what passes in the streets? conseconsness of an indifferent, unsympathising crowd, disturbs and distracts the mourner crowd, disturbs and distracts the mourner, throws constraint over the expression of his graft, diverts his thoughts from that inward each uplation of the heavenly mansion to which the lost friend has been led, and as a denizen of which—not as a denizen of the grave—it is the instinct, as well as the sacred duty, of the Christian mourner to cherish him in thought. The archdeacon is, by his manufacts exempt represented as setting aside. him in thought. The archdeacon is, by his merculess enemy, represented as setting aside for unsubstantial all considerations of this kind. "To bury the dead in places apart from human habitation," he is made to say, "is to everwhelm their memories in darkness; it is the putting the catalle under the bushel instead of in the candlestick; it is a forbidding the light of the noble, the wise, and the good, who are departed, so to shine before men, that they may remember their good works, are is excited to follow their example."

What! is the light left by the wise and righteons a compse-candle, and nothing more? Do we lose all when we lose their material dust and askes? Cortainly we do, the saturative of I make us believe that the arch basion thinks. The object of his discourse is said to be "to avert from my church and country as year an evil as can belief us—the reglect of the dead and loss of their example," by the less of borial fees at St. Gibes, (ripple a te, and other churches having graveyards set among the arm and the surple of the life.

and other charches having ganveyards set among the crowded dwellings of the poor.

Of course the satirist understood that a rich pluralist was not likely to demean himself by personally journing a pouper, and that he might fairly be represented as not note part of his charge, on the council to mast be to persons who cannot go to church themselves, on account of their shall be obtained in or near the building; but he apparently, does not know that they have relatives buried in or near the building; but he apparently, does not know that the furth service is not read within the church walks over pupers—that their bo lies go straight to the grave. He is represented as chaptent, however, upon the privilege of interment near the church, speaking of Kensal Green as of a place far away in some wide deaert, saying that there is hardly a village or handlet in England which does not contain men and women around whose graves roa le will not willingly assemble to deplore their loss, and summing up accordingly with this inquiry—"If the places allotted for the dead be no longer places of amounts, is it not manifest that all those loss is—lessons the value of which even the Heathen understood—will be no longer taught?" If such a charge were solemnly delivered to the London clergy in a sacred building, they must be supposed to know that the close London graveyards really are frequented by deploring crowds; that it would be a Christian sight if they were so, and would speak well for the efficacy of our faith in a more spiritual life than that which a put off with this grow body. But the count of belief of Londoners who pass to zend fro daily before the old recking graveyards, is attenly the reverse—that they are of all longly places the most utterly deserted. From one of them, now closed, a visitor brought this descri

A long narrow strip, not above ten or twelve feet in width, between the walls of the church on one cate, and the crars of some old dirty houses in Chair-lang which in some parts overlang the ground. In the other. To a stranger it has all the spaceause of a filthy backward, common to a veral law and this bouses. The surface is attended with calclage levies, parings of turnips, ish-hones, and other surts of tube lists, with large sphashes of filthy water that had less recently curpied from some adjoined a now. There is a large pile of hencoops at one cost, and discre

are a courte of the bonch at another part. Upon the and of the beg s'eture, have nearly sucmore recto whom they belonged, the school master of the parochal schools informed me that they were his property adding that the management of the ground had been left by the churchwardens in his hands for had been left by the churchwardene in his hands for the last three or four years, and that he made made had of it as a convenient place to keep his fowls in. At the present season of the year, he said, it did not look mee; but in assumer the grass grew quite beautifully. Before his time, the graveyard, he to'd ne, was in a horrible state, and not fit to be entered by unyone, being auchle deep in many places with exercisent, which had been thrown out from the houses in Clother and house, then a communication where had been thrown out from the houses in Clother are a better than a communication. fair, and no better than a common dung-yard. then, or at least not very long hel re, it was the pauper burial-ground for the perish; and that mullitudes of burnan corpres have been thrust into it is sufficiently evolent by the great rising of the ground, by many feet above the level of the adjacent court,

They are not all so bad as that; what inhabitants of London who remember its gravevards were before the tardy inter-ference of the legislature, know that this sketch does no serious injustice to the class. London churchyard not a whit worse than the average, a clergyman more careful about Christian decorum than church-fees, has thus deserbed the method of burial, the pr vention of which is according to the arch-deacon's supposed charge, to be injerious in the highest degree to religion and morals.

The touching association of burial, and the sub-The touching association of burial, and the subimpers perturbing of our Burial Service, are broken in
impersons seemed of daily life. The eastern end of
ms over of ground, for instance, abuts upon Brick
Late, our of our most crowded and noisy thoroughLate, and at one corner stands a publichouse, which,
of course, is not without its attractions to street minsterls. So the dead may be buried to the time of
Por goes the Weard, while street-boys wholly detitute of reverential feeling, clumb about the rails,
and offend the mourners with remarks farm ar and
offend the mourners with remarks farm ar and
offend were. On all those occasions, and the Christian off festing and of place. And yet the exposure of my bur at ground is but partial, and is little or nothing compared with that of many others

So felt the Reverend W. Stone, vienr of

Spitalo bla.
The had are treated in the mock charge as chiects of church traffic. This charge is made to begin by stating that attention was first called to the subject of intramoral interment by Mr. Walker. The irregularities and indeeded of the graveyards described by that gentleman, chiefly took place in these unconscerated cometeries which were the property of individuals, or were attached to discenting chapels. Then we come to the gist of the argument at once. The inquiries then set on foot, says the preacher, revealed to the public the extent of the expenditure apen bursal; whilst the profit which then account, rot merely to the clergy, but to the parishes and the undertakers, attracted the attention of capitalists, and caused the formation of cemetery companies, who, with ccede tin securing to then selves the more of the of burial within the metropolitan district.

In the beginning there was little to be feared. The cometery system was at first unpopular; and, if it had not been for cholera, it is doubtful whether the cemeteries would have proved to be a profitable speculation. The whole mischief came of our rebellion in not taking the cholera as quietly as Christians should; who ought to swell and not destroy the burial-fees of their spiritual pastors and minsters.

Afterwards, medical practitioners began to mak: inquiries, proper care of the heal profune defrauder of the churchyard!-has become so load, as to consider her powers equal to the contest with this fatal discase, so that the registrar-general of births, has not hesitated to ask, -" Is London to continue every five years to be attacked by postiloner, and to lose so many thousands of its inbabitants? Cannot the conditions in which disease is fatal be determined, and cannot they be removed?"

Intramural interment, then, came into question, and legislation for its abolition was commenced, as the archdencon is made to sny, with a special direction that due respect should be paid to the rights of the clergy. The committee saving vested rights in facility vanits and allowing value to the clergy for the loss of fees, concluded that interment of bodies was injurious to the health of the inhal itants of large towns, recommended legislation, and that, after a certain date, burials in them should be prohibited. This was recommending, according to the supposed argument of the archdencon, what was in the highest degree injurious to religion and good morals; but he is made to add,—the repretenued little anxiety. The clergy and purchial authorities were gratified by the assu-ance that their rights would be respectedthat they should not suffer in their pockets!

Thus there is no disguise. The cloak of

religion and morals is worn open, to show the whole figure of Mammon. One of the first legislative interferences recorded, is the order that no coffin should be buried at a less depth than thirty inches below the ordinary surface of the ground; then the dangerous state of many churchyards and vaults led to the closing of the burinl-grounds,—although, as the archdeacon is made to sneer, if the premises were true, power might with equal pro-priety have been given for shutting up the churches.

The year eighteen hundred and fifty-one was remarkable in the eyes of the supposed archdeacon. It was remarkable in the eyes of the world for the Great Exhibition in Hyde Park, and for some other events; in the eyes of the archdeacon it was remarkable for the passing of an act of Parliament which invoured the commercial apeculation of the

cemetery companies. Afterwards came the law that no person should be buried within a hundred yards of a house; which is supposed to be considered by the archdencon as equivalent to a sending of the dead out into o desert. He deplores the consequence of this in affecting language:-

The church and churchyard of the purish has hitherto been one of the strongest ties to bind the people at large to the communion of our church. The respire at large to the communion of our church. The right of sepulture in the churchyard was a right be-longing to the poor as well as to the rich; it was their pride to bury their dead with due honour, to have the service read by their own minister, and large was the amount which persons, even of the humblest rank, paid to the payables, to secure to the supplicing manager. to the parishes to secure to the surviving members of the family the privilege of burial in the same grave. Burial bound, I say, the people in the metropolis to the fatablished Church.

Alas for the lost days of churchyard mono-

To recover this, or to get compensation for the loss of it, or if neither can be done, to hurl defiance at the persons and opinions by which so excellent a business has been ruined, is apparently the object of the charge. Religion and morals are in the highest degree im-perilled, and as for your conjectures about wholesomes and unwholesomes, there nothing whatever unwholesome in a putrefying corpse. In the following passage the satirist overshoots his mark, by carrying the absurd too far beyond the limits of the possible. No archdeacon could by any possi-bility have risked such reputation as he may have had by speaking in this fashion.

The terms, shocking, disgusting, disgusteful, demoralising, are constantly applied to the presence of the dead body in the dwelling-house, as well as to the ordinary accidents of burial—and whilst historical is permitted to ransack the barrow of the Celt or the Saxon, or to disentomb the contents of a necro polis; and ethnology determines by the form of the skull the race; and physiology the age and sex by the form of the bones,—and all this is detailed with the minutest accuracy in the philosophical journal, or the daily newspaper, and not a word is said of disgust,— the ensting up of the skull and of the bones in a parish grave is pronounced to be shocking to humanity, &c.

Now, surely the putrefaction of the Celts and of the ancient Peruvians is a process by this time pretty well complete; and as for what dry particles remain of them, we have entered into no most sacred contract to respect their barrows, or their bones. Having raised a childish argument to put into the mouth of his enemy, the writer of the charge knocks it down in the next sentence, by wording afresh the complaint, and calling the offence of society against good morals, the refinement which expresses atrong abhorrence at the thought of turning up a body from the grave "until decomposition of all its parts is complete."

But what if it is putrid! the minister of

the Most High, is represented as inquiring :

musma, and gases, and deleterious emanations; and if you talk accentifically, or appear to do so, you may easily persuade sample-minied persons to distrust these own experience. . . . We have a right to demand, not opinions and presumptions, but experiments; not conjectures about wholesomes and unwholesomes, but facts duly attested, and deductions clearly strawn.

Well, though there are facts enough on record to make upa modest library; facts enough to have long since thoroughly convinced all men who attend to other matters than the cash-box, we will reproduce one or two that must have been perfectly well known to the archdeacon if he has read what he professes to have read, and if it be really the archdeacon who is holding such an

argument:—
The meat in butchers' shops near London graveyards, whenever the stench becomes at all great, taints in a single day or night, and taint of putrid matter is communicated to flesh and blood not only when dead. Sir J. MacGregor states that once in Spain, soon after twenty thousand men had been buried within a period of two or three months, the troops breathing the air and drinking the water round about the place of burid wer-attacked by malignant fever and dysenters. In the two hundred and eighteen acres of London graveyards, a million and a half of bodies were interred within the lifetime of one generation. In 1841, two gravediggers perished instantly on descending a grave in St. Botolph's churchyard, Aldgate. Four men went ashore in Whampon Roads, near Canton, to bury one of their comrades who had died of dysentery; they happened to select a spot for the grave in which a human body had been buried two months previously: the moment the spade went through the fid of the coffin a dreadful efflurium issued forth, and the two men engaged in the work fell down nearly lifeless. With difficulty fell down nearly lifeless. their companious approached near chough to drag them from the spot, and to fill up the place with earth. The two men who were place with earth. thus seized gradually recovered sufficiently to be able, with assistance, to reach the beat and return on board their ship. By the succeeding morning, the symptoms of malignant pestoid fever were fully developed in both men; of which disease one of them died on the fourth day and the other on the morning of the fith. Of the other two, one had a severe attack of fever on the eighth day; the other a slight indisposition. Is there not evidence enough here of the danger of foul churchthe charge knocks it down in the next entence, by wording afresh the complaint, and calling the offence of society against good morals, the refinement which expresses strong abhorrence at the thought of turning a body from the grave "until decomposition of all its parts is complete."

But what if it is putrid! the minister of the Most High, is represented as inquiring:

It is an easy thing to use scientific terms, such as

acknowledged it was very bad." parish Not a window facing the graveyard could be opened, notwithstanding the oppressive heat of the day. "Some of the residents were obliged to leave their houses for a time; persons passing along Portugal Street held persons passing along Portugal Street held their mostrils; a peliceman standing at the door of King's College Hospital was seized with vomiting, and one of the physicians of that institution who approached the open grave was suddenly seized with giddiness, and would have fallen down if he had not been supported by another gentleman." But upon all this the mock archdeacon, more stubborn than the beadle, having just dismissed as a cant phrase a very short and useful scientific word in use now throughout Europe, is represented as producing Scripture Europe, is represented as producing Scripture as an argument for filth and corruption, which is the boldest use of cant in our experience. "Nature," he says, "as well as Scripture, attests that every creature of God is good, and that death, not less than life, subserves in time to the good of man." Presently he is made to say, "it is certain that the contact with putrescence does not generally injure health or shorten life." Perhaps there may be a trap set in that sentence, haps there may be a trap set in that sentence, reservation being made of inhalation of it as it floats upon the air, and absorption of it through the lungs into the blood. "It is a remarkable fact," we are told, "not unimportant to the present inquiry, that of all beings man alone is buried. Organic life is the noblest work of chemical combination clabotated by the hand of Nature, which is God's minister." Another angel in the Hiemschy, of whom we never heard before. In optimary life, men give the work Nature to the works of the All-wise, because a just feeling of reverence restrains them from the constant and familiar handling of His sacred name It does not therefore follow that this word Nature should be elevated to the dignity of angel, by an orator who speaks to mimeters of God, and whose express mission minuters of God, and whose express mission it is to hold discourse of sacred things. No matter; such, we are told, is organic life—the wholesome tying of a knot, whereof or a ic death is but the unying. We see, therefore, "how innoxious a thing in respect of life is death." There are vast numbers of animals who, not being eaten up, "die by the hami of death" (whatever that may mean), and we not demosited in graves when they become are not deposited in graves when they become what the archdeneon calls, or is made to call, "demi corpses." Who is the worse for that it the author of the charge humorously in-

home, and put it in his pot-pourri jar, upon his study table or beneath his bed, he will not, after short experience wait to inquire "who is the physiologist who will say, avoid that" cat. The admonition of nature in this matter—except in the case of animals expressly created to get rid of offal by devouring it—is not lost on either man or beast.

But here, again, the satirist represents the archdeacon as blowing down his own card-house of argument. "If," he says, "the vicinities of some churchyards be unwholesome, it will be found on a candid examination, that other causes of disease exist there, such as filth and poverty; such as everywhere engenders disease, whether in the proximity of a churchyard or not." But filth is putreengenders disease, whether in the proximity of a churchyard or not." But tilth is putrescent matter, animal or vegetable, and poverty represents only the weakness upon which it preys. If filth, according to the archdeacon, everywhere engenders disease, when the poor man has it for his own free heritage, why may it not do so when it is maintained for him by free-worshipping dignitaries of the church as a foundation of religion and good morals?

If we have not said enough to prove that this is not really a charge of the Archdencon of London to his clergy, but a harsh satire by some person against a clergyman upon by some person against a clergyman upon whose good livings his mind is too much fixed, the evidence of a malicious intent in the concluding passages is irresistible. The speaker is supposed to call attention to his experience of the moral advantage derived from his own contemplation of the tombs. In the chapel of the Charter-house, how interesting to the members of the foundation are the memorials of the dead! There are are the memorials of the dead! There our founder has reposed beneath a splendid tomb There our for nearly two centuries and a half; and, being dead, yet speaketh to us all,—both old and young—reminding us not to dis-grace his bounty and exciting us to thank-fulness.

After showing how the tomb of the founder has enabled him to feel thankful for moneys received, the master of the Charter-house made to regret that no future Carthusian can consign his body, as the late Lord Ellenborough did, to be interred in the founder's vault in token of his affection for the place of his education, and to be even in death an example to stimulate his schoolfellows to exertions like his, in the hope of a like reward. Noble reward, truly! to lie in the grave beside a man whose only virtue was that after he made heaps of money by unchristian and the the fitting out of It is hardly necessary to say, that when the body of the animal decays, it stinks;—
that the use in nature of the stink is to warn people that there lies something which they ought not to come near. If the author of the charge would any day next summer pocket the first dead cat that he may chance to pick up in the streets, carry it had he missed it, would have certainly re-

sisted great templation.
The other tembs, by the contemplation of which the archdeacon is made to de lare that he has been benefited, are at St Giles's, Cripplegate.—"I go to my parish churerthere is the grave of Milton; in my parish
he lived and died." The grave of Milton! at
the end of a charge like this of all things
under the sun, is it the grave of Milton that
still forcelly reminds the Plumast that his
course also is to end! Does he know when
language rings through the broad world
out of the grave of Milton about ministers out of the grave of Milton, about ministers who," having a Gospel and church government set before their eyes, as a fair field wherein they might exercise the greatest virtues and greatest deeds of Christian authority, in fortunes and little furniture of this world; they understand it not, and think no weeth, the transition and dote upon worbly rich s and kenous, with an easy life, to the bane of Christian.tv. Yea, they and tair seminaries shame not to profess, to petition, and never have pealing our cars, that unless we fat them like boars and cram them as they list with wealth, with deaneries and phiralities, with baronies and stately pre-ferment, all learning and religion will go under foot. Which is such a shameless, such a bestial plea, and of that odious impudence in churchmen, who should be to us a pattern of temperance and frugal medicerity

Most a speaks from his grave with a loud voice, in so th. But what does he say even of bariabless to the view who derives so much advantage from the contemplation of his tomb ! These are the words of Milton, which the satirist had well in mind when he prevented the archdencon summing up his argument with this example: -

If the minister be maintained for his whole ministry, why should be be paid twice for any part thereof? Why should be like a tervate, seek valls over and above his varies? . . Far less becomes it tiese, now with a greediness lower than that of tradesmen calling parcely as to their shop, and yet paid beforehead, to not again for doing that which their founder did freely. . . . Burids and it arriages are so little to be any part of these gain, tout they who consider well may find them to be no part of their function. At lone is their attendance they alone on the course of the gainst all the gainst and gainst a function. At loweds their attendance they alone on the coapes; all the guests do as much unload. Bust their piny as at the guest-superationally required; yet, if required, their last performance to the documed of their own thock. But the instead termon, at their choice, e., if not, an occasion offers their to preach our of their own the coaper of their offices. But the with began of their office. . . But the present a boken. To sell that will not only rate up in jud men, the council of truth against them, but will have them the host elampion of titles their realous an aquary. Suffer a Sychman; who, in a book written to that properly proved that here exacted or demanded for any many, the pages burnels, and especially for this one, are world, accurred, simonwall, and

Milton would have said about this pamy bler, if it were indeed the publication of a solemn charge to the archdeaconry of London /

AN EXCURSION TRAIN.

TRAVEL in an open carriage 1; an excur-sion train t. We know the thing is hearthly plebeian—low. The price at which the railway companies convey their passengers in these carriages -something like half-a-crown per hundred miles—is in itself a sufficient argument against any one of a right way of thinking, ever condescending to be carried at so disgracefully cheap a figure. Then, the open carriages them elves al-Then, the open carriages them el-' and are not titted with a stifling with wooden shutters that keep the out, and lo ivre boards that let the draught or with other appliances insisted upon to regulate the amount of discomfort to which third-class passengers are entitled—the open-cartinges themselves, we say, are always looked upon as being the third class—if not the fourth. No, on the whole, the thing is so disgraceful, that—and yet, it must out— we have done it. More than that—it must

out again—we have done it on a construction out again—we have done it on a construction. Still, O, my highly respectable brother, there is much that you and I might leave, even from the extremely common people in even from the extremely common people in a construction. It would be the construction of the this vulgar open railway carriage. It is all be better for us all, sometimes, it we stood less upon our first class notions; and, in our journeying through life, could tail enjoyment by the way, even though off red us as cheaply as an excursion at had necessary per hundred miles; even though fic ly shared by those who near saw the inside of a London club, and who know nothing of the merits of well-atting gloves. or patent leather boots-except, perchance,

from laving made them.

One lovely Sunday morning, a few weeks back, we had risen somewhat carber than usual. We felt heavy, dull, and tif we may so express it, cobwebby. We have been working very hard for several weeks; business have kept us all the summer classics into the hombon. In fact, we wanted change of air-if only long enough for our respirators or and to get filled with air instead of doze and We thought of a long walk; it would require a very long one before we the world require a very long one ceste we reached an atmosphere such as we wanted. Where could we go, and yet get back azom in time to recommence our laboures on the Monday morning t. At once, we thought of an expursion train. We recollected that for a few shiftings we could visit one of the fartest spots in England; could travel in 129 mass brought was a counterly one. for the aug, are worled, accurred, simonacal, and the sound that he was a conclusion founded water and yet be back in London the contribet premises premises premises through waving combiled and green meaning could drive combine that he was a conclusion founded water and yet be back in London the contribet premises; but who can doubt what same night. We recollected an excursion

train through Portsmouth to the Isle of

ight. There was time to snatch a hasty breakfast; and, at thirty-five minutes past seven a. ni, precisely, we were standing in the midst of a donse crowd of pleasure scekers at the Waterloo terminus of the South Western Railway. It was a dense crowd truly, and the pushing to get takets was, we admit, not the most agree-eable thing to undergo. have seen still denser crowds; have undergone more pushing on a Jenny Lind, or Grisi night at the Italian Opera; yet the crowd-forgive us, opera-going reader-was no, a whit more unmannerly at the doors of the Waterlan booking-office, than that at the entrance to the opera-

At length we started-many hundreds of At length we started—many hundreds of us. All very common people, doubtless, but all bent alike, on a day's thorough happeness. And, after a brief interval of chimney-pots, and Lambeth factories, we found the sun shining brightly upon us, the trees and fields boxing absolutely green, and the clouds coloured only by the morning sun's reflection, untinted by the smallest particle of soot.

were in the country.

And now we all began to look about us, and to set ourselves to work in earnest, at left Lindon for the sole purpose of enjoying ourselves and so the sooner we commenced doing it the better. Acquaintances were quickly formed amongst the fellow-passenformed amongst the fellow-passenheling stroke in exeursion trains, trailed London half an hour, before we were in friendly communion with all around us, chatt og away as busily as though we had been friends for yours; alocit, we are some-what taciturn by nature, and have travelled he whole distance between Liverpool and oulon shut up with five others, in a firstexcharged on all the journey, further than every one on starting, saying it was a fine morning, and every one replying, "Very."
We have, togefore, come to the conclusion that they have that they have the conclusion. that there is some hidden excitant in excursion trains to conversation.

Our nearest neighbour, we blushed to heli ve, was a sh semaker. We fear, indeed that that was not the worst; and that, moreover, he must have been a deprayed shormaker; for, not content with travelling on a Sunday, he had the turther villany openly to violate the law, in decrence of the railway regulaous, forty-stalling trues, and all statutes and ye laws in that case made and provided by to pull out his tobacco-pouch, and oper that no one objected to smoking ! One is to smoking! Not a bit of it. No

te object, to anything in an exercision train. then the railway officials themselves dol not object; for, as westopped whiterent stations— our reads example having been prety generally tollowed -cigars and pipes innumerable

were openly smoked in the very face of the hostile bye-law, sometimes (by accident) even in the faces of the milway porters. And, as the fresh strong bre-ze-sweeping through those open carriages, carried far away the clouds as soon as formed, the daintiest maiden could not have objected.

All this, it must be owned, was very low, Nor was the character of the assembly much improved by the production from various coat-pockets of sundry bottles; some of which, we are afraid we must admit, were filled with beer, others it may be with the still less reputable gin-and-water. One thing we are convinced of-it was not claret, or burgundy,

or champagne.

Faring us sat an old woman, dressed in a gown of very seedy black. For some time she had been silent; but, as the train went on, she too had yielded to the mysterious influence, and had become quite chatty. Her first attempt at conversation occurred when we were about half-way on our journey. She hall then timilly ventured to inquire, if we were not near Portsmouth. On being unswered in the negative, she once more sank back into Bilence. Again and again, at intervals of very few minutes, the same question was put; until, being told that she must wait at least muother hour, she seemed resolved to make the best of it, and set hard to work at All kinds of bread-aud-butter. eating were strictly prohibited in the execu-ELLE, sion train; but by a dexterous adjustment of her shawl at the station, the old lady had manage I to smuggle in her basket. As tinn wentou, she grew impatient, and often straine l her eyes across the landscape in hopes to catch a glimpse of anything that loked like Portsmouth. No wonder she was anx ous. When she, at last, become communicative, we learned that she was going down to see her son. He ship had arrived at Spithead but the day before, and as "she hadn't som the poor dear boy for high upon two year, she thought she might spare a few shillings just to see him now he was in England. It was osten that she spent money for her own pleasore, for she had three other children quite dependent on her, and it was very little she could do for them." Poor woman! A very common person we have no doubt. In fact, common person we have no doubt. we know she was, for she ac epted beer when the bottle was handed to her by a neighbour, and thanked him kindly for it. though she was, the mother's heart blessed the invention of excursion trains.

There was a young gentleman seated in a corner of our carriage, who stu liously avoided any intercourse with his fellow p seengers He must have been a lawyer's clerk, or some on else accustomed to move in god societ . He smoked e.gars, which he carried in a relidiorately-embrondered case, and drank brankyand water, to which he used a glos, -a lux my not common in that carriage; the mayor drinking from the neck of the bottle. This print

young gentleman we felt for deeply. He was so obviously out of his element; he seemed so very much afraid that any one should see him in such company, and was so evidently there under protest and without prejudice, that it was really pitiable. We trust that he enjoyed himself when he arrived in Portsmouth. He

certainly did not upon the journey.

Neither did an old gentleman who sat beside him. While all around were chatting, laughing, and drinking in draughts of happi-ness as they were whirled across the fair landscape, he seemed to think the whole a disagreeable necessity, the sooner fulfilled the better. For a long way he slept. Then he tried to read. Then again sat bolt upright on his seat, his hands in his pockets, and, looking straight before him, frowned upon those who were so very merry all around him. What did this man here? While every one else had come out expressly to be happy, what business had that frown-ing face amongst them? It was clear that he was no excursionist,—not he. We felt convinced at once that his journey to Ports-mouth was purely a matter of business, and that he had taken our train for cheapness-not for jollity. Out upon this obtaining

carriage under false pretences!

Who is that singing l For shame, you naughty little pale-faced boy! This is Sunnaughty little day. What right have you - you, whose complexion, blanched by long continement in close crowded courts, suggests the idea that you are made of pipe-clay instead of the red earth that formed your father Adam-what instead of the red right have you to give vent to your unaccustomed joy thus sinfully? No more right than those birds, which, as we stop at this quiet little station, we now hear also singing as loudly as yourself—ay, and it happiness be sin, as wickerly. O! for some Sunday legislation that will stop the birds!

There was one man who puzzled us. seemed so thoroughly well up in all connected with the train; he was very learned in all the mysteries of railway signals, branch lines, sidings, switches, points, and all the rest of it. He kept a sharp look-out the whole way down, telling us, as we passed each signal-post, whether it said "All right," or "Caution." Once he nearly frightened the "Caution." Oace he nearly frightened the whole carriageful into fits by telling us he saw the danger signal on; but soon allayed our fears by adding that it only meant we were to stop, and not that there was any real peril. At first we thought he must be one of the officials of the railway; but he was smoking—we have already mentioned the sad fact that many were—and however indulgent the authorities might be in this respect to the excursionists, it was hardly likely, we thought, that one of their own servants would have run the risk. He soon explained the matter. "Why, you see," he said, when we remarked upon his extensive knowledge, "I travel a good deal by these

excursion trains. Praps once a-month, it may be once in three weeks, I go out somewhere, sometimes by one line, sometimes by another. The old girl here is rather delicate."
-She looked so. A pale, sickly young woman, another. with an intant in her arms, smiled up grate-

with an infant in her arms, sinied up gratefully at him as he went on:

"You see, sir, I work very hard all the week; and on Sundays, somehow, I seem to want a little change now and then. Our place in town isn't much of a one to spend a comfortable day in, though there are many folks worse off in that way than ourselves So, as I said before, we just come out as often as we can. I can smoke my pipe as we go along (hope it don't annoy you; they're not particular in these open carriages) and so have the missis with me all day long. have the missis with me all day long. It does her good, I'm convinced; and, after all, it doesn't cost much more than p'raps I might spend if I went to publies instead. And then she'd be left poking at home all by herself. Ah! they're fine things, these excursion trains. But here we're going to stop, sir, to show our tickets."

He was right. In a few minutes more we were in Portsmonth

were in Portsmouth.

We are not going to write a guide-book to the sights of this important naval port; nor do we feel inclined to launch out into any rhapsodies about the sea. It has been done before. We will not, therefore, stop to tell how we employed our time while there. All that we have to do with at present is the excursion train. We are once more seated in

it, on our way back to London.

We met one or two of our acquaintances of the morning on the platform. There was one of our fellow-passengers whom it would have been madness to expect:—We mean the business man. He never meant to come back the same evening, we are sure. No doubt the fellow had sold his return ticket in Portsmouth to some one wishing to come up to London cheaply, and thus had made a good The poor thing of the speculation both ways. woman who had been to see her son returned in the same carriage with us. O, how happy she was! O, how thankful! She had even her boy, and he was safe! She was so fall of joy, she longed for somebody to share it with her, although that somebody were a stranger; and selected us. How he had grown' What a fine lad he was! And O! how pleased he was to see his mother! She never tired of repeating it. The boy had been out to the Bultic-right to the sent of war itself-she told us, as she wiped her spectacles and put them on again, when they at once required wiping more than ever. He had been out with stores for the fleet. And now he had returned—was safe '—and O, so well '—so much improved since she hat saw him!
Once more the spectacles were wiped, and

once more immediately dimmed again.

Poor mother! You will go home very happy to your bed to-night. Will you go less

willingly to your washing-tub to-morrow morning—we must confess, our friend had very much the appearance of a laundress—for having seen your son to-day? And will our other friend, that dreadful shoe-maker who was the first to smoke, feel more unfitted for to-morrow's work for having thoroughly enjoyed himself to-day? Will any one, of all the hundreds in that train, be worse for it?

Wes; one, at least, we know will. One man—we are pleased and proud to say, the only one who came within our own observation—the wisdom of the mighty, virtuous Mr. Hall of Bow Street notwithstanding—

one man was tipsy !

ANOTHER TIGHT LITTLE ISLAND.

In my first and last work of Geography, these names occurred in the following order, and are the only pieces of knowledge, perhaps, which ever retain their proper position in my memory,—Jersey, Guernsey, Alderney, and Sark. Of the Channel Islands,—which nature certainly intended to be satellites of France, but which fortune has assigned to England—the last of the four is hardly supbut which fortune has assigned to ed to be worth mentioning, and indeed is the only one that has no production of consequence of its very own. Jersey has its pears, Guernesey its lilies, and Alderney its cows; but Sark has nothing peculiar, unless, perhaps, I may be allowed to say, its cockles. Nevertheless, Sark is the most remarkable

It is, in the first place, very creditable, I think, to any island, that it is next to impossible to land upon it-to have no visible harbour, no beach, no sands, no pier, no any-thing. You may sail round it all day long perceive nothing but precipitous, barren rocks, which are themselves defended by a conden of fearing breakers. An inroad upon that it of British dominion would be a most unprofitable and dangerous business to the most ament invader, unless he was of a postical turn of mind. In that case I cannot famy any spot repaying him so well; if he saited to the east side and sent out his boats'rews in the direction of a very high seawall, they would perhaps get ashore and he very much astonished at finding themselves then only within a semi-circle of perpendicular robs; if their noses were turned up, and they followed them, further progress would be out of the question; but, supposing them to be otherwise, and that they poked them into every crevice and corner, they might hit upon a dimiautive tunnel through which, by a very steep bill, they would reach the interior of Sark. I assert that this is the sole method of landing in this island to those who have not been brought up at a gymnasium, or been accustomed to give public entertainments on the warmer but more bracing than in Jersey—trut and slack ropes. A crew of three of us, and the grapes in the green-house on the who arrived here in a little cutter from south-side are bearing plentitudy. Before the

Guernsey, were doposited on a bare rock at the west end, and directed up an iron ladder which terminated only too soon; leaving us to climb fifty feet of precipics by the aid of a single cord. To get ourselves up—for we had not the advantage of being acrobats—was toil and peril enough; but the conveyance of our portmanteaus would have been the act of determined suicides. A young native of the place, however, with-out spangles or even a fillet, brought our valuable chattels to the summit without any inconvenience. We carried them ourselves from that point, through what I still consider, after several days' acquaintance, to be Fairyland. Imagine us at such a height above the sea that the rest of the Channel Islands and France—both a long way off—could be dis-tinctly seen from almost any stand-point; the hues of the waves beneath us are wonderfully diversified by sun and shadow; and, from the multitude of currents, the white breaker multitude of currents, the white breaker crosses the most level blue, and the calmest pool sleeps in the swiftest eddy. Our road, which is at first a narrow pathway, leads by large substantial cottages, as picturesque as those in Westmorland; then, by goodly houses (where it is exchanged for a broad, green cart-lane), with large open court-yards. Both these dwellings are set in garden or shrubbery, and especially decked with untrained, but most luxuriant, fuchsias. We were enchanted and tricked out of our reason. Our luggage seemed to grow lighter on our backs, notwithstanding the noonday sun, and our walk of a mile or so, to good Mrs. Hayel-hunt's hotel, was a more May-day procession. Although the island is ridiculously small, we managed to lose our way more than once— to have (as I believe) an excuse for asking at two pretty cottages in gems of gardens and shaded by pleasant trees—which arbor or avenue would be the best to take; for the lanes of Sark are those dear lanes of Sark are those deep, umbrageous ways of Devon, with the open downs of Berkshire brenking them, here and there. At last we arrived at a charming farmhouse, having a thousand September scents house, having a thousand September scents about it. This we thought must surely be our haven; but the mistress, although she kept a rival establishment, pointed across the road with the most beaming smile, and we went a few yards up a carriage-sweep to one of the cleanliest and most beautifully situated inns I ever saw. Scale Hill, on Crummock Water, in Cumberland, is its only rival; and I am suspended, like Mahomet's coffin (only with heaven on both sides), between these two. It is so sheltered from the four quarters of the wind that I am content to believe it snug in the depths of winter, although there is indeed something in the very name of Sark to forbid that faith. But now, at all events, the temps rature is just as it should be warmer but more bracing than in Jersey-

house there lies (not stretches) a tiny dell, thicks t with alm and ash, above which rises the cattle-sprinkled down. The pretty sittingthe cattle-sprinkled down. The pretty sitting-rooms look out in the direction; as do most of the bed-rooms; which are large and airy as need be, with sheet and coverlet, and curtain, white as snow. Suppose, three Robinson Crusoes, with every comfort in life super-

added, and there you have us.

Fallen mortals that we were, how could we have been so puffed up as to expect another Eden! In this hotel, misnamed as we thought, by reason of its beauty and retirement—whose door was unspotted with a licence, whose front undistigured by a sign there was not one drop of Beer! Sherry indeed there was, — soft pleasant drink, — different enough from the fiery tayern stuff England, but to us Cantal's, fresh from climiting the climbing wave, sherry was a mere delicate insult. Upon inquiry, we heard that the Guernsey culter-heat would pro-bably bring some beer the next day, and in that hope we lingered on.

On the morrow we descended by the rope again, and embarked in a little rowing boat at early morn to circumnavigate the island. We had never seen such rocks, or holes in rocks, in our united existences; but there always was a cross current, and always a breaker a head, so that for the first three-quarters of an hour our fear exceeded our admiration. Then we become accustomed to it, and could look upon the sheer precipices and slippery downs above, with an equal mind. When we reached the entrance of the Lesser Sheep (Mo'ndre Mouton), we were again astomaked rather than made happy; a hill of water, that rose in the mass without a wave, and swept for about a hundred yards straight where it lest itself in gloom, took us inward, upon it into the bowels of the rock. old fellow and his handsome son, who rowed us, both declared no mortal had been further than where we lay at that present upon rested keeping our position as well as might be. The water dripped from the lofty roof above as with a melancholy sound into the sea; and, from the darkness beyond, there came a dreadful thunder, like the roar of a thousand monsters of the deep. If the feeding time at the Zoological Gardens were "unavoidably postponed" for a day or two, and we should take a ramble therein during a total eclipse of the sun, we might experience a similar but not more awful sensation. The return into the sunlight seemed like a resence from the dead; and as we passed by natural arch-way and immemorial tower, the croak of way and immemorial tower, the croak of the movement and the shrick of the goshawk seemed a pleasant music after those mouraful damage to herself. When the wind blove at surges. We threaded a hundred eraggy islets, where gull and cormorant were congressed in voiceless council; and one of our party who had the bump of destruction and again. She fell upon a small crush the trushed it to pieces, but without much surges. We threaded a hundred eraggy islets, where gull and cormorant were congressed in voiceless council; and one of our party who had the bump of destruction and island as only pent waters in the dop creeves a gun dissolved a number of such conclaves, of the earth can make, or, as the natives say,

and lessened them by several representatives. The gulls fell cancipally upon the rocks whereupon they had deliberated, and we cambed their summits, bringing the fair climbed their summits, bringing white palpitating bodies into the boat; the cormorants sought a watery tomb. Often too, when we were congratulating our comrade upon his success with these last, supposed victim, after a submarine transit of sixty or seventy yards, would come up with his teeth chattering, but otherwise in good health. They are sneaking, low-forcheaded fellows, who set much too high a value on themselves, and are not, as the beatman told us and we readily believed, good cating. Eay after buy we rounded, each one having

some especial wonder of its own; fisanres of some especial wonder of its own; issures of gigantic size, into which no sun-ray penetrated; fantastic rocks, now aping some dreadful likeness of humanity, now rising up in pillar, dome and steeple, like palace and cathedral in one; an especially occlessastical fragment of great size was called the Chapel of Sea-gulls (des Mauves), the outside of which boursers rether them in the which, however, rather than the in, those white-robed birds seemed to prefer. Three monstrous rocks-les Antelets-especially. stretched out at intervals some distance into before history was, or pillars of some temple the very titles of whose gods are forgotten; everywhere, and here in particular, cape the dark mouths of caverns, and omit an awful sound. It seems, indeed—even if the general belief that Sark was once a part of France be false—that it must have been in ancient times four times larger than at present, and that the whole circumference of island had been gradually chipped away by that devouring sea, which is even now enting out its rocky bowels, and undersuning it as out its rocky bowels, and und running it as slowly but as surely us ever. How unnecessary do these adamantine senture's, which stand like advanced guards around the shore, appear in this calm weather! They only serve to feed a sheep or two, who are drawn up by ropes and left to browse upon their summits through the summer. The broad blue down breeks not one tier wave region. blue deep, breaks not one tiny wave again-t our prow; and only by the fringe of toam along the rocky shore, can we detact the ground-swell, which in truth would make our landing perilous; and yet upon the La Creux harbour a sea so terrible once broke, that, after carrying the large packet-outler (torn from her moorings) out of the narrow opening, it east the same vessel, with the next mountain-wave, right on the sea-wall, which is forty feet in height, into the harbour book

only devils and spirits of the storm. After many more caverns,—whereof the principal are called The Shops (les Bontiques),—have been explored, we are landed, with difficulty enough, to see the Creux Terrible—a gigantic circular hole of some two hundred feet sheer ascent, the effect, I suppose, of some frightful convulsion of nature. To be caught by the tide in this place would be certain death to anybody without wings, for the sides are but little less steep than those of a brick well; and yet it is attested that a King Charles's spaniel, which had refused to follow its master's boat, did crawl up like a fly to the very summit. To lean over from the top is very horrible, and does not afford a good view; besides that, there is a savage bull in the same field with the Creax Terrible. The Coupé, a narrow edge of rock several hundred feet in height, is the only road between Great and Little Sark; and, I doubt not, will one day come down with a run, and leave them two separate islands. The width of the summit is from five to eight feet, and there is no protection on either side. Yet I saw a native gallop at full speed on it on horseback.

From the pleasant little palace where we board and lodge (at four shillings a-day) a pathway leads us through an enchanted dell, and over a fairy-haunted down to the Bay of Diagart. It is on these especial sands that Thetis loves to bask, and watch her nymphs at play, for there is no way (that she knows of) down the cliffs, and no mortal would dare to peep at her over their overhanging brows. The long blue coasts that stand so clear against the sky, too, are much farther off than they seem to be; so she enjoys in peace a perfect privacy. We ourselves repair hither before the sun, so as to be dressed and away between the coming. My companions, as they parted the transparent water, or came up way com their dive into the deep, looked like marmen; while, above them, the black heights rose out of the sen, with grass and lichen over them, the heather on their topmost smouths purpling in the sun.

Our walks inland were searcely of less

Our walks inland were searcely of less beauty; whether by the farmhouse hidden in the I-liage, or the cottage glorious with the fallage, or the cottage glorious with the hain, or the minister's house, with the quaint old garden, or by the Seigneurie, which is the Palace of Sark. The laws of the Channel Islands are all more or less feuchd; but those of Sark are so entirely. The Seigneur has almost every power, save that of life and clear); and, more than that, he has authority. The simple people—who are given in marriage and are forbidden to marry by him, who are expatriated or retained at his pleasure, and to whom the modern comforts and diagrams of his residence appear to be the precious of a superior being—do absolutely pay homage and obedience willingly and without cavil. The present lord, as it happens, is a reflued and courteous gentle-

man, as hospitable (we had early proof) as any lord of the isles can be; but he has only lately become possessed of the Seigneurie, and his surprise at his own powers is even greater than that of the inhabitants. He employs a vast quantity of workmen, is building and improving in all directions, and probably has as much good in his power to effect personally as any man in the British dominions. He chances to be a clergyman; but he is also the colonel of the militia, and has the appointment of all Sark offices— clerical and lay. The way in which the Seigneur is addressed by his subjects in the Sark dialect (a better patois, by-the-bye, than the Guernsey French) is such as would make one believe that he is a god. They have a firm faith that he is the right hand man and confidential advisor, but at the man and confidential adviser—but at the same time quite the equal in power and dignity—of Queen Victoria. All that the crown lays claim to in England in the way of mines and treasure-trove and royalties, are in Sark the Seigneur's. Half profits from the waifs and strays of wrecks are also paid to him; from which he derives no trilling income. The law of primogeniture is very strict; and, in case of there being no male issue, the eldest daughter inherits before the nephew. Where there is no issue at all the property reverts to the Seigneur. His great trouble is with the younger sons; who, being portionless, must needs go forth into the world to seek their fortunes, and are afterwards desirous of returning to their native shore with their wives and families. He is obliged to prevent this, or the island would be soon over-populated; and this protectionist principle is, under the circumstances, necessary enough. He is compelled by his charter to have always forty men in Sark capable of bearing arms, although he has upwards of a hundred the whole population of the place being more than seven hundred. These men are the best shots in the Channel Islands, and are provided even with two good six-pounders. They had a nele-day lately; and, after excellent practice at white rooks, with the gons and a long range, they feigned two Russian men-of-war's boats, and picked the supposed invacers off, with their muskets, very creditably. They constantly fire volleys into the caverns, to being down any overhanging rocks, which clse would fall at less expected times and destroy the boats that haroour under them. The loading of some of their private weapons for this purpose terrified us not a little. The stock was fastened to the brocch by twine; so the it must have been rather hard to take the right; and first, they put the percussion-cap on, and then they bonded the gun. The spring of the lock being also broken, an anothin stood behind with a stone, to but the the chief performer. I doubt not however, besides the standing army of Sark, that

most effective guerilla force exists to make but, as we approach nearer, the more combre invasion exceedingly hazardous. The pursuit colours appear even yet more numerous. which the natives are daily occupied in seems to afford a greater proof of personal courage than a hundred fights;—with an iron pin and than a hundred fights;—with an iron pin and a cow-rope, they are accustomed to go out alone, and to swing themselves over the highest precipices after birds-eggs, or at the dreadful trade of sapphire gathering: they look, from the sea, like apiders, but I believe no kind of danger is so awful to the novice and so trivial to the adept as is this: their chief difficulty is to get up the last few inches, when they must strike themselves off the summit with their feet, in order to insert

their hand between the rope and the ground.

Before we left the island we had a slight touch of this particular nettle Danger our-selves; and though, for my part, I did pluck the flower safely (if not with honour) in the end, it was accompanied, I confess, with an infinite variety of the weed Funk, or terror. We went to visit the Gouliot Cave, where the great (Sea) Lions of Sark live, and we disembarked unfortunately on the wrong, or southern, side of it: for, although it was low water, being only a neap-tide, it did not retire sufficiently, and we had to pass along the face of a per-pendicular rock, beneath which, to judge by the dark green of its duck, to pendicular rock, beneath which, to judge by the dark green of its depths and the malicious smile just curling on its smooth visage, lay plenty of sea to drewn us with every inclination to do so. There was no ledge, only little interstices here and there ledge, only little interstices, here and there for the extreme tips of our toes; but the cliff was covered with very small limpets, and in them we had to trust. I well remember my feelings as I clung like the spread-eagle of Prussia, to that rock, and strove for a safe lodgment of finger-tip or toe beyond, putting forth all my feelers like an anemone, and grasping at the limpets with all the tenacity I firmly believe, indeed, I should have been drowned but for that beautiful and accomplished native youth, who accompanied us, and lent me his hand to tread upon. I gave him, upon reaching what may well be called terra firma, the sum of one florin, which seemed, to his Sarkite eye, a provision for life. On the other hand, the scene that awaited us, which appeared to us like a scene from the Arabian Nights, was, I doubt not, ordinary and common-place enough to him.

Imagine a vast cavern, some sixty feet in height, with three arched openings-north, west, and south-commanding each a different sea view; a monotonous sort of organ music haunting it from the sleeping sea, and the sun rays broken and intersected by a thousand shapeless shadows! Where they chelly strike, however, a wall of the most exquisite beauty is revealed: the glories of the Pompeian and Egyptian Courts at Sydenham fade before it, as the stars pale before the dawn, and the rainbow itself night bor-row from it many a hue. Green, red, blue, white, and scarlet are the prevailing tints;

colours appear even yet more numerous. Brown barnacles, mixed with scarlet and yellow sponges, form the principal paneling of this tremendous chamber; but, amongst these, are set a million sea anemones of the richest and rarest kind: the most exquisite, to my mind, being the green ones with the beautiful blue edgings—but it is hard to award the palm where all are perfect. Such adventurous votaries of science as have en-tered into the Gouliot Cave declare there is nothing equal to it, and remain there, hour after hour, as long as a spring-tide will

permit.

The westernmost cavern is even still more wondrous; and contains, in addition to the riches of the larger treasure-house, zoophytes and corallines in immense abun-The ceilings of both are like those of Aladdin's grotto, and their sides appear I ke masses of glittering gems. When the meaning of the tide got to be unpleasantly loud, and our guide insisted upon our departure, lest we should suffer a sea change, and our spectarles turn into barnacles, I confess to being as hard to move from the Gouliot Cave as one of its own limpets.

HALF A LIFE-TIME AGO.

IN FIVE CHAPTERS. CHAPTER IV.

THE vehemence with which Susan Dixon threw herself into occupation could not last for ever. Times of languor and remembrance would come-times when she recurred with a passionate yearning to past days, the recollection of which was so vivid and delicious, that it seemed as though it were the reality. and the present bleak bareness the dream. She smiled anew at the magical sweetness of some touch or tone which felt and heard, and drank the delicious cup of poison, although at the very time she knew what the consequence of racking pain would be.

"This time, last year," thought she, " we went nutting together—this very day le-a year; just such a day as to-day. Purple and gold were the lights on the hills; the leaves were just turning brown; here and there in the sunny slopes the stubble-fields looked tawny; down in a cleft of you purple slab-rock the beck fell like a silver glanding thread; all just as it is to-day. And be climbed the slender swaying nut-trees and bent the branches for me to gather; or made a passage through the hazel copies, from time to time claiming a toll. Who could have thought he loved me so little !—abo ! -who ?"

Or, as the evening closed in, she would allow herself to imagine that she heard has coming step, just that she might recall the feeling of exquisite delight which had passed by without the due and passionate reach at the time. Then she would wonder how she

the scar would remain till her dying It might have been right; but, as she sinckened, she wished she had not instinc-tively chosen the right. How luxurious a life haunted by no stern sense of duty must be! And many led this kind of life; why could not she! O, for one hour again of his sweet company! If he came now, she would agree to whatever he proposed.

through it, and came out healthy, if weak. She was capable once more of taking pleasure She was capable once more of taking pleasure; in following an unseen guide through broard and brake. She returned with tenfold affection to her protecting care of Willie. She acknowledged to herself that he was to be her all-in-all in life. She made him her constant companion. For his sake, as the real owner of Yew Nook, and she as his steward and guardian, she began that course of careful saving, and that love of acquisition. of careful saving, and that love of acquisition, which afterwards gained for her the reputation of being miserly. She still thought that he might regain a scanty portion of sense, enough to require some simple pleasures and exertement, which would cost money. And money should not be wanting. Peggy rather assisted her in the formation of her parsimonious habits than otherwise; economy was the order of the district, and a certain degree of respectable avarice the characteristic of Only Willie was never stanted or hinanything that the two women thought could give him pleasure for want of

There was one gratification which Susan felt was needed for the restoration of her must to its more healthy state, after she had possed through the whirling fever, when duty was as nothing, and anarchy reigned; a gratification—that somehow was to be her last barst of unreasonableness; of which she knew and recognised pain as the sure consequence. She must see him once more,-her-

The week before the Christmas of this nemorable year, she went out in the dusk of the early winter evening, wrapped up close in showl and cloak. She wore her dark shawl under her cloak, putting it over her head in lieu of a bonnet; for she knew that she might have to wait long in concealment. Then she tramped over the wet fell-path, shut in by misty rain for miles and miles, till she came to the place where he was lodging; a farm-house in Langdale, with a steep stony lane leading up to it : this lane was entered by a gate out of the main road, and by the gate out of the main road, and by the gate were a few bushes—thorns; but of them the leaves had fallen, and they offered no can calment: an old wreek of a yew-tree grew among them, however, and underneath that Susan cowered down, shrouding her face, of which the colour night betray her, body, and, in general, doche enough in mand;

could have had strength, the cruel self-with a corner of her shawl. Long did she precing strength, to say what she had done; wait; cold and cramped she became, too to stab herself with that stern resolution, of damp and stiff to change her posture readily. And after all, he might never come! But, she would wait till daylight, if need were; and she pulled out a crust, with which she had providently supplied herself. The rain had ceased,—a dull still brooding weather had succeeded; it was a night to hear distant sounds. She heard horses' hoofs striking and plashing in the stones, and in the pools of the road at her back. Two horses; not well-ridden, or evenly guided, as she could

Michael Hurst and a companion drew near; not tipsy, but not sober. They stopped at the gate to bid each other a mandlin farewell. Michael stooped forward to catch the latch with the hook of the stick which he carried; he dropped the stick, and it fell with one end close to Susan,—indeed, with the slightest change of posture, she could have opened the gate for him. He swore a great oath, and struck his horse with his closed fist, as if that animal had been to blame; then he dismounted, opened the gate. blame; then he dismounted, opened the gate, and fumbled about for his stick. When he had found it (Susan had touched the other end) his first use of it was to fleg his horse well, and she had much ado to avoid its kicks and plunges. Then, still swearing, he staggered up the lane, for it was evident he was not sober enough to remount.

By daylight Susan was back and at her ally labours at Yew Nook. When the daily labours at Yew Nook. When the spring came, Michael Hurst was married to Eleanor Hebthwaite. Others, too, were married, and christenings made their firesides merry and glad; or they travelled, and came back after long years with many wondrous tales. More rarely, perhaps, a Dalesman changed his dwelling. But to all households more change came than to Yew Nook. There the seasons came round with monotonous sameness; or, if they brought mutation, it was of a slow, and decaying, and depressing kind. Old Peggy died. Her silent sympathy, concealed under much roughness, was a loss to Susan Dixon. Susan was not yet thirty when this happened, but she looked a middle-aged, not to say an elderly woman. People affirmed that she had never recovered her complexion since that fever, a dozen years ago, which killed her father, and left Will Dixon an idiot. But ner attnet, and left Will Dixon an idiot. But besides her grey sallowness, the lines in her face were strong, and deep, and hard. The movements of her eye-balls were slow and heavy; the wrinkles at the corners of her mouth and eyes were planted firm and sure; not an ounce of unnecessary flesh was there but, every now and then, he became first massiv, and then violent. These paroxysma lasted but a day or two; and it was Susan's anxious care to keep their very existence hidden and unknown. It is true that occahidden and unknown. It is true that occa-sional passers-by on that lonely road heard sounds at night of knocking about of furni-ture, blows, and cries, as of some tearing demon within the solitary farm-house; but these lits of violence usually occurred in the night; and whatever had been their consequence, Susan had tidied and redd up all signs of aught unusual before the morning. For, above all, she dreaded last across For, above all, she dreaded lest some one might and out in what danger and peril she occasionally was, and might assume a right to take away her brother from her care. The one idea of taking charge of him had deepened and deepened with years. It was graven into her mind as the object for which she lived. The sacrifice she had made for this object only made it more precious to her. Besides, she separated the idea of the doc.le, affectionate, loutish, indolent Will, and kept it distinct from the terror which the demon that occasionally possessed him inspired her with. The one was her inspired her with. The one was her flesh and her blood,—the child of her dead mother; the other was some fiend who mother; the other was some fiend who came to torture and convulse the creature she so b ved. She believed that she fought her brother's battle in holding down those tenring hands, in binding whenever she could those updated restless arms prompt and prone to do mischief. All the time she subdued him with her cunning or herstrength, she spoke to him in pitying murmurs, or abused the third person, the fiendish enemy, in no u measured times. Towards morning the paroxysm was exhausted, and he would fall ascep, pathaps only to waken with evil and renewed vigour. But when he was laid down she would sally out to taste the fresh air, and to work off her wild sorrow in crees and mutterings to herself. The early labourers mutterings to herself. The early labourers saw her estures at a distance, and thought her as crazed as the idiot-brother who made the neighbourhood a haunted place. But did any chance person call at Yew Nook later, or in the way, he would find Susan Dixon cold, colm, collected; her manner curt, her wits

Once this fit of violence lasted longer than usual. Susan's strength both of mind and body was nearly worn out; she wrestled in prayer that somehow it might end before she, too, was driven mad; or, worse, might be oblig it to give up life's aim, and consign Wilke to a machouse. From that moment of prayer has she afterwands superstitiously thought) Willie calmed—and then he drooped

dull inarticulate sounds had departed, that Susan was attracted to him by a stronger tio than she had ever felt before. It was something to have even an idiot loving her with dumb, wistful, animal affection; something to have any creature looking at her with such beseeching eyes, imploring protection such beseeching eyes, implering protection from the insidious enemy stealing on. And yet she knew that to him death was no enemy but a true friend, restoring light and health to his poor clouded mind. It was to her that death was an enemy; to her, the survivor, when Willie died: there has no one to love her. Worse doom still, was no one to love her. there was no one left on earth for her to

You now know why no wandering tourist could persuade her to receive him as a lodger; why no tired traveller could melt her heart to give him rest and refreshment, why long habits of sectusion had given her a more so-ness of manner, and care for the interests of another had rendered her keen and miserly.

But there was a third act in the drama of her life.

CHAPTER V.

In spite of Peggy's prophecy that Susan's life should not seem long, it did seem weari-some and endless as year by year slowly un-coiled their monotonous circles. To be sure, she might have made change for herself, but she did not care to do it. It was, indeed, more than "not caring" which merely implies a certain degree of vis inertiae to be sub-load before an object can be attained, and that the object itself does not seem to be of sufficient object itself does not seem to be of sufficient importance to call out the requeste energy. On the contrary, Susan exerted herself to avoid change and variety. She had a maind dread of new faces, which originated in her desire to keep poor dead Willie's state a profound secret. She had a contempt for new customs; and indeed her old ways prospered so well under her active hand and vigilana eye, that it was difficult to know how they could be improved upon. She was regulariy could be improved upon. She was regularly present in Coniston market with the best butter and the earliest chickens of the season. butter and the earliest chickens of the season. Those were the common farm produce that every farmer's wife about had to well; but Susan, after she had disposed of the more feminine articles, turned to on the man's sale. A better judge of a horse or cow there was not in all the country round. Yorkshire itself might have attempted to jockey har, and would have failed. Her corn was sound and clean; her potatoes well preserved to the hoards of money Susan Dixon must have bail up somewhere; and one young ne'er decided. though() Willie calmed—and then he drooped and then be sank—and he drooped and then be sank—and, last of all, he died, u reality from paysical exhaustion.

But he was so gentle and tender as he lay on he dying hed, such strange childles a gate on the road-path home, as she was better of returning intelligence came over this lace long after the power to make his not an hour ago. She was off before him,

refusing his civility; but the remounting was not so easy, and rather than fail she did not choose to attempt it. She walked, and he walked alongside, improving his opportunity, which, as he vainly thought, had been consciously granted to him. As they drew near Yew Nook, he ventured on some expression of a wish to keep company with her. His words were vague and clumsily arranged. Susan turned round and coolly asked him explain himself. He took courage, as he thought of her reputed wealth, and expressed his wishes this second time pretty plainly. To his surprise the reply she made was in a series of smart strokes across his shoulders, administered through the medium of a supple hazel switch.

"Take that!" said she, almost breathless, " to teach thee how thou darest make a fool of an honest woman, old enough to be thy mother. If thou com'at a step nearer the house, there's a good horse-pool, and there's

two steer fellows who'll like no better fun than ducking thee. Be off wi' thee." And she strode into her own premises, never looking round to see whether he obeyed her injunction or not.

Sometimes three or four years would pass over without her hearing Michael Hurst's name mentioned. She used to wonder at such times whether he were dead or alive. She would sit for hours by the dying embers of her fire on a winter's evening, trying to recall the scenes of her youth; trying to bring up living pictures of the faces she had then known—Michael's most especially. She thought that it was possible, so long had been the lapse of years, that she might now pass by him in the street unknowing and unknown. His outward form she might not recognise, but homself she should feel in the thrill of her whole being. He could not pass her un-

What little she did hear about him all tesnot at stated times when there was no other work to be done, but continually, whether it was seed-time or harvest. His children were ill at one time; then one died, while the others recovered, but were poor tified a downwards tendency. He drank, while the others recovered, but were poor sickly things. No one dared to given Susan any direct intelligence of her former lover; many avoided all mention of his rame in her resource; but a few spoke out either in indifr. uce to, or i morance of, those by-gone days. every word that related to him. whisper. her eye never changed, nor did a muscle of her thee theve.

Late one November night she sate over her fre; not a human being besides herself in the

known ever since childhood, and which then and ever since she had oddly associated with the idea of a mother and child talking together, one loud tick, and quick-a feeble sharp one

following.

The day had been keep, and piercingly cold. The whole lift of heaven seemed a dome of iron. Black and frost-bound was the earth under the cruet east wind. Now the wind had dropped, and as the darkness had gathered in, the weather-wise old labourers prophesied anow. The sounds in the air arose again, as Susan sate stud and the air arose again, as Susan sate stul and silent. They were of a different character to what they had been during the prevalence of the east wind. Then they had been shrill and piping; now they were like low distant growling; not unmusical, but strangely threatening. Susan went to the window, and drew aside the little curtain. The whole world was white, the air was blinded with the swift and heavy downfal of snow. At present it came down straight, but Susan knew those distant sounds in the hollows and gullies of the hills portended a driving wind and a more cruel storm. She thought of her sheep; were they all folded the new-born calf, was it they all folded the new-to-rh call, was it bedded well? Before the drifts were formed too deep for her to pass in and out—and by the morning she judged that they would be six or seven feet deep—she would go out and see after the comfort of her beasts. She took a lantern, and tied a shawl over her head, and went out into the open air. She cared tenderly for all her animals, and was returning, when borne on the blast as if some spirit-cry—for it seemed to come rather down from the skies than from any creature to the state of the s ture standing on earth's level-she heard a voice of agony; she could not distinguish words; it seemed rather as if some bird of prey was being caught in the whirl of the icy wind, and torn and tortured by its violence. Again! up high above! Susan put down her lantern, and shouted loud in return; it was an instinct, for if the creature were not human, which she had doubted but a moment before, what good could her responding cry do? And her cry was seized on by the tyrannous wind, and borne farther away in the opposite direction to that from which that call of agony had proceeded. Again she listened; no sound: then again it rang through space; and this time she was rang through space; and this time she was sure it was human. She turned into the house, and heaped turf and wood on the fire, which, careless of her own sensations, she had allowed to fivte and almost die out. She put a new candle in her lantern; she changed her shawl for a maud, and leaving the deer on latch, she sallied out. Just at the is a name but she had ever slept there are Willie's death. The farm-labourers had the could be and gone home hours the open air, she thought she heard the words, is a. There were crickets chirping all "O God! O, help!" They were a guide to her, if words they were, for they came the kacaing with the peculiar beat Susan had straight from a rock not a quarter of a male from Yew Nook, but only to be reached, on account of its precipitous character, by a round-about path. Thither she steered, defying wind and snow; guided by here a thorn-tree, there an old doddered oak, which had quite lost their identity under the whelming mask of snow. Now and then she stopped to listen; but never a word or sound heard slie, till right from where the copsewood grew thick and tangled at the base of the rock, round which she was winding, she heard a moan. In to the brake-all snow in appearance, almost a plain of snow looked on from the little eminence where she stood—she plunged, breaking down the bush, stumbling, bruising herself, fighting her way; her lautern held between her teeth, and she herself using head as well as hands to butt away a passage, at whatever cost of bodily injury. As she climbed or staggered, owing to the unevenness of the snow-covered ground, where the briars and weeds of years vere tangled and matted together, her foot elt something strangely soft and yielding. felt something strangely soft and yielding. She lowered her lantern; there lay a man, prone on his face, nearly covered by the fastfalling flakes; he must have fallen from the rock above, as not knowing of the circuitous path, he had tried to descend its steep, slippery face. Who could tell? it was no time for thinking. Susan lifted him up with her wiry strength; he gave no help-no sign of life; but for all that he might be alive: he was still warm; she tied her maud round him; she fastened the lantern to her apron-string; she held him tight: half-dragging, half-carrying—what did a few bruises signify shall-carrying—what did a rew bruises signify to him, compared to dear life, to precious life! She got him through the brake, and down the path. There for an instant she stopped to take breath; but as if stung by the furies, she pushed on again with almost superhuman strength. Clasping him round the waist and leaning his dead weight against the lintel the cloor, she tried to undo the latch; but now, just at this moment, a trembling faint-ness came over her, and a fearful dread took possession of her-that here, on the very throshold of her home, she might be found dead, and buried under the snow, when the farm-servants came in the morning, terror stirred her up to one more effort. terror stirred her up to one more effort. She and her companion were in the warmth of the quiet haven of that kitchen; she laid him on the settle, and sank on the floor by his side. How long she remained in swoon she could not tell; not very long she judged by the fire, which was still red and sullenly glowing when she came to herself. She lighted the candle, and bent over her late burden to ascertain if indeed he were dead. She stood long gazing. The man lay dead. She stood long gazing. The man dead. There could be no doubt about The man lay His filmy eyes glared at her, unshut. Susan was not one to be affrighted by the stony aspect of death. It was not that; it was the bitter, weeful recognition of Michael Hurst.

She was convinced he was dead; but after a while she refused to believe in her conviction. She stripped off his wet outer-garments with trembling, hurried hands. She brought a blanket down from her own bed; she made up the fire. She ewathed him up in made up the hre. She swatner him has in fresh, warm wrappings, and laid him on the flags before the fire, sitting herself at his head, and holding it in her lap, while she tenderly wiped his loose, wet hair, curly still, although its colour had changed from nutbrown to iron-grey since she had seen it last. From time to time she bent over the face afresh, sick and fain to believe that the flicker of the fire-light was some slight convulsive motion. But the dim, staring eyes struck chill to her heart. At last she coased her delicate busy cares, but she still held the head softly, as if caressing it. She thought over all the possibilities and chances in the mingled yarn of their lives that might, by so slight a turn, have ended far otherwise. If her mother's cold had been early tended so that the responsibility as to her brother's weal or woe had not fallen upon her; if the fever had not taken such rough, cruel hold on Will; nay, if Mrs. Gale, that hard, worldly sister, had not accompanied him on his last visit to Yew Nook,—his very last before this fatal stormy night; if she had heard has cry—cry uttered by those pale, dead has with such wild, despairing agony, not yet three hours ago! O! if she had but heard it sooner, he might have been saved before mingled yarn of their lives that might, by it sooner, he might have been saved before that blind, false step had precipitated him down the rock! In going over this weary down the rock! In going over this weary chain of unrealised possibilities Susan learnt the force of Peggy's words. Life was short, looking back upon it. It seemed but vesterday since all the love of her being had oven ening years—the long monotonous years that had turned her into an old woman before her time-were but a dream.

The labourers coming in the dawn of the winter's day were surprised to see the fire-light through the low kitchen-window. They knocked, and hearing a mouning answer, they entered, fearing that something had be aben their mistress. For all explanation they get these words:

"It is Michael Hurst. He was belated, and fell down the Raven's Crug. Where does Floring his wife live?"

Eleanor, his wife, live?"
How Michael Hurst got to Yew Nock no one but Susan ever knew. They thought he had dragged himself there with some sore, internal bruise sapping away his minuted life.

They could not have believed the superhuman exertion which had first sought form out, and then dragged him hither. Only Susan knew of that.

She gave him into the charge of her servants, and went out and saddled her noise. Where the wind had drifted the snow on one side, and the road was clear and bare, she rode, and rode fast; where the soft, decential

heaps were massed up, she dismounted and led her steed, plunging in deep, with fierce energy, the pain at her heart urging her on-

wards with a sharp, digging spur.

The grey, solenn, winter's noon was more night like than the depth of summer's night; dim purple brooded the low skies over the white earth, as Susan rode up to what had been Michael Hurst's abode, while living. It was a small farm-house, carelessly kept out-side, slatternly tended within. The pretty was that of plaintive sorrow; but the soft, light hair had scarcely a tinge of grey, the woodrage tint of complexion yet remained, if not have the soft, light hair had scarcely a tinge of grey, the woodrage tint of complexion yet remained, if not a brillant as an armith; the straight now so brilliant as in youth; the straight nose, the small mouth were untouched by time. Susan feit the contrast even at that moment. She knew that her own skin was weather-beaten, furrowed, brown, -that her teeth were gone, and her hair grey and ragged.
And yet she was not two years older than Nelly,—she had not been in youth, when she took account of these things. Nelly stood wondering at the strange-enough horsewoman, who stood and panted at the door, holding her horse's bridle, and refusing to enter.
"Where is Michael Hurst?" asked Susan,

"Wel!, I can't rightly say. He should have been at home last night, but he was off seeing after a public-house to be let at Ulverstone, for our farm does not answer, and we were

" He did not come home last night?" said Susan, cutting short the story, and half-affirming, half-questioning by way of letting in a ray of the awful light before she let it

full in, in its consuming wrath.
"No' he'll be stopping somewhere out
Ulverstone ways. I'm sure we've need of him at come, for I've no one but lile Tonmy to help use tend the beasts. Things have not gone well with us, and we don't keep a ser-

yant now. But you're trembling all over, ma'am. You'd better come in, and take something warm, while your horse rests. That's the stable-door, to your left."

Susan took her horse there; loosened his girths, and rubbed him down with a wisp of straw. Then she looked about her for hay; but the place was been of food and and but the place was bare of food, and smelt thankful for the respite, and got some clap-bread, which she mashed up in a pail-full of bread, which she inashed up in a pail-full of lukewarm water. Every moment was a respite, and yet every moment made her dread the more the task that lay before her. It would be longer than she thought at first. She took the saddle off, and hung about her borne, which seemed somehow more like a friend than anything else in the world. She had bee cheek against its neck, and rested that he world was a stranging to the house for the there, before returning to the house for the

Eleanor had brought down one of her own gowns, which hung on a chair against the fire, and had made her unknown visitor a cup of hot tea. Susan could hardly bear all these little attentions; they choked her, and yet she was so wet, so weak with fatigue and excitement that she could neither resist by word or by action. Two children stood awkwardly about, puzzled at the scene, and even Eleanor began to wish for some explanation

of who her strange visitor was.

"You've may be heard him speak of me?

I'm called Susan Dixon."

Nelly coloured, and avoided meeting

"I've heard other folk speak of you. He

never named your name.

This respect of silence came like balm to Susan; balm not felt or heeded at the time it was applied, but very grateful in its effects for all that.

"He is at my house," continued Susan, determined not to stop or quaver in the operation—the pain which must be in-

"At your house? Yew Nook?" questioned Eleanor, surprised. "How came he there?"—half-jealously. "Did he take shelter from the coming storm? Tell me,—there is something—tell me, woman!"

"He took no shelter. Would to God he

"0! would to God! would shricked out Eleanor, learning all from the woeful import of those dreary eyes. Her cries thrilled through the house; the chilcries thrilled through the house; the chil-dren's piping wailings and passionate cries on "Daddy! Daddy!" pierced into Susan's very marrow. But she remained as still and tearmarrow.

less as the great round face upon the clock.

At last, in a bull of crying she said,—not exactly questioning—but as if partly to her-

self,—
"You loved him, then?" "Love him! he was my husband! He was the father of three bonny bairns that lie dead in Grasmere Churchyard. I wish you'd go, Susan Dixon, and let me weep without your watching me! I wish you'd never

your watching me! I wish you'd never come near the place."

"Alas! alas! it would not have brought him to life. I would have laid down my own to save his. My life has been so very sad!

No one would have cared if I had died.

Alas! alas!"

The tone in which she said this was so utterly mournful and despairing that it awed Nelly into quiet for a time. But by-and-bye she said, "I would not turn a dog out to do it harm; but the night is clear, and Tommy shall guide you to the Red Cow. But, O! I want to be alone. If you'll come back tomorrow, I'll be better, and I'll hear all, and thenk you for avery kindness you have shown thank you for every kindness you have shown him,—and I do believe you've showed him kindness,—though I don't know why."

Susau moved heavily and strangely.

She said something—her words came thick of unintelligible. She had had a paralytic and unintelligitide. She had had a pararvers stroke since she had last spoken. She could not go, even if she would. Nor did Eleanor, when she became aware of the state of the case, wish her to leave. She had her laid on her own had, and weeping silently all the while for her lost he band, she nursed Susan like a sister. She did not know what her guest's worldly position might be; and she might never be repaid. But she sold many a little trifle to purchase such small comforts as Susan might need. Susan, lying still and motionless, learnt much. It was not a severe stroke; it might be the forerunner of others yet to come, but at some distance of time. But for the present she recovered, and re-gained much of her former health. On her sick-bed she matured her plans. When she sick-bed she matured her plans. When she returned to Yew Nock, she took Michael Hurst's widow and children with her to live there, and fill up the haunted hearth with

living forms that should bunish the ghosts.

And so it fell out that the latter days of
Susan Dixon's life were better than the

former.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN.

FROM KRAIOVA TO LONDON.

The read through Kraiova and Orsova is not the nearest way to London, but it is de-cidedly the pleasantest in winter. With the exception of a few hills about Kraiova, the exception of a few hills about Kraiova, the ground hardly has a single rise till within a stage of Oneova. It was quite exhibitating to scanner over it for hours together without halt or check.

I passed a pleasant afternoon at Kraiova, and was sumptionally entertained by the post-master—a Wallachian officer of some importance—although I had no letter of introduction to him. Kraiova is a pretty, clean, comfortable place; by far the most inviting of the Wallachian towns, and I should have been by no means sorry to pass a few days there. It seemed to boast an agreeable and hospitable society. My host told me there were balls and parties for every day in the week during carnival time. There is capital shooting in the neighbourhood, a very good hotel recently built, and of which the natives are rather proud; in short, better head-quarters for a sporting party could hardly be found in the Principalities.

I have often felt astonished that the banks of the D ambe should have been so neglected by English sportsmen. There is, perhaps, the best shouting now left in Europe to be found there. The bustard is extremely common, the wild goose equally so. Wild ducks, plovers, every sort of waterfowl, awarm in countless thousands. It is impossible for the imagination to conceive their moltitude without having witnessed it. After all, too, the last a notine, grounds are but ten days de-

through all the most beautiful enery of through all the most because it easily of the knine and the Danuse. Living a not only cheap in Wallachia but the people are triendly and hospitable almost become benefit Any person of respectability would find himself living at free quarters during the greater part of his visit. He would never be allowed to come within hail of a Boyard's house without being at once asked to so ourn there as long as he ideased. He would carry away with him many a gentle memory, and would witness some scenes of life so quant and will as to absolutely fascinate him, it he have one

spark of humour or imagination.

While making the best of these thoughts I arrived, in the grey of the morning, at Austrian Orsova, and breakfisted on that odd-looking beefsteak and arthricially compotatoes, which have, I think, become almost as naturalised in Germany as \$100 rkrant From Orsova I rambled on through the Banat, homewards. At Szege lin 1- ; no the railway. It is not a very expecitive or well arranged railway, but it is a great relation to have arrived there, nevertheless. The fatigue of traveling in a half-civiless country, the determined extertions of postmasters and out-of the way immercers are over; and, how pleasant it is to have escape from them, no one can tell better than the persecuted traveller who has just combited a journey through Hungary and the Hand. There are things enough, however, to make a man sad in Hungary besides the pseudations of hotel-keep rs and the difficulties of the road. Austria has never for even what she is pleased to call the rebelies of eighteen It is not a very expedition or the railway.

road. Austria has never for even what also is pleased to call the rebelium of righter, hundred and forty-eight; and she rules or rethis wretched province with a red of ir m. It swarms with political space. The temperaph wires are always at work to convex orders for the arrest or official marder of some bottle. helpless wretch belonging to the liberal party, who may have fallen under the > 14 picion of the paternal government, are arrested in whole societies. If a man, known or believed to hold opinaris at variance with those of the local policements, should be so indiscreet as to invite a few atrocious efforts to crush them. There will as surely be another and a foodal struggle in Hungary, as that day comes after darkness. The period in the world's live to when a nation so provental and to these total lightful journey from England; passing when a nation so powerful and high-spirit st

would calmly bear an organised system of opore-ston, has passed away for ever. In Hungary, therefore, as elsewhere, the In Hungary, therefore, as elsewhere, the doration of the government is merely a question of chances. The democrats, warned by the dreaded experience of the past, will not rise again tall they have a fair prospect of success. Then exeunt the princes of Hapsburg Lorraine, with their whole posse of policemen, garders, scourgers of women, and murderers of the innocent.

of interderers of the intercept.

Still, the present emperor has a little time.

I have and a noble part to play in allowed him, and a noble part to play in history. It is in his power to become one of the greatest and most beloved monarchs who ever ruled an empire. There seems good reason to have hope in him. Young, brave, generous intelligent, what might he not yet do to deserve the lasting esteem and gratitude of millions! It would be melan-choly indee! to disappoint hopes so grave and carnes!. Hitherto the prospect, however, has been dark moded. All the silliest tradicons of the imperial court have been revived. The constitut on has been most impolitically abolohed with every circumstance of scorn and ignosiny. The liberties of the land have be a annihilated one after the other; the was and variant have been banished in crowds; the public money has been squan-dered on an army of six hundred thousand men, which it is dangerous to employ, and ministration permanently to maintain; all from the country, till the commerce of Austria is the st entirely in the hands of Jews and monopolists. Meanwhile the tone of public more are in about on a par with that which more day is about on a par with that which exists in forgland during the merry reign of Charles the Second. The nobles are of course the decament faction. They are needy, illeducated, and overbearing. They monopolice all priviles and honours. There is no justice for the poor; no security for the moddle classes. The taxes which support the lasted super came to the state are eked out by gover each lotteries, government monopoles is a manual railways,—everything that can infer each with healthy enterprise, and can later to with healthy enterprise, and permanently oppositive resources of a nation. To those may be added a forced paper cur-racy, usually at from thirty to seventy per cent. document and a national bankruptey every now and then.

Posing on through Saxony, Prussia, Lativer, Brunswick, things are still very

Harover, Remewick, things are still very man in the reme.
The whole of Garmany seems to take its some train Austria. The constitution of Practic except in name only. In paramy, the less said about the government the bester. If mover, and most of the smaller states of Garmany are essentially Russian, as far a regords the feelings and available for the configurations of the configurations of the colleges. As for the

They have been so cowed and dispirited, that they make no sign; trey stupity them-selves with beer and smoke, and let the affairs of the world go on : Itogether without their interference. The race of statesmen and lawgivers which seemed to start so and denly into lite a lew years ago, and entirely. The moral acmost here is unhealthy and close, as if heavy with a thunderstorm. The traveller only begins to emerge into a purer air when he gets into Belgium; though there, the state of affairs is anything but satisfactory. The truth is, the present state of Germany and the countries immediately bordering on it, is constantly reminding one of the quaint old fable of the bundle of sticks. There is no union, no common object. If the liberal party could once fairly understand each other; if the chiefs would meet and agree dealy into life a few years ago, had vanished entirely. The moral amos, here is unhealthy together on some means of acting in contogether on some means of acting in convert, their griefs might be relieved at once: but it is inconceivable how a people, coming obviously from a common stock, speaking the same language, having the same manners and cust one, should be so disunited, factious, and jeal as of each other. There are thirty-four independent sovereigns in Germany, and all are constantly engaged in a species of social war. Find hereign taxes plays at king and constants. Each levies taxes, plays at king and courtiers, and manages the affairs of his subjects as he and manages the afters of his subjects as he pleases. Thus Germany, instead of being a mighty whole, bearing a fair part in the councils of nations and holding her share of legitimate influence throughout the world, is split up into all sorts of contemptible atoms, whose friendship or enmity are alike worthless, and signify nothing. The important weight in a positive form a class areas of the will not interparate with the apart: they will not intermarry with the rost of the community; they will not mix or associate with them on equal terms; they will not employ themselves in useful trades or professions, considering such occupations entirely beneath their dignity. They arragate to themselves, therefore, all public employments; they swarm in the piping and taboring armies, and about the tunny little courts. Every individual belonging to a family of which the chaef possess is a title, takes the title also. Thus, it is no uncommon that the fore two or three score of courses and thing to see two or three score of counts and countesses bearing the same name, and all disquained thereby from earning an honest livelihood.

Now, we certainly have no right to judge other countries by our own peculiar standard of right and wrong; but there must surely of right and wrong; but there must surely be something radeally rotten in all this, and the end is not yet. Germany is very much The constitution of Private execute in name only. In the same state as was frame under the same state as was frame under the same in the last as and about the government the hoster. However, and most of the smaller states of Government executed by known, as far a regords the feelings and them govern the hoster are regords the feelings and them govern the property of the commonalty, meantine, are people, to govern to have fallen asleep, and superior to them both in worth, some, and to be labouring under a kind of nightmare; education. How long, therefore, they will

TRUFFLES.

I PRESUME you are cognisant of the famous receipt for dressing cucumber, or cowcumber, as persons who are proud of their gentility pronounce it: pare it thick, slice it thin; add oil, papper, vinegar and salt, and then throw it out of the window. Now, what do you think that dishful of ugly, brown-black, mis-shapen balls in the restaurant's window is good for, except to toss scornfully on the rubbish heap, without any preliminary dressing at all-unless it were thought worth while to reserve them as missiles composed of desiceated dirt to cast at the head of the first perjured witness or receiver of stolen goods whom fate shall conduct to the pillory? Do they look like anything edible by the mouth of humanity? Would you not pronounce them as safe from attack by civilised jaws as the calcined loaves and the cinderfied fruits dug calcined loaves and the cinderfied fruits dug up from the housekeepers' rooms of Pomup from the housekeepers rooms or rom-peil? Would you give a guinea a-pound for such repulsive-looking objects as those, except on the hypothesis of their rightful claim to a place in your own private museum of horrors, where they might rank with coprelites, fossilised spawn of gigantic antediluvian toads, or corns extracted from elephants' toes and laid to ripen in rotten sawdust! But you may safely pay your guinea n-pound for them, sometimes. Because like hops and other capricious vegetables, their price will suddenly rise so high as to allow you to make a satisfactory trans-action. Their price will also vary in the other direction—at the close of a productive black-ball summer—so as to remler the transaction unsatisfactory. Nevertheless, you will have your stock of Truffles in hand, and their possession ought to recompense you for

their possession ought to recompense you for every other disappointment.

It is curious that the very name of things so distasteful to many palates, and so unsightly to most eyes, should be a sort of watchword which epitomises the perfection of good cheer and the acme of the culinary art amongst a people who pride themselves on excellence in that line. The phrases, truffled turkey-hen and partridge with truffles, are severally and separately sufficient to inare severally and separately sufficient to indicate that a grand gastronomic treat is impending. No one would combine the two tegether; it would be overdoing the thing—gilding refined gold, painting the lily, and gilding refined gold, painting the lily, and adding perfume to the violet. Curious, again, that truffles, I think—I don't quite exactly know, for truffles are altogether a paradox, a mystery, a contradiction, an engma—but I am diffidently of opinion that truffes derive their renown as a condiment not so much from their flavour as from the

consent to remain despised and oppressed? is a quality of their substance. It is not the question I do not desire to answer.

At Ostend I took boat, and a few hours tified, but also that of feeling and of pleasurable me to London.

The able action and exercise of the organs employed in mastication and deglutition. The Arab couriers prevent their salivary glands from falling askeep by perseveringly sucking pellets of gum. As a schoolboy I have chewed a lump of India-rubber for hours together. I have witnessed the performance of a similar operation, for a shorter period. on a mouthful of nuts. I have seen toothics elderlies derive innocent satisfaction from the long-continued mumbling of a morsel of gristle. Truffle-eating borders upon these enjoyments, besides osculating or gently touching upon sundry others. Young people are rarely capable of appreciating truffles, nor are working people. It requires an education to understand them properly. But for those gifted with the true faculty—respectable old gentlemen, for instance, who have no other thought or pleasure than enting and drinking—truffles are the suprlative of edible substances. They are sought for with avidity; they are deon a mouthful of nuts. I have seen toothicas lative of edible substances. They are sought for with avidity; they are devoured with the eyes before they reach the mouth; their odour causes every nerve to tremble; and the effect on the pulate of the ecstatic gourmand is a sensation of ineffolio voluptuousness. To virgin palates a slight amount of apprehensive trapidation is combined with the foretaste of anticipated pleasure. On first receiving a piece of truffle into your mouth, you are afraid it should turn out masty, and it proves tolerably nice; you doubt whether you can chew it properly, and your molars succeed beyond your experience. and your molars succeed beyond your expectation. It coquettes with your palate, plays with your tongue, and challenges your teeth with pleasing provocation. When you have got it safe, you don't know whether to treat it as a bit of gutta-percha, a slee of crisp carrot, a fleshy mushroom, or a solid Brazil. carrot, a fleshy mushroom, or a solid Brazil nut. It is the puzzle which pleases—the perplexity which proves so piquant. With a slice of beef, a baked potato, the wing of a flowl, or a spoonful of green peas on your plate, you go on with your meal straightforwardly enough; you chat your ordinary wine with every-day indifference. But with a coal-black slice of the subterranean fungus adorning the prongs of your fork, you assume the right to make gallant speeches to your fair neighbour opposite; you make sume the right to make gallant speeches to your fair neighbour opposite; you make ready, present, and line your wit, if you have any, and find the best substitute you can if you haven't; you put middle-aged Bordeaux aside, and take to ancient Burgundy; in short, there are truffles on the dinner-table.

More contraricties. It would be a shame and untrue to say, that women are greater epicores than men; and yet! think—I wouldn't positively affirm it as a Christian gentleman—but I have a great idea that truffles have been even more highly patronesed by ladies

than by their lords. The only person I know of as having believed she had succeeded in cultivating truffles is a female horticulturist, as you shall hear by-and-by. I once saw in the streets of a town that stands in the centre of a truffle-growing district, a truffle-hunter arrive one blazing afternoon, with his bag of treasure-trove langing over his shoulder, followed by his pert little truffle-dog and his attendant humble comrade, car-rying the long-handled stub or spade wherewith the cryptogamic nuggets had been brought to light and to kitchen glory. The landlord of the hotel where I stayed (a cook worthy of apotheosis after death, which I hope won't take place till I have had the opportunity of eating a few more of his dinners) caught sight of him, and laid hands

upon his bag.

"How much the pound?" he asked, in a quarter of a syllable and an eighth of a breath.

"Five france," said the fungus-finder, in-

"I will take them all," slowly and solemnly interposed from behind a richly-dressed, hat-wearing lady of fifty. "Follow me to the house, young man." There was determination in her eye and command in her voice.

"But, madaine, I—" protested the land-lord-cook.

"Certainly, if monsieur absolutely cannot do without," rejoined the decided dame; till a contest of politeness rose as to who should yield the truthe of discord. She was so excessively polite, so thoroughly resolved not to vex and annoy M. Mayonnaise by rob-hing his table d'hôte of its handsomest bing his table d'hôte of its handsomest dish, that the poor Frenchman had no help for it. She sailed away with the truffle-hunter, the wiry little dog, the spade-bearing Pylades, and the whole bag of truffles, driving them before her for safety's sake. We

had no truffles for dinner that day.

Are truffles invigorating, restorative, and exciting meats? French popular literature sets up an unanimous shout in the affirmative; and yet the matter is far from clear About truffes there is nothing proved nor certain; they are the Cynthias of the minute whom you must catch in a cloud, and do the best you can with them afterwards. My own medical attendant, whom I have confiown medical attendant, whom I have confidentially consulted as to the constitutional effects of truffles, says: As restoratives, truffles are almost always taken in combination with Tokay, Burgundy, and other powerful wines; it may, therefore, be the wine alone which produces the beneficial effect, if any. They are not in themselves at all exciting, any more than mushrooms, morels, laver, cheese-mould, fern-root, bird's-nest soup, or any other cryotogamous condinest soup, or any other cryptogamous condi-ment—and yet they are. You never dream of eating truffles when you are quietly suppling or dining alone or in family. When you eat truffles, it is always at a grand enter-

tainment, with abundance of succulent and high-seasoned dishes, with extra wine both in quantity and quality, and under the mental spur applied by cheerful, witty, and imaginative conversation. I therefore do think after you have been feasting on truffles, it will be only prudent to exercise all the self-control and circumspection you can. But he did not hint a single word about repudiating truffles, friendly dinners, or little suppers to

a moderate amount.

My gentle readers will now perceive that there is more in truffles than they expected to find beneath their dingy warty skin. Well might the Messieurs Moynier fire up indigmantly in the preface to their complete Trea-tise on the Truffle (only four hundred ortavo pages): Many persons with whom we have con-versed about our work, have held this language to us. But there can't be much to say about such a limited subject, can there? Observa-tions like that caused us to re-read our manu-Observascript several times; and we searched hard to discover lengthinesses and superfluities which required to be cut out or abbreviated. which required to be cut out or abbreviated. But we have found nothing of the kind. We have judged it indispensable to say all and to print all. In France, the influential effects of truffles spread like oil over the waters of society. They have even given their name to an epoch: Villèle's ministry was called the ministère truffé. A truffled paté or a truffled fowl will suffice to soothe an angry friend, to open the doors of a future father-in-law, and even to turn the inside the lock of official gateways. Turkeys in their natural state are a source of immense By their aid, many a farmer pays his rent, many a farmer's daughter saves her dowry. But in the mere financial view of the question, truffled turkeys claim special notice. Thirty years ago it was calculated that from the beginning of November to the end of February there were consumed in Paris three hundred truffled turkeys per day, or a total of thirty-six thousand. The average price of every turkey so prepared was at least twenty france, or seven hundred and twenty thousand francs in all-a pretty tolerable sum to be put in circulation by the partnership between a single species of bird and fungus. An equal amount of money was assumed to be laid out in the purchase of the truffled fowls, pheasants, chickens, and partridges which tuntalise the appetites of partridges which turnans. francless men from the windows of restnudisplays have often caused me to observe that the close relations between truffles and pigs are both curious, retributive, and reciprocal. Piggy was the first to discover the trulle for his own private eating; man took the truffle away, and ate it himself; and man's dog pushed the pig on one side, and helped his master in truffle-hunting instead. The porkbutcher now unites the two old acquaintances in one common grave—the pare, sausage, torical pigis-feet, tracked bear shead, or whatever other form of combination my be deviced. As pigs were the first to uproof and destroy traffles, so truffles now enjoy the sweet revenue of increasing the shouts of joy

sweet revenue of increasing the shouts of joy and triumph which are uttered over the carcinos of inclination, especially in the eruel is a where back-publings are concerned. For the few persons who do not know, it may be as well to state what truffles are. In an elegant nand by operion tuber are leaved lumins for a carrious plant; a fungus which mows completely underground; a vectable which has neither leaves, roots. vessible which has neither leaves, roots, Truffe laye been found in England, in the downs of Wiltshire and Hampshire, and in the sandy districts of Norfolk, as at Holkh. m : but as drought and heat are necessary to their perfection, British-grown truffles are worth but little. Where the vine thrives, there thrive truffles; in Burgundy well worth but little. Where the vine thrives, there thrive trifles; in Burgundy well-better move to the south. About Perigord, and at the foot of the Pyrenees, the truffle best produces its irregular lumps of vege-table Resh. There are animals that you would hardly take to be animals, and there are plants that few would believe to be plants. The trum'e is one on the latter list, plants. The trude is one on the latter list, as wild and unmanageable in its nature as is possible to be. Pliny called it the excrement of the earth. It thives best in a mixture of gravel and clay, on spots which the sun occasionally (and o casionally only) bakes to the heat of a natural oven. Favourable localities are the slopes of hills, the skirts of woods, the uncuitivated brooklets, and the shadowy plants between the arms of vast cake nonplans beneath the arms of vast oaks, pop-lars, birches, and willows. Like mushrooms, birches, and willows. the files like to make a sudden growth after thunder-storms and heavy summer showers. It was believed that storm-clouds lay them, as a len lays e.g.s. Some say they are found as a ren as a case. Some say they are round more plentifully at full and new moon. It is clear that a night search at the former bright period most greatly aid the dogs in finding, by the d w on the ground causing the scent Hogs were used for the discovery of -degs are now. A tame grunter, to lie. Hogs were used for the discovery of truffles—dogs are now. A tame grunter, who knew the taste of truffles, was taken out for a rural walk; he was sure to make a point at every spot where savoury odours arese from the ground; his proboseis went to work; a cry of exultation escaped him at the mound t when the dainty morsel was attained; then came down upon him a attained; then came down upon him a shower of thundering blows with the stick; his master compelled him to relinquish the prize, and content himself with a handful of acoust. Truffle dogs do not require such prize, and centent himself with a transscotts. Truffle does do not require such a vere discipline; they are better trained eight ounces, though much heavier specticular and better treated. They are little wire, are on record. The chances are that the forteen pound truffle, seen by Haller, was not of to give themselves airs. They look as if they wanted to let you know, "You may rule, the peasant extractors, the peasants who

patronise me or not, just as you like. Lara a perfectly independent dog. If truttle inding should hoppen to fail, I can at any time ears my living (and a comfor able one, too) by rat-catching." They are taught the smell and taste of trailles; they scratco the ground when they scent the black pearl hadden beneath; and a few trailles are now and then given them for their pains; for man's pro-pensity to troffles is shared in common by dogs, foxes, wolves, and swine.

There are many men who make a trade of

truffle gathering without any animal assistant whatever. Most of those with whom I have talked on the subject, refer the faculty (when man fested by men) to a kind of instinct, which they exercise without being able to give account of it. As Fine-ear, in the fairy tale, could hear the grass grow, so those Fine-noses, or Fine-eyes, smif or perceive the hidden tuber. They can look through a milistone which has no hole in the centre. They protehd to take rank with the treasure-lizcoverers or water-diviners whom the mysterious agency of a hazel red conducts to their object. But in this there is nothing really miraculous; the human mind cannot always retrace the steps which itself has taken. (al culating boys have given correct arithmetical culating boys have given correct artificative in results, which they would have a difficulty in working out on paper. There are market-gardeners' children about Parss, who, on locking over a bed of seeding stocks only in their second leaf, will tell you which will turn out single and which double, though they cannot describe the signs by which they are guided. As old experience doth they are guided. As old experience doth attain to something like prophetic strain, so truffle hunters may acquire night viisattain to something like prophetic strain, so truffle-hunters may acquire nively discriminating powers by practice. Our ward symptoms for their guidance are far a surbeing wanting. Where the gravely surface is bare of vegetation; where the sick, it gives a hollow sound; where there are slight little swellings and burgings of the soil; where there are certain unusual cracks; where they clouds of minute blue dies hover constantly over the same spot, as if they had found a nidus for their eggs.—
there is the place to search for truftl-s. Not, there is the place to search for trufles. Not, however, in too great a hurry; for if the ground is broken before the trufles are rips, the bed suffers, even although the earth bare turned immediately,—truffles being, like others of their class, gregarious and social in their mode of growth. But the more numerous they are on the same spot, the less is the volume of the individual specimena. Truffles years greatly in size from two or three limits. vary greatly in size, from two or three lines to five or six inches in diameter. There average bigness is less than that of a beh's

are up and sell again, and the local specu-tions, whether in Perigord, Dauphiny, or Provence, are not over sampulous. They have divors modes of fraud which they frequently end by to put of inferior merchandise instead at first-rate, which the purchaser fancies he is

In the first place, they easily make large trell's out of little ones. The process is sincle. They pin together, by means of thorns or small wooden skewers, a number of small traffles. The block of traffles once

ferrord, they till up all the gaps with moist court; they cement with mastic or putty every chink till the cluster of ordinary every chink till the cluster or oranner, truther is taken for one enormous monster. Truthe-fanciers swallow the buit. The and is bought and sold again, like the Pigot diamond. To the final consumer, when the phenomenon is washed, is revealed the bitter

Aithough they refuse to grow on wet land (as well as in ground that has been manured) fiveurable to their development. If accounts are correct, truffles must enter the cata-logue of plants gifted with the power of rection. It has been remarked that in August, when the truffle begins to ripen, which covers it. It even appears to mount with an electricity of sufficient force to cause the consionally to come out of the ground into the open air. How this is effected has not been stated. It is generally believed that if treffer are once disturbed in the ground, although they have no root-fibres, they cause to . row, and remain stationary, imbibing no forther nutriment from the earth. They seem to lie there like an animal in its matrix. or a seed in its capsule. If left in quiet, they in rease insensibly. The season for truffle doing is from the month of October to the ens of December, and sometimes even up to If not gathered when arrived at the traff they rot, and their remains serve as of mees At the beginning of summer—so let or later, necording to the warmth of the worther—the little truffles are found, at ut the size of peas, reddish without and the within. The subternanean peas gradually ingrease in bigness. At a later period white within. The subterranean peas gradually increase in bigness. At a later period, they are taken up in the shape of what are called white truthes, which are immature, at d comparatively insipid in flavour. al says he en considered impossible to propawe truffles by artificial culture. It is nevergais fruilles by artiferial culture. there's stated that Madame Nagel, the properties of the Chateau de la Monssidre, at Ezat. Canton of Font-de-Vegle, has discovered the solution of the problem. It is just, however, to mention that the honour of the discovery (if a discovery there be) is due to her female servant, who advised Madame, in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, to plant little

truffles, and the peelings of larger ones, at the foot of a hornbeam-hodge which grew in her garden. The attempt succeeded; the truffles increased and multiplied, and, in '6fty-three, many amateur gardeners belonging to Macon verified the fact, and recorded it in the journal of the hortenbural society of that the pournal of the hortenbural society. of that town. The spell is therefore broken; truilles have been made subjects of horticulture. It now only remains to perfect the art by carefully studying, in the localities themselves, the nature of the soil where they grow spontaneously, and the conditions involvable to their development.

In the kingdom of cooks, the truffle has sometimes been unjustly considered as an auxiliary only, and not as a principal. It has been asserted, "The truttle is a perfume like roses, thy me, vanilla, saffron, garlie, or lemon; it ought, the iefore, to be employed as a substance communicating its special odour. Its flesh is strengthicse and insipid, nearly as worthless as an orange from which the juice has been squrezed." But-say French culihas been squeezed," But-say French culinary artists—the truffle being thus inadenary artists—the truthe being thus mane-quately appreciated, it is easy to conceive into what serious errors cooks have fallen, and why so many of the profession are incom-petent to dress the tubercule. Not to recog-mise precious qualities in the flesh of the truffle, not to consider it as capable of forming a dish without any foreign aid, is a grand and fatal mistake, which has prevented the and fatal mistake, which has due enjoyment of the fungus. The French are circumspect in communicating to strangers their modes, however imperfect, of dressing truffles. During the few years that the truffle has become better known, there has been much vain-boasting respecting modes of preparation, which were stumbled on by chance, and persevered in without attempting to discover something better. Consequently, the knowledge of trulles and their culinary treatment is still in a melancholy and benighted state in many countries of civilized Europe. In England, scarrely any but French cooks make use of truffles, which they procooks make use of trumes, which they pro-cure from France. Of course, those gentle-men, when they emigrated, carried with them the dark-age, barbarous methods. To the evils of ignorance was joined the national obstitucy, which will not be persuaded that truffles do not want to enter into combination with envenne pepper, Durham mustard, and high-spiced sauces, which deprive the truffles high-spiced sauces, which deprive the truffles -already injured by their long journey-of whatever aroma is left remaining. It is only lately that the English have pronounced in favour of truttles, and that the consumption has mounted beyond the merest tritle. All the truffles consumed in England by the gournand world come from France. They are sent over fresh during the season, and are; afterwards preserved in bottles. The fresh ones may be good; but the chances are against the quality of those in bottles. In general, the English are inferior commissions

in affairs of the table—they do not stand first-rate as gastrosophs. The alliance will probably enlarge their views and improve their faculties in that important respect. Hitherto, the British palate has not been apt to appreciate the perfection and delicacy of dishes finished off with the height of artistic excellence. The infatuation of eating underdone ment has rendered it insensible to the sublimities of gourmandise. But truffles are beginning to make their way.

Toulouse, from its position, has excellent truffles, which are more studiously manipu-lated than in many other parts of France. Toulouse has no truffle-merchants, properly so called; the preparation of the article is in the hands of persons, who make it up in patés, in terrines, or earthen pans covered with grease, in pots, and in tin-cases with fewl or game. In listening to the language and the Garonienne assurance of these gentry, you would believe them to be in possession of the most advanced secrets of the gastronomic They fix the price current, and despatch their circulars to every great person in the four quarters of the world. In all the towns and villages of Perigord, truffles are employed as at Toulouse, with the exception of a few slight differences. Fowls and game are manipulated "aux truffes," after a preliare manipulated "aux truffes," after a prei-minary cooking in boiling fat, a seasoning, and a spicing. But in Perigord the atrocity is committed of peeling the truffles and pounding the rind to enter into the compo-sition of stuffings—a villanous piece of roguery, seeing that the asperities of the tuber do not contain an atom of its perfume. A great number of small towns, all situated in this number of small towns, all situated in this part of France, have an enormous renown for the preparation of truffles in the above-mentioned forms, and also in galantines, or boned fowls. Some of the principal are—Ruffee, Périgeux, Barbézieux. Angoulême (where naughty men steep truffles in water, to make naughty men steep truffies in water, to make them weigh heavier), Limoges, Brives, Sarlat, Sonillac, Bergérac, and Nérac; but at the last place, they are apt to be too heavy-handed with bacon and spices. Cunning virtuosi hereabouts hold to the doctrine that to make a perfect truffied turkey, the truffes ought to be introduced immediately after the hird is killed and placked. hird is killed and plucked.

The Alsacians, and notably the people of Strasbourg, have the merit of rendering due justice to truffles. Pastrycooks mostly rule the culinary art. Some half a score of these personages in Strasbourg are the sole makers of the immense number of truffled goose-liver pies which are spread throughout the face of the globe. Some of them are extremely rich, and consider themselves of no little importance, in consequence of their frequent interactions, until the moment of delivery arrived. "If I lose the make, it had better not lose my customer;" a reflection which helped to calm his agitation. He resigned himself to fate, waited on his pastry and consider themselves of no little importance, in consequence of their frequent interactions, and notably the people of the was pent in useless lamentations, until the moment of delivery arrived. "If I lose the make, it had better not lose my customer;" a reflection which helped to calm his agitation. He resigned himself to fate, waited on his patron, and cotton nightcap in hand, stated the unfortunate disappointment with the humblest expressions of penitent affliction. The great man only laughed, like an apathetic German as the was, gave up the instalment solatory advect, "Mein Herr, de next time you make a grand paté, you vill take your timensions petter!"

which were indicated by making a circle with the finger on an unusually large diningtable. If historians do not err, six hundred francs was the price agreed on. Four-and-twenty hours were allowed for its delivery, a bandsome sum on account was paid, and a penalty in case of failure was fixed, more to insure exactitude than as any indemnity to the illustrious personage. The artist was by no means surprised at receiving such a commission, because he was aware that the Germans are fond of setting large joints upon their table. It is not rare to see a whole roe-buck figuring in the midst of a substantial dinner.

Our pate-maker, overjoyed beyond measure at the order he had received, immediately went to work, suspended his other labours, slaughtered hecatombs of gerse, procured the required supply of livers, recruited cured the required supply of livers, recruited several supernumerary assistants, kneaded the paste, and began by laying the foundation of the paté, which promised to assume the proportions of a brewer's mash-tub. That done, and the circumferential wall of crust built round it, he filled his paté, trimmed it, affixed the decorative architecture, put the top on, and added the glazing. It was already a charming editiee, highly finished in the composite order. Night was far advanced when the exploit was completed. It was the proudest day of his life. He marched in ecstacy round his marvellous work. He regaled his aides-de-camp with bumpers of Rhine wine. One thing alone annoved him;—that there would not be time to carry this master-piece in triumph through every street master-piece in triumph through every street of the town. In short, after a few moments delay, naturally enough, spent in copious libations, the oven was heated, its temperature tested, and at last the pate, borne by four of the most eminent disciples, presented itself at the oven-door. But,—overwhelming sorrow,—he abruptly retreated three paces backwards, smitten with sudden stupefaction. backwards, smitten with sudden stuperaction. The oven-door was too narrow — too narrow by half! "Malediction, rage, despair," they shouted. "We are lost—undone!" "The reputation of my old-established house is destroyed," said the chief. "Kill me, my friends. I cannot survive the blow." They tried in vain, in all directions, to get the pate in cornerwise or anyhow. The time They tried in vain, in all directions, to get the pâté in cornerwise or anyhow. The time was spent in useless lamentations, until the moment of delivery arrived. "If I lose the pâté, I had better not lose my customer;" a reflection which helped to calm his agitation. He resigned himself to fate, waited on his patron, and cotton nightcap in hand, stated the unfortunate disappointment with the unfortunate disappointment with the creat man only laughed, like an auathetic.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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THE BEECHGROVE FAMILY.

"So you think, my lad, that you would be quite happy if you had such a hall as that we past this morning, with a park of old trees and a lake with swans and a terraced garden,

and a lake with swans and a terraced garden, and pheasants feeding and crowing in every covert. Ay, but you're wrong, my lad. It isn't halls or parks, or anything that money can buy, that can make you happy."

The speaker was a white-haired, hale old man, with that clear tinted complexion that speaks of an active and not too hard life spent out of doors. From his dress he might have been a small farmer, or a head gamekeeper, or a bailiff, or chief gardener; and, from his way of apeaking, it seemed as if he had been in the habit of conversing with his superiors, and had caught up some of their phrases and tones.

"Why, here," he said, pulling out of his pocket a printed auctioneer's catalogue, "here is a paper I picked up in the bar of the station hotel, that tells a very different story of the Place where I passed more than fifty years

of my life."

of my life."
There was not a prettier estate in this county than Beechgrove Park. A thousand acres in a ring fence, beside common rights and other property that went with it. It was in the family of Squire Corburn, they say, for five hundred years and more. But the last three squires dipped it each deeper than the other; for they all drank and all played deep, and drinking and dice don't go well together. Squire Andrew—he was the last—lived as his forefathers had done; kept his hounds and drove his four-in-hand, and had open house always at race time, and strong hounds and drove his four-in-hand, and had open house always at race time, and strong are and bread and cheese for every one that called any day in the week; all which would not have hurt him so much if he had not always had either the dice-box or the brandy-bottle in his hand. He was the last of a bad sort who were called jolly good fellows, because they flung their money about to every lad or lass that would join their mad wicked prouks.

Well, one evening he rolled off the sofa after dinner: and, before his poor wife could unlose his handkerchief, he was dead. Then it turned out that, for three years, he had only been living at the Place on sufferance,

that everything there, land, house-furniture, pictures, horses, carringes—everything, belonged to old lawyer Rigors of Elexborough. Squire Corbara left no sons; only two daughters. So the poor lady gathered up the little that was left to her, with a small income the Squire could not touch, and was

My father was bailiff over the home-farm, under Squire Corburn, and I was his deputy. So you may believe we had a nice place of it.

of it.

The old lawyer had the character of being abardman in business, and had mortgages over half the estates in the county; but as soon as Beechgrove Park came into his possession he altered his ways, retired from business, kept on all the old head servants, and carried on everything much the same as before; only, as all was done in perfect order, he got more for his money. Except that he parted with the hounds, he put down no part of the Corburn state. He furnished the best rooms; engaged a first-rate cook; laid in some famous wine in addition to the old stock; and, by these means, with capital pheasant preby these means, with capital pheasant pre-serves, and the reputation of having money to lend, he was soon visited by almost all the first lend, he was soon visited by almost all the first people in the county. At first the old lawyer seemed to take a new lease of life, looking after his gardens and farm, and riding out to pay visits; for he was a handsome old fellow, not much above sixty—a widower, and mothers thought he might marry again.

But it was too much for him at last.

But it was too much for him at last. He took to drinking, and played such tricks with low company, that he went back as fast as he had gone forward, and one by one, was dropped by his new friends; for, although they might pardon strange behaviour in one of themselves, they could not put up with the liberties of a man that some remembered an office-boy in Blexborough. The end of it was that he made jolly companions of whoever would be jolly with him, and ended by marrying the daughter and barmaid of Eob Carter, of the Swan Inn, a bouncing girl of eighteen.

Now, the lawyer had a son whom he had brought up for the church, and was at college long enough; though he never became a parson, nor did he agree at all with his father. He used to be away a good dead, was excessed.

the returned with his wife, a very nice lady.

The father and san, whom we all called the young Squire, did not get on at all together—they were so different. The old lawyer was lond, noisy, and hearty: the young Squire was pale, shy, and si'ent. He had not matried according to his father's liking, and he did not push himself forward. He liked his book and bated the lattle. hated the bottle.

When lawyer Rigors married Kitty Carter, the young Squire left the park and went abroad travelling in foreign parts,—France, Italy, and such like; for the old gentleman made them a handsome allowance. At length the old gentleman went too fast, though Kitty took all the care of him she could,—was taken sick, lingered for several months and died

months, and died,

Of course, the young Squire was sent for : it turned out that he had left a curious will that no one could understand, with all sorts of directions; but, above all, a great income and one of his best estates to Kitty, for life, if she did not marry. They say the look the Squire gave Kitty, when the will was read, was awful. And that he flung out of the room without noting the hand—Kitty, who was always a friendly soul—held out to him. Now, when the old lawyer died, I will say there was not a more beautiful place in the kingdom. You went up a drive through the

little park, after passing the lo lge-gate under an avenue of beach and oak-trees-that led straight to the lake fed by the springs that flowed out in a waterfall and went murmur-ing along for miles; a stream swarming with trout. On the other side the lake was the Place, a stone house, standing behind some terraced gardens that led down to the water, with rich parti-coloured beds dotting over the green lawns danked by groves and bright ever reens. Behind the house the lawns and gardens rolled until bounded by plantations where vistas opened views of the distant hads and the pasture fields of the home-farm. The range of walled gardens were placed on the warm south side, quite out of sight ; there, the best fruit-trees had been grown ever since the monks made the gardens. The old lawyer spent thousands in building graperies and poneries, for he prided himself on having the best of everything.

To walk out on an autumn evening on

those terrace gardens, all red and gold amb green with flowers, turf, and evergreen, and see the lake where the coots and wildducks played, and the swans sailed proudly, and the many coloured trees of the park, where the pet deer lay or browzed, with everything as perfect as men and money, seythes and brooms and weeders, could make it. Often I was up by daybreak to see that the gardeners made all ready for lawyer Rigors to see, when he came from his annual

until his father came into the property. Then 'suites of rooms, one leading from another, he returned with his wife, a very nice lady.

The father and son, whom we all called the lery, where the family portraits hung and young Squire, did not get on at all together—they were so different. The old lawyer and his friends played in wet weather.

The old lawyer was buried before the letter

telling of his death reached the son, so Mrs. Kitty cleared and went to her jointure house and from that up to London, where she used young Mr. Rigers, and heard the will read.

We had orders to get all ready to receive m. I mind it as if it was vesterday, soong him. I mind it as if it was testerory, the big travelling coach, piled with trems, and imperials, come up the avenue and was round the lake, as fast as four horses could trot. The children had their faces all out of the coaches wild with delight, and in a trot. The children had their faces all out of the windows, wild with delight, and in a minute after the coach stopped at the belldoor, the boys were out and over the gardens pulling the fruit, and into the stables and then back to the house, and running races through the corridors.

At first, the young Squire, as we still edled him, kept up something of his father's style, though he put down four horses to a pair, and got rid of a lot of idle men servant. The calls of those gentry that came, he returned, but excused himself on the ground of his health, and the education of his children

from receiving formal company.

The children, were very happy—every day hunting out new stores and treasures, riding the ponies and donkeys, and making all sorts of pets in the preserves and on the home-form. But month by month expenses were gut down, until at length the Squire sent for me -having taken it into his head that I was the steadlest follow there - and need that I was the steadiest follow there—and told me that he was not what people thought but very poor, and that everything must be made to pay. The gamekeepers were all to go, except two woo linen, and all the fines gardeners. The old lawyer had a dozen, one for each department. All the land that could was to be let, and the fruit and vegetables sold. He did not say this at brist, but he hinted, and I understood him. Do the loss hinted, and I understood him. Do the hest you can, says he, don't ask me for money, an i I shall expect the house well kept in dury and poultry, and the land in hand to pay a fair rent.

In two years you never saw such a min' I verily believe the master's fractions mean ways broke his lady's heart; anyhow she pined away and died before the worst. After her death the Squire went fairly wild on

saving.

You never saw such a change in a place in your life. The coach-horses were not all your life. The coach-holses were not sold, but set to plough and cart. A many of the fancy beds for flowers were sowed with potatoes, turnips, mangolds, and such like. The lawns were let go to grass, and even grazed over. And as for the park, it was grazed down to the bare roots with stock at so much a-head, until no one would some any And the house was a fine old place with more in to be starved. Geese and ducks were

reared in the garden-temples and fed in the basin- made for gold fish.

Everything was left to fall to rack and ruin, except just what could be turned to profit, or what, at any rate, the muster fancied to be a profit. He took a fancy to me from the first, because you see I was a sort of Jack of all trades, and did not mind turning Jack of all trades, and did not mind turning my hand to anything. So I grew from that to be a kind of bailiff. We had a deal of fruit to sell in Blexborough, which though not such a hig place as it is now since these railways were found out, was beginning to be a pretty good market. Then there was the hay and the potatoes, the sheep and the pigs, and I managed all. So, of course, I got to speak to the Squire pretty often, and I said to him once, "I think Squire, if you're for farming you'd do bester to take a regular farm, and let on sale this place that's planned for pleasure-grounds, and never was meant for profit." Eat, bless you, he'd never listen to any common sense, for I believe the truth was he could not bear to put money out of his pocket, and many and many a time when he wouldn't order a joint of meat from the butcher's, he'd have pork, that, what with one experiment or another, would cost him a shilling the pound.

a shilling the pound.
One day, he made up his mind to break a fine mere of land to plough. Says I, "We want some horses very bad, Squire, for that

"Why. Robin," says he my name's Robin Spudder — haven't you the four horses?"
"Lord, sir," says I, "they're no good at all. They may do in the light carts, or for harrowing, though that wasn't what they were meant for; but for ploughing, you see, you want some weight and substance, and it's my belief yea'll kill the horses, and do no good to the land."

The Square was a mild spoken gentleman,

unless you put his back up; but, when I said thus his eyes flared like a forcing furnace. Says he. "Robin are you in a conspiracy to ruin me like all the rest? Those horses cost my father four hundred pound. you told me yourself they would not amil fetch twenty pound a-piece, and now you want me to buy more!"

Well it was no use saying anything, for I dare not tell him that he had ruined the poor brutes with feeding them on a mess of petatues and chaff-stuff, he had learned

of a French book.

Another time, I've known him somer than give an order for a load of coals, make me cut down two ornamental trees.

So you see, we lived on the farm off veretables, poultry that didn't sell, skimmik; all the cream went for butter; pork, and such old fat wethers as were not fit

unless it was bruised, and obliged to be content with dry bread, when we were nonling pounds and pounds of fine butter; talking among themselves how different it was when their poor Ma was alive.

But they were so young that they did not feel the change much, as long as they could play about; and, of course, when their father's back was turned, they had the best of everything. We, servants out of the house, did very well, our wages were regular, and, of courwe had the best of everything that was sold,

beside our perquisites.

I lived in one of the park lodges, and made myself and ... y missis very comfortable, with a garden. A cow's grass was part of my wages; and many a time the children came down from the Hall, and had a better tea with us than they were allowed at home. The worst of it was, the Squire was always trying some new-fangled plans, and stuck to any of 'em long enough to make 'em pay. He used to read something out of a book, and come down full of it, and try it, if it could be done without laying out too much money, and then before it was half done, he tried something else.

One time he was for fatting cattle in stalls; so he fits up with laggets and clay some old sheds, and buys a lot of poor Welch eattle at a low figure, and goes to work very hot for a few weeks. But the beasts wouldn't feed, or the food was not right, and all went wrong.
They didn't sell for much more than they
cost. Then he was all for pigs, and we
had pigs by the hundred, enting their heads
off. Well, that didn't answer, and the dairy
—made in one of the wine cellurs of the old house, with fifty cows-didn't turn out much better. The cows died, or gave no milk, and the dairy maids stole the butter, or else no one would buy it; and the cheere made on a new plan, from Holland, or Switzerland, or some outlandish place, never turned out right. The Squire, you see, was quite a bookman; and when he'd given his order, and read his explanation, he thought he'd done all that was necessary.

It wasn't my business to make any diffi-culties. Mine was a comfortable place; and so were all the servants' and labourers', for the matter of that; but we could none of us understand the Squire, no more could neighbours. For it was said, that though the expected, still there was a pretty tidy lot. some thousands a year at the least, I've heard say, beside the house and park. But he had got into his head most times that he was going to be ruined, or that he was going to be ruined, or that he was ruined, and was always dwelling on the large fortune he had to pay to his father's family. He'd talk to me, he'd talk to any labourers about it; I don't think he ever used to talk to his lady about mything also and thet's the mount for market. I used to be sorry for the poor anything else; and that's the way he moved that tree, walking among the fine fruit, and her to death. I've heard him myself talk to not allowed to touch so much as an apple. little Rupert and Muster Charles about the

duty of being content with dry bread, when more than seven or eight years The children were dear creatures. old. The children were dear creatures. Me and my missis loved them all, and they loved us. There was the eldest, Master Rupert, a high-spirited chap, always in mischies when his father's back was turned—a fine, free-spirited lad, and the kindest, bravest heart in the world; and Charles, as quiet as a lamb, always at his book; and Norman, the youngest, rather spoiled, but a merry sharp little grig; and the two young ladies, the twins that my wife nursed and took to almost altogether when their poor mother died;—Miss Maria and Miss Georgina.

They had no playmates; for the Squire

They had no playmates; for the Squire wouldn't let 'em have any if he knew it. They weren't dressed like other children. The boys always the same corduroys, except cloth on Sundays; and then they were these until they were too short in the arms and the legs by half a yard. The poor young ladies were in the same way; always cotton gowns and common straw bonnets, and their hair and common straw bonnets, and their hair cut short like boys, until they were quite big girls. They used to creep into church ashamed, for they knew they were gentle-folks, and did not like being so shabby.

They never went to school; the Squire could not bear the idea of the expense. First be trught than himself: then he found that

he taught them himself; then he found that took too much time; so he hired a curate in the next parish, a curious sort of a snuffy old the next parish, a curious sort of a snuffy old man to teach boys and girls. But they only made fun of him, and did not learn much, I doubt, except Charles. Then he got a cheap governess for the ladies; but she did not like the living, and married Bob Cannon the forester. I believe the Squire loved his children dearly; but he was so busy saving up money for them, and he was so severe with them about every trifle, and always lecturing them about one thing or another, that they feared him too much to love him. him.

Lord Splatterdash says, I am told, that all children are alike. He would not have said so if he had known my young masters-Rupert, and Charles, and Norman. Ruper was proud naturally. He could not do what his father did. I've seen him cry with shame and vexation when the Squire has taken him with us to market to drive the old phaeton, and he has heard his father disputing about agreed in the bill with the innkeeper. For we used to take our own chaff with a sprinking of outs in a bag, and feed outside the town, near a haystack, in fine weather, and stood out all the time. In wet weather we were obliged to put up at an inn; and then we had to bear with a deal of sauce because Squire Skinfint, as they called hun, was known never to spend a penny if he could help it. He'd go five miles round, and creep over any hedge on horseback, to avoid a turbpike. Many a time at a crowded fair we have been turned out by landlords

saying, "I can't afford to take in folks that neither eat nor drink.'

But for all that, the Squire was not a bad man to the poor—far from it; and would come down handsome at times, by fits and starts, if there was any case of distress. But his whole mind seemed cat up with the But his whole mind seemed eat up with the notion of saving fortunes for his children. He used continually to say, "You see they're five of them; and my father's behaved so cruel to me that there be very little for them, Robin, when I'm gone."

Now, when Master Rupert grew to about

fifteen, and the two young ladies thirteen, although they were kept so close, they got to hear many things making them think that their father was not so poor as he always said. For servants will talk: at that time not one single bit of furniture had been bought since the old lawyer died. The carpets were warn out and patched one with another, like a patchwork quilt. In the living rooms, they made up with odd sets of chairs; and he'd match the broken windows with paper himself. made up with odd sets of chairs; and he'd patch the broken windows with paper himself. They got rid of servants until they had only two oldish women in the house lessile the farm servants. They used to dine at one o'clock, in what was the servant's hall, on a long deal table; and I've known them sit down day after day to a dish of potatoes, chosen from the best of those kept for the pigs (the best of all went to market), with one egg and one rasher of lucan actions. one egg and one rasher of bacou a-piece, and dry brown-bread. The flitches and hams, and all that could be, were locked up in the store-room, and the Squire kept the keys and gave out daily what he thought was worted. wanted. As for the young ladies, when they were big enough, they were dressed in their mother's dresses as long as they would last I have seen them shivering in a cold October day for want of a shawl or a cloak when he had three or four locked up in the great wardrobe; but the Squire said it was too soon to begin warm clothes in October. No matter what kind of weather, we never begau fires until the ninth of November.

One Saturday just before Christmas-was Master Rupert's seventeenth birthday-Squire went to Christmas fair with me to sell a lot of bullocks, the best he ever had, fed on the summer's grass in the park. hour after we were gone, Muster Rupert called his brothers and sisters into the hall that was never used, and there he had got a that was never used, and there he had got a roaring fire in the grate. Old Jenny Crooka, who told me the story, said he shouted out like a madman, "Look here, children, I have got orders to give you a treat on my hirthday. Here's wine." And so there were several cobwebbed bottles. He must have broken into the vault. "Here are fowls and turkeys ready for the gridicon. Georgy, Molly, and you, Dame Crookit, help to make a good broil; and while you are doing that, I will show you something." He went out

of the room, and returned dressed in a complete set of new clothes, like a farmer's son riding to market. He was very tall and strong of his age, and handsome. Grand he strong of his age, and handsome. Grand he did look, with a red flush on his cheek and a strange, wild look in his eye. The children shouted with pleasure and surprise. Then says he, "Dame Crookit, I am going on a journey—along journey. The king has sent for me, and I must give you all a feast such as we read of in story-books before I go." So they all set to work, and cooked, feasted, and laughed, and rejoiced, and he the loudest of them all. When they had done, he called in all the labourers that were in the cattle-yards and round the house, and made them drink round the house, and made them and round the house, and made them drink his health and a pleasant journey. "Drink," he said, "the wine won't hurt you; it's old; it has hain in the cellar ever since my grandfather died, and long before that. If you don't like wine here's rum marked on the cask, ninety years old." So you may believe they all drank. He made the men go out and fetch in more logs and pile up such a fire as had not been seen for many a year. Then he stid, "Come, my friends, I will sing you a song." So he sung first one and then another ballad—all mournful ditties that made the lasses weep—he was always a tine made the lasses weep-he was always a line singer. Many a time he has rode before me when he was a child, and sung all the way through the park. His beautiful voice went through the park. His beautiful voice went ringing through the empty halls, and wind-ing up the stairs, where the cow-boys hung listening.

He was in the middle of a ballad—we could hear the last verse as we came up the avenue. "What's that?" said the Squire. For the house was always mute as an empty church. When we turned into the stable-yard the flames of the hearth-fire flashed out through the dusty, cobwobed window. "Good heavens!" he cried. "the house is on fire!" Next, as he hurried along the passage came the no he hurried along the passage came the guide of cheerful voices. He flung open write the heavy door, and cried, in a voice of dismay and rage, "What's all this?"

Who dured do this?"

"It was I (other)" said Pupert standing

Who dured do this?

"It was I, father," said Rupert, stepping forward, looking flushed and even still more fluces than his father. "It was I who did it fierce than his father. "It was I who did it all. I am going to leave you, sir, on a long journey, and thought I should like to give my brothers and sisters and old friends one farewell feast after years of starvation; and if you gradge it me, why then you can deduct it from my share of my mother's fortune, which you must pay when I come

of a c."

Villain! It's false. You've not a shilling unless you've robbed me." And he raised has whip to strike him.

'Iton't strike me," said Master Rupert, and turning from red to And he raised

But he did strike him again and again, right across his face, until the blood flew.

In one minute, before I could step between them, the son, who was a head taller than his father, had him in his arms pinioned, snatched out of his other hand the big black pocket-book he always carried, and then full of the price of twenty bullocks, burst it open over the fire, shook out the notes into the crackling flames, then threw the book into the embers and put his heel upon it. Some of the notes flew burning, like evil spirits, up the chimney; the rest were ashes in an instant.
"There!" he cried, "there! That's how

"There!" he cried, "there! That's now I should like to serve all your cursed money—it is your curse and ours."

Before the Squire could recover himself Master Rupert was gone. We heard a clattering in the yard of horses' feet. I ran to the window, and saw him by the light of the many callen down the avenue on of the moon gallop down the avenue on his gray colt, that he must have had all ready saddled. We never saw him again.

The Squire took to his bed and lay there nigh a week, scarce eating anything. I tended on him myself. I could hear him groan as I passed his door; but, when I came in he looked just as usual, pale and hard and grim. You could never tell what he meant

by his face.

Some said he fretted for his son; others said it was for the money Master Rupert had burned, and the loss of the gray colt, the best he'd bred. Anyhow he said no word, but got up at the end of the week, moiling and striving, and screwing, and grinding worse than ever. I think myself he loved Master Rupert, for all his hard lines to him; for, once —when his son had been gone six months—I found him in the old lawyer's study standing looking at two pictures—one of himself, taken when he was about ten years old, and another of Rupert when he was seven or eight, drawn for his grandfather by some foreign artist. I heard him mutter to himself, "so changed"; and I half fancied there was a tear in his eye. But turning him sharp round on me, he said grimlike, "Could any one believe that pretty child could have turned out such a villain, to rob his poor old father? What?" he cried to me, as I muttered something—for the boy was my favourite—"do you defend him?"

"Master Rupert was not a villain," says I, when his son had been gone six months-I

"Master Rupert was not a villain," says I, "if it was the last word I was ever to speak." And with that I threw down the sample of wheat I had brought, went out, and never went near him all day. But he could not do without me. So the next time I had to go to him, he took no more notice.

him, he took no more notice.

When we came to settle with the miller who took part of our corn and sent us meal, we found that he had paid Master Rupert cash for a broad mare that used to be called his. stepping back apace, and turning from red to Before that time the Squire had taken carrywhite; "don't strike me, or you'll repent it of the money, as he said for them, of any for many a long day."

calves or lambs sold belonging to the children Before that time the Squire had taken care

Two years afterwards a son of the head ploughman that hed gone to sea wrote to his mother, saying he had met Master Rupert in Calcutta, dressed in cavalry uniform; that he knew him in a minute, although he was very much altered. But that Master Rupert denied his name, and refused to own to ever having seen Rob Colter before. But Bob was quite clear that it was the young Squire. I went and told my master, who said nothing at the time, but it seems set to work with his London friends to buy Master Rupert out. I did not know this at the time. Long afterwards, when the Squire fell sick of the illness he died of, I found letters under his pillow. First, there a letter from some one in India, the letters under his pillow. First, there was a letter from some one in India, saying that they had seen the soldier. To mas Rupertson, of the fiftieth K. O. Light Cavalry, and that he had entirely denied that he had any parents living, or that he had any pretensions to be a gentleman; and further said he should enter some other regiment immediately if bought out. There was another letter, saying that, since the first had been written, private Thomas Rupertson had died of a wound received in a fight with some mounted robbers. And the chaplain enclosed a lock And the chaplain enclosed a lock of his hair, and a portrait made on some-thing like glass, only tough, by an Indian. Poor lad! it was the very moral of him; though the thick dark moustaches and the fierce look was very different to when he used to go shepherding with me on his rough pony. Master Rupert's going was only the be-

ginning of our troubles.

Every year the Squire seemed the cher. He could not help it; for, though the home farm was miserably managed, he spent nothing to speak of, and was saving up his rents, and laying them out every year on in-terest. People came to him from all parts to borrow money; and he sat up all night befarm, looking over parchiments and counting up money, and packing it up to take to the Blexborough Bank.

Blexborough Bank.

The young bolies were growing up; but he only seems to notice them by its and starts. They were afinid of him, always skulked out of the way, and only spoke in whispers, or just Ay and Nay, before him, though they could haugh loud enough behind they could haugh loud enough behind. though they could augh load enough behind his back.—joking with the lads who made an excuse to call when they knew the Squire was at market or bank. Oh, but they were boany lasses, with colour like roses! but strange and wild in their way as any young jillies, and no one to look after them, -scampering about the park on their ponies, with their hale flying about their ears, and just an old showl or a horse-rug round their feet, instead of a habit; or playing hide-and-seek round the old hall. They were at the age a hen sorrow and and thoughts soon pass. So

poor Rupert was forgotten, except on winter

evenings round the fire.

Well, one day they were both missing: they had gone off and married two wild fellows, law elerks-not bad-looking chaps though who got acquainted with them in the park while coming lackwards and f rwards to raise money on writings for their master, lawyer Johns, Jesuit Johns they called him. It was a said business. First, the husbands sued the Squire for their wives share of their and found it not to be so much as they expected, they ill-used the pear thugs. Langston, that married Miss Georgy, gave bangston, that married Miss Georgy, gave up the law and opened a public-house, where all the racing and sporting fellows from the High Moor training grounds used to go, and poor Miss Georgy, that always had a sport of her own, when Langston got in the way of beating her, ran off with Captain Laurehor of the Lancers, the steeple-classe rider. What there hid early that they hid early that the diad in a Laurehor with they did say that she died in a London acric-house. Miss Maria, the fair one, was always a meek spirit; and when she found that Mr. Sam Woods had only married her for her money, she fretted away to a shadow, and soon failed away altogether.

The next that left us was Maeter Norman, the spoiled durling. He was a keen hand from a child, and would take anything he could lay his hands on. He cheated at markles: lay his hands on. He cheated at marbas; a was never so happy as when he could get a few halfpence and play pitch-and-coss with the farm hads or the postitions down at the Flying Childers. He took to betting by going on the sly to his brother in law lang tan's public-house. How he get the money we could not tell; but he came to be a regular blackleg before he had a beard, at every race he could steal away to. He finished by breaking open the Squire's desh, when it was full of the price of the whent-stacks, and going off to Doncaster, where we heard he wen a sight of money. He never showed again until he was come of age. Then he drove up, dressed like a lord, in a currel, with two men servants, a bull log, and a black-faced blackguard-looking dandy. The same was stated to the control of the same was stated to the control of the same was stated. alongside of him. The Squire was getting feeble then, but more foul of money than leeble tisen, but more fond of more than ever. Norman frightened him so, that he was glad to give him more than his chart of his mether's fortune down on the tank to get rid of him. When he heard what had become of his eisters, the boy cursed and swore awfully. From what his groom ead, it seemed as if he had brought the black holding damity to marry one of his system. He ing dandy to marry one of his sisters. Her last words were to warn the Squire that he should be back in a year for more cosh. But he never came; for he was up at and killed coming from Newmarket spring meeting, the year before we heard of Mr. Repett's eleseth,

So there was none left but Mr. Charles,

persuaded the Squire to let him go into the Blexborough bank, where they were glad enough to have him. So he used to be there all the week, and come up on Sundays, walking the ten miles, unless he could get a cast in a gig, and going back the Monday with me in the market cart. He was the very same sort as the Squire, but not such a spirit. You might see the old man and the young one, with a very old look and stooping shoulders, walking up and down the terrace, deep in talk, every Sunday. Sometimes they stopped and looked over printed papers Mr. Charles would bring out of his pocket. If the weather was too rough, they would take their walk in the long gallery, and so save fire. Then they would sit down to dine off a bit of busin or replicate a relationary to the control of the same of the control bit of bacon, or perhaps a rabbit caught in the park, or any cheap mess, and all the time their tongues went slowly, steady on,—but never about anything that I could hear but

never about anything that a just money, money, money.

After a while, Mr. Charles left the bank, and set up in business for himself, and, and set up in business for himself, and, according to what we heard, grew won-derfully rich. Then there came a time of plans of American mines, where the orchids a time of came from, and canals, railroads, and all sorts of schemings. The old Squire's eyes sorts of schemings. The old Squire's eyes used to glisten again when he heard what a sight of money Mr. Charles was likely to make. He used to say, when Mr. Charles was getting ready on the hall-steps to go home on Sunday nights, "Good boy, good hoy; if all your speculations come off right, you'll have all I have."

"How much may that be, father?" Mr.

Charles asked him one night.

The old man's eyes glistened, and he rubbed his hands together gleefully. Thousands, boy, thousands!" he said, and then went back into the parlour, rubbing his hands faster than even faster than ever.

After a while, however, things changed by much. Mr. Charles lost his cheerful looks on Sundays, and I noticed that, when-ever he came, the old Squire grew black and junched about the nose and mouth, as he always did when any one asked him for money. It seemed to me that Mr. Charles's

sprealations had not come off right.

West, one Sanday—it was in November—for the first time I heard Mr. Charles and the Squire at something like high words; anyhow, Mr. Charles's voice was raised. So I stood in the shade of the long gallery door, and heard the Squire say. "Give my hard-carned money to a pack of scoundrels, thieves! No, Charles, no; not a penny. It will be better for you to" penny. It will be better for you to"—
penny. It will be better for you to"—
I could not eatch the last word; but Mr.
Charles acreamed, "Never!" in such a voice
as I did not forget, and heard in my dreams
often after. They ceased then, but began
again after supper, with the doors closed.
The next morning, I went to call Mr. Charles,

who was always a quiet, careful lad, and had 'as usual, to go with me in the market-cart to town. Hisdoor was fast, I knocked. Noanswer. Something misgave me, to I got one of the bays to climb up to the window with a ladder, and get in by breaking a pane. As soon as the boy got in, he began to holoa and shrick, so I put my shoulder to the door, and burst it in. Sure enough poor Mr. Charles had hung himself and was dead and cold. He'd never been a-bed, but sat me, writing and tearing up papers. I could np, writing and tearing up papers. I could just read a half a dozen times written over "Bankrupt — Beggar—My poor wife." I never knew he was married before.

It seemed that the poor lad had been unfortunate in business; had lost more than he could pay, and been driven to desperation by the Squire refusing to let him have the money he wanted to go on with out of the milion he said he was worth. I went straight to the old man, and said that I could not stay in such a house any longer. He never said a word good or bad, but just stiffened himself up, and waved me out of the room.

What he felt no one knows; but, after this

last son's suicide, he seemed to grow harder and harder. The very next day he ordered a distress to be put in on two poor tenants that had lost all their stacks by fire, and

turned them out into the snow.

Of course there was an inquest and a great noise about the Squire killing his son for want of a thousand pounds, or so, and he rolling in riches. But, before much could be said or done, having cold at the funeral, he without saying a word, and before a doctor or a lawyer or a parson could be brought to him. He left four wills, but none of them

signed.

They put me in charge of the property, and I had it for years, until they took the railroad through the Hall. As seen as his death was known there were claimants in all directions. It seems Mr. Charles was privately married, and had a family by one of the dairy-maids. She married Jesuit Johns, the lawyer's son for her second husband, and Mr. Norman had a wife; but there were some doubts whether she had not another hosband living when she married Mr. Norman. And the two sons-in-law, Langston and Woods, made their claims; and a Mr. Blang, a wenderful Indian lawyer, set up for some yellow children of Mr. Rupert's, and showed a campmarriage; so there was plenty of law-work. At it they all went, hammer and tongs, before all the courts, and were at me every

week to swear one paper or another.

How they settled it I don't know, but the place all tumbled down, except the wails, before the railway came through it, and now I see by this bill, that it is to be sold in lots by order of the Court of Chancery.

I gave up the charge two years are, to go and live with my married dougl ter, down south, and as I'm travelling back to spend Christmas with my son, the first thing I see

here is this last memorial of the old place, where I learned that it is content and not riches that makes folks happy.

NOSTRADAMUS.

A FRENCH writer, M. Bareste, published, about fifteen years ago, a book called Nostradamus. It contained a life of that calumniated sage, and dwelt with considerable unction on the prophecies by which his hero had achieved his reputation, and maintained the exactness of their fulfilment in a great many instances, not without an apparent conviction that some of his foretellings would yet come to pass. There is always great difficulty in ascertaining the date of these predictions. From time to time insertions take place. Events are plainly prophesied after they have occurred, and great ingenuity is used to twist events into an accordance with prophecy when the opposite process is ineffectual or difficult.

But as M. Bareste's book was published so long ago, and we have the date before our eyes, we cannot run any risk of being imposed on if a prediction, printed at that time, received its completion since. Whether Nostradamus wrote down his prophecies in fifteen hundred and fifty-five or not does not matter-nor whether another famous inspector of the future, of the name of Olivarius, saw visions and dreamed dreams in fifteen hundred and forty-two, gives us no unensiness. We see certain things recorded as being anciently feretold in a volume printed in the first style of modern typography, in eighteen hun ired and forty, and we don't care whether they were anciently foretold or not; we are satisfied with the knowledge that they are, at all events, as ancient as the publication of the book containing them. They were written before the event-for they were printed before the event—read before the event, and utterly unbelieved and forgotten: all before the event. Not that we consider M. Bareste either a prophet or an impostor. He may either a propiet or an impostor, believe or not in the unadulterated condition of the Quatrains of Nostradamus, and the more distinct enunciations of Maistre Dien-donné Noel Olivarius. We believe, and that is quite enough, in the year eighteen hundred and forty, and on seeing the difference be-tween that and eighteen hundred and tiftyfive, we cannot deny that some person, be he who he may, had an amazingly clear perception of what is going on just now—not that the prophecy is fulfilled—but the curtain is drawing up—the first act is begun, and the principal personages have taken their places on the stage. Let our readers judge places on the stage. Let our readers judge for themselves, and first of Nostradamus.

Nostradamus, the Latinised form of the French surname, Notredame, was born at St. Remi in Provence, in fifteen hundred and three. Originally of a Jewish stock, his family had devoted itself to the sciences of

law and medicine, and the young Michael, for that was his name, soon distinguished himself by his skill and learning. Having lost his wife at an early age, he tried to distract his grief by travelling in foreign lands. He visited Italy among other places, where Leo the Tenth was physically and metaphorically placing the head of St. Peter on the shoulders of Jupiter; and having seen enough of Rome to inspire him with a philosophic knowledge of the speedy diminution law and medicine, and the young Michael, losophic knowledge of the speedy diminution of Papal power, he returned to France after an absence of twelve years, married a second time, and became illustrious for his infallable prescriptions against fever and the plague man of a poetic temperament-with morbid views of life—pursued with unrelenting animosity by his professional rivals, and for occupation in the solitude to wh for occupation in the solitude to which his pride compelled him, to the mystical writings of the time and his own meditations, he soon became persuaded that he was in possession of marvellous gifts. We do not suppose he was a wilful deceiver. There is sufficient in his history and circumstances to account for the exaltations of his mind without having recourse to the theory of his being a cheat collected his predictions in fifteen hundred and fifty-five. They are written in very obscure quatrains from which, in general, it would not be difficult to make out any m aning one chose. But the success of the book was extraordinary. The small town of Smon in which he resided was besieged by illustrious visitors. Catherine de' Medies sent for him to court, and employed him to draw the horsespace of her sons. A second edition for him to court, and employed him to draw the horoscopes of her sons. A second edition was called for in fifteen hundred and fitty-eight, and the apparent fulfilment of one of the principal prophecies in the following year, placed him at the summet of his fame. This fortunate coincidence was the death of the king-Henry the Second-in consequence Montgomery. This event, curched the astrologer of Salon. Here is the quatrant, and four more misty lines it is difficult to imagine. Yet, through the mist, certificity looms a golden visor, a wound to the eye. and a death-

Le lion joune le vieux surmontera En champ bellique par singulier duel ; Dans cage d'or les yeux lui creveta, Deux plaies une, puis mourir, mort craelle!

The lion young the old lion shall reverse
In single combat in the worldee plain,
Within a cage of gold, his eyes shall proce,
Two wounds in one, then die, O, death of pain!

Notwithstanding the obscurity, and the difficulty of distinguishing between the home anquering and the lion subdued, the prediction was hailed at once as a proof of Nostradamus's superhuman powers, and kings and princes were proud to visit the divinelygilted man. The Duke of Savoy and his wife

made a pilgrimage to Salon, and Charles the Ninth sent him a purse of two hundred golden crowns. But crowns and reputation golden crowns. But crowns and topsecould not prolong the philosopher's days. He died in fifteen hundred and sixty-six, and is a supposed by his supposed, or was lately supposed by his fellow-citizens of Salon, to have merely pre-tended to die, but to be in reality comfortably sitting up in his tomb, with pen, ink, and candles, and aurrounded with his books of gramarie. The epitaph, however, above him, declares solemnly the fact of his death; and in this instance even an epitaph probably speaks the truth. But living or dead, little or nothing was heard of Nostradamus except in the Lives of the Astrologers, and sometimes even in the Histories of Imposture, till he was suddenly rejustated in all his glory in eighteen hundred and four. The prophets he was suddenly reinstated in all his glory in eighteen hundred and four. The prophets began to be honoured, and in that year it is certain that a copy of the Centuries, as they were called, of Nostradamus, was presented to Napoleon. There also fell into his hands a volume purporting to have been written by a certain Maistre Noël Olivarius, a contemporary of Nostradamus, which, if it is unthentic, puts, the powers of his proper temporary of Nostradamus, which, if it is authentic, puts the powers of his more famous countryman to shame. Its date was fifteen hundred and forty-two. It was discovered in seventeen hundred and ninetythree, in the midst of a large pile of volumes condemned to the flames by the enlightened condemned to the flames by the enightenen Montagnards, who were desirous of putting an end to the very memory of priests and nobles and kings. A valorous gentleman of the name of François de Metz, having no fear of Montagnard vengeauce before his eyes, and scarcely believing that the liberty of his country depended on the destruction of a Ittle duodecime, bound in vellum, and written in the crankiest of hands and palest of inks, rescued it from the revolutionary flames, and found it to consist of a great number of prophecies about all manner of eutjects and particularly one which it needed no very brilliant interpreter in the first years of this century to refer to the great soldier on the throne. What became of this maron the throne. What became of this mar-vellous prediction all the time from its rescue from the Montagnard fire till it appeared the Tuleries, we are not told. In what state was it when it met the despot's eyes! Up to what point of his history did the prophecy at that time extend? It is not likely that a prophet in livery, which the modern soothsaver probably was, would go beyond the establishment of the empire, or dwell on Moscow and Waterloo. But there seems little reason to doubt that the prediction, as it exists at present, was printed in eighteen humired and fitteen. It was inserted in the Memoirs of Josephine (editions of eighteen hundred and twenty and eighteen hundred and twenty-seven), and stretched its glance for it clearly foresaw the great things, bridges, and the expulsion of eighteen hundred and thirty, canals: will do huncelt alone, by great refers, as not the expulsion of Louis Philippe, and the as a Roman, and all in the dominion of the Garage

accession, prosperity, and finally the death of—some one whom the reader may fix on for himself.

Even if the whole story was a mystification at first, how shall we account, we repeat, for the latter part of the pretended ancient manuscript, when we read it in a book published in eighteen hundred and forty?-years before the time of Louis Napoleonwhile the most sagacious of monarchs was writing out in text hand, for all generations of kings and governors, the difference between cunning and wisdom; but seemed as firm in his seat as if honour and courage had finally disappeared from the heart of France. How are we to account, we say, for the enigmatical, but very unmistakeable foreshadowing of events going on before our eyes? Whether the foreshadowing was cast from the magic lanthorn of Nostradanus or Olivarius, or the magic mirror of some seer of visions in the palmy days of Louis Philippe; take what date we choose—whether eighteen hundred and four as M. Bareste does, or eighteen hundred and fifteen as recorded proofs invite us—the fact of its being an actual prediction cannot admit of a doubt. But to make clear its connection with France and her fortunes, it will be necessary to give the whole pro phecy; and as we submit the matter to the critical decision of the reader, we will give it in as close a translation as we can of the ancient language in which Olivarius delivered it.

Gallic Italy will see, far from her bosom, the birth of a supernatural being. That man will come out, quite young, from the sea; will come to acquire tongue and manners among the Celtic Gauls; will open, still young, through a thousand obstacles, among the soldiers, a path, and will become their first chief.
That winding path will leave him many greefs. Ho
will come to war near his native land for a lustre or
more. Beyond the sen will be seen warring with great
glory and valour, and will subdue afresh the Roman

world.

Will give laws to the Germans, will pacify the troubles and fears of the Galbe Celes, and will then be named not king but imperator by grand enthusiasm of

will battle in all parts of the empire; will chase princes, and lords, and kings for two lustres or more. Then he will call to his new princes and lords, and, speaking on his estrade (raised due), shall ray, "O! sidera—O' sacra!" Will be seen with an army number of transfer thousand foot solders. bering forty-nine times twenty thousand foot soldiers, armed, who will carry arms and horus of non. He will have seven times seven thousand horses, mounted by men who will carry, in addition to the former, great lance or sword and body-armour of brass. He will have seven times seven thousand men who will play terrible machines, and will vomit sulphur and fire and death. The total amount of his army will be forty-tone times twenty thousand men. Will bear in his right hand an eagle, sign of the victory to win. Will give many countries to nations, and to each one

Will have two wives; and one son. Will go warring between France and England; and, included to where the lines of longitude and latitude cross, ately on this being arranged, a lence is given fifty-five months. There, his countries will have with him by the great prince of the Orient. We fifty-five months. There, his enemies will bu fire the great city, and he will enter these and from thence with his men, from under ashes and great ruins; and his men, having no longer either bread or water, through great and extreme cold, will be so unforturnic that turnete that two-thirds of his army will perish, and, moreover, the half of the remainder, being no longer in his dominion.

Then the great man, abandoned, betrayed by his friends, will be chased in his turn with great loss near to his native soil by the great European population. In his place will be put the kings of the old blood of

He, forced into exile in the sen from which he came so young, and near to his native soll, remaining for eleven moons with some of his men, true friends and soldiers, and not amounting to more than seven times seven times seven times two times in number.

seven times seven times two times in number. Immentake ship and set foot on the Celto-Galhe land.

And he will march to the great city, where is
scared the king of the old blood of the Capet, who
rises, flees, carrying with him royal ornaments. Puts
kings in his ancient domination. Gives his people
many admirable laws.

Thus cheered a many admirable laws.

Then, cleared away again by a threefold European population (par trinité population Européenne) after three moone, and the third of a moon. The king of three moors, and the third of a moon. The king of the old thood of the Capet is put back in his place; and he, believed to be dead by his people and soldiers, who during that time will keep his memorials on their breasts. The Celts and Gaula, like tigers and wolves, will devour each other. The blood of the old king of the Capet will be the plaything of black treasons. The discontented will be deceived, and by fire and sword put to death; the bly maintained; but the last branches of the old blood still menaced.

So they will amarel among themselves.

So they will quarrel among themselves.

Up to this point the prophecy seems to point to the fortunes of Napoleon, the old Bourbons, and the commencement of Louis Philippe's But now comes the end of it. reign. the mutual animosity of the old and young blood of the Capet, and the discontent of the French nation, we may suppose ourselves arrived at the end of eighteen forty-eight.

Then a new combatant will advance towards the great city. . . . He will bear hun and cork on his armour. Then the lance will be given him by a great prince of the Fast. (Ainm la lance lui sera donade par grand prince d'Orient.)

He will be instructionally seconded by the warlike people of Gaul, who will unite themselves to the Permians to put an end to troubles; collect soldiers, and ever themselves with branches of olives.

Still warning with such glory seven times seven moons, that a threefold European population, with great fear, and cries, and tears, offer their sons in hostage; bend beneath laws sound, just, and beloved

The new combatant, whoever he is, who comes in so apropos to put an end to civil dissension, is evidently supported by the solduers—no less than by the people of Gaul—he bears for his cognizance a lion and a cock; which, without any great stretch of ingenuity, may be taken to represent an alliance

hately on this being arranged, a lance is given him by the great prince of the Orient. We may venture to interpret this, "a cause of war is furnished to the allied Lion and Cock, by the Sultan of Turkey."

The war we are sorry to see is to last longer than we have a it is not to be complained till

than we hoped: it is not to be concluded till the entire submission and humiliation of three European states, and that is not to occur for forty-nine months. However, triumphant conclusion will justify any little delay, and we only regret that the indemnity for the expenses of the war is not more detinctly expressed. But the sons deposited as hostages will give the allies an incomense power over the royalties of Berlin, Vocana, and Petersburg,

External glory is, however, to be followed by great calamities at home. Peace is only to endure for twenty-five moons,

In Lutetia (Paris) the Seine, reddened with those (the consequence of struggles to the death) well widen its bed with ruin and mortality. New sections of discontented maillotins (factions). Then they will be chased from the palace of the kings by the man of valour; and afterwards the immense Gauls declared

by all people the great and metropolitan nation.

And he, saving the ancient remains of the old blood of the Capat, rules the destines of the world, makes himself overeign council of every nation and people; lays foundation of fruit without end—and dies."

Let every one decide what all this means for himself. We cannot profess that we are for himself. We cannot profess that we are altogether pleased with the prospect. But time will show.

TARDY JUSTICE

In the year of grace sixteen bundred and eighty-seven, Lawrent Guillemott d'Aughale, lived in a fine house in the Rue Royale, at Paris, near the Bastille. He and his wife lived in great style, kept their carriage, played high, talked incressantly of their high birth and family estate, appeared to have plenty of money—which they lent occasionally upon good security-and, on the strength of their own representations obtained entrance into the society of some of the best houses in Paris For the rest, they were a worthy, respectable couple, like hundreds of others; their only sin being that they gave themselves out for being much richer and grander than they actually were; M. d'Anglade being a man of low birth and very moderate means. This was the beginning of all the sorrows that

afterwards befel them.

M. d'Anglade and his wife occupied the greater part of the house; but, as is general in Paris, there were other inmates. A certain Count and Countess de Montgounteen occupied the ground-floor and the rooms above. The ground-floor consisted of three above. The ground-floor consisted of three rooms, which all opened into a long correlor, at one end of which was the porte-cochere of the court-yard, and at the other a staircase leading to the rooms upon the first floor, where there was a small inner closet or strong room. Here the count and countess kept their money and jewels. The Abbé Franç'is Gagnard, the count's almoner, a page, and a valet de chambre, slept in one of the three rooms on the ground-floor. Another was the salle-a-manger, and the one which opened from it served for different purposes.

A friendly acquaintance soon sprung up between the d'Anglades and the Montgom-Soon after he entered the house, the meries, Count de Montgommeri received a large sum of money, partly louis-d'ors, some of which were quite new and others an cordon, or old ones. The remainder of the money was in thirteen bags, each bag containing a thousand francs; also there was a bay containing eleven thousand five hundred in Spanish pistoles. All this money, to-gether with a magnificent pearl necklace estimated to be worth four thousand livres, secured in a strong cotter, and coffer was carefully placed in the small inner closet we have mentioned. The d'Anglades knew all this, and had recommended an investment for his money to the count. day M. de Montgommeri and his wife agreed to go and spend a few days at their country house of Ville Vousin near Mont l'Hère, and invited their neighbours, the d'Anglades, to accompany them. They accepted the invitation; but subsequently made some frivolous excuse for remaining at home. The count and countess set off on Monday the twentysecond of September sixteen hundred and eighty-seven, and gave out that they should return the following Thursday. The almoner, l'Abbé Gagnard, and all the servants accompanied them, except a femme-de-chambre, named forménie, and one lacquey. Four sewing women, employed to embroider some hangings for Madame de Montgommeri, were about in the house; but they were lodged in another part of the building. The key of the outer door of the room on the first floor was confided to the femme-de chambre; the Abbé Gagnard shut and double-locked the door of his room on the ground-floor; and the family departed, considering that they had left everything secure. This was showing a contempt for burglars that, under the circumstances, amounted to rashness; and they seem to have thought so, for, they re-turned home suddenly, twenty-four hours enther than they had intended. The count declared that his mind was troubled by the sight of some drops of blood which he found upon a table-cloth, and that he determined to quit Ville Vousin that moment, having a presentiment that something had happened. The abbe and the servants did not arrive until alter hun.

The first thing that struck the abbe was, finding his room-door ajor, although, during the absence of the count and countess, it had

seemed to be closed; the abbé having doublelocked it with his own hands, and the key had never been out of his posse-son. All the servants remarked the fact also, but at the moment it did not, singular to state, nake much impression on them. Supper was served to the count and countess in the salle-A-manger, and they were still at table when their neighbour, d'Anglade, came home, at eleven o'clock, accompanied by the Abbes de Fleury and de Villaia, who had supped with him at the house of la Présidente Robert, Finding the count and countess were returned, they all went in, and presently Madame d'Anglade joined them. After a lively con-versation they all separated for the night, and everything seemed as usual.

The next morning, the Count de Montgommeri discovered that he had been robbed. The lock of his strong box had been forced and everything it contained had been carried

He of course made a complaint to the lieutenant-criminel of the châtelet; who, with the procureur du roi and the commissary of police, lost no time in repairing to the spot. On examination they declared the robbery to have been committed by some one upon the decided upon searching the D'Anglade and his wife repremises, and decided whole house. quested that their own apartments should be the first examined. Strict scrutiny was made, but nothing could be discovered in the rooms they inhabited. The officers proceeded to the attics. Madame d'Anglade excused herself from accompanying them upon the plea of sudden faintness. Up to the attice the of sudden faintness. Up to the attres the officers went; and, concended in an old chest, under wearing apparel and house-linen, they found a rouleau of sixty louis au cordon, wrapped in a printed paper, which the Count de Montgommeri declared was his genealogy. He also said that part of the money stolen from him consisted of louis au cordon of the years sixteen hundred and an cordon of the years sixteen hundred and eighty-six and sixteen hundred and eighty-

When d'Anglade was questioned about this money, he stammered and could give no account of how he came by it. He seemed in despair, and Madame d'Anglade said that the door of the apartment of the Abbé Gagnard had not been secured as it ought to have been, and she insisted that it should be likewise searched. This was done, it was found that money had been abstracted from five bags, each containing a thousand livres. As the Abbé Gagnard had double-locked the door before his departure and never parted with the key out of his possession, this incident confirmed the suspicion that had settled upon d'Anglade and his wrfe. The lieutenant-criminel went so far as to

say to d'Angiade,"Either you or I must have committed the robbery. So convinced was he that he had secured the guilty person, that he declared it useless to waste time in making any further search,

to waste time in making any further seatch, see specially as the count said he could answer for the honesty of all his own servants.

D'Anglade and his wife were taken formally into custody; their persons were searched, and seventeen louis-d'or and a double pistole, Spanish money, were found in d'Anglade's purae—a circumstance which strengthened the suspicion against him, as part of the money stolen was in pistoles. It came out also, that d'Anglade, who was in the habit of supping every night in town, always took the key of the street-door; there being no regular porter; but, upon the night on which the robbery must have been com-mitted, he supped at home, contrary to his usual custom. This crowning piece of cir-cumstantial evidence seemed decisive; seals ware placed on all the doors and d'Auglade were placed on all the doors, and d'Anglade and his wife were carried off to prison,—the husband was placed in the châtelet, and the wife in Fort l'Evéque. They were each thrown into a dungeon, and the guolers were strictly charged to prevent them seeing or commu-nicating with any one. Their confinement was made as severe as possible. Madame d'Anglade, had a dangerous miscarriage, but it brought no amelioration to the rigour of her prison.

The trial came on. Witnesses were heard for the prosecution. Amongst the chief were Witnesses were heard the count's servants and the Abbé Gagnard, his almoner; and two of these witnesses his almoner; and two of these witnesses deposed that they had seen d'Anglade near the door of the abbc's apartment just before the arrival of the Count de Montgommeri. Another witness swore that he knew d'Anglade to be a gambler, and that he had heard the Abbé Bouin call him au old clothes-man; and this tallied with the fact that he lent money upon pledges.

Another witness deposed to having heard that d'Anglade had once stolen a piece of ribbon, and that, before he came to live in the Rue Royale, a quantity of silver plate had suddenly disappeared from the house where he lodged. Many other minute facts came out, all tending to deepen the suspicion against the d'Anglades. The most damaging evidence lowers against the control of the contro against the d'Anglades. The most damaging evidence, however, was gathered from his own replies to the interrogatories concerning his birth and source of income. An evident mystery surrounded him. He prevariented in his answers. At last, it was made clear, that instead of being, as he had boasted, a gentleman of high birth and large fortune, his origin was mean, and his income was not more than two thousand livres, although he lived expensively, paid for everything in ready money, and had money to lend out besides. This at once established him as a chevalier d'industrie, and put an end to the sympathies of honest men. Added to all these facts and suspicions, d'Anglade and his wife contradicted each other, and there were discrepancies between their statements. The case looked

very black against them; but, as the justice of those days would on no account condenna a prisoner without giving him every chacoe of confessing his doom to be well merited, d'Anglade was put to the torture. The evidence was after all only circumstantial, and it would be a satisfaction if he could be made to confess. He was put first to the corture ordinary; and, as that brought nothing, they proceeded to the torture extraordinary, which brought nothing either. And Anglade refused to confess his guilt, there was nothing to be done but to condemn him without a be done but to condenn him without a confession (for of course justice never felt a moment's hesitation as to his guilt), and, on the sixteenth of February, sixteen hundred and eighty-eight, he was condenned to the galleys for nine years: his wife was banished from Paris for a like period. Also, he was sentenced to pay a fine to the king, to make restitution of the stolen goods, and to pay three thousand livres to the count by way of the convensation which required more than becompensation, which required more than he had in the world. The five months he had spent in prison, during which he had lived on bread and water, with nothing but damp and rotten straw for a bed, had entirely shattered his constitution. Nevertheless on house taken his constitution. Nevertheless, on being taken from the torture-chamber he was thrown into the darkest and frightfulest dungeon of the Montgommeri tower, from which he was only removed to be taken-all broken to pieces-to the Chateau de la Joncelle, where he was attached to a gaug of forçats. He seemed to be at the point of death; he declared that he was innocent of all knowledge of the devotion, pardoned his enemies, and expected death with a composure that might rise either from a sense of innocence or the prospect of a release from intense sufficient. He recovered, however, sufficiently to depart for the galleys with the rest; but he was obliged to be conveyed in a cart, and two men were employed to lift him down every evening and lay him upon his bed of straw, and to lift him again into the cart the next morning. The Count de Montgommeri, who was terribly afraid that the sufferings d'Anglade might soften the heart of justice or that death might deprive him of his revenge, was earnest in his solicitations for the immediate departure of d'Anglade to the galleys, and stationed himself upon the rend ty which he must pass in order to feast has eyes upon the spectacle of d'Anglacies misery.

Upon the fourth of March, sixteen hundered and eighty-nine, d'Anglade died in the hospital of March, March, and a sixteen hundered and a tal at Marseilles, four months after his arr. at the galleys.

No sooner was d'Anglade dead, than anonymous letters began to circulate in all directions, in which the writer declared that his conscience would give him no peace until he declared that M. d'Anglade was entirely innocent of the robbery committed

upon the Count de Montgommeri, and that the real criminals were one Vincent, alias Belestre, and the Abbé Gagnard, almoner to the count. It was added that a woman named La Comble could give important evidence.

Here was a terrible revelation! The penitent prosecutor had become horror-struck at the possibility of having been the means of subjecting an innocent man to so terrible a fate. He ordered a certain Degrais, (the same who was employed to persuade the poisoner, Madame Brinvilliers, to leave the convent, where she had taken refuge), to make inquiries into the life and habits of the convent, where she had taken refuge), to make inquiries into the life and habits of the party now accused. The result was that Peter Vincent, or Belestre, the first-named, was discovered to be the son of a poor tanner at Mans. He had enlisted as a soldier, under the name of Belestre, and had risen to the rank of sergeant; but had been tried and condemned to the galleys for his share in the assassination of a miller. This was his first offence. His later exploits had been confined to burglary and highway robbery. After being anter exploits had been confined to burglary and highway robbery. After being very poor for a long time, and a vagabond besides, he had finished by purchasing an estate in the neighbourhood of Mans, for which he had paid ten thousand livres. As to the Abbé Gagnard, his father was gaoler to the prison in Mans, and the son had nothing to live upon when he first came to Paris, except the masses he said at the Saint Esprit. When he entered the household of the Count de Montgommeri in quality of the Count de Montgommeri in quality of almoner, he was in the most abject poverty; but, three months after he quitted him, he lived in something like opulence. He had never been suspected of any especial crime; but he was intimate with lestre. He was moreover perfectly acquainted with everything that passed in the count's household; and, above all, he knew that the count had received a large sum of money in the month of June, sixteen hundred and eighty-seven, and he also knew where it was

They were both arrested. The woman La alias Cartant, Belestre's mistress, gave evidence which was corroborated by a crowd of other witnesses; and it was clearly proved that Belestre had committed the robbery by means of false keys, and with the assistance of Gagnard. Belestre endured the torture without confessing anything; but Gagnard had less fortitude and confessed his crime. He said, too, that he was so much alarmed when the lieutenant-criminel was examining the premises, that had he asked

were obtained. Parliament pronounced a decree on the seventeenth of June, sixteen hundred and ninety-three, which rehabilitated the memory of d'Anglade, justified the wife, and rescinded her sentence, condemned the Count de Montgommen to make restitution of the money that had been adjudged to him as expenses besides. A collection was made in the court for the benefit of the daughter of M. and Madme. d'Anglade, which amounted to above a hundred thousand livres

But all this did not bring back poor M. d'Anglade to life again.

A CITY WEED.

We may not trample on thee, simple weed, So bravely springing in the stony way; The sturdy growth of some far-wafted seed, Thus flourishing upon a grain of clay. No gaudy colours flaunt around thy stem, No grateful seent thy hardy foliage yields, But, rudely set, thou shinest like a ge In hues reflected from the distant fields.

Thou drawest nurture from the dewy skies : Thou findest food upon the subtle air; And sometimes may the sun rejoice thine eyes (For thou hast eyes) down in this sombre lair.

And thou art beautiful "so firmly set Within the ragged crovice of a stone; So strong, so resolute, so hopeful, yet So surely perishable, and alone.

So shouldst thou stand, thou brave and simple heart, As firmly planted on thy foot of ground; As strong, as resolute to play thy part,

Though stony dangers hem thee closely round. Perchance, brave weed, did we thy nature know, Rare balms and subtle virtues in thee lie; Yet thy best fortune is, unharm'd to grow, Unknown to ripen, shed thy seed, and die.

A LADIES' WAREHOUSE.

OLD Queen Charlotte, the benignant patron of literature, never allowed Madaine D'Arblay (who had the inestimable privilege of mixing the Queen's snuff and putting on the Queen's gowns because she had written a clever novel), or any of her humbler servants to wear silk. According to her rule, they might not

Walk in silk attire.

As for the veil, the parasol, and the edged pocket-handkerchief, in which our single-handed maid Betty rejoices during her Sun-day out, such vanities, had they been possible, would have been set down as so many signs of Jacobinism, Robespierrism; fearful, revolutionary, incendiary.

tionary, incendary.

The notion of a sumptuary law, after the model prescribed by that feavial bore, Mentor, in Telemachus, is still in favour with a good two accountries. Nothing then remained to be done, except to make amends to the victum of judicial error. Letters of revision

us with comforts and luxuries and reasons his card-Mr. George Ahrab-and invited for not "sitting at home at ease." Nevertheless, a comical example of Queen Charlotte's principles is yet extant. Squire Raven owns the pursh of Ravensburne, a fine estate in the most rural part of Lancashire. Having failed in making the social and political world around him stand still, he is obliged to be content with ruling over his own parish. In the squire's servantspew on Sandays is ranged a row of serving-maids in the old Lancashire costume—a calico jacket, or Lancashire bedgown, and a striped lindsey-wolsey petticoat. A ver pretty costume no doubt; and a costly one A very for the old-hishioned chintz, in the good old days, would have cost five shillings instead of five pence a-yard. No servant-maid is engaged at Raven Hall, no family allowed to live in the squire's cottages, that does not conform in costume as well as in poli-tics, to the immutable Ravensburne prin-

ciples.

If Squire Raven's ukase had been as powerful in parliament as in his own parish; if he could have settled the costumes of the lower classes and excluded all the produce of lower classes and excluded all the produce of foreigners, the long line of manufacturing towns and villages, which, beginning a few miles from that green onsis of squiredom, Ravensburne, stretches into Yorkshire and across the border—clothing the naked and feeding the hungry, placing clean linen within the reach of every labouring family—would have remained staggant under the dominion remained stagnant under the dominion of the spinning-wheel, in the mids: of the moorland deserts, over which manufacturing power has spread turnips and corn, sheep and shorthorns.

Single examples best show what machinery and enterprise have done towards clothing and enterprise have done towards clothing the world. An accident has given us the opportunity of describing what machinery and enterprise can do to clothe womankind and babykind. The accident was a huntbreakinst, given by Mr. Juijus Lincoln (the celebrated paper-stainer), to Lord Drainland's Hunt,—a breakfast which, for admirable profusion and confusion of everything; from plain chops to Yorkshire pies; from cherry cordial to champague—will long be a green such in the memory of the two landered cordial to champagne—will long be a green spot in the memory of the two hundred guests. We had the go of fortune to make the acquintance of a stout, fresh-complexioned, broad-shouldered, broad-brim-hatted, scarlet-conted stranger. Later in the day, a cramped conted stranger. Later in the day, a cramped stile, unjumpable for fifteen stone, gave us the opportunity of turning aside, and joing on lessurely together; and so, during the rest of the day, we talked of horses and farming about, silently reckening each other up. For my part, I thought my new friend could not be a parson—parsons don't ride in pink in Lancashire; nor a farmer, although very like a thousand are a limited. Welter thousand-acre Lincoln Wolds man. Speculation came to an end when we parted, and the stout stranger presented me with

me to come and lunch with him any day (except two hunting days), "at number ten thousand, Cheapside, where his firm, Ashstock and Ahrab, did a little business with parts of the world."

Wanting, lately, to show a foreign friend the showy side of England, which does not lie in palaces or public places, I remembered my adventure, and fished out the fox-hunter's card. And this was how I found my way, one fine morning, to a great warehouse a barrack and storehouse of commercial warfare on human nakedness—which modestly ob-trudes a narrow architectural front on Cheapside, and stretches many a rood into he length and breadth of the back regions of that mysterious thoroughfare.

We found Mr. Ahrab, in his brown coat We found Mr. Ahrab, in his brown coat and commercial den, deep in his correspond-ence,—a very different style of man from Ahrab mounted, top-beeted, searlet conted, with no anxiety except about killing the fex; after a few cordial words of welcome, an intimation that his dinner and my lancheon would be ready at one o'clock "sharp," he put us under the care of a Menter able to guide

us on our voyage of discovery.
We began our investigations at a counter of pocket-handkerchiefs. A pocket-handker-chief is one of the most solid signs of civilisation-a standard waving in advance of civilised wants. Here were to be found hand-kerchiefs fitted for all classes; from duchesses to dairymaids; from royalty to the Lilliputian tenants of infants' schools, arranged in dizens,
—an exceptional number being worth ten
pounds each without lace. Thirty pounds the dozen seemed the apex of ordinary transactions; thence descending, the importance of the sales generally increasing with the descent, were the cheapest description of French at eight shillings and sixpeace, Irish cambric at one shilling and ninepence, and Scatch cambric at ninepence-halfpenny the dozen. The price at ninepence-halfpenny the dozen. per dozen, in all the cheaper qualities being considerably less than the price charged for a single handkerchief before steam superseded

hand-spurning.

French embroidered handkerchiefs, even of a very cheap kind, undergo a strange round of voyages and travels before they appear at evening parties. The cumbric is imported into London in the piece, thence forwarded to the branch manufactory in Glasforwarded to the branch manufactory in Glasgow; there divided into proper lengths for handkerchiefs; and, with a due quantity of cotton-thread are distributed among the peasant girls of Scotland and Ireland, to be embroidered. By this new trace of embroidering handkerchiefs, petticoat borders, muslin dresses, and under garments, many a comely lass is able to exchange the digging fork for the needle. When embroidered, the cambric, no longer white as driven show, is collected and returned to Glasgow to be is collected and returned to Glasgow to be

washed and bleached. Then, marshalled in sixpence per pair; while plate-glass four-dezens, it journeys back to Cheapside to be windowed drawing-rooms could be accomthence distributed

Far as the breeze can bear the billow's foam.

By meeting all tastes, and descending to ocket-handkerchiefs at a little more than three furthings aspiece. Ashstock, Ahrab and Co. manage to sell, in the course of the year, something like three million of them; that is to say rather more than three hundred and fifty acres of lawn and cambric; yet, before the spinning-jenny beat the spinning-wheel, a cambric pocket-handkerchief in the hand of a village maiden was as great a rarity as a pair of silk stockings in the days

of Queen Bess.

boxes by which ladies, on shopping thoughts intent, are craftily acduced buying a dezen at a time, all ready marked with the name Annie or Bessie, and so on through the alphabet, are no longer of the plainest description. The march of luxury plainest description. transformed them into works of art moulded them in elegant forms, and adorned them with coloured pictures of the interesting events of the day -royal marriages and interviews, portraits of princesses and heroes, views of shipwrocks and battles. The Great Exhibition afforded a good many subjects; the Turkish alliance, the Sultan, and Omar Pasha have had their day; as also Alma and Inkermann. At the date of our inquisito-rial progress, the Emperor and Empress of the French, with scenes from the Queen's visit to Paris, were in high favour. The taking of Sebastopol will probably follow. These boxes, once given with the handkerchiefs, have now a distinct wholesale value of from sixpence to ten shillings and sixpence each.

The next step was into a snowy armoury where a wonderful variety of embroidered muslins, dresses (from the Glasgow branch manufactory) for wedding, christening, ball, or any other occasion where white is imperative, were arranged in such numbers us to be truly distracting. Full-flounced robes, gorgoous in their blanch extravagance of tambouring and embroidery, were to had at ten and fifteen pounds each; but the great trade is in our favourite plain tucked robes, of which thousands were annu dly distributed among our rising beauties at from seven to ten shillings each. Imagine the astonishment of our grandmothers at hearing of a ball-dress at half-a-guinea! We calculated that Ashstock and Ahrab sell annually about fifty acres of muslin dresses, without counting roods of cambric collars from fourpence halfpenny upwards, and miles habit-shirts, chemisettes, jabots, cuffs,

alcoves, mantles, and jackets.

Cartains for cottages were once an unknown laxury, unless in common calico, but wonder of every family, the buby! Bas we found, in the muslin department, that the march of machinery had produced embroidered muslin curtains at two shillings and in every corner of the department.

modated at eighteen pounds.

Mourning-both light and deep affliction departments -came next; and there, amid crape in all shapes of dress and all degrees of fineness, with bugles worthy of Hamlet, we found that the largest trade was in servants black caps at three farthings a-piece, and plain linen collars at the same price.

Marching steadily on, we successively passed the department of cap fronts, of cauls -not the natural article occasionally advertised in the Times at fifteen pounds, and specially recommended to sea-captains—but white net, supplied at fifteen pence the dozen, nighteaps too, from the very plainest to the most insinuating that ever adorned a rosy morning face. In caps, not nightenps, the Swedish Nightingale's seems the favourite name, judging by the trade thermometer; for the sale last year in white and black Jenny Linds was over a hundred thousand dozen. We roughly estimated the weight of caps of all kinds sold annually at this single shop at two hundred tons.

Next, ribands in all the colours of the rainbow-of silk, satin and velvet—the best work of Coventry and Lyons, made the work of Coventry and Lyons, made the counters gay as dower-beds. What a delightful addition to a collar is a becoming neckriband of bright harmonious colours, Parisian women of all grades well know. The attendant in this department told us, with a profes-sional sigh of regret, that his stock was sional sigh of regret, that his stock was very dead, as broad ribands were all the rage. Passing from gay ribands, a regiment grave cloaks were reviewed. of all materials; cotton velvet, silk velvet, satin and moiré antique, cloth, in admirable sober colours (when shall we have a revival, for the streets, of the charming red riding-hood cloaks of our youth?) alpacas, and mixed mysterious textures with names to match. All tastes and pockets were to be suited; expense-no-object could be satisfied, while the real use of a winter's cloak, warmth, was amply fulfilled in capital woollen imitation of hear-skins neatly trummed, at five shillings

Baby linen came next; organised on a scale sufficiently large to provide for all the nurseries in the kingdom at a moment's notice. There were doll-like shirts at sixpence, and also at sixteen shillings; long robes at four shillings and at ten pounds each (more Scotch and Irish peasant embroidery); Lilliputian silk-embroidered merino shoes, which a young lady with a very new white bonnet pronounced perfect ducks; pincushious-those monuments of increasing nurseries-at from ninepence to a guinea; and all the other paraphernalia that are called into use by the

The ladies' general outfitting section came rest of ladies' apparel were added; and, very naturally close to the baby's. The a Glasgow muslin manufactory became the name describes it. As for the contents, it colony of the parent establishment in Notwas quite plain that, if a telegraphic despatch announced the arrival at Southampton of an army of amazons a thousand strong in an army of amazons a thousand strong in want of all the armoury of modern costume, there would be no hesitation in returning an answer of "All right; the clothes will be sent down by the next train." Everything was to be found there, from top to toe, except shoes. An entire room was given up to those instruments of torture, stays. A single brown wooden-busked rib-A single brown wooden-busked rib-BLave. compresser was to be had at tenpence; increasing prices ended at best French, one hundred and fifty shillings a-dozen.

Millinery made its department very gorgeons in ornamental articles, the greater part of which puzzled our ignorance, and warned us not to enter into details; but one instance of the development of commerce in an insignificant branch of trade was too curious to be passed over. At a certain, or rather au uncertain, time of life, ladies take to headdresses. Some adopt false hair, some caps, and many used to wear particoloured skull-caps of Berlin wool. These have recently been in a great measure superseded by certain dark-brown silky materials, manufactured into network coronets, marvellously resembling braided hair, and caps with pendent corkserew curls, made of mohair, that is, the hair of a goat, chiefly imported from Syria. At first there were difficulties in the way of spinning and weaving mohair; but the attention paid, with such remarkable success, to alpace led to the study of all kinds of goats' hair; and now, more than five hundred manufacturers, some of them little above the rank journeymen, are engaged in supplying mohair head-dresses.

Artificial flowers, English and French. occupy two rooms, and make them gay as the parterres of Paxton. English flowers have not, as was expected, been extinguished by French taste and cheapness, but continue to afford employment to a numerous class. But, as a general rule, there is no comparison be-tween the two in beauty. The French flowertween the two in beauty. The French flower-maker is an artist; the English, a mechanic, copying from a conventional standard; al-though some of the English examples showed that there must be brilliant exceptions.

From French flowers at fabulous prices in the two extremes of cheapness and costliness, we returned to the principal department in this great warehouse, lace — the department which in fact has origingted all the rest, and led the firm in the course of years to consult the convenience of their customers, by concentrating all their wants and enabling them to stock a shop in one morning walk, under one roof. Thus sive laces they purchase are untiquities, or mock antiquities, dyed in coffee grounds to bracelets, brooches, flowers, feathers, cloaks, bracelets, brooches, flowers, feathers, cloaks, baby-linen, bonnets, millinery, and all the point of Queen Anne. At the French

Lace is not a describable article, a few figures will be more expressive than any vain attempt to plunge into a labyrinth of filaments. Roods of counters and shelves were devoted to every description of every country and every kind. France and Belgium supplied hand-made pillow-lace, as did our own counties of Bucks, Herts, and Northampton, and Devon-but the great trade is in machine lace and net from Nottingham, Honiton, and Twerten; in which, besides many new uses, the times descriptions are so well imitated that, at yard distance, no person not in the trade, can tell the difference between costly fine hand-work and cheap machine imitation. The most fashionable collar at the present moment is Irish hand crochet, in imitation of ancient point lace,—the difference in proceed between the simulated and the real atticle being about shillings to guinens. Lace curtains and lace flounced robes in black and white have been rendered a possible luxury within the reach of the middle classes. Fixand-twenty years ago an article (in net) now sold for fourpence cost forty shillings a-vard Changes of the same character, succeeding from year to year, have enabled the million to use goods which were once the privilege of the inactive few, have created the lace-trade of England, and given employment to the thousands who, directly or indirectly, draw their wages from the house of Ashstock and Ahrab.

The importance of the machine lace trade may be measured in millions of yards. Five kinds of it were sold in one year to the extent of more than six thousand miles, or more than the distance trons Liverpool to New York and back. Thus trade rests, like the bulk of British trade on cheap machine manufacture, and is daily improved and extended to new uses. Where our grandmothers were content with a pair of hereditary lace lappets of unknown age, and, in their eyes, incalculable value, our daughters and wives aspire to whole dres and curtains, and our servants can afferd a succession of clean light caps and bennet fronts. In fact, by modern improvements, we

are less afraid of wearing out than of wasning; cheap clothes mean cleanlines.

There is—purse-proud beauties would be surprised to hear—no demand in England of modern foreign hand-made lace; bug-lish ladies will rarely give one, two three hundred pounds—as French, Spanish, lin-sian, and American ladies will—for a dives a shawl, or even a veil. The most expenExhibition, there is a black silk-lace shawl, manufactured for the empress of the French, from an original design, by the well-known house of Lefebuvre, price six hundred pounds; and the manufacturers have more than once received orders of nearly equal Cost.

At lace ended our tour through the long avenues and towering storers of the great house, the first of some half-dozen engaged in the same operations, presenting in the vast-ness, completeness, and machine-like order of its operations, a sample of British commercial enterprise. Although a half-way house of distribution between the manufacturers and the retailer, nearly four hundred persons, male and female, are employed under one roof to serve, note down, correspond, pack up, and deliver the supplies required from every point of the courses—five from every point of the compass — five pounds' worth to the little milliner at Penzance, a thousand pounds' worth to Madame Lafleur at Havannah, and Madame Sriggs, from Paris, at Melbourne — which amount in a year to more than a million sterling. We were glad to find that Ashstock and Ahrab—more wise than certain rail-way companies lately noticed in Household Words-do not disperse their staff among the chop-houses of Cheapside, but provide at a great economy of time, money, and digestion, a series of meals of roast and boiled joints, cooked by gas, which, as our luncheon told us, left nothing to be desired.

Among the elements of the progress of this many-armed establishment, penny postage had no mean share in selling, freighting, and setting in motion the railway van, the ocean steamer, and the clipper ship. The average number of letters received and answered weekly, amount to some four thousand. The electric telegraph, too, gives its help, and often saves twenty-four hours of time in

the execution of an order.

What we may call outposts of attack on women's wants have been established by Ashstock and Ahrab in branches in the great cities of Manchester, Liverpool, Edinburgh, Eirmingham, Plymouth, and Dublin; besides a mustin manufactory at Glasgow and a lace factory at Nottingham. In New York and Calcutta, independent colonies—consuming nothing but the produce of the Cheapside -have been established; and, in the great Australian cities, like plantations have been founded. As for home consumption, Great Britain is mapped out into districts, which are periodically traversed by commercial ambassadors, travelling by road and rail. In the hilly territories of the north you may sometimes meet a neat, capacious, dark-green fourgon, driven four-in-hand. It does not contain the bed or batterie de cuisine of a foreign prince, nor any of the hounds or race houses of a sporting peer: it is a moving watchouse of our friends Ashstock and Ahnab: one of the means by which they

push their sales and afford to pay wages, directly or indirectly, to some ten thousand people, including peasant girls in English, Scotch, and Irish counties, in France and

in Belgium.

And this firm, with its princely revenues, army of assistants, thousands of dependents—its several branch establishments, and still more numerous agents, all working with a clockwork regularity incomprehensible to the muddling proceedings of Ordinauce and Horseguards. Admiralty, Woods, Forests, and Public Works—is but one sample of hundreds of firms which organise the labour of the staple trades of England. Neither are the principals mere money-grabbing drudges. They can afford time, as we have seen, for healthful recreation. Neither do any of their dependents appear to be overworked.

THE POST-MISTRESS.

The post-mistress at Moorbeck is retained by government at a liberal salary of five annual pounds. She has held her office, as she casually informed me, during four reigns, and has seen three great wars : the American, which she remembers hearing tell of when she was a child, because her mother's brother was killed in it; Bonaparte's wars; and now this war with the Russians, -not to mention the battles in India, where one of the old colonel's sons was badly wounded, and another was made captain for slaying a fabulous number of the enemy with his own

I like a gossip about times gone by, and Ailie Jarvis likes a gossip too; perhaps that is the reason why I am so often to be found at the little rose-covered cottage, at the bottom of the hill, when it is half-holiday.

My introduction to Ailie was on this wise; My introduction to Ailie was on this wise;—
I wanted stamps, and walked down to the
post-office to purchase them with a shilling
in my hand—I mention this because we
do not carry purses usually; the only article
of investment at Moorbeek being pipes and
ale. I was accompanied by my amiable
pupils, who formally mande me to the postpupils, who formally mande me to the postpupils. mistress as their new governess. She a little, well-made woman, verging on eighty, with a fine forehead and traces beauty which neither hard work, hard fare, nor a full meed of troubles had sufficed to obliterate. She received me with easy dig-nity, asked what country woman I was, and hoped I liked Wensleydale. Having replied to these questions, I preferred a mild request for stamps.

"How many do you want, miss?"

"Twelve."

"Then I'm sure I can't let you have them; I've only two left."
"Oh! indeed. Well, never mind; one

feeling a tug at my sleeve from my eldest pupil, who is a girl of precocous shrewiness and vast second-hand workly experience.

"How silly of you to give her the money," she whispers; "you will never get the

stamps.

I cast a regretful look at the old woman's hand in which my coin is fast imprisoned, for my number of shillings is limited—I may say, very limited. Ailie assures me, as I go out, that I shall have my stamps without fail

in the morning.
"I should think so," murmured Miss

Amelia, incredulously.

I have now been at Moorbeck eighteen months and I have not received those stamps yet. The next day Ailie brought six, and left them with a small note couched in polite terms, explaining that she could not procure more then; but that the five which she still more then; but that the five which she still owed should follow shortly. I was satisfied. In the afternoon, however, another missive was presented to me, which ran thus:—

DEAR FRIEND, MISS GOVERNESS, - Ailio Jarvis will be much obliged if you will let her have the stamps back again; for Mr. West has sent for some, and I back again; for Mr. West has sent dare not tell him I have not got any.

I remain your dear friend,

AILIR JARVIN.

The spelling was correct and the writing legible, and with a smile I hand over the Queen's portraits to the maid, who departs therewith.

"Well, you are silly! I would not have let her have them," cried my pupil; "you are a goose!"

I deposit the note in my workbox; and, after slightly ruffling the sleek plumage of my wise and plain-spoken pupil, I return to the perusal of my thirty-year-old Review.

I shall never make a more profitable investment than that shilling; it has yielded exorbitant interest in the circulating medium of chat. When I am dull, or idly disposed, or wearied with the vivid sagacity of my young hiends, I write a letter and carry it to the post myself: I enter the office, which is also Adie's bedroom, and deposit it on the tude with a penny, I do not wish the debt to be liquidated now, but it rests between us unforgotten; then I ask after the rheumatism, the finger-joints, and other chronic ailments of the venerable public servant, until we glide into the full channel of retrospective small-talk ; for Ailie is the chronicle of Moorbeck. She tells me first that in this little cottage where we both stand she has brought up fourteen children and two grandchildren ; her husband for a long time before his death never did a hand's-turn; that one of her sons, Henry, — the handsomest and eleverest of them all,—lay wasting in bed saven years before he died. She shows me some letters that he wrote to her, and also his Dible filled with marginal notes, and the blank leaves covered with texts appropriate

to his condition. There is a miniature pertrait of him hanging over the chimneypeec. It represents a man with a face like Aille's, strong and intellectual. What those seven he'd less years must have been! Then, with a hot flush on her cheek and a sparkle in her buted eyes, she alludes to another son, who, having risen in the world, is too proud to acknow-

ledge his kin.
"I pray God Almighty might humble his pride yet!" she adds in a tone that has target of a curse than a blessing in it; but the indignant anger is quenched as she touches slightly, very slightly, on the favorite daughter, who, who—she pauses, and strong that the unspoken story is known says tremulously, "Oh! she was bonnie, real bonne! neither gentle nor simple in all the dale was

half so bounie as my Alice."

Five of her children, she tells me, terevisous and two daughters, lie burned with her husband in Moorbeck churchyard; Henry lies in the old graveyard on the hill at Soarbro', and of the rest, some are married and ore, and of the rest, some are married and one is in service. Having got to the end of her domestic relations, by no means to be measured by these few brief lines, she branches out in a general way on things that have been in Akorbeck since she remembers.

We go out into the September sunshing, and stand by the garden gate; every moment I am departing, but still I don't depart. Ailie points to Penhid, and asks me if I can

see the beacon. I cannot; my eyes are not so young as they have been.

"Well, miss," she says, "I remember one night—it don't seem so long since to me, though it happened before you were born—Penhill top was all in a lowe. We were ex-Penhill top was all in a lowe. We were ex-pecting Bonaparte and the French to land every day, and on the brow of every hall they every day, and on the brow of every hill they piled a great heap of sticks and hug to set if the to, so as to alarm the country, you know We were just going to bed, the fire was out and the door shut, when we heard some body run by shouting, 'Penhill's blazing! Penhill's blazing! Penhill's blazing! The French are coming! "You may just think what we must have felt. I turned as cold as a stone area, but the lads said. 'Keep un your heart, postler:

lads said, 'Keep up your heart, mother; we'll see them all driven into the zea. They if

never get to Moorbeek.'

"Then I helped 'em, and they all start of out to go to meet the enemy. All the date was up; men a-foot, men on horseback, and the old Colonel and the Squire amongst cm. It was a wet night, and the church falls were good —it was dismal, mind. Well, the Clitch took his award, and he heartened the man on, and they rade and they rade until they; a nearly to Northallerton; and then, what so you think? Why, the French had to exlanded at all; it was a havetack on fire test did the mischief, and the beacons were lit for miles away. But the best of it was, trust

Bessie Heslop, who lived on Penhill, where her husband was watch, got her bed with the fright, and a tuer boy you never saw! The old Squire would stand godfather for him, and gave a line dinner at the christening. I godmother, and the bairn was christened Penhill Hestop; av, and I sat at table with the gentlefolks, and drank wine with the old Colonel and the Squire too,"

This is evidently a very proud remi-

niscence.

"These times are different," Ailie goes on, solemnly; "there are no such fine assemblies at the great house now as there were when I was a lass. I remember one night-I lived nursemaid at the rectory then, and mistress had sent us to bed-I got up and put on my gown, and stole across the paddock into the pleasure grounds, and up to the window of the room where they were dancing. The blinds were not down, and as it was dark, I watched ever so long without anybody seeing me; but at last a gentleman and lady came suddenly to the window, and I suppose they must have seen me - I warrant I looked queer in my rightenp-for she screamed and fell down in a aint, and I heard the gentle-man cry out, 'The Devil!' I didn't stand to man cry out, 'The Devil!' I didn't stand to be told to run, you may be sure; but got home as fast as I could, and then I did laugh. But it got about that a ghost haunted the gardens; and, if you behave me, the squire had wooden shutters put to all the low windows immediately. I didn't tell, for I should have lost my place."

"But are there wheats at Manufack, Ailian

"But are there ghosts at Moorbeck, Ailie-real ones I" I ask, with interest; for if there is one thing I relish more than another, it is Ailie is a rather enlightened a glost-story. aracter, but she admits that the old Grange, where the Colonel once lived, and which was burnt down two years ago, had a very bad

"The servants would not stay one while," she says; "and even the family did not like it. You see the old Colonel had done a wrong thing in leaving it as he did, and so people talked. There were footsteps tramping about at night, and sometimes a great sigh would be heard, though nothing could be seen; it came and sighed over them as they lay in bed, I have heard the garls tell, and then something was sure to happen. And before any of the family was going to die, there was always the nore of shutting down a coffin heard, followed by several people going down the great scarcase, show and heavy, as if they carried a burden. That happened before the old Colonel died, and the muse told me herself. when I was streaking him for his cotlin. when I was streaking him for his collin. He was a grim looking corpse, with his thick grey moustaches, and his black brows. I've laid out I can't tell how many of that family; there was the Colonel's wife, and Misa Lleanor, who died of a waste—she was a beautiful girl, and as good as she was bonnie; then there was that sad scapegrace,

Master Everard, and the little boy; the old Colonel outlived 'em all, and was as bitter as aloes always. He got his nephew, Richard. to live with him when all the rest were gone, but I dare say he harried him almost to death. Richard married a great lady for his wife, and so the old man was pleased and left the estate to him, instead of to his elder brother's family, who expected it; so the two sets quarrelled. Then Richard and his wife went abroad, and the house was let to Sir John Grafton. It was while he had it, and just before his youngest daughter was married, that it was burnt down; all her wedding-clothes were burnt, and as it happened at night, the girls escaped in their nightgowns, and took refuge at the Squire's. Miss Louisa was married from there a month after. There are a many people who say they saw the old Colonel walking about the house when it was burning, and that at the house when it was burning, and that at the last he went off like a piliar of blue flame. I say myself that spirits no doubt there were, but they were in the cellar, and as they were not got out they made a fine lowe, as spirits

"I am afraid you are right, Ailie, and that we cannot lay claim to a genuine ghost at Moorheek, after all."

"I'll tell you, miss, what I once saw my own self," Ailie recommences, laying an emphatic forefinger on my hand. "It was when my husband was took for death, and I had to fetch the doctor from Marston. Nothing would serve him but seeing Doctor Linley-he thought a vast of Dr. Linley. was a misty October night, and I set off across the fields—it is three miles from Moorbeck to Marston. The doctor had been called out, but they promised to send him as soon as he came back; and as I was in a great fear for poor Willie, I didn't wait to see him. Well, I had got just by the stile in the river-closes, when I saw a light before me. It danced up and down in the mist like a live thing; but I said my prayers, and it kept going on and on, till I got out in the road, and then I missed it. Now, that's true, mias.

"Ailie, it was a will-o'-the-wisp, a marsh-

light.

"No, miss, it was a solemn warning; Willie died that day was a week."

The old woman was firm in her own superstition, so I made no further attempt to van-

You've been over the ruins of the Percies'

castle, down yonder, miss !"

"Well, a light haunts them such as I saw-I've seen it often.'

"The rules are not far from the marshy ground by the river, Ailie."

What does that matter? And ever since I can remember, the folks have said there is a burned treasure watched by a raven. Penhill Hestop's father actually day for it, the

he only found some old coins, and rings, and bones, and the Squire was mightily put about that the ground should have been disturbed; for it seems Heslop had dug in the chapel. There is an old stone coffin that they use as a trough—you've seen it !

"I don't credit the talk of treasures and chests and what not, myself," Ailie adds, with serene dignity, to which I reply that such reports are usually unfounded.

"They are, miss—they are. Have you been to Searthneck, miss?"

"Yes, Ailie; a couple of months since."

"There was a strange thing happened there once—it was to the squire's father.

You remember, miss, that long, steep hill that goes down from the moor into the valley!"

I not accurace. I nod acquiescence.

"And you remember the low wood that covers the high slope on the right hand side!"

"Yes, perfectly."

"Yes, perfectly."

"Well, one evening at dark, the Squire's father and the old Colonel were coming on horseback up the hill—where they had been to I don't know; but, however, Mr. Langdale had a great sum of money with him; they were taking and going slowly, when, just as they got to the brow, two men rushed out and seized Mr. Langdale's horse—one at the head, and the other at the tail. They never touched the Colonel, whose horse took fright, and started off. Well, what they wanted was the money, but the old Squire was tough was the money, but the old Squire was tough and strong in the arm. They tried to drag him from his horse, but it was a high-mettled him from his horse, but it was a high-mettled thing, and kicked and plunged until it shook both the villains off. They fired after the old gentleman, but he got clear and galloped away. He overtook the Colonel soon, and they made good haste home, you may think. The next day, nothing would serve them but they would go and look at the place, for the Stuire was sure one of the men had been Squire was sure one of the men had been hurt; and, after looking about in the wood a little while, they found a grave dug, which had been got ready for Mr. Langdale, no doubt. Both the Squire and the Colonel had their suspicions about one man, but for the other they could not fix on anybody. Well, they went home again, and that evening there came a weman to the great house, to beg a drop of brandy for her husband, who was taken with a bad fit of colic. They were decent people as any at Moorbeck, and, of decent people as any at Moorbeck, and, of course, the wife got some brandy, and went home. All at once a fancy took the Squire, and he said to his wife that he would just walk up the village and see the poor man. He did not knock at the door, but walked straight into the kitchen, and there, talking with the wife, he saw the fellow he suspected of having been one of those who set upon of having been one of those who set upon him at Scarthneck. They seemed quite behim at Scarthneck. They seemed quite be-gone, and would not let him go into the bed-room where the man lay ill, for ever so long,

but the Squire was determined, and, at last, he got to the bed where the miscrable wrotch was twisting about in pain. He cried out when he saw Mr. Langdale, for the old gentleman was a magistrate, and, besides, his conscience pricked him hard. The Squire talked to him a bit, until the others seemed off their guard, and then he whispered, 'Don't you think it was my horse gave you your fit of colic?' He had not a word to say then, and he confessed it was. He died that same night—the other man was transported." same night—the other man was transported.

"I did not think you had had any such wicked people in all the dale, Adie."
"Oh! miss, I think human nature is much of a muchness all the world over. There are both good and bad in the country as well as in the town."

"You keep up the old customs here, Ailie, don't you?"

"Some of them, miss. Have you heard anybody's banns published in church since you came? No; I don't think you will, for they must needs have a licence now. Well, in my time, after we had been asked in church the third time the child slark corner or the start of the the third time the old clerk sung out 'tool speed 'em weel!' and when I was married his boy asked for my garter, and he got a fine white ribbon. Then the first Sunday Willie and me went to church after we were wed they sang that paulin about olivebranches—I daresay you know it—and always after a funeral they have diress when the relations come to church. They don't do it relations come to church. They don't do it in London, miss, do they?"

"No, Ailicat least I think not, but I

never was there to see."

"And I haven't either, and I think I never shall now. But I walked seven-and twenty miles one day this summer to see a son of mine that was ill at Leeds. There isn't many going on for eighty could do that, miss"

"Indeed, Ailie, I could not do it myself."

"I dare say you could, miss, if need were that you should. You are small and light. that you should. You are small and light, like me, but then, to be sure, we have had different bringings-up. I'm always well it! can get out of doors; for I've been used to a deal of walking. It is only lately that the mail-cart has come through Moorbeck, and left the bag at my door. I had to go to the corner of the road, near the bridge, which it a good mile off, every morning, rain or shire, to wait till the mail went by, and then I had a round of six or seven miles more to deliver the letters."

"All for five bounds a-year, Ailie?"

"All for five pounds a-year, Ailie?"
"No, miss, it was twenty then; and I'll assure you I was main well off with it. But assure you I was main well off with it. But alterations were made; a post was set up at Alauby, and they only left me five pounds—the other goes to the postmaster there; and maybe he has not above a dozen letters a month, while I've always, when the Squite's family is at home, as many as forty near, or fifty, sometimes." "That seems too bad, Ailie."

"There is a deal of things too bad in this world, miss, that we have to bide. You're young yet; you don't know. How do you like your place, miss? This question is confidential."

"Very well, Ailie; I am quite contented."
"That's lucky, I am sure. But it must be dull for you at Moorbeck, isn't it, now?"
"No, Ailie, I'm never dull; I have a kitten."

kitten.

"A kitten—oh! yes; we all know your white kitten, with its red necklace; but you would not get a beau if you were to stop here

for twenty years."

I laugh, and say it does not matter, and
I do not care; a profession which the old
woman scouts as utterly ridiculous and false. Then she bids me be of good heart, and never despair, for who knows what may happen, for I can't be so very, very old, after all. "Not much over thirty," I tell her, smiling. "You thirty! Nay, that you're not; I'll not credit it. You're twenty-two, maybe."

"I am grey-headed, Ailie, and shall never see old maid's corner again."

"Old maids-I never could bide old maids. Don't you be one, whatever you are. Grey hairs are honourable, but old maids are abominable!

"Then, the two together—the grey old maid—will be just tolerable."

"Nay, I don't agree to that."

A lurching country lad comes to the gate with a loosely-tied newspaper, and pushes it into the slit of the letter-box.

"You'll never get that in, lad. Just go into the house and bring the tongs to pull it

t again."
While the youth drags his newspaper out of the slit, Ailie tells me that she always juts the poker down, lest any letters should have stuck, which is often the case. I wonder what is the state of my correspondence when it reaches the hands to which it is addressed. The intrusion of the boy with the paper has broken the thread of our discourse, so in carnest I say I must really go.

"Well, miss, thank you. It is very good f you to come and talk (?) to an old woman. Bless me, if there is not your kitten!"

I turn round and see my snowball Charlie hastily descending the orchard wall. He comes, and is duly petted and admired.

"The gamekeepers will shoot him," Ailie

"No, they won't; I introduced him formally, and they promised not, and to let him out of traps, if he was caught."

"I lay you're fond of him, miss?"

"Very; he is so compassionable. He has on the table watching me write, and sometimes he walks over the paper, and acts as very bad blotting-paper. We are great friends, Charlie and I."

"Some people don't like cats."
"Then I pity them. Good-bye, Ailie."

I take my little cat in my arms. Ailie alls after me that she is afraid it is a bad sign, as I saunter up the hill. Midway I encounter a group of small children going home from school. They curteey reverently before my face; but when they have got past I hear a little laugh, and one says: "It's have got the goals are Tom six every far. her cat; she gave our getting it out of a tree." Tom sixpence for

At the turn to the gates I come suddenly on a group of young people—my pupils and some of their friends.

"Miss Lee and her cat, of course: ugly Charlie—horrible Charlie!" cries the owner

of a fat terrier, which is pussy's sworn foe.

"You have had him out for a walk. I wonder what you will do next?" cries the amiable Amelia.

amiable Amena.

"I shall roll a ball on the lawn for him to run after;" and I go and do it defiantly. So ends my half-holiday. I recommend every governess to have a pet; it gives her a feeling of independence, and tills up spare moments when she would be likely to mope, and fancy when she would be likely to mope, and fancy when the would be likely to mope, and fancy when the property of the state of the s herself miserable. I think the affection of even a kitten worth having.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN

IN BELGIUM.

I AM in one of the third class carriages a Belgian railway train, and travelling ween Mechlin and Gand. I take the between liberty to observe (not altogether without a pang of wounded patriotism) that a third carriage on a Belgian railway is infinitely superior in comfort and accommodation to a second class carriage on the callway. It has more air, more light, more air, it has sents so contrived that no man's knees are necessarily in the lap of his fat friend opposite. A passenger—although only a common labourer or mechanic—may sit forward or backward or sideways as he listeth. He may stand up, or sideways as he listeth. He may stand up, and even walk about and stretch his legs a There are blinds to a third class riage in Belgium; so that it actually appears to have occurred to the directors or the government (I know not which) that there is perhaps now and then some slight, if scarcely perceptible, difference between poor persons and cattle. Why the advantages here de-scribed exist in Belgian third class carriages, and do not exist in British third class riages, I confess myself entirely unable to determine. Indeed, I take the present cramped and gloomy state of travellers in Britain to be something very much like a personal affront to myself; for, is it not now nearly five years ago that I was enabled to suggest some very simple and practical improvements in railway carriages, derived from the most benighted portion of sluggish Austria?* I will not, however, further advert to my valuable

[.] In the first volume of Household Words, junge 145.

Such a course would admentions. uneraccful, as savouring of that vulgar respects to those in for ign countries, as species of self-landation or egotism which is, this difference is in few places more percenor ought to be, abhorred of gods and men. I will here simply add, to the facts which were laid nearly a lustre ago before an observant public, that it appears in my humble judgment we altogether misconceive the true spirit of advertising, and that our tradesmen do not set about it in that honest and straightforward manner which I should be glad to see once more a sure characteristic of snything so truly British as the art of puffing. The sums spent in advertising are far beyond all reasonable calculation. Advertising on a large scale is generally understood to succeed, whatever it may do on a small one. Our advertisements are, however, the clumsiest, stupidest things con-ceivenble. The veriest tyro in his art should be ashamed of them. They disfigure some of the finest sites of our metropolis, they blind us with their intolerable red and yellow glare, they frighten our horses with weird unusual shapes; in a word, they are some-times ridiculous, and sometimes offensive. Not one of the spirited and enterprising persons who deface our capital with these manifold abominations, I would respectfully suggest, have clearly understood their true interests. They do not appear to have marked. learned, and inwardly digested the capital principle which was suggested to them on so large a scale at the Great Exposition of eighteen bundred and fifty-one. The best artificers and mechanics of every description in the world seem to shrink, with a shame-facedness altogether unaccountable, from a frank and fair exhibition of their handiwork. They have altogether overlooked the valuable capacities of railway trains as so many moveable palaces of industry. A thousand new and ingenious contrivances might be constantly introduced by means of them to a wide and constantly-increasing public, and every carriage might be provided with suitable articles of comfort convenience, and ornament, without a shilling expense to the wincing share-holders. I am sure that if advertisers will fam'y onsider this hint, and railway officials unite in carrying it out, travelling might be often made an instructive amusement, instead of a means of getting the backache in the dullest manner. Little glass cases of novel-ties (well fastened and secured) might be placed in convenient positions, before people who would have often nothing else to do but examine them and reflect on their value during many hours. By a proper system of perambulating quarks, such as that which is organised on all foreign railways, robbertes would be out of the question. A good light might also be secured in railway carriages on the skylight principle, from the roof, and

be carriages are still inferior in very many this difference is in few phees more perceptible than in the third class waggers on the Belgian lines. I am aware that it will be as difficult to obtain useful reforms here as clean where; but as the British constitution and Rule Britannia can scarcely be mixed up in the matter by any ingenuity of the most consummate official casuist, perhaps we must venture to entertain something like a grassing expectation of improvement within his years or thereabouts.

I regret to state that the Belgian customhouse is by no means so agreeable an inc. tu-tion as the Belgian railway. It has given me some very needless trouble. It has mir delayed me, without any comprehensidelayed me, without any comprehendi-reason, five clear days upon my journey, and I am now obliged to go from Gand (a central depot) in order Malities 10 Gand (a central depot) in order to make things pleasant. I shall succeed, but th-custom-house authorities have been and as in the habit of adopting very inconvenient pro-ceedings, nevertheless. They are indepen-ously fond of small quibbles and patter quirks. They pounce on a few cention a (from me they took sixteen, or three halfpence and a fraction) with a haste rather undignified, if not unbecoming.

However, I may thank them for an improving little trip, and it would therefore be proving little trip, and it would therefore be but churlish to grumble. I am enjoying the almost unknown luxury of travelling with four as I am journeying within the frontiers. I am not worried even with a pas-part question. It is late in September; but there has been such an unusual continuation of this weather, that I begin to have some hope even of the wayward climate of Flanders. I am not without a charatable expectation not without a chantable expectation am that this climate has at last resolved to redeem a very doubtful character, and also stain altogether from fog and water for the future. Although, on ordinary o casions, a wary and prudent traveller, I resolve on the present occasion to undertake my journey without even a cloak or umbrella, and to treat my second-best clothes and a maid and hat entirely to the honour and fair promoses of the morning. As the reader may be apprehensive of the result, it is peoply also to add that my confidence was not inteplaced. and that the weather courteously deputed to attend me throughout the day, behaved with the most cheerful and obliging manner, not even venturing to blow a cloud, lest I should begin to entertain a passing doubt of its integrity. I carry nothing with me, therefore, but a pocket-book, a cigar-care, a volume of Robinson Crusoe in French, which I bought at the book-stall for emergencies, and have been realing since with an ever-fresh and enter delight.

by better (say advertisement) lamps at night. an ever-fresh and eager delight.

To return, however, from suggestions to Notwithstanding, however, the example of facts, it is quite certain that our railway so many British travelers, I begin at length

to think that it is not the most enlightening keep one's ave and knowledge-seeking method of going through a country to keep one's eyes constantly fixed on a book; and, therefore, having read past a station or two, I tear my attention away with a resolute wrench from the enchanted islan land the Caribs, to light a waking-up cigar and look about me.

Returning after some whitfs and reflection to the every day world again, I perceive that I am seated next a dapper little man who has just joined us from the small village at which stopped. He evidently helongs to one of the great middle classes of the country; but to which class, it is not so easy to deter mine; for any one more unlike a Briton of similar condition it would be impossible to

In age, he may be four or five and twenty. He is sund! of stature, and his limbs are as delicate as those of a young woman. He has a spare black heard, and small moustachies. The sides of his face are shaven. His eyes are dark, and his complexion a pale olive; so that I sit for some time musing whether he may not have Spanish blood in his little veins; reflecting also on the marked peculi-arities of race, which no time or circumstance

can, perhaps, wear wholly away.

If my small friend is farther remarkable for anything, it is for a certain air of propriety that decent poverty and careful concealing of humble fortunes which has always something in it so strongly attractive. I had almost said affecting. His clothes are well made (though somewhat clothes are well made (though somewhat scanty), and scrupulously brushed, his hair is med weut, and his thin beard is prettily trim-med into shape. He is drossed in a jointly little plume cloured coat, thrittily turned and newly broaled at the worn edges, a black satin waist-coat, and continuations of a neat clouded grey. I subsequently ascertain that they are new, and cost sixteen france only two months ago. For the rest my spruce neighbour wears a set of gangerbread blue enameded studs (of pale washed out Belgian jeweller's gold), curious, as showing in some degree how very much gold may be alloyed, and yet retain its title by courtesy, and how very thinly it may be heaten. His shirt is coarse in texture, but so pricked and fretted, so pleated and reened by housewifely hands as to look fine at a lettle distance. His boots are unexceptionable and his hat is vicerously brushed and worn on one side. His Belgian taste (like that of most simple quiet folk), for flaming colours, breaks out in a violent red pockethandkerchief, which he flourishes occasionally, not without an air of pride and satisfaction in his personal appearance. In constitutional temperament he is evidently phlegmatic enough, as the inhabitants of most moist chimates really are; but he is as evidently bitten with that mania for all things French, which occasions such surprising and ridiculous effects in Belgium, as though a frog

would imitate a butterfly. He therefore thinks it necessary to speak in an excited manner, to use much gesticulation, and to affect the air of a gay swaggering young ruffler, so that he reminds me rather of the quet man who becomes a hero against his will in the charming French comedy of La Bataille des Dames.

We soon ger into conversation. gians being remarkably friendly and communicative in their manners, I have nothing to do but to sit still and hear my little friend to acquire any information about him which may interest me. The little man's talk, too, really is interesting to a stranger, and a stu-dent of manners. Listening, without effort, also suits the lazy languer of the day. He shall tell the reader, therefore, his story, un

he told it to me.

"My father was a huissier, or what melo-dramatic writers call a myrmidon of the law. It is not an agreeable profession. Huismors are not readily received in society. People Huismera are ashamed so ask them to their houses, lest it should appear they came on legal business. Formerly—that is, about twenty years ago my father sometimes made five thousand, or six thousand frames a-year by his profession. People were then very litigious and extrava-gant. The property of whole villages and districts changed hands with what would now appear extraordinary rapidity. There was a great deal of drinking and merry-making; so that most folks lived beyond their means, and got into trouble. They spent more and earned less than now. My father, of course, profited by this state of things. He lived in pronted by this state of things. He liver in a rural district, and he was usually on horse-back from daylight till dark. He was thus enabled to bring up a large family (there were eleven of us), in credit and respectability: for that money which others squandered away, was thrittily employed when it fell into his hands, and became a blessing to us all. Latterly, however-that is, within these last ten years -matters have much altered. People have grown more careful and well conducted. My father's yearly gains gradu-ally diminished to one-third of their former value, and last year he carned only two thousand francs. There are very few lawsnits, now-a-days, in Belgium, and my father had enough to do to bear his reverse of fortune. He fell, judeed, into bad health; and, some months since, not being able to ride as well as he used to do (for he is nearly seventy), he was thrown from his pony, and hurt severely. He resigned his employment; and, though he had been forty years in it, he has no retiring allowance. The huissiers he has no retiring allowance. have formed no fund among themselves for this purpose, and the state does not I wanted to succeed my father; interfere. I wanted to succeed my father; but, as I am not yet twenty-five years old (the eligible age), his place was given to an elder brother of mine, who still holds it. Its value, however, continues visibly to dimension; and, when the girls ask my brother why he does not get married, he tells them laughingly, but truly enough, 'that potatoes are too dear.' To understand this joke, you must know that potatoes are the chief, and sometimes the only, food of our country people. I am sorry to say they have nearly doubled in price, as have most other provisions, since the commencement of the war; and my brother's fees must be raised, if his business does not increase, before he will be able to marry and support a family in the same respectability as that in which he himself was brought up. I do not know whether to attribute my brother's scanty profits to the good government of King Leopold—perhaps it may be partly owing to the fact that people live more in towns (especially at Brussels), than formerly; but mild laws and uncorrupt tribunals, have doubtless something to do with it.

"I am offered the place of junior clerk at a large cloth manufactory at Verviers. I shall receive seven hundred francs a-year directly I begin. I can live very well on this as a bachelor. I can get a room and my meals at any small respectable inn, for forty francs a-month. This is better than boarding with a private family, because they generally behave as if they were conferring a favour on you. Besides, I shall have more liberty.

"If I liked to go abroad, and travel, I is much better. Our family has a high

"If I liked to go abroad, and travel, I might do much better. Our family has a high character for honesty. People know they can trust, and are glad to employ us. I was recently offered a place of one thousand eight hundred francs a year, as a commercial traveller, if I would previously qualify myself by a three years apprenticeship to the trade. I refused, however, a rolling-stone gathers no moss, and my mother said I should acquire bad and expensive habits.

"I have another brother. He is a mechanic—a workman. He is employed at Gand for the railway, and he earns about six francs aday; but he does not save anything. He keeps too good society for that, and he is anxious to maintain his station. I am going to pay him a visit, and shall live with him

to pay him a visit, and shall live with him till I go to Verviers.

"I shall not marry till I am forty, at least. Bachelor life is so amusing. Besides it is not easy to find a wife. Young men are never thought much of in their own country. I should go to England to get married. Parents here judge of me too closely by my sous, and if I were to propose to a girl who has a few sous more than I, her parents would turn me out of the house without ceremony. I shall do very well, however, by-and by, for I have a rich aunt, the widow of a doctor. She will make me her heir. She has about eight thousand frances in the public accurities, and a small cottage with a garden of her own."

It was an agreeable ride—our waggon soon grew full of cheerful, homely country people, and I was never tired of looking at them. Fifth wittily boasted had mostly pale, passionless faces into his Gand (Glove.)

cleanly shaved. They were blue blouses, like the French peasants, velvet caps with large peaks, and often limp white handkerchiefs: they carried stout endgels in their hands, and short pipes in their mouths. The women were generally dark-eyed and ruddy complexioned; and but for the majesty presented by a back view of their figures, they might have been often called graceful. Their manners were singularly free and unembarrassed. One of them arranged herself so as to use me comfortably for a back-cushion during the journey, and another tied up her stocking before all the company, without the smallest sense of impropriety. They were long entrings of a bright pale gold, something after the fashion of the Norman women, but they wanted the demure witchery of the stawy, high-crowned cap. In one part of the carriage, among an apple-faced bevy of colorly market-women, sat a priest, with his they clearly market-women, sat a priest, with his they clearly market-women crown; in another was a soldier, with the exceedingly short on fundant placid countenance of the orthodox Petrian warrior.

gian warrior.

We laboured slowly forward, stopping at some little station every ten minutes, and then trumpeting on again, like a procession of teetotallers returning from one of their excitable festivals. On either side lay the well-tilled and fruitful lands of the Low Countries. Everywhere the same flat, anding level. Quiet villages cluster picturesquely over the landscape, and the flight of every quarter of an hour is pealed muscally from many steeples. Yonder is a thick, shadowy wood, which looks like a fine property for somebody; and near, winds a canal which must have suffered by the railway. Long lines of poplars mark disused dusty roads in every direction. Stanted polland-trees east their broad shadowover dykes where the jack lies watchful and ravenous; the duli tench is sleeping among the weeds of many a silent pond; the eel writhes through the mud beneath him, and the frogacronk around—a noisy multitude. In one spot the tall chimney of a manufactory rises high in the air; and, wherever a breeze is to be caught, it turns a windmill. The modest homesteads of the comfortable farmers, with their whatewashed walls and straw-thatched roofs, their plentiful gardens and thriving crops, stud the prospect everywhere. The best cass about with a business-like hum, and the butterfly on fluttering wings, wantons on his whimsical way among the bean fields. The peasants working on the soil loos are with wistful eyes, and repose for a moment from their labour as we wander along this speaks of a gentle government and a properous community; though I cannot help moralising as we draw near to Gand in the mutability of all human things, and reflecting how matters are altered since Charles the Fifth wittily boasted he could put all Paria

WORDS. HOUSEHOLD

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A SLIGHT DEPRECIATION OF THE CURRENCY.

It was said by the wise and witty Sydner Smith, that many Englishmen appear to have a remarkable satisfaction in even speaking of large sums of money; and that when men of this stamp say of Mr. So-and-So, "I am told he is worth Two Hun-dred Thou-sand rounds," there is a relish in their emphasis, an unctuous appetite and zest in their open-mouthed enunciation, which nothing but the one in-spring theme, Money, develops in them.

That this is an accurate piece of observa-tion, few who observe at all will dispute. Its application is limited to no class of society, and it is even more generally true of the gen-teel than of the vulgar. The last famous golden alf that distigured this country, was set up for worship in the highest places, and was pampered to its face and made a standing-jest of behind its back throughout Belgravia, with an intensity of meanness never sur-passed in Seven Dials.

But I am not going to write a homily upon that ancient text, the general defication of Money. The few words that I wish to note down here, bear reference to one particular misuse of Money, and exaggeration of its power, which presents itself to my mind as a currous rottenness appertaining to this age. Let us suppose, to begin with, that there was once upon a time a Baron, who coverned

was once upon a time a Earon, who governed his estate not wisely nor too well, and whose dependents sustained in consequence many preventible hardships. Let us suppose that the Baron was of a highly generous disposition, and that when he found a vassal to have been appressed or maltreated by a hard or facility is a hard or prevented by a hard or the contraction of the disposition. some preposterous point of the discordant he immediately gave that vassal Money. Let us suppose that such munificent action set the Baron's mind completely at rest, and

with Money, yet leaving the causes of the broken heads and the moral wrongs in uncheeked operation. Agreed upon these suppositions, we shall probably agree in the conclusion that the Baron's estate was not in a promising way; that the Baron was a lazy Baron, who would have done far better to be just than generous; and that the Baron, in this easy satisfiction of his noble conscience, showed a false idea of the powers and uses of Money. Is it possible that we, in England, at the present time, bear any resemblance to the supposititious and misguided Baron? Let us inquire.

inquire.

inquire.

A year or so ago, there was a court-martial held at Windsor, which attracted the public attention in an unusual manner; not so much because it was conducted in a spirit hardly reconcileable with the popular prejudice in favour of fair play, as because it suggested very grave defects in our military system, and exhibited us, as to the training of our officers, in very disadvantageous contrast with other countries. The result at which that court-martial arrived, was widely regarded as absurd and unjust. What were we who held that opinion, moved by our honest conviction, to do? To bestir ourselves to amend the system thus exposed? To apply ourselves to reminding our countrymen that ourselves to reminding our countrymen that it was fraught with enormous dangers to us and to our children, and that, in suff-ring any authorities whatsoever to maintain it, or in allowing ourselves to be either bullied or capiled about it, we were imperiling the institutions under which we live, the national institutions under which we live, the intional liberty of which we boast, and the very existence of England in her place among the nations l. Did we go to work to point out to the unthinking, what our valiant forefathers did for us, what their resolute spirit won for us, what their earnestness secured to us, and what we, by allowing work to degenerate into play, were relaxing our grasp of every hour! Did numbers of us unite into a phalanx of steady purpose, bent upon impressing these truths upon these who accept noble Baron's mind completely at rest, and that, having performed it, he felt quite satisfied with himself and everybody else; considered his duty done, and never dreamed of so adjusting that point for the future as that thing could not recur. Let us suppose the Baron to have been continually doing this from day to day and from year to year—to have been perpetually patching broken heads with Money, and repairing moral wrongs alarmed; between the two emotions we were

made, for the moment, exceedingly uncomfortable; so we relieved our uneasy souls by—giving the subject of the court-martial, Money. In putting our hands into our pockets and pulling out our five-pound notes, we discharged, as to that matter, the whole duty of man. The thing was set right, the country had nothing further to do with it. The subscription amounted, sir, to upwards of Two Thou-sand rounds.

Now, I will assume that the cash could not have been better laid out. I will assume that the recipient in every such case is none the worse for the gift, but is all the more independent, high-spirited, and self-reliant. Still I take the liberty of questioning whether I have any right to be satisfied with my part in that subscription; whether it is the least discharge of my duty as a citizen; whether it is not an easy shirking of my difficult task in that capacity; whether it is not a miserable compromise leading to the substitution of sand for rock in the foundations of this kingdom; whether it does not exhibit my sordid appreciation of Money, and the low belief I have within me that it can do anything.

Take another case. Two labouring men leave their work for half a day (having given notice of their intention before-hand, and ago to see a review: which review is commended to their fellows and neighbours as a highly patriotic and loyal sight. Under a foolish old act of Parliament which nobody but a country justice would have the kindred foolishness to enforce, the men are haled before country justices, and committed by those Brobdingnagian donkeys to jail—illegally, by the bye; but never mind that. An unconstitutional person in the neighbourhood, making this Bedlamite cruelty known, there arises a growl of wonder and dissatisfaction from all the other unconstitutional persons in the country. We try the Home Secretary, but he "sees no reason" to reverse the decision—and how can we expect that he should; knowing that he never sees any reason, hears any reason, or utters any reason, for anything. What do we then? Do we get together and say "We really must not in these times allow the labouring men to live under the impression that this is the spirit of our Law towards them. We positively must not, cannot, will not, put such a weapon in the hands of those who tamper with them constantly. These justices have made it necessary for us to insist on their diamissal from the bench, as an assurance to the order soridiculously oppressed in the persons of these two men, that the common sense of the country revolts from the outrage. Furthermore, we must now exert ourselves to prevent other such justices from being intrusted with like powers, and to take new accurities for their moderate and reasonable exercise." Is this our course? We give the two men Money—and there an end of it.

Try again. A countryman has a little field of wheat which he reaps upon a Sunday; foreseeing that he will otherwise have his truy harvest spoiled. For this black offence he, too, is had before a country justice of the vast Shallow family, and is punished by fine. It is to be presumed that, with this new stimulant upon us, we are roused into an attitude against the Shallows, which has some faint approach to determination in it, and that we become resolved to take our laws and our people out of their hands. But, 10. This would occasion us trouble, and we all have our business to attend to, and have a languid objection to being bored. We put our hands into our pockets again, and let the obsolete acts of Parliament and the evergreen Shallows drift us where they may.

It was remarked in these pages, some time ago, that the raising of a shout of triumph over the ennetment of a wretched little has for the protection of women, punishing the greatest brutes on the earth with six months' imprisonment, surely suggested that our legislative civilisation must be very imperfect and bad. The insufficiency of this puny law, and the frequency of the offence against which it is directed, are matter of public notoriety. Do we take this subject into our own hands, then; declare that we will have the severity of the Law increased; enamous the social condition laid bare in such cases, and plainly avow that we find great numbers of the people sunk in horrible debasement, and that they must be got out of it by (among other means), having more humanising pleasures provided for them, and better escapes than gin-shops afforded them from the wretchedness tof their existence? That they even stand in need of cheerful relief without the Cant of instruction, and that Marlborough House itself, may be but a solemn nightmare to legious who, nevertheless, pay taxes, and have souls to be saved? Do we leave off blinking the real question, and manfully say, 'We find the existence of these people — men, women, and children, all alike—to be most deplerable, and, as matters stand, we really do not know what it is made case for them to do when they are not at work, but to lurk, and sot, and quarrel, and fight?" All of us who know anything of the facts know this to be Goo's truth; but, instead of asserting it, we send five hillings' worth of p stace stamps to the police magistrate for the relief of the last unhappy woman who has been half-murdered; and go to church next Sunday with the adhesive plaster of those sixty queen's heads, binding up our rickety con-

Neither is it we alone, the body of the people, who have this base recourse for Money as a healing balm on all occurrence. The leaders who carry the banners we engage to follow, set us the example, and do the same. The last Thunkegiving Day was not

so long ago but that we may all remember the advertising columns of the newspapers about that time, and the desirable opportunities they offered for devout investment. It was clear to the originators of those advertisements, manifest to the whole tribe of Moses (and Sons) who published those decorous appealsthat we must coin our thankful feelings into Money. If we wanted another victory, we could not hope to get it for nothing, or on oredit, but must come down with our ready Money. There was not a church-organ paid for, not a headle's cocked hat and blushing breeches for which church-wardens were responsible, not a chapel painting and glazing job, on any painters' and glaziers' books, but we were called upon to liquidate that obligations and the state of tion, and get a ticket in return, entitling to the other side of Sebastopol. And we paid the money and took the ticket. Hosts of us the money and took the ticket. Hosts of us did so. We paid the balance due upon that organ, we settled the bill for the cocked hat and blushing breeches, we settled the account of the painter and glazier, and we felt, in the vulgar phrase, that we had gone and been and done it.

So many of us parted with our small change to clear off these scores, because we found it much easier to pay the fine than The service required undertake the service. of us was severe. Paralysis had disclosed itself in the heart and brain of our administration of affairs; favour and dull routine were all in all, merit and exigency were nothing. A class had got possession of our strength, and made it weakness; and threequarters of the globe stood looking on with a rather keen interest in the wonderful sight. The service demanded of us by the crisis, was the recovery of our strength through stedfastness in what was plainly right, and overthrow of what was plainly wrong. The service was difficult, ungentlemanly, unpopular in good society; and we paid the with pleasure.

But if every man drawn in a conscription paid a fine instead of going for a soldier, the country in which that happened would have no defenders. There are rights not fought by coldiers. O my countrymen, and they are no less necessary to the defence of a country, and the conscription for that war is on every one of us. Money is great, but it is not commission. All the Money that could be piled up between this and the moon would not fill the place of one little grain of duty.

SENTIMENT AND ACTION.

IN MEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER I.

"A GREAT gift, a great gift you ask me for, Master Paul!" said the old man, sternly, turning away his head.

"But one that you will never have cause to repent bestowing on me," said Paul, eagerly.

"Oh, Mr. Trevelyan, you do not know how carefully I will guard her, how tenderly I cold and bright as polished steel. Difficult

will reverence her, how manfully keep her from all sorrow and all harm! You do not know how much I love her, not how fervently I honour her! Trust me, sir; for you may; you can bestow her on none who will guard her more tenderly, more lovingly

"Ah! all young men say the same things, boy, before marriage. Unfortunately it is only experience that distinguishes between

only experience that distinguishes between the real and the false, love and fancy, truth and change. And if that expenience prove ill—there is no repairing it, Paul!"

"Yes, yes! I know all that!" said Paul, impatiently, yet not disrespectfully. "But it can never be so with me. Time, age, experience, all will only prove more firmly my love and undying truth. Oh, believe in me! God is my witness that my life shall justify you!"

"Foolish boy! to believe in the possibility of love, in the existence of constancy and

of love, in the existence of constancy and happiness," murmured Mr. Trevelyan, between his closed teeth. "A day will come," he said, aloud, "when you will curse me in my grave, that I ever consented to this match; when you had rather I had slain her with my own hands than have given her to

you."
"Never! never!" cried Paul, "Come what may, the happiness of having once loved and been loved by her, shall suffice."

The old man took his hand, and looked him carnestly in the eyes. They were sitting on a garden bench set in the shadow of a large horse-chestnut. Behind them rose the barren fell, with its grey granite rocks scantily covered by heath and junipers; before them lay a deep glade, flush with the richest green and bright with flowers. In the distance shone the sea, glittering like a band of silver across the opening among the trees made by across the opening among the trees made by that steep ravine; the white sails of the dis-tant ships lessened into mere specks, shining in the sun like the wings of white birds, was one of those summer days when the sun was one of those summer days when the sum lies like a seething fire on the leaves and grass—when the earth seems to breathe and palpitate through the low heat-mist quivering over her, and Nature lies so still you might believe her dead: it was one of those days which fill the soul with nameless emotion, and make that filled longing for love and beauty, which even the happiest and most richly dowered among us feel, a passionate desire and a painful void; it was a day wherein we live—in the true meaning of the word-because we feel. Perhaps it influenced even Mr. Trevelyan, although not easy to affect in any way; there are times when a subtle influence seems to pervise our whole being, and to change the direction of all our faculties and

Difficult

often holds the balance between cruelty and folly. His yes would be yes indeed, and there would be no appeal from his first denial. It was a serious matter to demand a favour from him; but if a pain, at least it was not a lingering one. Paul knew that his refusal would be abrupt and decisive, and that his promise would be religiously kept. And when, after a long silence, he said in that compressed manner of his, "You may take her, I trust you, 'the young artist felt that the worst of the danger was over, and that his marriage with Magdalen was certain now; for of her consent he never doubted.

Living in a dull country-house, with no pleasures beyond the insipid occupations of a young girl's drawing-room world, the visits of l'aul Lefevre, the artist-poet, had given a new life to Magdalen. He had taught her painting, which of itself opened exhaustless mines of intellectual wealth before her; and he had led her to think for herself on many points which hitherto she had either never touched at all, or else thought on by rote. His gifted mind, full of beauty and poetry, rare treasure to Magdalen, living alone with her father,-a man who denied all intellectual power and action to women; who would give them so much education as would enable them to read a cookery-book and the Bible, but who thought that a higher class of entine was both unnecessary and unfemi-nine. In that lonely country-place, and in that inactive life, Paul, and his beauty, and his love, assumed a power and proportion they would not have had in a busier life. Want of contrast lent perfection, and want of occupation created an interest which assuredly was not born of moral sympathy or fitness. But the world of mystery in country places is always to be explained by these conditions.

The result of all those long walks together through the woods, and across the meadows, and upon the eraggy fells, of all those lesmade another language between them, and interpreted mysteries which words could not reach, -of those mutual studies of poetry and history, when the extreme limits of human thought and human emotion were reached, and the echoes of the noble chords struck then vibrated in their young hearts,—the result of this friendship, which at first was simply intellectual intercourse, was, as might have been looked for, that Paul loved Magdalen, and that Magdalen loved Paul, or fancied that she loved him, in kind. If there had been some one class whom she

to excite, but resolute when roused—whether then have been a choice; as it was, it was for good or evil, positive, distinct, and firm, only an acceptance. She accepted as like—he had none of that half-hearted temporating between the will that would, and the land took that for understanding which was feebleness that dare not, refuse, which so want of apportunity of judgment. She and took that for understanding which was want of opportunity of judgment. She loved Paul from gratitude for his love of her, from admiration of his beauty, and delight in his intellect; she loved him as a sister might love a brother, but scarcely as a woman of her strong nature would love the husband of her own free intelligent choice. But as she knew no other love, this contented her, and she believed implicitly in its strength and cotireness.

Paul came into the drawing room, she was sitting in that deep cool chadow which is so pleasant when the outside world lies in such burning glare. Rushing in from the sunshine, he could scarcely see her at first, sitting by the open window, belond the green blind, reading; reading one of his favourite authors, marked and paged by him. He came to her hurriedly, his face lighted up with joy and burning with blushes. Though he had never looked more beautiful, he had never looked more box his respect. than at this moment. Even Magdalen, who was not accustomed to criticise, but rather to regard him as an intellectual giant beyon? her stature—even she was struck by his extreme youthfulness of air and manner, as he came up timidly but joyously towards

her.

"Magdalen, your father has given his consent!—we are engaged," he said, in a low voice, which trembled so that it could

acareely be heard.

Magdaleu laid both her hands in his with a frank smile. "I am very glad, Paul," she said, her voice unchanged, her idne eyes as calm and dreamy as ever, and not the faintest tinge across her brow. Her betrottal was a name, not the realization of a vision; a fact, not a feeling. It was a necessary social ceremony between two persons unmerried and unconnected; it was no material ratification of that dearer betrothal vowed in secret before. And with the childlike kiss, gives so quietly by her, received so religiously by so quietly by her, received so religiously by him, began the initial chapter of their line and banded lives. It ought to be the moved chapter to a drama of happiness, for no apparent element of happiness was wanted. Youth, beauty, innocence, and intellect; what more was needed for the searching crucible of experience! One thing only. It might of experience! One thing only. It might be read in the calm still face of Magdon a. bending so tranquilly over her book, who her lover and at her feet, his whole fizing convulsed with the passion of his jey. It might be seen in the immeasurable distance between their feelings as he buried his face in Paul, or fancied that she loved him, in kind. If there had been some one else whom she could have loved—some other standard by which to measure the requirements of her with a tender but sisterly touch, womierous nature and the needs of her heart—it would at his fervour, and at the form which he happiness took. And then, when he looked up, and with quivering lips called her his life, and his life's best angel, and uttered all the wild transports which such a love in such a nature would utter, she, calm and grave and tender, would try to check him very gently; through all this storm of feeling, herself as calm and unimpassioned as if a bird had been singing at her knee.

CHAPTER II.

THERE was a son belonging to the Tre-velyan family, Andrew, nominally a lawyer in London; a married man of respectable standing and profession, but practically a gambler and a—sharper. Perhaps, if he had been more wisely educated, he would have turned out more satisfactorily, but he had been spoilt by every kind of injudicious indulgence. His faults had been left to grow as they would, methapsed. Nav. in proper interaction that unchecked. Nay, in many instances they had been even encouraged. So that it was no wonder if the spoilt and pampered child grew up the selfish, vicious, unrestrained man, who knew no higher law than his own gratification, no higher pleasure than personal indulgence. Love for this son had been one of Mr. Trevelyan's strongest—or weakest—points, as one might judge. Through good report and evil report, in spite of knowing that his race was dishonoured, and his name debased by his evil life, the old man stood staunch and loving. Even when he married that wretched woman, met with Heaven knows how or where, but not as Magdalen's sister should have been; even when he sent down that villanous Jew to tell of his arrest for a dishonoured bill, and to demand, rather than request, enough money to pay off this score, and set him going again—even then, the old man only turned pale and looked sad, but he loved his darling boy none the less. It was his paids by boy none the less. It was his pride, his wilful point of obstinate belief and groundless e, and he would not be driven from it. while the halo of romance yet shone bright about his marriage life, and the golden cloud of hope tinged the dim form of his future. And Mr. Trevelyan was not a man of passing impressions. Affection once marked on that granite soul of his must be struck out violently, if struck out at all; for neither time non the friction of small cares and petty annovances could destroy it; and even Andrew's worst faults had not as yet destroyed the sharpness of a letter.

Andrew lived on his professions of affection. If he sent down a shameless confession of evil passages in his evil life, he coupled this confession with such warm assurances of attachment, that the old man's heart failed him for the stern place of judge, and he became the advocate instead. How could he not forgive one he loved so well, and who loved him so faithfully! And what great hope was there not yet of ultimate re-

formation when that sacred filial love continued so unchilled! After all, it was but a youth's folly that the boy was ever guilty of. His heart was in its right place, and all else would come right in time. Andrew well knew what the old man would think when he wrote those loving dutiful letters. He used to call them his exchequer-bills, and tell his wife what each was worth. For he never wrote unless he wanted money; which, however, was frequent; and he was always sure of something as the reward for his trouble. So things had gone on for the last half-dozen years; Andrew passing from bad to worse with startling rapidity, until even the very swindlers and scoundrels with whom he associated grew somewhat shy of him.

One day a letter arrived to Mr. Trevelyan, from London. It was a curious letter, containing minute inquiries concerning his health and habits, which he was prayed to answer by return of post. He did answer, but not on the points required; and a correspondence ensued, which at last led to the information that Andrew had been raising money on postobits, and that he was speculating deeply on the probable chances of his father's death within the next two years. This was perhaps the only thing that could have stirred Mr. Trevelyan, and this struck at the very root of his love by destroying his trust. Everything else he could forgive, and had forgiven, but this: and this was the blow that struck out that graven word which nothing else had injured, and left a void and a ruin instead.

out that graven word which nothing else had injured, and left a void and a ruin instead.

Magdalen knew nothing of what had happened. She was terrified to see how pale her father was, while reading a certain letter in a strange hand, the contents of which she did not know; and how he suddenly drooped, as if struck by some fatal disease. She asked him if anything had happened to vex him, but all he answered was, "No, child, nothing that you can cure," looking sadly on the ground as he spoke. He folded up the letter carefully, and, in his precise manner, put it away among other papers in his drawer; and the matter seemed to be forgotten, or to have passed like any other small disturbance. But Magdalen understood him too well not to see that there was a painful secret somewhere, one that nothing of her love could touch, nor his own philosophy cure. More than once she approached the subject gently, for she knew that it was somehow connected with her brother; but he never answered her questions, and at last got angry with her if she mentioued Andrew's name. It was very painful for poor Magdalen to see her father breaking his heart thus in silence, without suffering her to sympathise with him; for she thought, woman-like, that love and sympathy would surely lighten his burden, whatever it might be! But he kept his own counsel, strictly, and Magdalen could only guess the direction, while ignorant of the details of his sorrow.

He fell ill; poor old man! No one knew exactly what was the matter with him. The doctors were at fault and drugged him with every kind of abomination, some of which, at least, must have been wrong, if others were right. But no drugs would have saved him now; not the best nor most skilfully administered. At his age, the terrible revolution worked by such a crushing sorrow as this was teyond the reach of doctor's stuff. His heart was broken. He had an illness of two months or more; a slow, sure sickness that never fluctuated, but day by day certainly dragged him nearer to the grave. He knew that he was dying, but he never mentioned his son, It was his bitterest reflection to feel that the gambler's calculation had been lucky, and that his death would shamefully enrich him.

Mngdal-n hardly ever left him. Nothing could exceed the devotion, the tenderness, with which she nursed him. If love could have saved him he had not died while she had been with him! She had the rare power of embellishing a sick-room-making it rather benutiful cradle of wenkness than the autechamber to the grim tomb: that power which comes only by a woman's love. The friends who came to see them remarked on that exquisite order and the melancholy beauty she had given; and many of them said that Miss Trevelyan had changed her father's sick-bed into a throne. The old man appreciated her now for the first time. had never loved her as he had loved his son; indeed, he never loved her much at all. She been born after that terrible nightwhich uo one but himself and his God knew of-when his wife's dreamy lips, Francescalike, muttered the secret kept for so many painful years, and told him that she had never loved him. Magdalen had always seemed to him to be the ratification of his despair, as Andrew had been the fulfilment of despire, as an are we had been the turnment of his hope; and it was only now, for the first time in life, that he acknowledged he had been unjust. The poor girl had felt the difference made between them both, but she believed it arose from some fault in herself. She knew there was but little virtue in She knew there was but little virtue in Andrew. Now she had taken her true position in her father's love, and had become really dear to him. Before, he had been couldy proud of her beauty, and he had respected her character; but he had never loved her. Since his illuess it was different. He was only happy when she was sitting at the foot of the bed where he could see her. the wall just above her head, as she stood by the table. Blind! yes, as too many of us are blind, both in our loves and our misappre-

rapidly for some time, but still his death was sudden at the very last. Magdalen was alone with him. She had given him his medicine, and had just shaken up his pillows and amoothed the coverlet, when she saw his amoothed the coverlet, when she saw his countenance change. She went closer to him and asked him if he wanted anything; she thought he was feeling faint, perhaps. His hip slightly moved, but she heard no sound issue from it; his eyes grew fixed, and that terrible film came over them; she raised his head, again he slightly smiled;—a sigh; and then she was alone.

then she was alone.

Andrew did not know of his father's illness. More than once Magdalen had entreated her father to allow her to write to
him, but he used to answer, "No, my love,
not yet—not till I give you leave," in a toue
and manner so distinct and positive, that
she felt nothing more was to be said. And
in his state of weakness she was careful to be obedient to the utmost, fearing that he should think her undutiful because he was unable to be authoritative. So the old man had sickened and died in peace; and Magda-len was not sorry that his death-bed had been undisturbed by the mockery of her brother's pretended love. But when she was left alone pretended love. But when one telling him she wrote hastily to Andrew, telling him that her father what had happened, saying that her would not allow her to write to hun to in-form him of his illness, but that now he was the head of the family, and must take everything on himself; begging him at the end of her letter to come down innecliately and manage all as he liked. Andrew gave a long whistle; "What!" he said, "gone so soon! That little jade!—if she had only told manage all as was ill. Loud have gut to mar continuous. soon! That little jade!—if she had only told me he was ill, I could have get ten per cent. more. I'll pay her out for this! We'll see who will be master and who mistreas, when I've get things into my own hands! However, I can't go down to-night, so they may muddle away by themselves as they like."

The reason why he could not go down that night was, that he had made up a whist-party with cards so cleverly marked that no could detect them; and as he expected to clear nearly a hundred pounds by this coap, he was not disposed to lose such a good chance because his father was lying dead at home, and his sister did not like to be

He wrote, however, a few lines expression his surprise at the news; not a word of greethe had no need now to continue that face and authorising her to begin all the probefore his eyes. Once she heard him say, "Blind! blind!" and "Aveuged!" while looking at his son's portrait, hanging against the wall just above her head, as she stood by the table. Blind! yes, as too many of us are blind, both in our loves and our misappresistions.

At last he died. He had been sinking better, and authorising her to begin all the necessary arrangements, as his agent, saying that he would go down to-morrow, take possession, read the will, and see that the funeral was properly conducted. Properly, but with stater economy and simplicity, said careful Authorising her to begin all the necessary arrangements, as his agent, saying that he would go down to-morrow, take possession, read the will, and see that the funeral was properly conducted. Properly, but with stater economy and simplicity, said careful Authorising her to begin all the necessary arrangements, as his agent, saying that he would go down to-morrow, take possession, read the will, and see that the funeral was properly conducted. Properly, but with stater economy and simplicity, said careful Authorising her to begin all the necessary arrangements, as his agent, saying that he would go down to-morrow, take possession.

The function of the fune arrangements are the will are that the funeral was properly conducted. Properly, but with stater economy and simplicity, said careful Authorising her to begin all the necessary arrangements. for a moment doubted that he was made the heir, and that only a small marriage portion had been reserved for her when Paulartistic, unpractical Paul-might be able to marry her, and keep a house wherein to hold

The whist party proved a failure for the calculating Andrew. Eyes as sharp as his, and as keenly alive to all the possibilitie of trickery, were there with him; and his clever device, first suspected and then disand his covered, ended only in a scene of violence and tumult, where every body was robbed and everybody beaten, and the blame of all thrown on the cheating host; -where, moreover, he had to pay a large sum of money to prevent the police, as some of the needlest and most dis-

reputable of the guests threatened.
The next day he came down to Oakfield, battered and jaded, and out of humour enough. Everything had been arranged for the funeral, which was to take place to-morrow by his wish; and the house was full of that terrible stillness which the presence of death brings with it,—a solemn unearthly stilluess—the shadow of God's hand. There was the close smell thoroughout, which a single day's want of air and sunshine will produce, mingled with the scent of lavender and dried rose leaves, and dying flowers, generally. The servants moved about gently and spoke in whispers; Magdalen sat attempting to work-sometimes taking up a if to read-but her tears fell over her book as book as if to read—but her tears fell over her hamls instead, and blotted out the page. Paul wandered mournfully from room to room, his sympathy falling far short of Mag-dalen's sorrow; "But," as she said to herself, "who could console her?—no one in the world!" When, in the midst of the pas-siouste anguish and the solemn silence that eat side by side, like grim angels by the threshold, a carriage rolled noisily to the door, and Andrew's voice was heard, swearing at the man for having driven past the half-

Dressed with every attribute of the man of clang and vice, loud in voice, noisy, rough, and vulgar in manner, his once handsome face lined and attenuated by dissipation, and all his intellect put into the exaggeration of vulgarity, Andrew entered the hall, where Paul and Magdalen waited to receive him. He made no attempt, no feint, at sympathy or sorrow. So fur, at least, he was honest. But how frightful it was to her who had sat whole soul had become interpenetrated by his-how terrible it was to have this gross, rude shadow flung between her sorrow that sacred memory-to feel the spiritual death which, in her brother's presence, moved her father again from her! The lonewas nothing compared to the sickening lone-

heirship, she herself shared them. She never liness of her feeling now. The coarseness of indifference with which he asked, first broadly, and then in detail, for information of his father's last moments,—the coldness with which he listened, rubbing his eyes and yawning noisily, when she told him such and such facts as for the mere sympathy of common humanity would have touched the heart even of a stranger—the very buast of carelessness in every gesture; lounging against the chimney-piece; flinging himself casy-chair, with one foot raised on his knee, or else with one hand doubled against his side, and the other playing with the little dog—all was torture to Magdaten, who felt that she also was included in the shameful disgrace of her brother.

"Ah, and so this is your Joe?" he asked, looking at Paul through his half-shut eyes; then, turning to his sister, he said, in a loud whisper, "I say, Mag, there's not too much good stuff in him! He's a tine had as far as face goes; but hang me if I wasn't more of a man at fourteen than he is now. However,

that's no affair of mine.

"I hope you will be good friends," said Magdalen, choking, "and that you will never have cause to regret your relationship."

"That's a sensible speech, Mag, proper to the occasion. I say, did the old boy like the match ?

"Do you mean papa?" said Magdalen, very coldly.

"Of course, I do!" and Andrew laughed.
How loud and long his laugh was! It chilled Magdalen's very heart within her.

"Oh, Andrew, don't laugh now!" she cried, laying her hand on his arm. "It terrifies and shocks me, when you know what lies above our heads."

Don't be a superstitious fool, Magdalen," said Andrew, savagely; "and don't tell me what I am to do and what not! You foolish what I am to do and what hot: For touring girls stay down here moping in the country, till you don't know how to live. You get into a world of ghosts and shadows, till you are frightened at the very sound of your own voices." Andrew re-crossed his legs, and played with the dog's ears till it howled and slunk away.

Paul looked at the Londoner with a mild curiosity, as if he had been a kind of priwild beast; and then, satisfied that vileged whileged while beast; and then, satisfied that he could do nothing towards taming him, and feeling ill at ease in his society, he went away for a time, much to Magdalen's relief and Andrew's disappointment; for he had promised himself good sport in baiting him.

Hearing that Andrew had arrived, old

Hearing that Andrew had arrived, old friends of the family had assembled by degrees, to hear the will read, and to offer assistance or condolence as their position warranted; some with a vague feeling of protection to Magdalen; for Andrew had the worst character possible in the neighbour hood; and more than one thought it neight need and unlikely that his sister might need an defence against him; "For," as they said justly, "that dreamy lover of hers knows nothing of business;" which was true enough. was soon quite a large assemblage large, that is, for a lonely country-house; and Magdalen was surprised to find how relieved and protected she felt by their presence. They all seemed nearer to her than her brother; and all more sympathising and more sorrowful for her loss.

"Mag, where's the will?" said Audrew, in a lond voice. "I suppose you know where the old boy kept his things, don't you?" He spoke as the master, with the tone and number of a slave-driver. It was the ulti-

matum of coarseness.

"In the library," said Magdalen.

"Ah, stay! In the top library drawer, "Ah, stay! "Ah, stay! In the top library drawer, an't it? Don't you think so? I remember that used to be his hiding-place when I was a little lad, and knew all about him. If so, I can find it myself, Mag; I have the kevs. No tricks of substitution, you know, gentlemen!" and, with a laugh and a leer, he

atrode out of the room.

He soon came back, bringing a sealed packet, endorsed "My will," in Mr. Trevel-

packet, endorsed "My will," in Mr. Trevetyan's handwriting.

"Here it is, safe enough!" he said, chuckling, and drawing a chair nearer to the
window. "Hang these plaguey blinds!" he
cried, plucking at them impatiently; "they
don't let a man see his own! Come, Mag,
let's see what he has left for your wedding
gear. Quite enough. I'll be bound, else my
name's not Andrew!"

Manualalen rose, and walked haughtily

Magdalen rose, and walked haughtily across the room: haughtily and sorrowfully: not wounded in her own self-love, but in her daughter's dignity,—wounded for that dead father whose memory was outraged by his son. A look from one of the friends assembled brought her back to her seat; and she felt when he whispered "bear with him quietly now, for the sake of your poor father," that this was both good advice and the heighest duty; so she controlled berself as well as she could, and sat down, feeling for the first time in her life dishonoured.

Andrew broke the seal of the packet, and took the will out of the envelope. Crossing his legs, and clearing his throat, with a certain dare-devil, "Come on, then !" kind of air, he began to read it aloud. The will set forth that all the lands, tenements, &c., of which he, the testator, might die possessed, were bequeathed to his dear son, Andrew, with the exception of fifty pounds a-year to be paid to Magdalen, whom he confided to the tender care of her brother, "in full reliance on his love and honour." The bulk of the property was about eight hundred a-year. all clear and distinct, signed attested in due form; but Andrew's face had changed as he came to the close.
"Aha! What's this?" he cried, looking

tiercely at Magdalen, whose arm he seized as asked, in a hourse whisper.

she bent forward when he called her. "What devil's work have you been after here, with all your pretended love and sickening flattery ?" and he almost struck her, as he shook her arm violently.

"Andrew, what are you talking of?" anid Magdalen, starting up and flinging off his hand. "Even at such a time as this, and from my brother, I cannot submit to such language."

"You are right, Magdalen! For shame, for shame, Mr. Trevelyan!" went round

the room.

"Judge me, all of you!" exclaimed Andrew, hoarsely, rising, and facing his sister. "Judge me by yourselves! If any of you have seen your very lives and the lives of your children smatched away by a demon's turn like this, you can feel with me, and understand my violence. violence it is not, but righteous and most just anger. This was why she never tool me of my father's illness!" he added, grasping Magdalen's shoulder, as she stood in mix before him. "This was why she practised all

before him. "This was why she practised all her arts, and made the old man, doting on his death-bed, believe her devoted to him, not his money,—he, who had never liked her milife, making her his heir!"

"Heir!" cried Magdalen, turning pale.
"His heir!" she repeated, as if in a dream.
"Aha! I had been too honest for him, had I!" continued Andrew, without noticing the interruption. "I was not courtier—not flatterer enough, wasn't I! And this was why she has always been the firebrand between him and me, exaggerating every little between him and me, exaggerating every little indiscretion, and turning his leve for me into coldness—as she has done lately—all to steal a march upon me, and cut me out of my inheritance. I, the only son, to be disinherited for such a worthless fool as that! By Jove, gentlemen, it is maddening! Listen to the pretty little codicil I find," he continued, in a tone of bitter banter, striking his foreinger against the parchment; "'I hereby revoke all former wills and testaments whatsoever or whensoever made by mc, and leave to my dear daughter, Magdalen, the sole use and benefit of all that I may die possessed of, whether in lands or money. I also leave her my sole executrix. Signed, Andrew Trevelyan. Witnesses, Paul Lefevro and Mary Anne Taylor. And you are in this, too, sir!"he said, turning savagely to Paul. "By heaven, there seems to be a pretty plot hatched here!"

"I saw Mr. Trevelyan sign that paper. and I and Mary Anne Taylor witnessed to; but I did not know what it was I signed,"

answered Paul, heaitatingly.

Andrew bent his bloodshot eyes full upon him; and from him to Magdalen, and back again. He looked at the writing of the codicil attentively—a profound sitence in the room—and again he looked at them. "Where is this Mary Aune Taylor!" be

nurse," said Magdalen, in a low voice. "I see it all—a plot, gentlemen! a plot!"
he shrieked. "But as I live, it shall not go
unpunished! I see it all now, and you and
the whole world shall see it too. That writing is not like my father's-my sister's lover one of the witnesses, and her nurse, conve-niently dead since, the other. I am no child, to be taken in hy anything so clumsy and self-evident as this!" He flung the paper on He flung the paper on the floor, and trampled it once or twice beneath his heel. "I shall not stay for the mockery of this funeral," he said; "I have no business here. My curse upon you all!— my deadly, blighting curse, and my revenge to come! That is my share in the funeral

to-merrow,"

"Andrew! Andrew! do not go: do not dishonour poor papa so shamefully!" exclaimed Magdalen, clinging to him. "Think of what you owe him. Andrew, reflect."
"Owe him?" cried Andrew. "What I owe you; and what I will pay you." He dashed her from him with an oath; then, repeating his curse, he flung himself from the room, and so from the house; leaving the pale corpse stiffening in the chamber above, without a thought, a prayer, or a sigh for what had loved him so well.

COATS AND TROUSERS.

ARMED with a sufficient Open, Sesame (the gift of an enchanter in an alpaca coat); conveyed to Paul's Wharf by the fiery Dragon of the modern Thames, an iron steamer; threading one of those narrow ducts retained by municipal wisdom to consume time and teach patience; crossing, not without danger, the living roaring stream of Cheapside; diving into another seething gutter of commerce, we passed into a silent dingy court, obstructed by a Pickford's cart and its Manuelon of bales. In other respects the solemn close was deserted by every living thing save by a pair of solemn city cats, which gravely at where helmeted sentinels and powdered sedan-chair-bearers had watched or lounged in bygone times. We pushed in at a door, guiltless of the finery of paint, that closed behind us with an unmechanical bang; and, passing through a gloomy ground-floor un-questioned by the tenants, we ascended a broad staircase, black with time and hand-

In the suite of chambers that we enteredonce the town residence of Mr. Peel of Lan-cashire, father of Sir Robert Peel of Tamworth—canvas-covered bales formed stacks rising to the cicling; piece goods lay in vast square heaps upon long counters; wide deal shelves were stuffed with layers of woollen stuffs and of woollen mixed with baser material of every degree, quality, and variety that goes to unler from eight to ten shillings a-yard. We were on the premises of a firm of merchants every price between two shillings and twenty—

"You know that she is dead; she was our in the wholesale sense, to whom orders for a hundred thousand yards came as often and as naturally as a command for a single suit to a popular tailor; to whom in these warlike times almost every goods-train from the works brought unnumbered yards of uniform cloths, every trading vessel from Scotland and and every trading vessel from Scotland and Ireland mountains of the flax goods in which those countries so much excel. From the dark dingy staircase we had ascended, continually went forth the stuff for clothing the armies and navies of England, the particular troops of Indian princes, the Zouaves, the Gardes Impóriales, Chasacurs d'Afrique, and riflemen of Vincennes. From the same source is provided the scarlet robes of Ashantee headamen, the cambet cloaks of Ashantee headamen, the camlet cloaks of Chinese mandarins, the white blankets of Kathir chiefs, the canary-coloured pantaloons of South American infantry; the serge shirts and pea-coats of Jack, A.B.; the grey great coat of his ally, the jolly matine. The bishop's sober black of costlest quality; the miner's flannel jacket and moleskin suit; the Derby alpace of the sporting dandy; the blue broadcloth of the school-boy's many-buttoned jacket, and the coffin-maker's dis-mal baize, also continually flow into the mal baize, also continually flow into the warehouse from every manufacturing district, and out again to consumers of every class and

Broadcloth-once the distinguishing mark of the gentleman and well-to-do citizen-is the oldest of our manufactures. I dates from William the Conqueror, an its very existence was thought upon a close monopoly of British wool. To export British wool was highly penal; but a dispute which long rayed between the woollen manufacturers and farmers, at length resulted in freeing the public from the monopoly of both; and this dispute was a notable example of the sort of slaour neighbours the French endure. English manufacturers stoutly contended against the exportation of British wood, lest foreign manufacturers should rival them cloth-making, but claimed to import the fine wools of Spain and Germany. The farmers, on the other side, desired leave to sell their woolto the foreign customer; but demanded protection against the competition of the foreign wool-grower. The contest was waged hotly, and the battle swayed to and fro, according as the sheep-feeding or the wool-consuming faction obtained the upper hand. At length, Huskisson, the legislative precursor of free commerce, took advantage of the pastoral and wool-weaving dissensions, and gave both what

five shillings a-vard. The highest priced material consumed in a limited quantity, consists in the finest blacks and scarlets. At from four to five stellings per yard an excellent pure wool cloth can be produced. Cheap cloth has rendered cheap clothes possible, and extinguished the custom of hereditary wardrobes. In our younger days, all the mechanics and humbler classes who wore Sunday clothes were content with the second-hand garments of the wealthy. Their appearance was mean, and their cost, taking wear into

consideration, extravagant.

The change was helped on curiously enough by negro emancipation. While the negroes of the West Indies were slaves, their owners clothed them simply in a shirt and trousers of a kind of striped mattrass sacking. When emancipated, the first desire of the coloured gentleman was to dress like his late proprietor. The Jews of London, well posted up, as the Americans say, to this fact by their West Indian Hebraic correspondents, hastened to send out consignments of second-hand clothes which had been ments of second-hand clothes which had been previously cleaned and remade. Thus, Julius Casar Twigg or Napoleon Benaparte Buxton was able to rig himself out in the latest fashions from England for as many half-crowns as it cost his white rival pounds aterling. The demand soon exceeded the supply; the Yorkshire manufacturers were called upon for a chean cloth, and that found called upon for a cheap cloth, and they found it in two materials—cotton and shouldy. In-stead of making the cloth of all wool, a warp of cotton was introduced under a woollen weft, and a strong, durable, good-looking article was produced at a cheap rate. But cheap wool was also needed for the face or weft, and this was found by tearing up old west, and this was sound by tearing up old woollen clothes, re-washing, dyeing, and spinning them, with the addition of more or less new wool. This is shoddy. Thus, shoddy and cotton-warp gave cloth for the million. A great deal of virtuous indignation has been wasted on shoddy making which is only one way of utilizing what used to be grievously thrown away to the clean cluth soon found its way used to be grievously thrown away rot. The cheap cloth soon found its way into English shops, and drove out the clothes trade. The new demand had another effect; it stimulated the ingenuity of mechanical manufacturers to comb wools that had hitherto been deemed too short for combing, in order to mix them with shoddy; and thus arose a demand for wool from all parts of the globe, that has been increased beyond all calculation. At first, purchasers were taken in by cheap coats and trousers; but now the thermometer of price is per feetly understood. We have seen a beautiful article in wool made of old worsted stockings. The mixed coloured shooting suits now so much in vogue are chiefly made of sholdy, just as fine paper is made of rags.

By our manufacturing skill, cheap iron and coal, capital and credit, by a repeal of all the most important trades rest on the unattrac-

monopolies and all duties on raw produce with which our staple trade was once round, we are able to sell woollen all over the world, and to buy from Egypt, from Abysinia, from Syria, the East Indies, and all regions where sheep can live, anything which is wool or hair, in addition to the fine qualities obtained from Germany and Australia. In France, on the contrary, under an absolute protective system, foreign woolien cloth is leaded with prohibitory duties: but, as the French manufacturers are quite unable to supply any large sudden order for military cloths and blankets, or any of the cheaper sorts of warm woullen goods, the cheaper sorts of warm woodlen goods, the French government, since the commencement of the war, has been obliged to lay out upwards of a million sterling in British blankets, rugs, and broadcloth. Perhaps the very great-coats they lent our troops last winter were spun and milled in Yorkshire.

Army cloth is a trade of itself. There are a number of manufacturers who make nothing else. Army cloth has no face, no right or wrong side; it cuts equally well every way. For a sea-traveller's coat there is nothing better than a soldier's grey great-coat, which costs, in large quantities, about five shillings a-yard. Nothing is more deceptive than a bright-faced cloth; when unclipped and unsmoothed, cloth wears the best Flushing, better known as P-conting, is another separate Yorkshire manufacture, another separate Yorkshire manufacture, chiefly found about Dewsbury. This like broad-cloth has been reduced in price, and can be had from one shilling a-yard, used in the commonest slop-clothing, up to ten shillings, for the suits of members of Royal Yacht Club and other sea-going amateura. An A.B. Jack gets a capital P-coat at five or six shillings a-yard.

Tweed is one of the favourite names among

tailors' goods. It formerly meant a sort of plaid of pure woollen, manufactured on the banks of the river of that name from Scottish Cheviot and black-faced wool. It has since been cheapened by cotton and shoddy mixtures, and improved by Australian wool,—the staple of all our best cloth. Twend is manufactured not only in Scotland but in Yorkshire and Gloucestershire, of mored British and foreign wool, and means anything that for a particular season the tailors agree to call by that name.

After going through the various samples of the varieties enumerated, we did not pause over the curiosities of cloth tabric, such as cloth of two colours, one on each side, chiefly valuable as cloaks for pickpockets, or the elephantine cloth made once and never again for the Great Exhibition of eighteen hundred and fifty one. These feats are the toys of rich manufacturers, and not worth serious

tive articles which the millions consume. The stuff of parti-coloured waistcoats, dear to our youth, of wood, silk, and cotton artfully mixed, was not to be found, fashion having driven it into the shade,—it was chiefly manufactured at Almondabury, in Yorkshire, which now languishes, because the men of eighteen hundred and tifty-tive wear

coats and waistcoats all of a-piece.

A pile of blankets of peculiar stripe led us to a fresh apartment. England beats the world in blankets. Until the war broke out, our army lay beneath blankets woven from Russian wool, which is of a shining, bright texture, mixed with our own ancient long-woolled breed. When the supplies were atopped, the vacuum was filled by a cheap, but for the purpose an excellent wool from the East Indies. East Indian wool is a comparatively new article of commerce: previous to eighteen hundred and forty-two the quantity imported was quite insignificant. The best blankets are made of English wool; we send them to every quarter of the world, to South America, where they are often worn coloured as ponchos. But in Leeds they also manufacture ponchos of cotton and wool mixed, of the ancient Mexican and Peruvan patterns, which are more beautiful than any modern designs. Australia is a great market, as the bushman or gold-digger finds in his blanket the uses of a kunpsack, a tent, and a bed. In New Zealand, among the native robe of New Zealand flax. The Kuffirs formerly wore brown cloth cloaks or karosses; they hand the shape of blankets large enough to make two uniforms; the duty on blankets being less than on cloth.

Next to the blanketa, bales of serge attracted our attention. This is a cheap worsted fabric, used largely for the blue shirts of sailors in the navy, for ladies', bathing gowns, and for gentlemen's cricketing trousers. Recondly, government having discarded cough creating white duck in army, after many changes in search of something not too hot, warm enough, and of unform colour, in spite of rain and sun and soldiers' washing, have fixed on a dark blue serge for military con-

tionations.

Thus the woollen trade, which forty years ago was confined to one or two materials in a few colours—having been relieved from protection and encouraged by the abolition of duties on foreign wool—has been extended into innumerable branches, from robes as fine as mushin, to felted carpets and hats as soft as velvet and tough as leather; the old felted hat was iron in its texture. This vast extension of trade would have been impos-

sible, had we been confined to British long wools, which are excellent, but limited in their application. British sheep are now kept primarily for mutton; the mere wool-producing breeds have disappears I, have given way to Leicesters, Lincolns, Corswolds, South Downs, and Cheviots, to our great profit.

Australia was the great woollen revoluand Australian has supersede ! German to a great extent. The fine wool of Spansofton cost ten shillings a-pound; we now obtain an enormous supply of fine wool at from one shilling and sixpence to two shillings per pound. In eighteen hundred and theen, the whole importation, under the discourage-ment of a heavy duty of foreign wool, was In eighteen hundred and theen, the under fourteen million pounds weight, of which about seven million pounds came from Spain, three millions from Germany, and three millions from the rest of Europe. In eighteen hundred and forty, after the total imports (after Huskisson's reduction of duties, in eighteen humbred and twenty-five) had reached fifty million pounds; in eighteen hundred and forty-nine, after Sir Robert Peel's total abolition of duties on raw produce, wool importation rose to seventy-six million pounds, of which more than half came from Australia. There were no tlocks of fine-woolled sheep in Australia before the year eighteen hundred. In eighteen hundred and fifty-four, our importations of wool, including alpace, amounted to one hundred and six million pounds. This increase from the importation of eighteen hundred and furty was caused by the East Indies sending us lifteen million pounds instead of two said a half millions; the Cape and South Africa, eight and a quarter millions instead of threequarters of a million pounds; and Australia, forty-seven and a half millions instead of

forty-seven and a half millions instead or fifteen million prunds. In broadcloths, doeskins, and every kind of woollen cloth where a fine appearance is required, Australian wool is the principal material employed. When a cheap article is required, this kind of wool is thrown to the surface, and lower class wools with a cotton warp form the rest of the cloth; but, for the very finest cloths, manufacturers employ the most expensive German wools. In the same florce, the choicest portions will be worth six shillings a pound, and the inferior less than two shillings. These are got up with more care than it is possible to bestow in a country where labour is so dear as Australia, and are worth from three shillings to five shillings per pound. Soil and climate do for Australia what in Germany is the result of the greatest care and skill, and give a large

fine average of beautiful wool.

Manufacturers have been greatly assisted in their consumption of foreign inferior raw material, by the invention of innellines which can comb and produce a continuous shares.

from wool only one inch and a quarter in length; in fact, any description of wool can now be turned to use and find a market, whereas formerly the special value of English wool lay in its long staple, three to four inches being the shortest length that could be combed by hand. Thus have English woollens thriven and extended in the face of the cotton trade, against which they were once protected by special legislation. Spain, ruined by wretched government, now sends us only half a million pounds; and Germany, undersold in the commoner qualities, sends half her former export, or eleven million instead of twenty-two million pounds, and is a purchaser of Australian wool in our markets.

In the mean time, English sheep, instead of being extinguished by the foreigner, have gone on multiplying under our improved system of agriculture, until they have at least doubled in number, and increased one-third in weight of fleece. It is worth while noting that Peru has given us gunno, which, by its fertilising, stimulating qualities, has enormously increased the home-breed of sheep, as well as alpaca wool or hair, the source

of a new manufacture.

Next to Australian wool, the greatest addition to our textile manufactures has been made by the introduction of the hair of the alpaca. We found on the shelves of the warehouse pieces of goods labelled alpaca, and real alpaca, in as great variety as to quality as woollen cloths. The cheaper kinds do not contain a particle of real alpaca wool, but are manufactured from Russian and other bright coloured fleeces mixed with long Leicestershire wools, into light and serviceable garments for man and woman. The finer qualities known in the trade as real alpaca, are ex-tensively used for the linings of coats instead of calico or silk, for women's dresses, and for fashionable summer coats. They are often equal in beauty to silk, and much more durable. The consumption for cheap summer coats (which have superseded the linen blouse) is something enormous. It is also largely used in the manufacture of waterproof garments. There is a curious story connected with Indian-rubber coats. The late Mr.Charles Mackintosh introduced waterproof garments, and under his patent realised a large fortune from heavy cream-coloured cotton coats and cleaks, which smelt most vilely, fitted most awkwardly, and cracked and rustled most unpleasantly. At his death, the executors considered the fashion worn out, and sold off his stock with the idea of abandoning the manufacture. But very soon some one upon the idea of using first thin calico with a enoutchouc lining, and afterwards alpace cloth, and soon the waterproof or Mackintosh was brought within the reach of all classes from the cabman upwards.

In Queen Anne's time, as Pope records, in the lines beginning "Odious in woollen,"

woollen was protected against cotton, by an act of parliament which compelled Clarissa to be buried in a woollen shroud. In our own time, a political lunatic endowed with some fortune and powerful lungs, tried to set up a British wool league against cotton. It died without a sign. Had he spent an hour in a woollen factor's warehouse, he would have found that every day produces new openings for the use of new material and new manufactures, and that there is room for the growth of all wool, flax, and cotton, if left alone, and that there will be room as long as half the inhabitants of Europe are clothed in rags or untanned sheepskins. Before the South American revolution the country people wore expensive and uncomfortable leather suits; now they wear cloth and cotton garments. There is also a bessen to be learned by those dilettanti official or would-be official teachers, who want to setablish trade museums to teach our manufacturers their business.

Returning by the dark ground-floor, we took a rapid glance at the linen and canvas department, of which some kinds very department, of which some kinds very naturally follow the woollens. Whether the woollens led to the linens or the linens to the woollens we did not learn; at any rate, the arrangement was the result of the tendencies of the modern system of trade, to concentrate in the hands of intermediate agents all that a special class of retailers or contractors are a special class of retailers or contractors are likely to require. For instance, the tradle in military cloaks up-stairs led naturally to a stock of military drills for army, and ducks for naval, tronsers down-stairs. The difference between drill and duck lies in the texture; drill being smooth-faced, duck showing the course of the threads. Both ought to be made of flax. Then again we saw vast bales of canvas for tents, a demand entirely created by the war: tents, a demand entirely created by the war; others again of varying qualities, beginning at number one, for ships' sails, all of flax. There were also specimens of cotton-cloth, for the small tents of four parts to be borne by troopse in the field and calding course. troops in the field, each soldier carrying a fourth-part, an idea which we have borrond from the French army. We can manufacture the article, however, much better and cheap and more quickly than they can. Then, hemp, there was hammock-cloth, and exmous quantities of the sheeting used for prea-ing up bales. Bed-sheets of every quality were to be found, the coarser kinds in a mense quantities, as was necessary, since, this last year, orders have come in for ten to sand pairs at a time, to be supplied at short notice. Among the canvas articles was one light coarse article, which helped us to a derivation; it is known in the trade as due lycanvas, and is used by tailors for inner unseen linings and paddings of the collars and breasts of coats. Did this material, so extensively used when George the Regent brought padded shapes into fashion, originate

the word landy, which succeeded buck and blood, and has been succeeded by swell?

Again, is not dandy an Euglish corruption of Dundee, the seat of this said canvas manufacture? Perhaps some correspondent of Notes and Organic will take the subject to Notes and Queries will take the subject up.

There must be some very curious statistics, if they could be hunted out, on flax and hemp manufacture. Cotton has taken the place of flax for many garments, and so has woollen; and all three have been mixed. Yet there is more flax, more hemp, and more wool consumed than ever, in consequence of wool consumed than ever, in consequence of certain trade compensations. The flax employed for the sails of the ships set afloat by the raw cotton and manufactured cotton trades, must be nearly equal to the amount displaced in shirts and shifts. The canvas sheeting for covering bales required by increased foreign trade must have risen to a very formidable item in the last twenty-five years; and if in racing England, light woollen has taken the place of drill for trousers, the owners of the trousers have created new outlets for white cool drills at the Antipodes. lets for white cool drills at the Antipodes. Scarcely a year has passed since war inter-rupted the supply of Russian flax and bemp, but already new supplies and new materials are flowing in. India begins to be especially rich in substitutes for hemp and flax. is one of the comparatively new materials; it is a sort of hemp, interior in strength, but more of a cotton character, and is much and skilfully used in Scotland.

THE REGIMENTAL MARKET.

Axong the orators who have been flourishing lately at agricultural meetings, there was a clergyman who propounded the opinion (as one that could not be controverted) that our regimental system was as near perfection as possible. Without stopping to enquire what the reverend gentleman's opportunities may have been of forming such a conclusion, I shall proceed to state what my own expenses the state of the state what my own expenses the state of the s rience is. Having been upwards of ten years an officer in a light dragoon regiment, I may perhaps know nearly as much of the subject as the reverend orator.

Why I entered the service I can hardly fine. I had no particular glow of military donr. It might have been because several nen" of sixteen, or so, who were my ardem. It might have been because several "men" of sixteen, or so, who were my schoolfellows at a fashionable public school. intended to join the army; or, more likely, because of the glorious privilege of wearing a underm bedizened with gold lace; but, most bkely of all, because of the alternative my father placed before me of either purchasing a commission, being made sole master of five hundred a-year besides my pay, and started with good horses in a well-known regiment; or of going to college, working for a degree, and then entering the Middle Temple, to bore The choice was rapidly made, and my

in those days, even by purchase; and, after waiting about a year and a half, and tormenting my father to write almost every menth to the county member. and the different general officers with whom he was acquainted, I received formal official intiration that I received formal official intimation from the military secretary of the commander in chief, that, upon paying the sum of eight hundred and forty pounds to Messrs. So-and-so the army agents, my name would be recommended to her Majesty for a commission of cornet, in the light dragoons.

Thus I was appointed to the army, not on account of any merit of my own; not because account of any merit of my own; not because I was either morally or physically suited for it; not because I knew one iots of the profession; but first, because my father had interest enough to get me a commission; and secondly, because he had money enough to pay eight hundred and forty pounds for it.

About two months after seeing my name in the Gazette as a cornet of light dragoons, I is insell the head quarters of the regiment.

I joined the head quarters of the regiment, hich were stationed at a manufacturing town in the north of England. For the first four months I was kept pretty close to the barrack-yard, having to learn all the various drills and exercises. It is an extraordinary anomaly that young officers should be taught all their duties after, and not before, they join a regiment. I have not before, they join a regiment. I have often seen a recently appointed cornet learning to ride in the school—bumping round without stirrups, continually and not gently bullied by the riding-master, and much bullied by the riding-master, and much laughed at by the men—who, a few hours afterwards, was in command of a troop, or part of a troop at stable duties, the minutine of which he knew less about than the horses the dragoons were grooming. I defy the men over whom such a youth ought to ever I defy the cise authority, to have much respect for a lad who does not know the accidence of his profession, and has to learn before their eyes what all of them know perfectly, and what many of them knew before he was born.

I got through my riding-school and drill in about six months; and, in three more, could take command of a troop on a field-day, without making many more mistakes than my neighbours. With this knowledge I began to take a certain degree of interest in my profession, and, had I met with encouragement from my seniors, might have turned out a tolerably good soldier. But, in the light dragoous, as in almost every arm of the service, it was considered vulgar and intolerable to speak upon any subject connected with duty. The lieutenant-colonel commanding the corps was the younger scion of a noble house, who had, by great interest and a large outlay of money, risen to his present position in a very few years. He seemed to consider his regiment his own private property, and

the Horse Guards interfered much with his command. Being a married man we saw little of him, except on parade or at stables; but, as he gave us all as much leave as we liked, and never bored us with much drill, he very popular with his officers, and had the reputation throughout the cavalry branch of the service of being a capital good fellow. The fact was, that although very fond of his profession, and very fond of his regiment, the colonel was too sensible a man to attempt impossibilities. Like many other men in his position, he saw that his officers were not soldiers, and that nothing could ever make them soldiers while the present regimental system lasted. The duty of the corps was altogether carried on by the colonel himself, his adjutant—a smart middle-aged man who, like most other oavalry-adjutants, had riseu from the ranks and was thoroughly conver-sant with every thing connected with a dragoon regiment, from the shoeing of a horse to manusuring in the field—and by the six troop sergeant-majors. The cap-tains knew little respecting either the men or horses of their troops, and the subal-terns less. If the colonel or adjutant wanted any information from the captain about those under his command, he was always obliged to ask the troop sergeant-major as the readier means of getting a correct answer. Captains by purchase hardly ever know much about their own men. So absolutely were professional subjects tabooed amongst my comrades, that it is only after frequenting our mess-table for years, the scorn and con-tempt with which any topic relating to "shop" is put down, can be believed. At every regimental mess at which I dined (and there are few, amongst cavalry corps, whose hospitality I have not partaken of), the same peculiarity is visible. Horses, dogs, hunting, shooting, racing; the ballet, the peerage; whom this duke married and whom this downger; Tattersall's; and the sporting magazine, formed the staple of talk and know-ledge; but of military tactics, military history, the art of campaigning, of training men and horses for their work, they know nothing, and will not learn, or speak about, or suffer their will not learn, or speak about, or suffer their brother officers to learn. Why this should be the case I know not, but I would as soon think of asking the Archbishop of Canterbury's opinion of the winner of the Derby, or the Lord Chancellor for a criticism on the cut of my trousers, as I would dream of leading the conversation at a meet-table into any military subject. Indeed, one of the first things a lad learns from his companions upon

took great umbrage if even the authorities at | be detached as member of a court-martial is an awful bore; and to have to wear uniform in the streets—as is the regulation at Imblin and a few other large towns—is an insurance, bore. Having been denied leave of absence to town during the season; to Doncaster when the St. Leger is about to be run, or to Neumarket for the Caesarewitch; to Scotland in August, or to Leamington in October; are such superlative bores, that many a patriot officer has sold out in consequence. Not that and a few other large towns -is an insufferable officer has sold out in consequence. Not that such warriors are in the habit of allowing professional sources of annoyance to been them for any length of time. In this respect they are consistent. They enter the service for their own pleasure and convenience, and leave it for the same reason. I have known even captains of Dragoous cut the convert, as I have known they ourtly term it, at a moment's notice; and as for subalterns—to repeat an expression I once heard used by an old Sergeant-Major -- "one never knows what corne's or llou-tenants may belong to the regiment for any given ten minutes." Nor are these sudden whims exclusively the nets of very young officers. I remember a captain in a castary corps who had lately returned from India being refused by his colonel three days' leave to got to London. Five minutes after the refusal, be was in the room of the senior-lieutenant purchase, asking him what he would give him if he sold out. "If you send in your papers this afternoon, I'll give you so much" (naming a very large sum), was the reply. The papers were sent in, a cheque was given for the amount agreed upon, and in twentyfour hours the captain was a free man and the lieutenant a captain. In the course free man of my service, I certainly remember a score, if not more, of officers who return from the army upon the pique of the moment. Some sold out because their regiment was ordered to Ireland, or to some quarter which they did not like; others for being repri-manded for neglect of duty. In fact, officers consider their commissions to be their own private property-which is certainly the case according to the present system—and that they have a right to sell them, as they were purchased for their own private convenience.

After being about two years in the regand very soon after had an opportunity of obtaining my promotion to licutement was my fitness for this stop ! Money, nohad risen from the ranks, and had oven much active service with the corps when it was to India. This gentleman had been nearly twenty years a soldier; having passed through joining a corps, is to designate every kind of duty a bore. To be orderly officer once a soldier to that of cornet and adjutant of her week, or once in ten days, is a bore; to have to attend stables, and see—or be supposed to acc—the troop-horses groomed for an hour every day, is a bore; to have a couple or three field-days in ten weeks, is a bore; to

cost me seventeen hundred and sixty pounds. The regulation price of a heu-tenancy is eleven hundred and sixty pounds, tendacy is eleven hindred and sixty pounds, and by Act of Parliament, as well as by the Queen's Regulations for the Army, to give more than the sum laid down for any commission, is to be guity of a misdemeanour; nevertheless, there is hardly ever a commission sold in the army for regulation price : double that sum being in many cases given as a bribe to the senior officer. For the seventeen hundred and sixty pounds laid out by my father in my commissions, I re-ceived an income of one hundred and sixty-two pounds per annum; but this was nothing like enough even to pay my monthly mess-bills. I was not extravagant; but, on the contrary, was always careful of my money; and yet my actual barrack-yard expenses—that is, all I spent when actually present with my regiment—never came to less than rifty pounds a month, and few of my companions spent as little as I did. Thus it will be seen that for any, save men with a certain income, to dream of entering a cavalry regiment would be utter madness. In fact, the means which a caudidate for such regiments has at his command, are always ascertained at the Horse Guards before the nomination is made. In intentry regiments the expense of living is not so great, I believe; although even young othicers in that branch of the service require from two hundred to three hundred pounds a-year beyond their pay, to enable them to live like their com-panions and to keep free from debt. In the regiment in which my lot was cast there were only two officers who had no private means; these were the quarter-master and the adju-tant. Both these gentlemen had risen from the ranks; and, as each was in the receipt of better pay on account of their situations than the other subalterus; as the colonel excused their attendance at the mess on account of the expense; and as neither were ever asked expected to join in any subscription to balls, hounds, the regimental-drug, races, steeplechases, mess-dinners, or other extravagancies, they managed to make the ends meet

The marketing for promotion which frequently takes place, would, in the commercial world, be called by an ugly name. About four years after I had purchased my licutenancy, having been then six years in the service an concertmity occurred of the service, an opportunity occurred of getting my captaincy. I was not the semor subaltern, there being two before me on the One of these was the riding-master gentleman who had an anunity which enabled him to live with tolerable comfort, but neither be nor his friends had the requisite amount capital to purchase a troop. The other floor senior to me had just lost his money at Newmarket, and was therefore obliged to withdraw his name from the list of purchasers.

and sixty cularly fortunate in being able to obtain my troop; and therefore the captain who wished to retire, determined to make me pay highly to induce him to do so. I had heard that he had given five thousand five hundred pounds for his troop, the regulation price being only three thousand timee hundred and twenty-eight pounds, and offered him what he had paid. But the price he asked and what he had paid. But the price he asked was six thousand guineas. This sum I thought too much; however, after a great deal of haggling and barganing, I agreed to pay him six thousand pounds, and to take an old screw of a charger off his hands for a hundred pounds extra. The sale was duly made, and, in a few days, my name appeared in the Gazette as captain by purchase. Once more, by virtue alone of my father's long purse, I passed over two officers much senior to myself. Not once but twenty times have I been present, and still ottener consulted, when bargains of a like nature were struck between my brother officers. Nor have I told the whole tale. When a promotion takes place, not only has the bar-gain to be struck between the officer actually desiring to sell out and him wishing to pur-chase, but the lower grades, who gain a step by the move, have to furnish their quota of the sum required. Thus, in my own case, although I was responsible to the returning captain for the whole six thousand pounds, had to negociate with the cornet who was succeed me as lieutenant, in order to induce him to contribute a certain amount for his own promotion, which my purchased

step occasioned.
Shortly after I obtained my troop, a Shortly after I obtained my troop, a practical illustration of what our system of army promotion leads to, occurred in my own case. The head quarters of the regiment I belonged to were stationed at a garrison town in the south of Ireland; and, as it happened to be the season when there are no helo-days, several of the officers were absent on leave. those days, we had only six troops in each cavalry regiment, and, of those belonging to our corps, four were stationed at different our corps, four were stationed as our corps, four were stationed as travelling on who in his ont-quarters. The colonel was travelling the continent, and the major, who in absence commanded the regiment, was auddenly taken unwell, and proceeded at once to his father's house in the neighbourhood. I being the only captain present at head quarters—and it not being thought advisable to recall any of the other captains from their respective troops at the out-posts—was for upwards of a mouth in command of the regional During this time, I of of the regiment. During this time, I, of course, was over all the officers present with the corps, amongst whom were the ridingmaster and adjutant. The latter had been a dragoon, and had risen to the rank of sergeant-major, six years before I was born; even the commission, which by long and good Being third-lieutenant, and only having been service he had obtained, was awarded hi six years in the army, I was thought parti- four years before I entered the army. X &

by mere dint of purchase-money, commanded by mere dint of purchase money, this man, whom I could not but feel was in every respect my superior as a soldier. This gentleman had been three or four times

wounded in India, wore a couple of medals, and had been mentioned in General Orders. He could never rise to higher rank than he had already attained, for the want of money

to go into the regimental market with.

The other officer I mentioned—the ridingmaster-was the senior lieutenant in the re giment. He had never been in the ranks, having entered the corps when it was in India, where he had seen a great deal of service, some fourteen years before I got my first commission. This officer had purchased He had never been in the ranks, both his cornetcy and lieutenancy, but his father having lost his fortune by the failure of a Calcutta bank, was unable to help him with any more money, except a small annual allowance. The consequence was that he remained a lieutenant, aithough every captain in the regiment, as well as the major, had joined the corps as youngsters since he entered it, and none of them had ever seen a shot fired in anger; whereas this officer had gone through three campaigns in India.

I remained about six years longer with the regenent, and during that time lived like most of my brother officers. The never-varying monotony of English mili-tary life, atlords no scope for the working of those energies which seem natural to the Anglo-Saxon race in all countries and all professions. This every officer begins to feel after a certain length of time. So long as the end and aim of existence is hunting, shooting, horse-racing, dining at mess, or making one of a jovial party in London at the Army and Navy Club-known familiarly as the Rag and Famish-a commission in a crack regiment has a certain charm, which to most men, on the younger side of thirty, is most seductive But after that age, the mind begins to want the realities of life, and to desire some advancement in social position, fortune, or even an increase of responsibilities—even of cares. Thus it is that so many officers leave the service after having been about ten or twelve years in the army exactly at a time when they have learnt their duties and are likely to serve their country with the greatest efficacy.

After ten years of a pleasant, but useless -although, perhaps, not positively wicked-life, I sold out, obtaining from my successor, a like sum to what I had paid for my rank,

and became once more a private gentleman. How is it possible that with such a military system, the English army can ever be in time of war useful to the country? I grant that our apprenticeship in the Crimea has taught doctor who, when called to a sick man's be laide, asked for time to consult his medical books !

THE PORCUPINE CLUB.

AT Constantine, Algeria, there are several clubs or societies of porcupine-hunters, whom the Arabs call hatcheichis, because they smoke hatchich, or hemp, instead of tobacco. The members of these clubs are of Kabyle origin. The title of hatcheich, or a man who loses his reason by indulgence in smoking, is the cause and the permanent mark of the contempt with which the other natives regard them. To console themselves for the reprobation of the Airethemselves for the reprobation of the Aigerian public, they meet every evening, to how like wild beasts, and to smoke to the sound of the tom-tom, till they drop to the ground, overcome by the influence of drowsiness and hatchich. Between the different clubs there exists so fierce a rivalry, that, before the taking of Constantine, on the fite-tay of spring, the members belonging to the take of El-Kantara and of the Gate Jebia used to ongage in bloody battles in which clubs were engage in bloody battles, in which clubs were the only offensive and defensive arms em-ployed. It was worse than the rows at Donployed. It was worse than the row at real nybrook fair, inasmuch as the Arabs are more habitually sanguinary than the Irish. One would have thought that these assessing (as the etymology of their name justifies us in calling them) would have bestowed their habitus assistance on public game than a hunting aspirations on nobler game than a poor inoffensive porcupine. The French authorities soon put an end to these encoun-ters within the walls of the town, but the hempen coverie contrived to make up for the lost time when they reached the theatre of their sporting operations. Their passion for porcupine-hunting is not easily understood by persons unacquainted with the difficulties they are obliged to overcome in order to take

a single head of this prickly game.

The porcuping resembles the badger in its manners and habits; only nature has armed it with a cuirass to protect it from the byenas and jackals, who often dwell in the same burrow. It digs its retreat to a great depth, and always at the foot of a rock. In the environs of Bougie and Ghelma, the Franch soldiers caught fabulous quantities of prom-pines, with starres made of brass wire. It is probable that they formerly abounded in the outskirts of Constantine, which are very rocky, and full of hurrows swarming with jackals; but the hatcheichia must have

exterminated them, since none are left.

The porcupine-hunters generally open their campaign towards the close of winter. As they are obliged to make a march of several days before their sport can begin; as each of these excursions lasts for at least a month. our apprenticeship in the Crimea has taught our troops something of the art of war; but, should they not have known this from the commencement? What should we say of a burrister who, when a brief was put into his barrister who, when a brief was put into his handa, began only then to study the law? or, would we not be greatly surprised at a Arab-hospitality, they wisely make preparations beforehand. On the eve of the day appointed for their departure, they meet in their club-room, and feast and riot there, till it is time to open the doors and start. Those who are not so fortunate as to take part in the expedition, accompany their confrères a little way, and embrace them on parting as if they were never to behold them again. The they were never to behold them again. sportsmen, ordinarily eight or ten in number, promise to work miracles for the honour of the club, and set off, preceded by one or two donkeys laden with tools and creature-comforts, and followed by two or three couples of almost-always mangy terriers. Each hunter is armed with a stick five feet long, to the extremity of which is fitted a piece of lanceshaped iron with teeth like a saw. pleasing instrument is intended to spit the energy, and to drag him out of his hole, as a cork-screw would a cork. The girdles of the most robust adventurers are adorned with iron hammers of all shapes and sizes, whose mission is to widen the runs of the porcupine to admit the entrance of a child ten or twelve years of age, the smallest, puniest, most wiredrawn animal in all creation, who, if he walked upon his hands and feet, would be the perfect image of a turnspit or an otter-hunting Scotch terrier. This abortion is covered from head to foot with a leather dress (which is his armour of proof, that makes him look like an overgrown spider). He is the here, the Hercules of the band; for his unfailing duty is to attack the prey.

The porcupine-slayers march for several days over mountain and plain, sleeping beneath the starry vault slightly protected by some tolerant douar, which, as a great favour allows them to encamp within gunshot distance. At last they arrive at a burrow which they know of, or which has been pointed out to them. The presence of the porcupine is betrayed by sundry quills which he has let fall; his habitual points of exit and entrance are betrayed by numerous foot-steps. There can be no doubt about the matter; this tenement is inhabited. The dogs, uncoupled, disappear in the mouths of the burrow, and, immediately that they give tongue, the sportsmen answer with a joyous hurrah, and prepare their arms to besiege the place. When all is ready for opening the treuches, they look out for the biped who plays the part of terrier; but in vain. He and his lance have disappeared. It is useless to interrogate the echoes around by calling him by the tenderest names. The support, the pride, and the hope of the expedition remains invisible. Whilet the hunters, believing him lost, are

Whilst the hunters, believing him lost, are giving way to their despair, the dogs rush out of the burrow, with their wiry hair standing on end; and then, after the dogs, appears at first a foot, and then a leg, advancing back-wands, and soon afterwards the lengthy body and the head of the child, who throws into the midst of his companions a porcuping almost as big as himself and as lively as can

be, although transfixed. After killing the the cutrails being replaced with aromatic plants, mingled with a few handsfull of salt. The object of this operation is to make the porkeep till the end of the campaign, in order that he may figure on the table of the club at Constantine. It ought to be menwell, and that more frequently it takes several days' hard work and siege to catch the animal, -it, and when, he is caught. For it sometimes happens that the runs are so marlow and the rocky walls so hard, that in spite of the crow-bars, the hammers, and the heated passions of the assailants, the child, however capital a ferret he may be, is unable to reach the porcupine's last retreat, and the siego is unwillingly obliged to be raised. way the sportsmen scour the circles of Con-stantine, Ghelma, and Bône; they even pene-trate as far as the circle of La Calle, sixty leagues from their starting point. Their expeditions are more or less lucky and productive; and, if they sometimes return with a dozen head of game, which furnish materials for feasting during several days, on other oceasions a month's journey of fatigue and privation results in the capture of a single porcupine.

In such cases, the members of the club

In such cases, the members of the club meet as usual to celebrate their comrades' return. The animal is served roasted, on a wooden dish, and placed in the middle of the assembly, who are grouped in a circle around it contemplating its beauties with intense satisfaction. The president invites his right-hand neighbour to help himself; the polite epicure just touches the edge of the dish with the tips of the tingers of his right hand, moves them towards his lips, and says. "I have had enough." All the other guests follow his example, and fall to on the conscouson and the dates which surround the dish of honour. Then they sing in head-splitting style, with an accompaniment of tom-toms and clapping of hands, in celebration of their own exploits, past, present, and to come. The hemp-pipe finishes the rest of the business. The club meets again next day, the day after the next, and every day the same, till the neighbours begin to complain of the disturbance made by the hatcheichia during the night, and of the msupportable infection inhaled by the porcupine now passed to the putrefactive phase,—higher than the highest six-weeks-old hare, or grouse sent by coach in August from the moors of Caithness to the valleys of Cornwall,—till the police is obliged to interfere at last, and turn both the game and its captors out of doors, to open their sittings in some other locality.

As the porcupiners wage no more than two or three campaigns annually, they practice hedgehog-hunting during the intervals, just to keep themselves and their days in transing. When the weather is fine, and the most

promises well, they start from Constantine in | the afternoon with a few couple of terriers, and bent the country all night long. When a dog fulls upon a hedgehog's track, he gives tongue, and is joined by the others, who hunt in a pack, exactly as if they were after a stag or a boar. When the creature finds have he rolls himself up like a prickly muff, oppo-sing the spines which cover him to the teeth of his pursuers. One of the hunters seizes lum with the flap of his burnous, puts him into his hood, and the chace goes on till morning dawns.

Porcupine-hunting is looked down upon, not for the fault of the creature itself, but because of the disreputable habits of the persons who usually make it their object of sport. Another wild animal is scorned as a quarry, on account of its own intrinsic despi-cability. "Cowardly as a hyena," is an Arab proverb. Perhaps, however, the main cause in the universal hatred which this odious benst inspires, arises from its habit of violating graves. Whether resurrection-men or hyenas are concerned, the feeling is the same in the popular mind. What else can we do, but execrate the insulters and devourers of what remains of those we have loved most dearly on earth ! Now, the hyena, who fears to attack any other creature than a solitary, wretched, ailing, half-starved dog, not daring to make an onelaught on a flock of sheep, the vile livens disinters the dead, and cats their very bones. Is it likely that such a beast should meet with anything but detestation ? As a precautionary measure, which is not always effectual, the Arabe bury their dead very deep. In some districts, they even build two vaults for the reception of one body, putting their precious deposit in the Consequently, the skin of so dastard an animal is looked upon as valueless. In the majority of tents it would be refused admittance, for fear it should bring bad luck with it.

The lowest Arabs will eat hyena's flesh, which, by the way, is not particularly good; but they are very careful not to touch the head, and hold the brain in especial abhorrence, believing that auch contact would suffice to make them lose their senses. They sometimes amuse themselves with chasing it on horseluck, and allow their harriers to worry it to death without doing it the honour to fire

One fine August morning M. Górard, riding in search of nobler prey, whilst meditating his plaus, observed the approach of a bristling, repulsive-looking, limping animal, which surprised by daylight, -a hyena which, surprised by daylight ashamed of himself and out of countenancewas regaining his fortress or burrow with a hobbling step. The lion-killer had left his gun in the hands of his Arab attendant; and, having no other weapon than his sabre, he drew it from its scabbard and charged the brute, which darted away and disappeared amidet the wayside bushes, at the foot of a

rock. M. Gérard dismounted, tied his horse to a tree, and soon found a hole which he was delighted to recognise as an ancient quarry, high enough and broad enough to admit his passing along it upright and with his arms at liberty. In two minutes, the two new acquaintances were face to face, and so close that the party most auxious for the in-troduction could feel the end of his sabre bitten by teeth; but he could see nothing the hole was so dark. He knelt down, closed his eyes for an instant, and, on opening them, could distinguish the animal sufficiently to know where to strike. The great difficulty was to draw from its mouth the point of the sabre, which it continued to hold fast; then, as soon as it let it go, he plunged the blade into its chest up to the handle. A sort of muffled grunt was the only response; and when the blade was drawn from its body, the animal was dead. Just as M. Gérard was about to seize the carcase by the foot, to drag it into the open air, he brand a confused sound of voices at the quarry's mouth proceeding from his guide and a group of reapers, who had seen him charge the brons and dismount at the foot of the rock. When the Arab beheld the blade of the cabre ro-with the blood of the animal, he said,

"Thank heaven, for causing me to remain behind with your gun, and never again a ake use of your sabre in warfare; it would betray you." As the Frenchman did not appear to understand the meaning of the speech, the

guide added,

"An Arab, when he finds a hyena in his a handful of cow-dung and hold, takes holds it out to the brute, saying, ' ('ome ; let me make you pretty with some heads on the tips of your charming fingers.' The hyena offers its paw, the Arab serzes it, drags it out, gags it, and gives it to the women and children of the donar to stone to death, as a cowardly and unclean animal."

M. Gérard, without literally believing every syllable told by his guide, easily com-prehended that he had made a mistake which would require a brilliant reparation in order to put a stop to sended and ill-natured remarks amongst the tribes; but he actually witnessed an occurrence which proved that his follower had not spoken altogether falsely. Having met one day with a troop porcupine-hunters laying siege to a hurr dismounted to watch the catastropi After several hours of terrible labour, hyena was caught and dragged out by a chilhis lance two feet deep in the animal's body. European sportsmen would have been proud of such a feat. Squire Pettiseashans, on receiving a letter from his son, with the news that the cadet of the family had slain a byons in the Algerian wilderness, would take care to publish the glorious bulictin at all the dinner-tables for two unions round. The hatcherchis were annoyed and humiliated: annoyed,

because the omen was had, in their eyes; and humilated, because the Arabs of the neighbourhood, whom curiosity had drawn together to witness the sport, overwhelmed them with scoruful, and sarcastic jokes. It is needless to add that the animal was left on the spot, to be devoured by his fellows, and that the sportsmen shifted their quarters to get out of the way of the invectives of the Arabs, as well as to look out for better game elsewhere.

The hyena never walks out alone; you always neet with them two together. When their mouths begin to water for a morsel of dog, they go and prowl about some donar which happens to be located in a wooded country. The female pasts herself behind a bush, and the male purposely shows himself to the dags, who charge him gallantly as he makes his retreat to the ambuscade occupied by his better half. Madame makes her appearance at the nick of time, and catches, strangles, and devours on the apot the dog whose ardour has led him the nearest to her spouse. It sometimes happens that the Arabs interfere, and cudgel to death these dog-loving ogresses; who, however, seldom indulge such amusements, except after a fast of several days.

As there is sport which every Arab will not, so are there modes of the chace which every Arab may not indulge in. Falconry in Algeria is the privilege of the great and powerful. The persons who passionately follow it, are the descendants of noble and military families who have rallied round the standard of France, in order to preserve, or obtain command. Whatever may be the influence or the fortune of a native, he cannot, unless he be in some degree noble or of wellestablished courage, devote himself to the art of falcoury without running the risk of being turned into ridicule, and sometimes of being mulested by his own people. A falconer, named Abdallah, one of the bravest cavaliers of the trabe of the Mahatla—which is saying a good deal-related to M. Gérard au anecdote in point.

In the course of the same year," he said, in which Algeria fell into the power of the Christians, my cousin Lakdar and myself took it into our heads to mystify a check of the Ouled-Bou-Ghanem, our neighbour, who, although a mere nobody, presumed to train faicons. For this purpose, we took a couple of englets which we knew of in their yrie, and trained them to fly at the young falcons which our shepherds brought as every day. When we judged the education of our birds to be sufficiently advanced, we ent one of our trusty people to discover from the cheik's followers when he was likely to begin hawking. Having learned the appointed place and day, Lakdar and myself set off before the dawn, driving in front of us the ass which we took to as fast as our legs could before the dawn, driving in front of us the ass which we took to as fast as our legs could be carried our hooded eagles, and a few the ass, which nevertheless, was destrued to falcons to lure them back when required, save my life that eventful day. We be

We were at the rendezvons long before the cheik and his people arrived, close by the Oued-Mellegh, where they meant to hunt the bustard. As the tamarind-trees which tringe the stream allowed us to follow the chace the stream allowed us to tollow the chace without being observed, we regulated our march by that of the sportsmen. A flock of bustards soon took to wing before the horsemen, who were beating the plain. Four; falcons were successively let fly, and a bustard was instantly singled out and

vigorously attacked.
"It was not long before our cagles, unhooded, caught eight of the chace, and directed their flight towards it, at first heavily and in a direct line, afterwards more rapidly and in circling sweeps, which gradually brought them together as they rose in the air. After fastening our ass to a tamarind-tree, we directed our course up the stream, in order to keep the scene of action better in view. The bustard, separated from the flock, and, vigorously attacked by the four falcons in concert, had no other means of safety except to keep above them. It rose, therefore, vertically, to such an altitude that it looked no bigger than a pigeon, while the birds who pursued it so furiously sometimes looked like grasshoppers, and sometimes were alto-gether lost to view. The two eagles once arrived in these lofty regions, became so com-pletely confounded in the chace, that it was impossible to distinguish them from the other birds. The cheik and his cavalcade were waiting in the plain, with their eyes directed towards the sky, watching like us the issue of the nerial combat. Suddenly we thought we heard distant piercing and repeated cries; soon afterwards we could see a black body, which increased in size as it approached nearer to us, sometimes struggler to the company in contents. gling violently, and then descending vertically to the lower regions. We were then able to distinguish our two eagles with expanded wings suffering themselves to be dragged downward by the weight of the bustard, which, with drooping legs and closed wings, fell towards the earth, without giving the slightest sign of life. In vain we gazed in search of the cheik's falcons; they had disappeared. Our whole attention was then di-rected towards the cavaliers. The instant when the bustard and the eagles fell whistling into the midst of the wide circle formed by the cheik and his train, a long shout of 'tresson!' froze us with terror. We remembered, but too late, that in the hurry of letting loose our hirds, the leash had been left on the foot of one of them. Several men had dismounted, and were folding their burnous in such a way that they could catch the engles without being hurt by them.

"Our only hope of escape was by flight

been running for nearly an hour, always up stream, and without quitting the trees which skirt the river, when we perceived four horsemen a couple of hundred paces behind cade. They had followed our track at full trot and gallop. Further flight was impossible; we endeavoured to hide ourselves. Lakdar chose a tuft of tamarinds and brambles; as for me, I slipped down to the river's bed. I walked in till I was up to my neck in water, and could stand with my head hidden beneath the aquatic plants which overhung the bank. I was scarcely installed or in my snuggery, before I heard the footsteps of horses and the voice of a sportsman shouting to the cheik's people, 'Come this way; we are on their track! Their footsteps are we are on their track! Their footsteps are as plain as daylight. They are two sons of dogs together! A sharp galloping and the dogs together!" A sharp galloping and the neighing of the horses heated by a long run, announced the arrival of the chiek and of

every one belonging to him.

"'Let ten men,' he said, 'instantly go forward till they lose the track. Then, and not before, they will halt, and keep military guard on both banks of the river. You, my children, will dismount; follow the steps of these wretches, pistol in hand, and bring them to me alive it you possibly can.'

you possibly can.' s order, I felt sure that it was all "At this over with Lakdar. My position was better than his, and I retained the hope of surviving and avenging him. Then only I became aware that my feet were sinking in the mud, water, which at first scarcely and that the covered my shoulders, began to moisten my lips. They say that he who knows not fear, is not a man. Well; that day, I was afraid, not so much on account of the threats of the enemy who were pursuing us so furiously, as of dying by the death of drowning. My per-sonal meditations were interrupted by a shot, followed by imprecations and several other shots. My cousin, finding that he was dis-covered, had fired his pistol at the group which surrounded him, and which, in spite of the cheik's prohibition, could not restrain itself from returning the fire. The few words I was able to catch, amidst the disturbance which took place around me, gave me to understand that Lakdar was not killed, and that they were dragging him to the cheik's presence. Unable to contain myself, and auxious, even at the risk of being eaught, to know what they were going to do to him, I was on the point of quitting my place of refuge, when a couple of men leapt into the river's bed.

"'He came down this way,' said the first, pointing to my footsteps on the sand.

'He entered the water here,' said the other, advancing towards the edge of the stream, in which I remained motionless only ten paces off, peeping at him through the foliage which covered my head. 'It is singular,' he continued, 'there are no more

footsteps visible in the river's bed. Can be have crept in, and hidden himself?'

" At that moment I heard some one walking on the bank above my head, and saying to the fellow who was searching after me, 'Mehammed, the cheik has sent me to fetch you, because there is not one of the cavation in company who has so good a knife as yours.

"'What for ?' rejoined the other.

"'To decapitate the dog whom we have just caught,' replied the envoy. The prospect of cutting off a man's head got the upper-hand of the ardour with which these wretches were ferreting me out, and lured them away instantly; thus delivering me from the most frightful position in which I ever happened to be in my life. According to what I had just heard, my cousin was on the point of losing his head, and I was unable to succour him in the least. Fully persuaded that the men who had departed a minute ago would return after the execution was over and conscious of the impossibility of finding any other retreat without leaving traces of having shifted my quarters, I determined to stop where I was. A root which I had ob-served beneath the bank, and over my head, rendered me the service of hanging by it, and taking a position less dangerous than my former one. After the uproarious shouts and laughter caused by the triple execution which took place behind me, I thought I could hear the horses' footsteps travelling away from the brook, and then all was silent.

"Time fled, and with it the sun, who set and disappeared. Then came the twilight, and soon a few stars were twinkling in the sky. I crept softly out of my retreat and conti-ously stole up the river's bank. I Istened. I looked in every direction—nothing. Not a sound, except the croaking of the frogs; not a living creature, except a few jackals proved any around poor Lakdars body, which I found horribly mutilated, and flanked on each side by one of our eagles, also decapitated like himself. Having first made sure that I was units alone. quite alone, I wrapped up my consin's body and head in my burnous, took it on my shoulders, and directed my steps towards the spot where we had fastened our ass in the morning. I found it in the same place, browsing the grass at the foot of the tamarindtree. I made use of the rope which was twisted round my head to fasten my precious burthen more securely. I then marched straight across the plain in order to gain a pathway which ought to lead me to our dense before daybreak. I had continued my journey before daybreak. I had continued my journey for about four hours without meeting with anything, but always followed by a small party of jackals, whom the smell of blood kept on my track, when the ass stopped short, pricking its ears, and trembling at every limb.

"I instantly perceived, not far before me, and on the path, a pair of shiping ever as broad on the path, a pair of shiping ever as broad.

on the path, a pair of shining eyes, as bright as burning coals. Accustomed to three soft

of encounters, I made haste to cut the cords which held Lakdar's body on the ass's back I hoisted it on my shoulders, as before, and struck across country, leaving the poor brute chained to the spot, by the effect of terror. When I was about a hundred paces off, I heard a noise which sounded like the fall of a heavy body violently dashed to the ground; then a sort of rattling in the throat; and then, nothing. The lion had accepted the sacrifice which I offered him. I was re-assured on my own account, and after making a considerable circuit, I regained the path which I had left."

The story ends with the vengeance which Abdallah and his friends took on the mur-derers. This was as ample and complete as the most merciless barbarian could desire.

TWELVE MILES FROM THE ROYAL EXCHANGE

WE are no Cockneys down here. For miles between us and the first tokens of the great city cattle find pasture, and the plough is driven a-field. There is a story of a soldier who once heard the great clock of St. Paul's strike thirteen times, from his post some twenty miles off, and, being accused of sleeping at midnight, was enabled entirely to clear himself by proving that the clock of Saint Paul's did actually, in some eccentric fit, strike thirteen times upon the night in question. But however this may have been, no one ever heard the clock of Saint Paul's in our village, let the air be ever so humid, or the wind from that quarter ever so gusty; and we are quite sure that Bow bells are out of the question. There is not a boy in all Rutstead parish who would not take off his jacket upon this question, and the old people have a horror of metropolitan habits, which no man out of Rutstead could rightly understand. We have a figurative expression that the Londoners live by cutting one another's throats, which principally refers to their commercial rivalries; but Miss Eun-bury, for one, does literally believe it. At the Guy Earl of Warwick, which we call familiarly the Guy, you may generally hear some one in the parlour discoursing of our intercourse with the metropolis in pre-railwayite-days, when as many as thirty coaches, besides vehicles of other kinds, used to pass our doors within the twenty-four hours, startling the inhabitants with noisy horns, or the cheers of school-boys going home. But they have dwindled down into a single carmer's cart-a creaking, dawdling, bony-horsed thing, which rings a cracked bell as it passes through the place, evidently on its last wheels. Our last stage-coach only ceased running a few winters ago. It was a remarkably comfortable conveyance, when ded not turn over upon the brink of the men in the House of Commons, in whom we chalk-pits (which the parish, by large majorities, declines to rail in); and if the rail bodiment of our opinions, have deserted our way had come near us, instead of stealing all cause again and again; but we are unchanged.

our traffic, and leaving us at last in the lurch, it would have had no chance against it. I am quite sure of that; and why? Because we all knew the coachman, and would never have dreamed of withdrawing our support (we never regard any of our dealings but in the light of a support to somebody or some-thing;) while the man was civil; and he was invariably civil, and, moreover, had a large family. He was a thin man, with a wrinkled family. He was a turn man, with a wrinkled face, and short, grey hair, who did duty sometimes as a post-boy, in a blue jacket and white cords, and drove people at weddings; but was as unlike my idea of a jolly old conchunan as any one I ever saw; though he was not out of keeping with the faded and contracted aspect of coaching in those latter days. He was related to two wellknown jockeys, and would have gone into that line himself if he had been a triffe lighter, or had been capable of any reduction in flesh by the usual process of sweating down. But he was a real coachman, full of the traditions of the road, and as ignorant of what time of day you might mean by eight forty-five, as if you had spoken of a decimal fraction. His time for starting was a quarter before nine; but if any passenger happened to be shaving at that moment, what gentleman could reasonably refuse to wait about a little of Lohn days was his name upon that little? John Jarvis was his name upon that road which knoweth him no more; for he is dead, and Mrs. Jarvis has got into an almshouse; and the large family have gone out to service; and even the coach, after a struggle with the heavy roads and high prices of one winter, now lies abandoned in a wheelwright's yard, cracked, paintless, broken-windowed, and with a rich crop of moss and houselesk upon its mouldering roof.

When the railway proposed to come near we passed resolutions at the Guy, and instructed a lawyer to oppose. The coaching interest, which comprised one-half of the inhabitants, said, of course, that there was abundant accommodation already; and the rector said that the railway would bring down all the loose characters in London on Sundays, and take all the respectable people in the village up to town; and Mr. Grinstone, the great landed proprietor, declared that scarcely any sum of money could compensate him for the injury and annoyance he him for the injury and almoyance he would have to suffer if the hateful scheme were carried out. We raised such a cry, that I verily believe our village was the cause of the railway engineer suddenly striking out a new course through the marshes, on the other side of a ridge of hills. Nobody repents of side of a ridge of hills. Nobody repents of that opposition, except Mr. Grinstone, who is now known to have been willing all along to capitulate on advantageous terms. But the country itself is stanneh and true. GentleWhat those opinions are, no man who is skilled in the interpretation of hints and signs could fail to know, after remaining an hour among us. Ask old Nelby, the job-master, and proprietor of the solitary fly that stands for hire in these parts, and who has the gouty and lame completely at his mercy. He is not saucy (nobody in our village is), but he knows what is usual, and consequently what is right. Four shillings has been the fare from the corner of Guttle-bury Lane to the Black Lion in Swillstead, ever since he can remember; and he has repeatedly said, in the parlour of the Ciny, and in the presence of a strongly sympathising audience, that he would not take his own father for a sixpence less. No more he would; for I have seen him, even when driving back empty, and without the hope of another offer, refuse to take up a dusty Londoner, who ignorantly tendered him three and-six as an ultimatum. A chit! chit! to his highly respectable old grey horse was the only answer which he deigned to make to

that ill-advised proposal.

If this does not give you an idea of our opinions, you can ask Chaffers, who had the folly and impudence to come over from Buffborough (a good three miles), on purpose to set up a branch grocery-store in our village, where he was neither born nor reared, and had no influence nor connections whatever. He tried to wean us from dealing with Pidden (as kind-hearted a creature as ever breathed, and worth money), by writing up Town Prices in his window, and putting up a sumblind, and having the footway in front of his door watered every day. He had the his door watered every day. He had the meanness to offer to undersell Pidden in everything. He put in his window pinker ham than Pidden's—having found out that ham was Pidden's weak point—and showed loaf-sugar at sixpence, of a dazzling purity. He offered new-laid eggs at a shilling a-dozen (Pidden, who keeps fowls, has let many a dozen get musty, rather than do it); and pretended to grind his coffee fresh every day, because he had heard that Pidden, who knew there was a time for all things, always ground his for the week, on Monday mornings. He tried to outdo poor Pidden in everything, and has had as many as four candles all burning at once in his shop. But a universal sympathy grew up for Pidden. We could not tamely see him crushed by a stranger, who had no business there. It was scandalous; it was mean, despicable, untradesmanlike; it was anything and every-thing but staunch and true. We found out thing but staunch and true. We found out Chaffers' paltry little handbills stuck up on the sides of barns, and on fences and posts all along the highway, and we daubed them out,

Pidden was to keep his two unmarried daughters in respectability, and pay rent and taxes upon town prices? Chaffers only came over from Buffborough three times a-week; some said he was ashamed to show his face there. People made observations upon his personal defects, and said that he looked a sneak, and that you could generally tell. We found out that his wife had an income of her own (Pidden's late wife had not a far-thing, and cost him a fortune in doctors); so we said it was plain that he did not do it from necessity, but evidently from downright greediness. I am sure we were much more concerned about it than Pidden himself, who disdained to employ the arts of his opponent, but left himself confidently in the hands of his neighbours and customers; and up wender; for he flourished under it amazingly. Everyone grew extravagant in grocer, to give Pidden a turn. Even old Miss Bunbary, who had learnt frugality in the days of th East India Company and couvers, would shake a third spoonful into the teapet, with a remark that trade would be the better for it, meaning, of course, Pidden's trade. Chatfers representative was a silly-looking, floral young man, who wetted his red har, and brushed it all off his forehead. Our love used to look through the window, and make faces at him, and he always hughed, in a weak, sheepish manner, which showed that he was ashumed of his position there. he was ashuned of his position there. We did not dislike the young man at all; but when we heard he was miserably underpaid we pitied him, and learned to distinguish between him and Chaffers. He told us frankly that he did not like the place, and Chaffers was no better than a negre-driver; though he was always so afinid that the tyrant would drop in upon him from Botftyrant would drop in upon him from Boffborough, that it was quite painful to talk to him. But it did not last long. One day, Chaffers suddenly discharged the florid young man; and Pidden, with a calm dignity, un alloyed with the smallest atom of vindictiveness, saw, from his shop-window, all the unsold stock go back to Buttborough, in a van.

After this, I need scarcely say that we have the strongest dislike to meanness or shabby dealings of any kind. Notwely likes candles all burning at once in his shop. But a universal sympathy grew up for Pidden. We could not tamely see him crushed by a stranger, who had no business there. It was cruel, scandalous; it was mean, despicable, untradesmanlike; it was anything and everything but staunch and true. We found out Chaffers' paltry little handbills stuck up on the sides of barns, and on fences and posts all along the highway, and we daubed them out, or wrote offensive remarks beneath them. We taunted him with wanting to take the bread out of Pidden's mouth, and would be glad to know (and we felt it to be our business to inquire, and Chaffers' to explain) how

tongue, and palate, and throat irritated to inflammation by stinging nettles l and did not care a pin for his answer, that he had We know tried and found them very good. We know how grandees, like the Reverend Mr. Simmer, having made an appointment to taste the workhouse soup, always found it excellent, and talk lightly of the labours of bricklaying, after setting first stones with a silver trowel. We made observations on his conduct in a loud voice when he happened to be near. We stared so hard at him, when he accidentally alluded to Nebuchadnezzar in his sermon, that he drew out his delicate white cambric handkerchief, and made such a long pause, that everybody thought the sermo vas done. John Hitchman happened to be there that day (he attended church regularly during the excitement), sitting in one of the free seats, wiping his forehead with a tattered. blue, cotton rag; and everybody was struck with the contrast, and made his own reflections. Public opinion chalked itself upon the walls of Mr. Simmer's house; till one day the rector told him, that without any reference whatever to the merits of the case, it was unfortunately evident that he was not popular in the parish, and that he must therefore see the necessity of resigning. So he went away; and his true character came out afterwards, when he published a book on population, which competent judges residing in the parish have pronounced to be a dis-grace to him as a minister and a man.

Spry, the policeman, who lives up-stairs, at the shoemaker's, is equally the object of our contempt and detestation. It is nothing to us that the mere presence of Spry makes our property as safe as if it were under guard in the Tower of London. We will the Tower of London. We will grant you that, under the protection of old Cumpton, the late constable of the parish, the very doors of our houses, and the gates of our gardens, have been unhinged and carried way for fire-wood; and nobody dared to go down Guttlebury Lane after dark; for selfinterest does not blind us to what is mean one lean gentleman, who, to the wonderment and unmanly. We all hate Spry, and never of all, desired to stay there for the night. and unmanly. We all hate Spry, and never of all, desired to stay there for the night. Then the coaching people sprang upon their ful fellow and a sneak. He never looks you in the face, like an honest man; and has a masty, shoffling, sidelong walk, which particularly annoys Miss Bunbury, who always speaks of him as that reptile Spry, and who, though she did reluctantly call him in one unght, turned him out again the moment she hostelry. He must have been a strange man,

telling a Christian man, who had brought up had discovered that there were no thieves in nine children for his country's benefit, to her back kitchen, but only a stray bantara betake himself to the food of brutes. Nay, from the next garden. We have seen him in betake himself to the food of brutes. Nay, from the next garden. We have seen him in the very donkeys on the common shrank plain clothes peeping through the crevice of from contact with the odious weed which a the tap-room door of the Guy; and have Christian minister had not hesited to recom- watched him standing in the sun, with his mend as a fit nourishment for the bodies of back to a wall, lazily cutting a whistle out of his poor parishioners. Was the fleshy tene- a bit of reed, and everybody knew that the ment of an immortal spirit to be kept up artful fellow had some business in hand. We upon stinging nettles? We asked how the have come upon him in out-of-the way places, Reverend Mr. Simmer would like to have his and have suddenly found him walking beside us, in a manner that makes your blood run cold. There is not a boy in our part that would associate with Spry; but he does not care for that. Since he managed to get noted for promotion as an active and intelligent officer, he calls us all civilians, and seems to

enjoy his own isolation.

But we have another quarrel with Spry, which I will just mention, in further illustration of our opinions. Spry was originally no more a policeman than you are. He is by trade (as we always express it) a cooper. Ilis father was a cooper; his grandfather was a cooper; and the Sprys have all been coopers (except one, who went to sea), ever since they came into the village. But this Spry actually deserted the calling of his ancestors, and, on the shabby excuse that coopering wasn't what it used to be, entered the police force, and lost enste among us for ever. Now, if Spry's father had been a policeman—if he had been the son of Cumpton, the late constable, who died childless, at an advanced age; or if he could have shown the slightest relationship with any person whose business it had been to prowl about, whose business it has need to custody, we and take his neighbours into custody, we upon him as a necessary institution in a corrupt state of society. But Spry had no such excuse, or did not care to mention it, if he had. He does not care a fig for the example of the coaching interest, who are true to their calling, to a boy. They hang about to their calling, to a boy. the steps of the thuy, and loiter round its moss-grown, broken-windowed outbuildings, atill clinging with a fanatical faith to the hope of the final disappearance of railways, and triumphant restoration of four-in-hands. Their linen jackets are in tatters, and their shoes are soleless; but there they lie, on sunny days, basking under the red-brick wall, or fast asleep in shady corners. But see them if a cart or chaise should stop there! Only a fortnight ago, there drove up to that door a dusty four-wheeled vehicle, containing

for he decided to stay there a whole week, giving, by his single presence, an unwonted stimulus to the trade of our village. Great, therefore, was the grief of all when he went away. The coaching interest looked after him till the diminished forms of pony, chaise, and man, disappeared over the hill-top, and the sound of his wheels died away. Will he ever come again? Some think he will; but others shake their heads, and say it may be many a day first. But they will wait patiently, and so will the Guy. Its bar has contracted, and its whole life shrunk into one dismal corner of the building. But its fifteen beds are still made up, and, we are proud to say, that its extensive accommodation for man and beast has never been reduced.

I do not know whether it be a natural conprinciples, which I have faintly indicated; appears to me that all the inhabitant Rutstead, either make money and die well off, or else live in great poverty and dependence, till after going into the union and coming out again, and hovering about that splendid building, like dazzled moths, are finally drawn into it, and slowly consumed. Our chemist, who sells human-medicine and thorse-medicine, besides tobacco, pepper, and other articles of domestic use, is publicly known to have made money in that dusty and deserted shop of his. He is not an active man ; he spends more time in picking pimples on his face, than in anything else; and he has a wife who gets dirty, dog's-eared Minerva Press novels from a sweet-stuff shop across the road, and reads them again and again; and, addressing the unknown author of A Year and a Day, in four volumes, writes in pencil, at the foot of his most eloquent chapters, "Oh, why wert thou not a poet!" She is no help to him in the business, and he mildly observes that some people like a shop, while others never take to it! How he and the such notions, I know not, but everybody knows he has. So has Grimshaw, the butcher, though I never saw four joints hanging up at once in his clean-swept shop, which, with the tree before the door, and its footway paved with pebbles, is as pretty a place as you will find in our neighbourhood. He never ventures to expel the vital spark—which he professionally regards as a something which keeps sweet the fiesh of sheep or beeves-until he has gone round on horseback to all his customers, and satisfied himself that their united orders amount to a whole animal. Again, there is Groyn, the builder, who owns half the houses within tive miles round, and who is a staunch upholder of our principles,—as sturdy a defender of his right to build for every one within that distance as the heart of our vitings could desire. He smokes, and plays at bowls and skittles, at the Guy, and ionsts in his cops that he can buy and sell Grinstone, the landed proprietor, and shouts it out | unappeased.

loud enough to be heard by Grinstone, in his pillured mansion over the way; and I have no doubt he could, though he never cared a pin for poor Richard's maxims, and, as far as I can see, ought to have been bankrupt long ago. He is a notorious gormandiser, though only for the public benefit. Live and let hee, he says, is his notion; and, when he is stuffing more than usual, he will keep repeating that noble-spirited maxim, and will give it you on every occasion with such an air of being then struck with the idea for the first time in his life, that if any one at the same table hurled one of the dishes at his head in a moment of rage, I could understand it. There is such a disagreeable self-possession about him, when he is not eating—such an embarrassing air of knowing what you are going to say, and smiling deprecatingly before you say it, that I abhor him from my soul. Why should that man flourish, and have the gout for weeks together, when Spokes, the whoel-wright, works early and late, and cannot make both ends meet; and poor, old Mis. Weeks has forty-three direct descendants, all living, who could not, altogether, prevent her selling her old walnut chest of drawers, and antique piece of needlework, and going into the union at eighty-five?

But if I were in the mood for asking peevish questions about what I see and know in our village, this paper would never come to an end. I might desire to know why beggars enjoy so sacred a character among us, and know it so well, that we dare not say our gardens are our own. They open our gates, and come round and bully us at our back doors, and even quote Scripture at ua, until we tremble in our shoes. Why does a tyrannical public opinion compel us to bear this meekly, and forbid us to send them up the lane to Mr. Colewort, the market gardener, who is generally in want of hands. I might ask why we have four chapels and a Mormonite cobbler's, where the elect meet nightly, and whence, in long processions, singforth to publicly baptise grown men and women in a horse-pond by the roadside, and not a solitary school within two miles. And if I did not know this best fact to might ask why we are so prejudiced and ignorant—so proud of being out of the sound of Bow bells, and so united to resist all projects of improvement—why, within twelvimiles from the Royal Exchange in Cornhill London, we nail horseshoes over doors, and have a public excitement about a ghost now and then—or why poor widowed Mrs. Cottles, when the Mormon elders met together and formally cursed her for some trilling dis-obedience, went melancholy, and treed to hang herself, and failed at first; until, after morning about for months, she hung herself effectually; whereon, the wrathful elders met again, and were much edified but

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL. CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

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(PARE EL. (STAMPED 3d.

HOBBIES.

Hornes are, in the intellectual and moral world, what horses are supposed to be in the material: you may judge of a man's (intellectual or moral) wealth by the number he affords to keep. I myself keep a stable full of tifty; and this definition is the apple of the eye of one. It does not by any means express a commonly-received opinion. Why is that, when everybody, commonly, is so much in the right? It happens in this way: one man's hobby bores all those among his neighbours who are not so lucky as to have its match. When people are bored, they are unable to keep their judgments well in hand; they form opinions without patience, and at random; in fact, they misjudge. Thus it is that, in this matter, except when a man pronounces an opinion upon himself, there is no getting at truth and justice.

notices an epimon upon himself, there is no getting at truth and justice.

It so happens that Mrs. Stickleback—Mrs. Henor Stickleback, lady of Jehotachim Z. Stickleback, Esq., myself, much at your service—Mrs. S. happens to have cherished, for the last two years, the noblest pair of piebald ponies; call them hobbies if you will. There is notodly upon earth by whom those ponies and they are maintained, let me add, wholly at her own expense, out of her private jointure. Let any feeling person judge how out of patience my dear lady was, when, some months ago, the house opposite ours, in Crotchet Place, was taken by a foreign person. Mrs. Inderella, who drives four cream-coloured—I was going to say mice. Since the turn-out first stood before our window, I have had, every day, mice for breakfast, mice for dinner, mice for the cromms, and Mrs. Inderella mistress of the piebalds, I know who would drive four-in-hand with passing state, and dash by the piebalds if she overtook them on the road, with the pride of a woman who is mistress of their batters. Now, when the ladies meet, each with her team in front of her, as it has been well said by the bard—

O gratious Muse!
What kindling motions in their breasts do fry!

And yet the ponies are good ponies, the whole six of them.

Even so are the hobbies of our neighbours good hobbies; a great many, no doubt, are blind, and some are lame; none are short-winded. But, after allowing an extreme percentage for disease (and the diseases of imbies are worth studying), there remains enough to stock the country with a sound and wholesome breed.

and wholesome breed.

Now, let me drop the material side of the argument, which is mere figure of speech, to become intellectual and moral. I maintain that a man's hobbies are his spiritual vertebre, that they compose the back-bone and the marrow of his character. A man with a hobby or two, sleek and well kept, is well to do in his mind; is to that extent, although it may be in no other respect, mentally respectable. A man's hobby is the point upon which he is strong, and we respect strength. But it is more than that. Mrs. Stickleback, who derives her information from the lady's maid, knows the private affairs of most people living in our street. Let me then, profiting by her knowledge, put my case in the form of

three or four examples.

As the attic windows and part of the roof at number seven Crotchet Place, were blown out into the road, only last Wednesday, that house is at present open to the dropping of a good deal of remark. Its master. Mr. Priestly Bomb, is stock-jobber; and, as we opine, from the number of anxious men, most of them young, who communicate their agitation to his knocker, he lends money at in sreet, and is much less warm in his heart than in his pocket. His whole manner of life is mean, and he looks mean: he is fat and baldheaded, the bald expanse being all roof, none of it wall; his skull above his eyes slopes up to a high point in the bump of veneration (which is large in him), so that I should be disposed, if I might, to call him gable-headed. He has pillows of fat under his sly little eyes, very large cars, a massive jaw, and dewlass. This man is very warlike in his conversation. Russian acquisitiveness scandalises him. The Russian science of material guarantees he regards as infamous. As X. Y. Z., he has sent to the Chancellor of the Exchequer, calling it conscience-money, a large balance of mountax, for property that, had not been accounted for in former years. He pays up now to the uttermost mite, and his hobby is to bring the

powers of chemistry to bear, in some terrific way, against the public enemy. I have heard him, at a dinner-party, argue very well to prove that if we can send messages by light-ning from one part of the world to another, there is no reason why we should not be able, in a few years, by a new arrangement of electric wires, to send a complete thunder-storm to any part of Europe. Already he is sure that if he had wire enough provided him by government, to reach from Crotchet Place to St. Petersburgh, that if the Czar would only stand on a glass stool, at the other end, and put his head near to a jar provided for the purpose, he could sit in his own parlour and destroy the tyrant. He believes that a Fowder Plot could easily be organised by the secret addition of a few branches to the ing wires of the electric telegraph, which he would have carried by some conspirators residing in the Russian capital, by secret passages, into a barrel of gunpowder, placed under the imperial throne. The Czar might then at any time be blown up in the presence of his court and people. Our neighbour of his court and people. Our neighbour grants us, however, that these are crotchets upon which as there are difficulties in the way of their satisfaction -he is not so unpractical as to dwell. What he thinks can be done, and what he is endeavouring to find out the right way of doing, is one of those out the right way of doing, is one of those simple things about which everybody when he hears of it wonders that it had not long ince occurred to himself. It is the scuttling of Cronstadt and destruction of St. Petersburgh, by means of an artificial earthquake, He is always trying to make earthquakes, and that is his hobby. Before poor Cocking felt a victim to his hobby, that parachutes ought to be built bottom upwards, he satisfied his mind by witnessing the descent of a model his mind by witnessing the descent of a model of his model—something smaller than a lady's bonnet—from the top of the Monument. P. B. produces model carthquakes on a larger scale. He has removed his servants' hada into the back drawing-room and parlour, and has filled the whole range of his attics with a bed of earth. Earthquakes on the with a bed of earth. Earthquakes on the ground-floor, still more at the basement, would be liable to bring the bouse about his wars. Up-stairs, he can make them in comparative security. His design is, when the recipe is found, to send out the ingredients for a large earthquake by the Baltic fleet. He means to present his secret to the country, and above a only cost price for his chemicals. and charge only cost price for his chemicals,

lint, it will be asked, what do I make of this man Bomb for the advantage of my theory? A despicable fellow, who preys on the rain of his neighbours, and whose hobby is to discover how he may achieve a ruin on the largest scale. So far as he goes, I say, my case is proved by him. He has no sign of a moral nature, and his intellectual em-

from contempt. In obedience to that, he has laboured to cultivate his stupid brain; has read volumes of physical geography and re-perimental science; has dipped for earth-quakes into books of travel. If he knows anything worth knowing, it is to his hothly that he owes his information. This is the real source of what little respect he carms for himself fairly in conject.

himself fairly in society.

Now let me take a much less extrem-At number eleven Crotchet Place-the large centre house—the tenant is a wealth our merchant. He is a man of the kindless to position, but hopelessly obstinate, and full of prejudices of all sorts. He is quick at wrath, and though the passion is soon are, he punctually does, when of his usual mand whatever he may have threatened to do about beside himself. He disinherited, upon a point of prejudice, his only son in favour of a young whatever he may have threatened to do about beside himself. He disinherited, upon a point of prejudice, his only son in favour of a visual nephew Tom, who, as a favour to a visual nephew Tom, who, as a favour to a visual nephew Tom, who, as a favour to a visual nephew Tom, who, as a favour to a visual nephew Tom, who, as a favour to a visual nephew Tom, who, as a favour to a visual new town, and see that the control of the sund of a favour to the Sunday, and gives famous dimers and used to say, "though he expects ne every other Sunday, and gives famous dimers and I hate his part, and I hate his parten. The fart is that the hobby of Mr. Timothy Brandsy he is a wholesale toyman—is his garden. I believe it to be a fact—and if a fact, it is a very currous one—that, as every usin a hobby stands in some relation to his tamper, the same time, amiably disposed, is gardening and that if he be also passonate, the said hobby commonly includes positive, rabbits, or some such domesticated creatures. Let the caviller against this theory take notice for himself. I am an old man now, and I have devoted myself to the investigation of this subject from my childhood up. Let me have devoted myself to the investigation of this subject from my childhood up. Let me have an opinion. The phenomenon is to be accounted for in this way. To be obtained, or to be determined to do as one likes; row, in a man's garden, he has only submissive thaterial to work upon. If he object to we do they come out at his pull; if he units are to a tree, You shall not have that baseds, he has only to take a saw or pruning knife, and cut it away. Nothing results they come out at his pull; if he unice say to a tree, You shall not have that become has only to take a saw or pruning knice, and cut it away. Nothing results acceptable where he has his will, and (what expectally makes gardens dear to obstructe men who are kind-hearted) he can but had day with acts of despotism, and yet go to bed knowing that he has influed upon nothing hurt or pain with the represent of which there comes a wound upon his feetings or his conscience. As to the other part of or his conscience. As to the other part the case, if it be a truth, as I take it to that the passionate but amiable man is apof a moral nature, and his intellectual empiricular some domesticated an moral are a ployments, apart from the chemical researches, his hobbies, it may be that the temper who are all of the very basest. His hobby alone, so constantly provokes the last blood of other though utterly absurd in itself, saves him people into conflict takes pleasure in encountering the conflict takes pleasure in the conflict takes pleasu

tering such living things as never use the little power of retort they have; and knowing, or appearing to know, nothing of the passion, half suggest to the faulty that he has no fault. I do not mean in any way to aftirm that gardeners and fowl-keepers are a good sort of folk given to stubbornness and wrath. But folk of that sort, I believe, are apt to take for hobbies gardening and the cherishing of fowls, rabbits, ducks, or pigs. All green is colour but all galaxy a not gazen.

of fowls, rabbits, ducks, or pigs. All green is colour, but all colour is not green.

If there be truth in this hypothesis, it was quite natural in Mr. Branbody to fill up his nephew's time between morning service and a four o'clock dinner with a grand tour of the garden, including detours to the rabbits. cows, and pigs, which, for a hungry boy, was cold work on a grey, damp winter's day. When dinner time arrived, there was, said Tom, hobby the rabbit to be eaten in pie, hobby the pig in loin or ham,—that he did not so much mind. Uncle Timothy cating his own hobbies is simple bliss; and, when their bones are picked and the dessert arrived, there is an after-dinner hobby to assist the happy host's digestion:—The past-mastership of the Dollmakers' Company. But what is that dear conversational holby, more than an expression of the natural delight of an

upright and simple-hearted man, in the esteem

and confidence of worthy fellow-citizens? Now, I affirm, that with all the social respect due to Mr. Branbody, the back-bone of his intellectual and moral nature consists of his hobbies. In his garden, telling his friends of his azalens and tulips, he is his best self, amiable, happy, clever. No doubt, he self, amiable, happy, clever. No doubt, he is master of the toy-business, but out of that and into that none of his friends follow him out of that, he knows little or nothing, beyond what he has learnt for his hobbies' sake. he is an intellectual giant upon the subject of horticulture, and upon the natural history of both rabbits and cochin-china fowls. If he had not had a hobby to sustain him, his sou might have died unforgiven. The boy was cast out, and took to the sea. Abroad, he collected strange seeds; and, when he company to the sea. home, sent them to his father, with a rabbit from Patagonia, Kamtchatka, or I know not what far place; it had a surprising tail. This did not brush away the quarrel. The old man was obstinate, though he, perhaps, did in his heart relent a little; but, after a time, the strange rabbit became a father. Three rabbit lines, all with approximate tails. rabbitlings all with surprising tails - ao unique breed—were a peace-offering to move the stuobornest of hearts. Branbody, junior, now is, what he ought to be, his father's right hand man. He understands perfectly the management of foreign animals of all sorts. w Tom is no longer required to offer self up for martyrdom before the hutches, Who will deny, then, that if Branhody is a good fellow to the back-bone, and a clever fellow, in some respects, he owes it to his hobbies. May he live long to enjoy them!

Now, let us take number nineteen—Well, I won't. Though I am on a hobby of my own, and ought not to be taken off abruptly, and, indeed, have not said my say, or taken up all threads of my discourse, I won't say a word more. There are peremptory orders given from the head-quarters of this journal that no reader is to be hored. The fault would be in the reader, if I bored him; but we will not discuss that. Except, indeed, to sum the matter up, by putting it in this way. Unless a man can be choice in the selection of his company, must be not want strength of character, if nobody can ever say of him, "Now, he is off upon one of his peculiar hobbier, and becomes a bore!" Ought we to trust a man who does not keep a hobby? Ought we to like a man who never is a bore? My answer is, No. Many a thing ruthful to hear is good to speak; and, it is not seldon the best part of a man, that, in the utterance, he most sorely tries his neighbour's patience.

SENTIMENT AND ACTION.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER III.

The excitement and disappointment of the last few days, added to the craziness of a constitution broken by dissipation, struck Andrew with a terrible fit of delirium tremens, from which it was thought he would never recover. He could not, therefore, make any opposition; and Magdalen proved the will, and took possession of the property undisturbed, wondering why he never answered her letters nor acknowledged the remittances she sent him. In her own mind she determined that her brother should share equally with herself in her inheritance; only she would not bind herself to this by any written deed or agreement, as she wished to reserve the right of distribution according to her own judgment and the circumstances of his family. She was uneasy at his silence, however, and more than once spoke of going herself to Lendon, to see what was the matter. But Paul, who had a horror of scenes, and who dreaded anything like contest intinitely more than he hated appression and wrong, persuaded her to remain quiet; telling her that if there was ill in store for her, it would come soon enough, without her meeting it half-way, and that silence was the best thing that could happen between them. And, as Magdalen felt he was right, she remained in the country: calmer and happier as the sharpness of her sorrow wore awny by time.

sharpness of her sorrow were away by time.
"A letter, miss!" said the servant, one day, bringing in a coarse looking epistle scaled with a wafer and marked with a sprawling blot of tak. It was wet, too, with rain, and had been suffered to fall into the mud. Magoalen took it carelessly, thanking it was a creatar or a begging-letter; not at first recognising the writing. But she soon

changed when she opened it and read the name at the end. It was written by Andraw, in a trembling straggling hand, as if he had indeed been very ill; but written with all the force and bitterness of his nature—as if death had never been near nature—as if death had never been near enough to teach him gentleness or reforma-tion. It began by accusing her broadly of having "forged that pretended codicil." It made no kind of hesitation in the matter. "For you know," it said, "how well you can imitate my father's handwriting. I have now in my possession letters - more than one - written by you, which any one would swear were more like his writing than that trumpery codicil you have attempted to palm off. I little thought, when I used to laugh at your innocunt forgeries, that I should ever have to shudder at a forgery I should ever have to shudder at a forgery so vile and guilty as this. However, to spare you the inevitable ruin that must fall on you, I make you an offer, though an illegal one—compounding a felony—which would, if known, bring me into almost as bad a place as yourself. Yet, because you are my sister, I will run the risk, and commit this legal offence. I have some compassion still left for you, base, treacherous, and false as aister, I will run the risk, and commit this legal offence. I have some compassion still left for you, base, treacherous, and false as you have proved yourself to be. If, then, you will quietly give up possession of everything you hold now under your forged codicil, and content yourself with the fifty pounds a year left you by the true will—and which, I must say, I think a very handsome provision for you—I will let the matter drop, and you shall never hear me allude to it again. I will even give you an asylum in my house, if you could bear to see the family you had so wickedly tried to ruin. If you do not accept this most generous offer on my part accept this most generous offer on my part (by which I shall lose the fifty pounds a-year that would be mine on the detection of your quilt) I will at once put the matter into the hands of my friends, and you may defend yourself as you can. Your concealment of was dead—your letters, written to me in imitation of his handwriting, will condemn you without a moment's hesitation, or the hope of appeal. Esware! and third will believe you hope of appeal. Esware! and think well before you refuse your only chance of saivation. If you reject my offer, be prepared to brave infamy and transportation; for you will find me inexerable. Take my advice as your brother and friend—still your friend, in spite of your evil conduct—and give up possession quietly. You will find that I am right. Andrew Trevelyan."

Magdalen sat stupited. She could not at the first analyse her own feelings nor reason out her resituant. It was as if the had been

Magdalen sat stupified. She could not at the first analyse her own feelings nor reason out her position. It was as if she had been suddenly branded with hot iron, the pain of which suddenly took away thought and power. But the numbness of that sudden terror soon passed. A strong nature like hers could not long remain prostrate beneath any shock. Indeed, the fiercer the blow the

fiercer would be the resistance. Her brother Andrew had not calculated well when he thought she would be conquered by the mere force of an accusation. Some of the nature of the father had passed into her also, and submission without a struggle was as inclus-sible to her as the bending of a strong and of iron by a child. But—what was she to do I for. after all, there was much to be considered be side her own temper. What was her position, and how should she act for her own and for the best in point of morals? She knew of course, that the codicil had been written by her father's own hand; that it was his express and deliberate will. She could not, therefore give up her right without transgressing that will, which of itself-whether for her own advantage or against it—was a thing she would always hold sacred above everything else in the world. It was her father's will that she was resolute to maintain, more than her own fortune. Then another, and this time a new selish, side of the question:—This fortune enabled her to marry Paul. Without it she knew that their marriage was hopeless; at least, for many years to come. Unpractical to the last degree, visionary, peetic, generous, unreal, his love even for her would never make him practical and rational; usver make him capable of earning a livelihood by an art which he asserted lost all its divina so soon as it became venal. Had she than the right, waiving all other principles, to destroy the future of her betrothed by s.el. ing to the false assumption of her brother l Was it not, on the contrary, her duty to take thought of him, if none of herself; and was she not justified in maintaining for him what, for very weariness, she might have then driven into relinquishing for herself alone? Again, a third consideration, and not a trithing one. If she gave up her rights without a struggle, would not the whole world any it was because she knew herself to be guilty, and was frightened at the thought of expasure? And how would she feel, even though had violated the will, betrayed the trust, and dishonoured the grave of the being she most honoured! No! The girl's heart swelled and her eye flashed. No! She would de'end herself, cost what it might. Innocent, she would maintain her innocence; and, justified would maintain her innocence; and pastified in her inheritance, she would preserve it against all asseults. against all assaults. Let who could deprive her of it!

She crushed the letter in her hand with a strong and passionate gesture, and then sat down to write to her brother. The pen was long in her hand before the tunnult within her subsided. When she did write her expressions were emphatic but calm. She down to refused to give up her rights: she dented the charge of forgery in two words; not deigning to discuss the charge; but she expressed her determination to defend ber innosence to the last farthing of her estate.

excitement, like a young war-horse at the first sound of the trumpet, Paul came to her to pay her his evening visit. Ever loving, ever gentle and even feminine in his ways, he was more so to-day than usual. He wore an expression of thought and love so earnest, so unearthly, that he might have been a spirit or an angel come down to teach godliness and purity. or an angel come down to teach gottmess and purity. But there was nothing which could teach them management or strength. His brown hair parted in the middle and falling quite to his shoulders in rich undulating tresses, his small, slender figure, his white hands, with those taper fingers and with mids which areals the idealist were all pink mails which speak the idealist, were all so womanly, that he might have been a woman dressed in man's clothes for all there was of masculine or powerful in his mind was of masculine or powerful in his mind or person. Magdalen, on the contrary, tall, well-formed, perfectly organised, with well-formed, perfectly organised, with well-formed but rather large hands—the hand of a useful and practical person—resolute though quiet, and with that calm steady manner, different from coldness, which is usually the expression of strength,—standing there, nerved for a deadly combat, her nostribs dilated, her chest heaving, her hair pushed back from her broad full forchead, and the even floshing heneath their straight and the cycs flashing beneath their straight dark brows,—Magdalen, full of the passion and power of actual life, looked like a beautitul Amazon by the side of a young shepherd-boy. Certainly she did not look like the weak woman needing the protection of his arm, as is the received fable respecting men and women, whatsoever their characteristics.
"Magdalen, how glorious you look to-day!"

said Paul, with fervour, taking her hand. She looked at him quietly enough;

with a certain distraction, a certain indiffer-ence, which could not be reduced to words,

but was easy to be felt by one who loved; and her hand lay passively in his.

"Come and sit by the window," he said, "we have so few days of sunshine left us now, so few moments of beauty before the winter, that we ought to make the most of them winde they are here."

For it was the late autumn now, when the sunsets are so grand and the cloud scenery

so glorious. "You know, Magdalen, how I love to watch the sunset with you," Paul went on to say, "how I love to see the clouds pass through the sky, to read their vague words of promise, to shape from them bright anguries of the luture, to feel that they are words passing between us, speaking to each of our love more beautifully than even loving words fatting on the ear. And, when I turn amisee your face lighted up with the same thoughts into the middle of the truth unawares, was as have been burning in my heart; when I feel the glory of your great love round me, then, Magdalen, I feel that I have been prophetic in to speak as she did; but it seemed to her an

and to the uttermost verge of her strength, my hope; an enthusiast but a seer as well, body and mind.

And you, Magdalen, do you not also dream of While Magdalen was still quivering with our future—of that beautiful future, once far off like a faint star on the horizon, but now a glorious temple, on the threshold of which our feet are already set? Do you never think of the time when sacred words shall add their sanctity also to our sacred love?—when the grand name of wife shall enclose and crown your life? Do no great loving thoughts burn through your heart as through mine, Magdalen, and seem to lift you up from earth to

"Yes, Paul," said Magdalen, dreamily.
"Oh, yes! I often think of it." She spoke

as if she thought of other things.

Paul looked at her wistfully for a moment; then, drawing the low stool on which he eat nearer—for it was his fancy always to sit at her feet—and pressing that unanswering hand yet more tenderly, caressing it as a child, with whom caresses cure all dis. Yet the fingers coldly fell on his, which throbled in every nerve. He flung back the hair from his eyes, and with a visible effort looked up joyously as before.

O, Magdalen! "he continued, "I cannot tell ever to march!"

"O, Magdalen!" he continued, "I cannot tell, even to myself, and still less to you, how much I love you; how my whole life and heart and soul are bound up in you, and how my virtue and inspiration own you also for their source! If you were taken from me, Magdalen, I should die as flowers die when they are cut from the stakt. I seem to draw my very being from you; seem to draw my very being from you; and to have no strength and no joy but that which you give me. Are you glad, Magdalen, that I love you so much?"

"Yes, Paul," said Magdalen wenrily, "I am very glad."

"I feel, Magdalen, that we shall do such great things in life together!—that by your

great things in life together!—that ly your inspiration I shall be, in art, what no man of my time or generation has been, and what I could not have been without you. You are could not have been without you. You are so beautiful, so glorious! O, what a great and solemn joy it is to me that you have brightened across my path—that I have had the grand task of leading and directing your mind, and that I have brought you out into the light from the mental shadow in which you formerly lived! What glorious lessons we shall give the world together! What an example we shall offer, for all men to follow and walk by!" follow and walk by ! "

"What are we to do, Paul?" said Magialen, not knowing exactly what to say; but seeing that her lover waited for an answer. "Can you ask what we are to do I can you

now, after all that I have said, be doubtful of our mission?" cried Paul.
"Why you know, Paul, you are never very definite," said Magdalen; who, having dashed

easier thing to-day-she did not know why to tell Paul that he was an enthusiast, than

it had ever been before.

"My Magdalen !- but I must not chide you, love; I know that you have not reached my place of faith, from whose magazine world looks so small, and insuperable diffi-Is it not that I am to be the artist, the great artist of my day!—embodying thoughts which the world is too sceptical and material, too irreligious and God-forgetting to keep in daily view; giving back its true religion to my art; giving back its forgotten glory, and raising it from the dust where the non-heels of trade and scepticism have remoded it for a long?—is it and that I am crushed it for so long ?—is it not that I am to be the Raphael, the Michael Angelo of England I And you,—O, what will you not be in my glorious life! You will be its star, its love, its glory! When I am dead it will be written on my tomb, that this great artist was made great by love; that Magdalen, his queenly wife, had sat by his side as his ineppration, and his interpreter of the division. divine. Oh, Magdalen! Magdalen! do not doubt our mission, nor of the glorious manner in which we shall fulfil it; for we shall regenerate the art-world together! Apart we should be nothing; no, Magdalen, without me your strength would crumble into ashes, as mine would without you. We were made to be the leaders of our age, the founders of a new race, and of a higher generation. We were made to be the restorers of faith and were made to be the restorers of faith and love to art. Magdalen, we shall be all that love to art. man and wife can be together, and our lives shall be a deathless lesson of good and beauty to mankind. Is it not so?"

"Yes, Paul, I hope," said Magdalen; "but

will you please let go my hand," for, in her present state of excitement, she could not bear the nervous irritation produced by his restless touch. It was as much as she could do to listen to his dreamy voice and vague visions, with composure. Those restvague visions, with composure. Those rest-less burning fingers passing perpetually over her hand, irritated her beyond her self-

command.

"Do you not love me, Magdalen?" he said, betting her hand fall mountfully. His

eyex filled with tears.

"Yes. I love you very much, and you know that I do; but it disconcerts me to have my

hand hold. And then yours is so unquiet."
"No expression of your love could annoy
me, whatever it might be," said Paul, very

"Lon't be vexed with me, dear Paul ; we are more nervous on some days than on others, and to-day I am not very well."

"And does your love depend on your health, Magdalen I If I were dying, your coresses would be just as precious as in my best moments." His eyes turned to the sky here the sun was sinking into darkness, and his hip quivered,

With a strange gesture, sudden and ab-rupt, feeling for the first time annoyed at being obliged to soothe him so like a child, Magdalen passed her hand across his with a caressing gesture-that still hardly loving.

His tears grew larger, though now joy, and fell fast and heavy on her lap.

took her hand, and kissed it eagerly.

Magdalen turned away. "I wish he were more manly, and did not cry so soon," she said to herself; "and O! how I wish that he was more of a man of the world, and understood the realities of life better than he

In the terrible conflicts of real passion

her first outstep into actual life-the vague and dreamy hopes of Paul; his improvementable assertions, his unreal romance, and the suffciency to him of mere words—of the mere visions they called up, rose through the tunult in her own heart like the notes of an Edian harp through the clan; of marrial music. They were very beautiful, but meaningless; without purpose or design; vague sounds, struck mountfully and at materially the passing wind. What she wanted then was some powerful manly practical abuser, on whom she could rely for real assistance. Paul's poetry was very lovely, but very anstable; and, in spite of all his assertional respecting the strength that he bestowed, Magdalen felt that a child would have been asserted in her present pass as he. He wanted substance, and he gave her only dreams and visions. She began to be con-

and so satisfied with them; so certain that in the future—that future which never comes to the idealist—he would be touching pencil or brush, and spending his days in dreams in art, vet and love making; a power in art, seldom child-like in actual experience, child-like in his vain belief that he had ceived all the teaching life could give him, and that he did not require further experience.
"No. no," Magdalen used to say to hereal,

scious of his weakness; not confessedly conscious, but none the less really so; semitive tender as he was; easily wounded, easily scothed again by careases; so living on words,

"he is nor guide nor strength to me. "he is nor guide nor strength to me."

Paul saw something of this frebra. He knew that his words often feil could on her ear, and that not a pulse of her calla, strong heart bent in unison with his, thoubing wildly at the future of fame and influence he was picturing. And soon he knew, too, that her character was developing itself. in a direction away from him, and that her soul was disengaging itself from his. But he shut his eyes to that, and only suffered instead of acknowledging.

CHAPTER IV.

Berone proceeding to extremities, An Irew wrote again and again to Magdalen. Atter-

ing his tone with every letter; sometimes sending threats, sometimes entrenties; now endeavouring to terrify her into submission, and now to cajole her into complaisance. For a week this went on, not a day passing without a letter of one or the other character. When he did not insult her by evil names and foul suspicions; when he did not wound her in every nerve of her woman's heart, and wring her pride till the sense of degradation became real torture, he appealed to her generosity in the most heart-rending terms, for the sake of his wife and family and the influence that his disinheritance would have on his world when known. It would be his death-blow. It was from death that he asked her to save him. Though perhaps that letter wound up with a fierce attack, and an intimation that to-morrow, without fail, he would send down a policeman and handcuffs.

send down a policeman and handcuffs.

Magdalen was peculiarly frank by nature;
yet she was not able to speak to Paul of the news which troubled her. She knew that he could not go through with it bravely, and she did not want the additional embarrassment of his weakness. If he sunk, as quite sure he would, under the as she was first ap proach of such a gigantic trouble, she would have to support him as well as herself. That would complicate her troubles. So complicate her troubles. So she said nothing, and bore her own burden in silence. But this was the beginning of sorrow between them. Pre-occupied, excited, and consequently irritable, her whole mind and soul bent on one thing only, and that of such tearful import as to overshadow every other portion of her life, Magdaleu grew hourly more and more impatient of Paul's girlish tenderness and poetic reveries; of his gentle bewailings, worse than impatient He never complained, but he perpetually bewated in a dove-like fashion, without any expressed cause. He spoke always in a melancholy voice and on melancholy subjects: he wrote sad verses, and wept much; under any kind of emotion, whether joy or grief, tears were always in his eyes. He followed her about the house with a kind of mouruful watching, as if he was afraid of something Carrying her off bodily from before his eyes. He was for ever creeping close to her, nestling in, if she had left space on the sofa large chough for a sparrow to perch on. Then she would move further away, with perhaps an apology. Then he would look hurt; perhaps have a 2. of mournful sulkiness, which it apology. Then he would look hurt; perhaps have a 2. of mouraful sulkiness, which it was inexpressibly painful to witness. When that was passed, he would go to her with an air tenderly forgiving, and attempt some gentle carress; and, when she repulsed him, as she generally did now—although she did also him carresses annoyed her—he not know why, his caresses annoyed, would either droop suddenly like a stricken bird, or stand like the lover in a melodrama who opens his vest and cries "Tyrant! strike your vecture!"—with that provoking kind of resignation which inters meek virtue on the

one side and hard barbarity on the other! Or, with the temporary combativeness which belongs to weak untures, he would press any particular manifestation of love on her until he made her accept it, unless she had undertaken to discuss the matter openly, which was not desirable for either. So she would submit to his offered kiss, or suffer him to take her hand, or hold her waist and press him to her (they were just the same height, and she was much the stronger), with her teeth set hard and her nerves strung like cords. She felt sometimes as if she could have killed him when he touched her.

He came oftener than ever to the house; and he had always haunted it like a spectre or an unlaid ghost. But now he was never absent; she was never alone, never free from him. She began to weary of him fearfully, and to feel that solitude was an unspeakable fuxury. She was brought to the pass of feeling that, to escape from Paul Lefevre, her adianced lover, was one of the things most to be desired and attained in her daily life. He tried to lead her to talk of their marriage, and she turned pale instead. He spoke of the great things they would do in life together: and her lip curled contemptuously. He repeated again and again his own high hopes; and she answered, "Preamer! to believe in a future of fame without endeavour; content to say that you will be famous, while taking no means to become so; dreaming away the hours which should be employed in action, and thinking that the will earn do ad things, even without translating that will into deeds: enthusiast! who of ideas makes realities, and of hopes certainties." This was but a sorry answer, however true, to the burning thoughts that did verily stand the young artist in piece of deeds. They were finding out how little moral harmony there was between their natures, and how unfit they were for the real union of life.

Paul came one day, as usual, early in the morning. He used to run all the way from his lodgings to Oakheld, so that he always came in a terribly excited, heated, panting condition, which of itself irritated Magdalen. To-day he came, flushed and eager; pouring out a volume of love as he entered, and for his greeting flinging himself at Magdalen's feet, embracing her knees, and calling ner his morning star and his life. Magdalen had not slept all the previous night; she too was excited, but in a different way—irritable and nervous. She would have given the world to be alone, but how could she send Paul away! However, being there, she must make him reasonable. He spoke to her passionately and tenderly; she answered him in monosyllaides, her head turned away or her eyes on the ground. He took her hand, and she withdrew it, saying, "Dear Paul, leave me alone to-day, and de not touch me." He asked her if she had chosen the plant silks as

the flowered, for her wedding-dress? And she said "Neither," very coarly. "We have plenty of time before it comes to that," she added, with an accent that said of itself "I

am happy to be able to say so. had long been choking with sobs, kept Paul back with a wonderful amount of self-com-mand, for him. But now he suddenly gave way. A violent flood of tears burst from him as he exclaimed, "Magdalen! Magdalen! we are drifting fearfully apart. Tell me what we are drifting fearfully apart. Tell me what you disapprove of in me; and trust me, my beloved, I will alter it, whatever it may be were it to cut my very heart out—to please you!"

He solded so bitterly, that Magdalen was almost overcome too. For she had a real affection for him, if not quite the strength of love desirable between persons who are

betrothed.

"Pear Paul," she said, gently, "I dare say have been very much changed lately; but I have been suffering a great deal of misery, which I have not liked to tell you of. is the only reason of my coldness. I know that I have been cold and changed, but then I have been harassed. Will you forgive me?" And she looked and spoke gently and lovingly.

lovingly.

"Int why have you not told me, Magdalen?" cried Paul, still sobbing. "Why have you concealed anything of your life from me? Does not all belong to me now, Magdalen; and have I not the right to share your burdens with you? You have not done well to conceal anything from me."

"Perhaps I have not," answered Magdalen, kindly; "but I oid it for the best, Paul."

"I know you did! I know you did! You could not do wrong. If ever you make a mistake, it is from a nobler motive than others

contd bot do wrong. If ever you make a mis-take, it is from a nobler motive than others have. But now, open your heart to me, Magdalen; it will do you good; and I will help you and support you!"

Magdalen glanced down at the upturned

face, still flushed and suffused with tears; nervous, quivering, full of passion, but so weak; and a smile stole over her own calm, grand features—like the features of a Greek goddess—as she said to herself, "support! non hem!"

My brother disputes the will," ahe said, suidedly. "He says that the codicil which you witnessed is a forgery; that I forged my fatner's handwriting, and that you were privy to it, of course. I can write like poor papa, as you know; and as I have often written letters to Andrew in jest, pretending that they came from poor papa, he has a strong case. On this fact, as the principal evidence against me—on the fact, also, of the collect being written in a trembing hand, very unlike my tacher's firm distinct writing, he has founded

to charge of forzery. Is it not painful?"
"But what are you going to do, Mag-dalen?" said Paul, who had become deadly

pule, and was trembling.

"Dispute the point to the last inch as ground," she answered firmly.

He covered his face in his hands. "Are you obliged to do this?" he asked.

"No; I had a letter again to-day from my brother, offering, as he has done before, to withdraw his charge, and not proceed with the affair at all, if I will give up possession, and destroy the codical. If I do not, he will have me arrested for felony."

"Mandalen'" That tremendous west, felony, had an overpowering effect on Paul; and he asked wildly, "You will not surely let it come to this?"

"What else can I do, Paul?"

"Give it all up to your brother—to the last farthing—your portion—all—Lather than begin this unholy and most unfeminate strife."

begin this strife."

"And what are we to do then, Paul, when

I am a beggar!"
"What!—can you ask me, love! Head " What in hand we will wander through the woll; my art our aid, our love our consistion and protection. We shall not be descrited. and protection.

and protection. We shall not be described and allow him and the world to believe me guilty?—be myself my executioner? I could not do toot."
"Let them believe what they like, Magdalen. Does belief make truth? Are you not innocent? Who judges you but Gol? What is the opinion of the world, compared to the truth of your innocence, and the reality of Heaven's favour? Magdalen, take my advice—do not enter into this contest. Give advice-do not enter into this contest. it all up without a struggle. Come to no -my arm shall uphold you, my heart shall shelter you."

shelter you."

"That is very well in words," said Magdalen, a little coldly; "but you know that in reality it means nothing. If I give up this property, we give up all hope of our union. We have nothing for our support but this; what would you do, then t"

"My art," said Paul. "Have I not said so already?"

"Vaur art? how can you rely on that!

"Your art? how can you rely on that? "Your art I how can you rely on that Have you not always said that you could not paint for money, and that so soon as you began anything like a commission, you lost all power and in-piration I Have you not again and again congratulated your-if on this good fortune, as giving you the power of painting for fame, and the regeneration of mankind I" And Magdalen's lip signify could

"But if necessary, and if I could not support you, I would postpone our marries to an indefinite time. Magdalen, rather than that you should do wrong to your nature."

"And you think a manful defence of my
just rights a wrong act, Paul ?"

"Against a heather—year."

Against a brother-ves.

"Then must we submit to any oppression and tyranny whatspever, rather than definit ourselves! Is this a man's creed?" Magourselves !

laid her hand on her bosom heaving with emotion, "and I must be strong enough for both, and never let him nor the world know that I regard him but as a petted child, whom I must soothe by carriesses, and from

dalen was speaking now with somewhat a disguised contempt.

"Yes!" said Paul, his lips quivering, "I would rather you submitted patiently and woman-like to any wrong than that you came out into the open day to defend yourself. The publicity! The disgrace! You—you, my queenly Magdalen, in the criminal's place; gazed at by the coarse rabble; spoken of by the licentious press; your beauty commentant on your innocence made the theme mented on; your innocence made the theme mented on; your innocence made the theme of arguments and doubt, bandied about from counsel to counsel; tormented, insulted; looked at by bold eyes—never! never! Magdalen, it would break my heart! It would be such degradation to you, as I could

dalen was speaking now with somewhat un-

would be such degradation to you, as I could never hear. For I am jealous of you for your own sake!"

"Is not this rather childish?" said Magdalen. "Have you no more sense of justice—of justice to one's self—of innate dignity, and the worth which cannot be lessened by and the worth which cannot be lessened by any outward act! Are you not frightening yourself with words as much as you some-times flatter yourself with words, when you say that you will protect and support me, and live by your art! I know what the future would be, better than you know, Paul. I am neither so good nor so enthusiastic as you, but I am more rational, and I think I under-

and real life better than you."

"Magdalen! I am losing you!" was all that Paul could say, as he sunk upon the sofa, hearly sufficiented with tears.

"Dear Paul, be reasonable," said Magdalen, more tenderly; "what can you expect from me, a woman of strong will, and holding my father's wishes as the most sacred things on earth, but the determination to uphold my right and fulfil his intentions? If every time in our lives I differ from you in opinion, and even in action, it would never do ever for me to yield to such a terrible fit of despair as this, Paul," and she tried to smile. "This will never do!"

" Magdalen-darling wife-do with me as you will! Only love me, be gentle with me, with my conscience? Arrange my life as you like. I am passive in your hands."

"Your conscience?" said Magdalen. "I am

not dealing with your conscience, nor your life, excepting in so far as it relates to my own the, What I do is in my own affairs, and the resonability, both social and moral, is on my own head only. I do not associate you in any way with it, nor lay a feather's weight upon you!" She did not mean to speak proudly, yet she did.

and yet she did.

He raised his head. "Do as you will," he repeated. "Only love me, and let the rent go!"

"This is my protector," thought Magdalen, standing a little apart and looking at him mournfully. "A weak, poetic boy of intellect, but of no power; of thought, but of no real force of action. And I——" she

whom I must guard the truth. whom I must guard the truth.

This discussion had no good effect on either of them. Magdalen could not overcome the impression lett by Paul's tears on her. She never thought of him now without associating him with an hysterical fit; which is neither a pleasant nor a dignified association of ideas with any man, more especially the man who is to be the lord and master. Her manners grew colder; and, with her coldness came, a certain shadowy assumption of superiority; a certain vague expression of contempt, which cut Paul to the soul. Yet he felt that he deserved both. But his unhappiness did not add to his strength. He daily be He daily became more unhappy, daily more hysterical. His health suffered, his finely chiselled features became like the beauty of a heart-broken angel; his lips were painfully contracted, and so were his brows; and his eyes—those large, tender, liquid blue orbs—were never wholly free from tears, even while he forced himself to smile, in such a ghardy he forced himself to smile, in such a guardy fashion as imposed on none but himself. When Magdalen scolded him for being miserable, he smiled in this awful way, and asked her what more she wanted?—and didn't she see how happy and joyous he was?

In the midst of this painful state of things,

Andrew, seeing that nothing could be done either by menace or entreaty, saddenly resolved on extreme measures. In one of his drunken fits of fury, when he was more like a demon than a man, he procured a warrant for the apprehension of his sister on a charge of forgery; and ton minutes after it was granted by the magistrate, a police officer was despatched to that still quiet country house where he, the presentor, was born, to bring to a felon's trial the playmate of his early years, and the friend of his manhood—his only and defenceless sister.

his only and detenceiess sister.

It was in the grim autumn twilight whom Magdalen and Paul heard a carriage pass through the lawn gates, and drive up to the house. Paul had been unusually doleful all the day, for Magdalen had been unusually absent in her manners. She had expected a part of the control of absent in her manners. She had expected a letter from her brother as usual; and, not receiving one, anticipated some evil, and was thinking how she should best meet it. Paul, who referred all things to love, wendered why she was not soothed by his careses. He why she was not soothed by his care-ses. He thought it unkind in her to refuse them, and unloving to doubt their power. He had been troublesome, and tearful; and Megalahu had been provoked into more than one harsh speech, and more than one look of intense weariness, which had not mended matters, even as they stood. When she heard the carringe-wheels, for a moment har become said. within her : she felt what they brought, ab

knew what they foreboded. And, when a strange voice was heard in the passage, asking for her, and a tall, resolute-looking man was ushered into the drawing-roomhe seemed instantly to take possession of by the first glance of his eye she knew without

a'word passing between them that he was an officer, and had come to arrest her.

"I am very sorry, miss," he said, in an off-hand kind of way, but with great kindness of manner, too—as much kindness, that is, as an attime with officer with a warrant against you in his pocket can show. "It is a painful office I have been obliged to undertake; but I am

compelled to fulfil my duty."

"Yes," said Magdalen, quietly; she had risen as the man entered. "Of course you

must do your duty."

The officer pulled out a piece of paper.
"Here is a warrant for your arrest," he said,
"on a charge of forgery; at the suit of your
brother, Mr. Audrew Trevelyan. I am afraid, miss, I must ask you to trouble yourself to

come along with me."
"Where?" said Magdalen, not moving a muscle of her countenance—only placing her hand on her heart by a simply instinctive

Before a magistrate first, miss, and then, perhaps, to prison," said the officer, respectfully. "You may be able to find bail,

and I hope you will."

"I will ring the bell," answered the girl, still calm, "and yet resolute, "and order my maid to prepare what will be necessary for me. Will you not sit down? And may I

not offer you some refreshment?"

Paul had much bereit and may I Paul had sunk back in a stuper when he heard what errand that muilled stranger had come upon. But, when Magdalen, having given her orders, turned to him and spoke to him as quietly as if nothing had happened, he started up and flung himself on his knees, beseeching her to give up everything, to sign anything, confess to anything, rather than submit to this terrible trial. Oh, that she would listen to him! Oh, that she had but listened to him when he had first spoken that she had had courage to prefer a life like the brave old troubadours of a better time—the heroic artists of the day when art was herosam—to this fearful acepticism of to-day; and had trusted to Providence and him! Oh, that his life could buy her safety! that he could deliver her by some heroic dead that should not only free her, but stir mon's hearts to bravery and nobleness to the latest time! And then he sobbed afresh; and the nerveless arms, which were to stir the world, fell weaker than a weak girl's

round her.
"Hush," said Magdalen, gravely; "do not distress yourself so painfully! You know that I am guiltless; be sure then that I shall Do not fret; do not agitate that I am guiltless; be sure then that I shall she said.

be proved so. Do not fret; do not agitate "Listen," she said, in a deeper and more yourself. You, who trust so in truth and monotonous voice than usual, "do you wish God, will be not defend the innocent, and will me to feel that I have left behind me a

not my truth be of itself sufficient to protect

"No, no, Magdalen! they are going murder you!" cried Paul, clinging to I "Magdalen! I shall never see you more!"

"Not so had as that, young gentleman," said the officer, mildly, taking him up from the ground as if he had been a child; unlocating his nervous clutch on Magdalen's gown, and seating him on the sofa. "I assure you we are going to do your aunt no kind of harm. Let go her dress, my dear young sir, —she has need of all her fortitude, and you are only knocking it down by carrying on so. She will come out well enough. I know too much of these things not to know the truth when I soo it staring before my

"Will she be proved innocent?" cried Paul, appealing to the officer, as if he were a Rhadamanthus. "Shall I ever see her again !

Mugdalen! Magdalen! are we to meet only in the grave? Is the tomb to be the altar of our marriage vow?"

"Dear Paul, for heaven's sake a little courage; a little fortitude!" said Maphalou, anid Maplalon, laying her hand on his shoulder. is your manhood? I, a woman on where head all this misery is accumulated. I should blush to bear myself as you do! Cherry! I am not sent to the colonies yet!" and she

smiled, sadly enough.

He tried to rise, but his agitation wa extreme that he could not stand. Half-fainting, he sunk into a chair, while the maid brought in a carpet-bag in great won-der and grief, and some suspicion of the truth. The officer drank a glassof wine, with an unusual feeling of oppression at his heart. Magdalen, in her black dress, her free as pale and as composed as marble, looking as of she had concentrated all her strength and courage within her heart and held a grasp of iron over her nerves, leant over Paul; who, trembling and faint, seemed to be dying. She stooped down and kiesed his forehend, murmuring softly some love name which he preferred to all others. He revived only to catch convulsively at her has and waist, and try to hold her near to him

by force.
The calm grand air with which she gently undid that feverish clasp, while he still creek, "Nothing, not even your own will, stand part us!"-the quiet majesty with which "If, indeed, he wished to do her any grant, rather than merely to include the as weakness of his own sorrow," — Full felt before in their whole hives together; and, while her influence was on him, he controlled himself sufficiently to understand what

child, to weep at my departure, or a man to care for my interests? It a man, rouse yourself; if a child, can you ask me to yoke my life to a child's feebleness? Listen to me well, Paul, for much depends now on

"Oh, Magdalen, you know I would give my life for you!" cried the poor boy, pas-

"I know that, but I want only your selfcommand. Write tothat friend you have spoken of to me, the barrister, Horace Ruthertord.
Tell him to come to me; if you send a special measenger, he can be with me by nine o'clock to-morrow morning, and he can perhaps arrange for my release. Be calm, be conrageous, and useful, and remember your own faith in truth. Good-bye! you can do me good only by your courage and self-control."

She stooped down and again kissed his forehead; and he, awed rather than calmed, let her go from the room quietly, without making any effort further to keep her. But, when the carriage rolled away from the door and bore to infamy all that he loved on earth while the servants clustered round him terrified and weeping, and asked what it all meant—his strength gave way again; and for long hours he was alternating between fainting and hysterics. In this way, much precious time, of inestimable value, was lost before he remembered Magdalen's request, or ras able to write to his friend and only hope, Horace Rutherford.

THE SANTALS.

LOCATED, as I am, in the heart of our Indian empire, at a station guarded by several regiments of Queen's and Company's troops, it seems strange to hear of people around me becoming auxious on account of their too close proximity with a peaceful and primitive people, who are only about five hundred miles off. Yet it is true that the Santals, or Sontals, or Santhals, or Sonthals (mobody agrees in orthography of Indian of Indian in the neighbourhood of Raj-mahul, and thereabouts, are described as a peaceful therenbouts, are described as a peace, and primitive people; and it cannot be denied that they have a number of savage virtues which should render them the most formulable friends, and which certainly make a translet inconvenient foes. These praceful and primitive people have lately from three thousand to eight thousand each, to destroy, or loot, occasional villages, indigo factories, private houses, anything that came first to hand; murder defenceless travellers; and carry off everything of value that they had reason to suppose was honestly obtained, don in ascenteen hundred and ninety-nine; Among the exploits of this peaceful and primary people may be noted, as a model is by the Rev. J. Prollips, an industrious to mere civilisation, the slaughter of two missionary, published in the "Griental European ladies, whose hands and feet they Baptist" in July, eighteen hundred and intyhad reason to suppose was honestly obtained.

cut off; and the killing of an European baby, some of whose blood they com-pelled its mother to drink—they themselves partaking of the refreshment in a friendly

It is true that, up to the present time, the Santals have kept their peaceful and primitive peculiarities to themselves; and travellers for many years have been in the habit of passing through their neighbourhood without molestation—even English ladies, alone, or accompanied only by a native Ayah. In the very rare cases where such travellers have been molested, the Santals have not been the aggressors, and the murder or robbery has been merely an act of individual speculation, and has had no political import whatever. Indeed, so secure has European life and property seemed to be, even in the wildest parts of India, that an admiring Frenchman is recorded to have exclaimed, with an irreverence only pardonable for its Gallic and graphic force, that the government was comme le bon Dieu; on ne le voyant pas, mais il étant partout (like the good Creator; mais il étant partout (like the good Creator; one never saw it, but it was everywhere). It is therefore supposed that some provention must have been offered by somebody, to cause the present departure from all precedent and primitiveness. It has been alleged that the people employed on the railway, with whom the Santals had pecuniary dealings, paid too much attention to the ladies of the tribe, and too little money to their husbands. Next, it is the exactors of the collectors of revenue. little money to their husbands. Next, it is the exactions of the collectors of revenue to which the outbreak is attributed. sently, we find that some holy places have been violated, and that the effigy of some sable goddess has been treated as if she were an improper character; then, it is made manifest that the whole proceedings are the result of a blind belief that the Santal derties have decreed the end of the British rule, and mysterious accounts are sent forth of the Santal chief who is to effect the object—who is said to be of divine origin, and to have been born and to have arrived at manhood in a single night, just like the mango-trees which the magicians at Madras raise with such marvellous rapidity for the delectation of overland griffs.

The whole affair is mysterious; and while waiting to see how it will end, the render might do worse than learn, what few per-sons in India really know, who the Santals are, and how far they are the peaceful and primitive people, which they have clearly primitive people, which the shown themselves not to be.

An interesting account of the Santals is to be found in the "Asiatic Res arches," volume four of the quarto edition, reprinted in Lon-

four. Both of these accounts furnish us with what may be relied upon as authentic information; and the extent to which they agree with one another shows that the Santals, though revolutionary as regards British rule, are a strictly conservative people among them-selves. They are said to have entered Orissa from the north—at what period is unknown—and to have dispersed themselves through tributary mehals lying west of Balasore, Jellassore, Midnapore, Baukura, Suri, and Raj-mahal; thence westward, through Bhau-gulpore and Monghyr, in Behar—the whole including a territory of some four hundred miles in extent. They seem to be of one race, and it is certain that they speak one language. In Orissa they are described as a hardy and industrious people; generally short, stout, robust, of broad features, with very dark complexion, and hair somewhat curly. Those who had held intercourse with them found them to be mild and curly. placable, and of a particularly social turn. They are more dignified and proud than the Hindus, whom we now find them massacring without mercy, and are at the same time more hospitable and courteous to strangers. Women, too, exercise considerable influence over their manners and habits, and in this respect they afford a striking contrast to most other Indian nations. Santal wives are of course not allowed to eat with their husbands; but they may order the dinner, and take a considerable interest in domestic arrangements; and their freedom and frankness to strangers is so agreeable, that it would be held in horror in polite Hindu or Mahommedan society. It is probably this characteristic which has caused the railway people, who are generally wifeless to a hopeless extent, to be guilty of the do-mestic depredations alluded to. Polygamy, it seems, is allowed; but is little practised, except when the younger brother takes the widow of the elder, to whom, according to law, he has a right. The Santals are generally believed to be aborigines of the country; but there can be no doubt that they are a distinct race from the Hindus, with whom they have little in common. Their religion has small resemblance to that of the Hindu; their enstes are not so binding, and a Santal may lose his caste altogether without incurring much disgrace, as far as the men are con-cerned. Then they are great drunkarls, which the Hindus never are; for—with the exception of the pariabs or outcasts, who are employed only in the most menial offices-the Hindu, however ignorant and brutal, will very rarely deviate from the rule of total abstinence, which your Mussulman very often regards no more, than the majority of Christians keep the commandments of their own church.

According to the Santal traditions, the first man and woman came from ducks' eggs, and were married in due form under the auspices suits, and would be prosperous, but for the of Sita, or Marang Buru, one of their gods; exactions of their petty Hindu rulers. They

whom it is conjectured may be identical with the Siva of the Hindus. Such points as the original nakedness of our first parents, and parents, and original nakedness of our first parents, and the dispersion of mankind, with some allusions to a deluge, show traces of Mosaic history. The Santals are also divided into tribes, something like the Israelites, but they all live together upon terms of perfect equality; and the only restriction seems to be, that a man must not marry in his own tribe, but must go elsewhere—a wise provision having, no doubt for its object, the prevention of alliances with near kindred. kindred.

The love of strong drink, which I have noticed, is a part of their religiou. Their god, they say, was under its influence when he brought together the original Santals from the ducks' eggs; and its use is declared to be enjoined by divine authority. The spirit seems to be of only one kind, it is a fargential Handia and is a fargential transfer. Handia, and is a fermented prepara-f rice. It is not intoxicating taken in tion of rice. It is not intoxicating taken in small quantities, but that objection is previded for by taking it in large quantities—a gallon or two at a time—and they will the day, or all the day. At it half the day, or all the day sit over it half the day, or all the day. At all religious, and other solemn ceremonica, it is a sine qua non. But the Santals are not prejudiced, and will drink the strong waters of the Giaur whenever they can beg, borrow, or steal them; but they generally find them too high in price to pay for, and debt is an institution which civilisation has not yet introduced among

From intoxication to religion is but one step, according to the Santals. Their creed to described by Mr. Phillips as a strange nuxture of Hindu superstition, demon-worship, and a belief in, and dread of, demons, ghosts, and hobgoblins. Hinduism is making some inroads into it, as is proved by the introduction of the Charak-puja, or swinging festival, which has been among the phenomena of late years; backs scarred by iron hooks are now frequently to be seen among the principle of the rest, the sun is said to be their supreme god; but they have smaller gods whose light is less dazzling, and who are involved. and who are invoked with offerings of med rice, and similar refreshments. A sangunary Hindu goddess, it is alleged, is and norshipped by the Santals in some localities. To human sacrifices are made; and it is possible that the mutilation of the two European ladies, already alluded to, had tor de object the propitiation of this deity. Santals swear by the skin of the tiger, a tiger's head, sketched on a mango and they believe that a false oath will be punished by the living animal. They also swear by their gods, and by the heads of their children.

are industrious at their work, unlike the Hindus, and set about it in a bluthe and cheerful spirit, which the Hindus never do. They are indeed generally a cheerful people; fond of music and dancing, and less elegant recreations; in which the civilsed amusement of cock-fighting has a share. Here, again, the Santals are distinguished from other eastern nations. Dancers, among both Hindus and Mahommedans, are always hired; and are generally infamous in other respects. But the Santals cultivate dancing themselves, for the fun of the thing, and their juttras, when the young men are clad in plumes taken from every description of bird, and the girls (respectable females) have their heads uncovered, are described by those who have witnessed them, to be highly exhilarating and impressive.

The account of the Santals in the Asiatic Researches (seventeen hundred and ninetynine), describes both men and women as remarkably bashful, but more recent writers give to them the good qualities of truth and cheerfulness. There seems also to be a sentiment of honour among them; for it is said that they use poisoned arrows in hunting, but never against their foes. If this be the case—and we hear nothing of poisoned arrows in the recent conflicts,—they are infinitely more respectable than our civilised enemy, the Itusiaus, who would most likely consider such forbearance as foolish, and declare that it is not war.

So much for the virtues of these people. These qualities are interesting as matters of speculation; but most persons in India think they have received too much consideration from the government, since a more savage and ferocious enemy than the Santal our arms have seldom had to contend with. Entrenched in their jungles, they are nearly impregnable; and, from their jungles they never emerge, except to take us at a disadvantage. The sepoy regiments are not always trustworthy; and nobody doubts that the Bhaugulpore Rangers, the other day, behaved disgracefully,—so disgracefully, indeed, that the conduct of their commanding officer is being made the subject of a court of inquiry. But not only did we have bad troops on the spot, but through hundreds of miles of wild country we had no troops at all. There is no station on the grand trunk roads between Harriwan and Benares; and travellers passing through that desolate and beautiful tract never fail to be struck with the facility with which they might be robbed and murdered. To crown all, notwithstanding the loss of life and property which has taken place, the insult to our power, and the injury to our prestige, martial law has not been proclaimed, and even those troops which are on the spot cannot act without the civil autiority. The consequence has been a state of alarm throughout the empire, which is most dreated by those who have the best expe-

rience of the peculiarities of the European position, and the character of the native population.

ASLEEP.

An hour before, she spoke of things
That memory to the dying brings,
And kies'd me elt the wisle;
Then, after some sweet parting woods,
She seem d among her flowers and brids,
Until she fell asleep.

'Twas summer then, 'tis autumn now,
The crimon leaves fall off the bough,
And strew the gravel sweep.
I wander down the garden-walk,
And muse on all the happy talk
We had beneath toe limes;
And, resting on the garden-seat,
Her old Newfoundland at my feet,
I think of other times:

Of golden eves, whou she and I Sat watching here the flushing sky,
The sunset and the sea;
Or heard the children in the larges,
Following home the harvest warms,
And shouting in their gree.

But when the daylight dies away,
And ships grow dusky in the bay,
These resolvections case;
And in the sullness of the night.
Bright thoughts that end in dreams as bright,
Communicate their peace.

I wake and see the morning star,
And hear the breakers on the bar,
The voices on the shore;
And then, with tears, I long to be
Across a dim unsounded sea,
With her for overmote.

DECIMAL MONEY.

The word decimal is an English nonn and adjective derived from the Latin decsm, ten, which has made, and is likely still to make, considerable stir in the commercial world; for it so happens that, although we have the liberty of choosing from all the numbers lying between simple unity, or number one, and the billions and trillions which are the milestones that mark the way to infinite multitude, ten has been the favourite selected as the foundation on which to build the established system of decimal arithmetic; or, as it might with equal propriety be called, Arabic arithmetic. It is, therefore, agreed, that all the large collective numerals employed, either for record or calculation, shall be multiples of ten; that ten times ten shall make a hundred, that ten times a hundred shall constitute a thousand, and that a thousand times a thousand shall be called a million. It is true, there are a few exceptions in popular usage—such as the long hundred, of a hundred and twelve, of many of the English counties, for the sale of the inner

produce of the garden and the farm; the French quarteron, or quarter of a hundred, consisting of twenty-six, in the case of eggs and truit; the gross of twelve dozen, by which certain small manufactured articles are counted; and the various local tales employed in counting herring, oysters, mackarel, and other results of the fisherman's labours. Most of these customs of the country, which have the force of law in the districts where they prevail, may be accounted for as bonuses to the general purchaser, as compensations offered by the wholesale dealer to the retailer for the loss he is likely to sustain on perishable articles, and as profits to remunerate him for the trouble of retailing; it being all the while supposed that his transactions with his customers will be measured by tens in the ordinary way.

There is no absolutely imperative reason why ten should have thus been fixed upon, in preference to any other number, as the measure of every calculation. The probable cause is, that all primitive counting is performed by the aid of the fingers and toes. Shepherds are especially attached to scores— the aggregate amount of the human extre-But eight might have served the purpose even better in some respects; as it is more divisible than ten, and is theoretically a more perfect number, being the cube of two; that is, twice two are four, and twice four are eight. We might have had a sort of octonarum hundred of eight times eight, and an octave thousand of eight times sixty-four, and so on. The number twelve has also had zeulous partisans, who have urged weighty reasons in its favour; such as, that it contains the greatest possible number of factors in the smallest compass, and that its hold on ancient prejudice is evidenced by the twelve months of the year, the twelve hours of day and night, and the twelve signs of the zodiac. The carrying out of duodecimal arithmetic (from the Latin duodecim, twelve), would require, besides other difficulties, the invention and adoption of two new figures to stand for ten and eleven; since a unit followed by a cipher would then have to stand for twelve, and a one followed by two ciphers would in future represent the square of twelve (that is, twelve multiplied by twelve), exactly as it now represents the square of ten. But, all things considered, ten may be received and acknowledged as the best possible basis for a system of arithmetic. Eight would prove inconveniently scanty and limited; and twelve, in its multiples especially, cumbrously burdensome

The value of the accepted Arabic decimal notation will be appreciated, if you endeavour to work, in imagination or reality, a complicated sum with Roman numerals. Please try and tell me, by those means, the price of LV. tons, XVII. cwta, III. quarters, and XII. Ib. of rough brimstone, at V. pounds, IL shillings, and VI. pence per ton—the price

produce of the garden and the farm; the lat which a parcel was actually bought and French quarteron, or quarter of a hundred, sold. Did the Romans ever work sum! consisting of twenty-six, in the case of eggs and truit; the gross of twelve dozen, by which certain small manufactured articles are counted; and the various local tales employed in counting herring, ovsters, mackarel, and other results of the fisherman's labours. Most of these customs of the country, which

Another great merit of our numerals is not thought of so often as it ought to be. Attempts, be it known, have several times been made to construct and spread the use of a universal language, which should be leadle and intelligible to all the nations of the world. One of these days we may, perhaps, arrive at that convenient result; at present, the nearest approach to it is the adoption by the civilised world of the Arabic numerals which, though differently named in different tongues, are alike comprehensible to the coof French, Greek, Spanish, and American. The symbols 10 are instantly tunislated into ten, dix, dieci, 1610, 5000, or Acculit as the case may be. Modern arithments as a uni-

versal language as far as it goes.

Instead, therefore, of giving you a long sum of compound addition, in pounds, thilings, and pence, consisting, suppose of fifty items, to cast up in Roman numerals, I will allow you to do it in the current moie in which bankers' clerks perform it at this hour. You feel the boon a great relief. Your motal labour is infinitely less. But is it out possible still to reduce that labour, by some simpler mode of counting money? You stare and doubt. But I know that it is possible; because, every time I pay my baker's and my butcher's bill, the labour comes ready reduced to my hand. How, I will endeavour clearly to state.

In adding up your pounds, shillings, and pence,—supposing that you are not plagued with farthings, halfpence, and three-latthings to boot,—you begin with the pence column, and run it up. It comes to so many. Then you have to say to yourself, "Twelve peace make one shilling;"—have patience, reader, you will understand me all the better by listening to a little childish talk;—"twelve in so many is so much and so much over." You put down the odd pence in their place in your total, and carry the shillings forward to the benefit of the next column, which you add up as before. But then you have to change the current of your thoughts, and to check yourself with the remark that, in the present column, twenty shillings make one penad, and that twenty in so many gives so much and so much over. You then put down the shillings superabundant over some given multiple of twenty, and carry the resulting pounds to the column of pounds, which you are at last allowed, taking breath at the thought, to add and put down in their natural state, without having to say that so many pounds (of course, an awayard

number-eleven perhaps, or seventeen) make something else. It is nothing to the purpose to object that, by constant practice and by being well up in your tables, the mental process here described is performed almost unconsciously. It still has to be performed; otherwise, pence, shillings and pounds could not be added together to form one amount.

Now suppose,—though this is not the system I am going to propound for your approbation,—suppose that ten, instead of tweive pence, made one shilling; and that ten, instead of twenty, shillings made one pound; how incomparably easier compound addition would be! That is, it would cease to be compound and would become simple addition. There could not be two figures in the column either of the pence or shirlings, because no-thing higher than nine could stand there; and there would be no mental arithmetic to and there would be no mental arithmetic to do of turning pence into shillings and shillings into pounds (the cause of troublesome mistakes, as everybody's experience can testify); because decimal notation would do that of itself. In short, the pence and shilling tables would be abolished utterly, to the tunultuous joy of schoolboys and schoolgirls, without any allusion to the private sentiments of the masters and mistresses of schools. There would be no nutting on of of schools. There would be no putting on of dunce's caps, no perching on high stools, book in hand, no sticking in corners with the face to the wall, no boxes on the ears, no smitings elsewhere with birchen rods, no "impositions" to learn by heart, no shuttings-up at play hours; none of these horrors would have to be endured on account of tables incorrectly ; because tables would be sunk, heavier than lead, five fathom deep, in the waters of oblivion. I call upon all instructors and instructors to give me three hearty British cheers in honour of the auticipated deliverance. And then the accountants—the accountants would simply have to cast up columns of figures, untermented by the diviaion by twelves and twenties, which are the curse and incubus of £ s. d. There would even be no occasion, unless from choice, put those mystic letters at the top of a bill.
"What does the little d.mean?" a foreigne

a foreigner

once asked me.

Any three naked plain figures, without any point or comma between them, 4 5 6 suppose, would necessarily mean, and could mean nothing else than, four pounds, five shillings, and sixpence. Take, for experiment's aske the larger and of 1934 5 6. The give sake, the larger sum of 1234 5 6. being, of necessity, pence, and the five, by the law of nature, shillings, the sum total must amount to one thousand two hundred and thirty-four pounds, five shillings, and sixpence. And with ever so many of such items to add together, the operation and the result would be equally clear and simple. Try and comprehend this perfectly, before reading any further; and meditate upon the system calmly and fairly the part that you take up you. fairly the next time you take up your Ready-

reckoner, or glance at your tables of farthings, pence and shillings. I will not, on the present occasion, harass you with troy or apothecavies' weight, nor with harmonious measures, liquid and dry,—with Winchester bushels, combs, quarters, gallons, girls, pottles, and Scotch pints.

A system analogous to the above might be adopted without greatly disturbing the current coin of the realm; although some modification must, of course, be made. There may be a great variety of coins existing, for the convenience of change as well as for compendious-ness (to serve, in short, as small brank-notes), which are not required to make their appear-ance in written accounts. We have no separate column for half-sovereigns and halfcrowns. French accounts are kept in france and centimes only,-a plan I shall explain yet, in addition to frauc immediately ;-and and centime coins, they have the Napoleon or twenty-frane piece (corresponding to, though not of equivalent value with our sovereign), besides pieces of one, two, and four sous, and of two, five, and ten francs.

of two, five, and ten francs.

In planning a decimal coinage and a decimal system of book-keeping, the first point to settle is, to determine the unit, or rather the starting-point, which is to be divided into tens and hundreds. The French when they made the change from the old system to the new, fixed upon the franc, value tenpence, as their unit. This they divided into tenth parts, desimes, value one penny; and hundredth parts, centimes, value one-tenth of a penny English. Practically, decimes are rarely spoken of; it would help décimes are rarely spoken of ; it would help our compatriots if it were not so, because the décime is exactly a penny. But still décimes have a material existence in the shape of two-sous pieces, and a moral existence in the figure which occupies the place of tens in the column of centimes. The franc being divided into a hundred centimes, a franc and a half is expressed in numerals by 150, or one franc fifty centimes; a franc and a quarter by 125; and a franc and three-quarters by 176. A franc and one sou, or one franc five centimes, is written thus, 105; a sou only, in the centime column, thus, 05. The cipher is the centime column, thus, 05. The cipher is put before the five, not only because such is the correct notation in decimal fractions, but also for the sake of preventing mistakes, by keeping the five in its proper place in a column which, thus, always consists of two figures, and two figures only, side by side. I heard English travellers complain of the difficulty of reckoning by centimes; sous they manage easily enough, by thinking about our own halfpeuny pieces. But nothing is easier, when you once have the clue, than to envert centimes into sous, and vice-versa. Five centimes make a sou; therefore, a simple division by five gives you the value in sous or halfponce. Thus, sixty-five centimes are thirteen sous, or six décimes five centimes, ox in plain English six pence halfpenny.

noting down long lines of figures. But there is something superb and grandiose in the custom, when you come to apply it to your private affairs. It sounds pleasantly, and rings in the ear like a peal of bells, to say that your income is a peal of bells, to say that your income is so many thousands (of france) a year. You begin to consider philosophically whether people who have as many thousands sterling, enjoy life more in the same proportion—namely, twenty-five times as much as yourself. I remember the look of wishfulness and disappointment which overspread a young Frenchman's face, when I said to him, "If you could only speak English, I could at once get you a place of twelve hundred francs a-year, with almost sure increase by-and-by." A millionnaire, in France, is the fortunate possessor of a million of france—a nice little sum, take it as you will, and more within the reach of possibility to amass than a million of pounds sterling. These colossal French fortunes are easily reduced to more modest proportions by the consideration that twenty-five frances make a pound, barring the fractional fluctuations of or less, which depend on the ever-ing rate of exchange. Divide by changing twenty-live by mental arithmetic, and a hundred francs sinks to four pounds, a thousand francs to forty pounds. Cinderella's gilt carriage is reconverted to a humble pumpkin, and her fine laced footmen to full-grown rats. Preferable, however, is the pumpkin to the carriage, if we can thereby learn economy and content. I do think that the French, and content. I do think that the French, as a nation, have more nearly attained to this conclusion than the English have. Can decimal money have had anything to do with it?

The centime, or tenth-part of a penny, being acknowledged as legitimate by law and custom, must of course have a copper representative. "Of what use is so small a coin?" it may be asked. "What can you buy with sentative. "Of what use is so small a conit may be asked. "What can you buy with
it? What could we do with anything of the
kind in England?" To the first questions, I
answer that, in the south of France and in
Italy (where there are also centesimi) you
can buy with it something—a few figs, nuts, draught. To the last query, I reply that a very small coin, if it occupied its place in a decimal coinage, would be found to play its part in Great Britain and Ireland. County rates are often assessed in fractions, any three-eighths, of a penny in the pound. Here at once is an instance in which much plaguy calculation would be avoided. Again, it would be useful, as furnishing an easy mode of registration, and also for maintaining established rights, by the payment, as it were, of a pepper-corn rent. For example, over the Seine at Ronen there hangs a handsome suspension-bridge. The passage is not free, but as nearly so as

Even large sums of money are always possible. I took a lady and a little girl over mentioned as well as written in francs. In such cases, you have the inconvenience of noung down long lines of figures. But there is something superb and grandione in the per head; and the little girl made me cross the sum of the bridge two or three times afterwards solely for the fun of getting change out of a sou. It was infinitely more amusing, in her opinion, than an hour's study of the pence table. It struck me that it could hardly be for profit's sake that so low a toll was charged, but to preserve some right of the builders of the bridge, or to ascertain how many people went over it every day. Now, considerable pains and trouble are taken to give an account of how many people annually visit our great public estamblements, such as Kew Gardens and the British Museum. But no reasonable person would object to pay a centime for admission to the instructive sights which he now inspects gratuitously; and it would be less trouble to the door-keepers to take a centime from cach visitor, as a sort of counter, then to mark down the numbers of various groups as they arrive, sometimes in bustling crowds. the numbers amount to thousands and hundreds of thousands, the sum received would tell in the end. The government, which now bears the whole expense, might continue to do so as heretofore. The centime-tax might do so as heretofore. be allowed to be appropriated to some useful purpose required by the exigences of the for the children of soldiers slain in the war. No one would find fault with the Deans of St. Paul's and Westminster if they asserted their rights, when the Cathedral and the Abbey are not open for divine service, by the imposition of a centime-tax on curious strangers. To demonstrate at once the charitable resource thus opened, and the corvenience of reckoning decimal coins, we may instance that in 'lifty-one the annual number of visitors to Kew was roughly estimated at two hundred thousand. Put the figures on paper, and you will instantly see that in our times they amount to two thousand frames or eighty pounds sterling. Suppose Hampton Court, the National Gallery, and other like places, to contribute their mites, and you have Suppose Hampton at least the beginnings of something good. The hint once given, its development a cary

And now, to show the possibility of naturalising decimal money in the United Kingdom, I will briefly state a portion of the mode proposed in a pamphlet collect look malism, by a Commercial Prayablet—not advocating that in preference to an atter scheme of decimalism, but simply taking it, with all reserve as a aggregate with all reserve as a greater and aggregate and aggregate and aggregate aggregate and aggregate aggregate aggregate and aggregate a with all reserve, as a specimen whereby the general topic may be stated to those to whom it is almost or entirely new. Every man of business who has been abroad, or who has had dealings with foreign countries, may be considered to think well of the proposal reform in our national coinage. Foreign countries have been adduced as having, some of them a long time since, adopted the decimal system in their cornency, whilst none of them ever thought of returning again to the old clumsy confusion worse confounded. One slight exception, however, may be mentioned for the sake of truth. In eighteen hundred and twenty-eight, the Duke of Baden attempted to introduce decimal coinage, and began introducing, from his ducal mint, thalers of a hundred krenzers each, whilst all the rest of South Germany had thalers (of account) of ninety, and gulden or floring (coin) of sixty kreuzers each. In the land of the hunchbacked a straight man is sneered at. After patiently bearing for three years ancers of this kind, the Duke of Baden gave up his attempts at decimalisation; and, with a vengennee, coined thalers of a hundred and saxty-two kreuzers each—something like cutting off his nose to spite his face.

Without undertaking to count the millions of the human race who have tested the merits of decimal coinage, and are now enjoying its advantages, it will suffice to say that nearly all the civilised nations of Europe, America, and Asia, are decimalists; even China and Japan are of the number. In fact, the only exceptions are Great Britain and her dependencies, Turkey, Denmark, Germany, and part of Switzerland. It is, however, to be observed, that in Egypt, where the division of the piastre is the same as in Turkey Proper, into forty paras, foreign merchants keep accounts in piastres of hundredths. In certain places in Germany, as on the Rhine, some banking and commission houses keep their accounts, also, in thalers divided into hundredth parts.

There are three ways in which it is possible to refer our ways in which it is possible to refer our ways in which it is possible to refer our ways in which it is possible to refer our ways in which it is possible to refer our ways in which it is possible to refer our ways in which it is possible to refer our ways in which it is possible to refer our ways in which it is possible to refer our ways in which it is possible to refer our ways in which it is possible to refer our ways in which it is possible to refer our ways in which it is possible to refer our ways in which it is possible to refer our ways in which it is possible to refer our ways in which it is possible to refer our ways in which it is possible to the manual part of the mention o

There are three ways in which it is possible to reform our weights, measures, and moneys: First, to abandon the old system entirely, and invent a new one in its stead; secondly, to adopt that of another country, in which case the old system will also have to be given up; and thirdly, to remodel the old system, rejecting of it what has become useless or unsuited to the ideas and wants of the times, and combining new with the useful part of the old material.

To follow the first of the above propositions, would be identical with a sudden change. Several writers have recommended, others have strongly insisted upon it. They assert that more confusion and error would be likely to arise from a gradual than a sudden change. That an entire change, and a sudden change, does create inconvenience, is, however, confirmed by the historical experience of France. It is well known that a radical change was made there at the time of the first revolution. In many respects the change was more sudden than radical. In coar, for instance, the difference chiefly consisted only in the decimal division; yet, the tradespeople and the power classes, not having been properly prepared for the abrupt change,

much confusion ensued, partly owing to the ignorance of the people, and partly through the bad faith of shopkeepers, who preferred selling by the old and lighter, instead of by the new and heavier weights. Repeated decrees became necessary to enforce the adoption of the new weights and measures; and, at length, in eighteen hundred and twelve, the French government, in order to avoid these inconveniences, was obliged to make a composition with the people, allowing the use of old names, with binary, instead of decimal division, of the new weights and measures. Thus, the half-kilogramme, called the new pound, is still divided into halves, quarters, and eighths. The division of the sou into four liards still lingers even in the coinage. Often, you cannot buy a loaf without taking a two-liard piece in change. Often, a fishwoman or a fruiterer will ask you six liards a-piece for her herrings or her peaches. In short, certain classes of a nation will and must have a binary division, although they may not entirely object to a decimal system. This should not discourage, but it ought to make us wise.

Asto the second mode of effecting a change; would it be prudent and expedient to adopt the French, or American, or some other system? The Commercial Traveller opines, and I quite agree with him, that apart from the great inconvenience and confusion which would be sure to arise in consequence, such a measure would sooner or later end in disappointment, whilst its alleged advantages are for the greater part imaginary. The members of the international jury of the exposition and of the statistical congress who are at present in Paris, are meeting, at the moment this sentence is written, at the Palace of Industry, to consider the means of organising an International Association for the adoption of a uniform system of weights, measures, and moneys, by the two allied nations at least; but we may be permitted to entertain the fear that such a union as thatbetween two foreign countries—especially such as have different standards (as is the case with this country and France), will only end in disappointment. In spite of treaties and engagements, circumstances must be expected to arise that would lead to a change in the standard.

Supposing, however, that a treaty of the sort had been concluded, its alleged advantages, we may apprehend, would be found illusory in practice. The Hispano-American republics, for instance, all coin Spanish dollars; yet the coinage of the one is not readily received in the other, except at a discount; and the exchange between Mexico, Chih, and Peru, must be regulated by a per-centage, just as it is between Cuba, Porto Rico, and Spain. The same happens between Paris, Turin, Switzerland, and Belgium, though all four have now the franc. There are better means of cementing the union of two triendly

nations than by such forced assimilations as should preserve as high a coin, and money that now under discussion. It is too much after the fashion of Procustes's bed; stretching out the short man and cutting down long man to one uniform standard

Fraternisation, beyond a certain point, may at present be a day-dream, and a waste of time. Neither country would gain anything by denaturealising its coin. Suppose the france to be adopted in lingland; it would alter our gold com, and most of our silver com, and would cause a bewilderment in the masses of our population. Besides, the merchant would not be better off; for he would have to distinguish in his books English from French francs, although identically the same in coinage, but different in value, on account of the daily fluctuating rate of premium or discount between the two countries.

There remains, then, only to be considered bow the desired change can be best effected, by our preserving whatever is worth preserving, of our old national materials, combining upon the principle of decimal numeration, with suitable new material. In the construc-tion of a new system, such as is at present called for, the masses of the nation will have to learn how to live, as it were, in a new house, better arranged than, but, at the same time, so differently arranged from, their old dwelling, that they will have to give up certain comforts, till they become used to the new ones. To render, therefore, the change acceptable, and at the same time really useful, the new system should not alter the ful, the new system should not and old one, more than will be necessary to establish the new principle soundly and firmly. It should, for all practical purposes, be more than the old one. It should simple and easy than the old one. It should consult the wants and customs of the people in general, and those of the several classes in particular. It should be constructed with a view to durability and permanence, which will be best attained by consulting strict regularity and simplicity. And finally, it should be as national, in name as well as in spirit, as circumstances will allow; old absurbties, such as, for example, duplicate terms (pound in money and in weight, terms (pound in money and in weight, quarter in measure and in weight, &c.), being absolutely rejected.

At first sight, the temptation is very strong to make the hultpenny enter into the new system of coinage; because it is identical with the sou, which works so well in the composition of the franc; but in the first place, that would reduce us to a copper, or a silver, instead of a gold standard; and secondly, would involve the rejection of the sovereign, being no decimal fraction thereof. Now, the best authorities are agreed that the present sovereign is the best basis that lies within reach for the proposed new coinage. A people that has to recson with coinage. a debt of some hundred millions of pounds,

of account, as our present sovereign, because they cannot find time to play with so many figures as would be required to express that ngures as would be required sum, and others of daily and hourty occur-sum, and others of daily and hourty occurrence, in shillings, or half-crowns. cent happy introduction of the florin, a decimal of the sovereign, has decided the question

by anticipation.

Our mint laws are open to reform, quite independently of decimalisation; such as they are, they have given us the sovemnor in GOLD, by which all payments of a certain in Gold, by which all payments of a certain magnitude are to be made, and in which, or Fractions or which, all values and contracts whatsoever, exceeding forty shifting, are expressed or understood, if they are to have legal value. Silver, in coin or bars, is not available according to law, if rejected by the creditor, nor is copper, beyond forty shillings of the former, and twelve pence of the latter. Our silver and copper com are only small change, auxiliary coin, that serve to balance debts below the respective amounts stated. Hence it follows, that government might alter, raise, or lower, the fineness and weight of the shilling and of the penny, without interfering with the value of our property, or the import of our contracts, even if these were expressed, as indeed they are in numerous instances, in pence or in shillings; for when, for example, an Act of Parliament authorised the payment of railway fare at the rate of a half-penny per mile, the meaning of the Act, to be in harmony with previous laws relating to the legal tender of copper and silver coin as before-mentioned, could be no other than that the fare should be reckoned and paid at the rate of one tour-hundred and eightieth of a gold sovereign in all cases where the amount exceeded twelvesell a cargo of wheat at the rate of fifty shillings per quarter, I mean to be paid for it, not in so many shellings in silver, but at the rate of two and a half sovereigns in gold. But a change in the half sovereigns in gold. But a change in the weight or lineness of the sovereign would have very different consequences; not only because it is made of gold, but chiefly because legal enactments and our mint regulations have combined to make it the legal basis, or unit, of our moneys of comage, determinaing implicitly, at the same time, that our standard should not be one of siver or

from all this, it follows, that we have already the unit, or basis, in gold, of a leai-mal coinage; and that it only remains to unplate the system by the addition of interna-drates and sub-divisions; at all events, no plan has been proposed that could present equal, or greater convenience and corrects ex-And it also follows, that the proposed with-drawal of the penny, and its being replaced by a decimal copper coin, cannot affect lives, or contracts, stipulating rates, or taxes, in pence or shillings; because the consetments

relating to the legal tender would not admit of any other interpretation of such laws and contracts than this, — that these rates, or taxes, in pence or shillings, signified so many fractions of the unit (sovereign) in gold.

For the purpose of reckoning and keeping ac counts, we ought to have as few sorts of money as possible; but, for payment of small debts, there should be no lack of various coins. According to the plan of the Parliamentary Committee, we should have two moneys of account, as other countries have; with this difference, however, that most of these have only hundredths, that is, two places after the unit, or integer, whilst we should have thousand the state of th andths, that is, three places after the pounds. This is as it should be, and arises from the simple fact that France, for example, has only hundredths, because their integer, the franc, is only of the value of about ten pence ster-ling; and, as we find the pound more conve-ment in accounts, than the franc or the shil-ling, hundredths would not complete our systen, as the hundredth of a pound is two pence three-farthings, whilst the thousandth part of a pound is as near as possible our present farthing. In whole numbers, twenty-four farthings are equal to twenty-five thousandths. Thus our accounts in decimals will have the advantage over our present ones in point of exactness, as halfpence and

The Committee's plan is, to adopt the existing pound as basis, with three decimal places; that is, dividing it into a thousand parts, millesimals, or, by abbreviation, mils. The Commercial Traveller suggests that the term pound be abandoned, as obsolete and absurd. Others advise that "sovereign" should be abalished and "pound" retained; but what's in a name? The coined gold sovereign, and the proposed money of account of a thousand mile being identically one and the same, common sense, as well as our convenience, urge that both moneys should have but one name.

A sum in sovereigns and mils requires after the whole numbers the decimal point, comma, or some other distinctive mark. point as well as the comma are objectionable; in their stead are proposed the mark ,, or as the Portuguese have it, //, viz., two strokes prolonged above and below the line. This mark is undoubtedly the most convenient in mark is undoubtedly the most contemporaritie; it serves also very well if placed before mile where these do not amount to the in a full sovereign. We a thousand, that is, a full sovereign. We mils, and also with placing a cipher to the left of the point, to signify the absence of sovereigns. Thus, what is now printed, for example, \$3.825m., \$3.037m., we should in future express by 3.0825, and //037, which is

we shall do whenever we speak or write of mils as thousandths of a sovereign, the obviating of mistakes requires that three places should ALWAIS be expressed, especially where only units or tens of mils occur, in which case we place the cipher after the mark. Thus, writing 1937, or //007, we shall make it appear for certain that the teuth of a soveeign, or the tenth and the hundredth in

the second example are wanting.

To write and cast sums in merchants' books, the best plan the Commercial Traveller can suggest is, to leave the columns exactly as they are usually ruled at present. The sovereigns will continue to be distinguished as they now are. The tenth of a sovereign, or florin, is, as a money of account, the decimal multiple of (ten times) a cent, and, together with the unit of the cent, would occupy the column which now serves for the unit and ten of the shilling. The unit of a mil would then alone appear in the third column, which is now that of the pence. We should, therefore, write in our books as follows :

> Sov. C. M.

which would be read, One hundred sovereigns, twenty-three cents, and five mils. In coin, it would be 100 sovereigns, 2 florins, 3 cents, and 5 mils.

And now, with regard to the various coins by means of which a decimal system is to be practically carried out. The evidence given by some gentlemen, before the Committee, was to the effect, that the smaller the number of coins with which it is practicable to effect purchases, the better. This is undoubtedly beautiful theory; but in practice it would be dangerous to disregard too atrictly the convenience of the public. When we come to treat of the moneys of comage, we ought to consider that the public have a right to ask for accommodation. All decinecessary to afford facilities for small change purchases, by coining a variety of subdivisions.

Upon these grounds it will be quite safe to retain—at least for a time—the half florin (shilling). The quarter-florin (supposes) would do very well, discarding only the term sixpence; but, unfortunately, the sixpence stamped on its face renders the com highly objectionable, when it becomes of the utmost importance, for the lower classes especially, to efface old recollections, as Sir J. Herschell said, of everything that reminds them of pence. The sixpence ought, therefore, to be condemned as absolutely as the three and fourpenny hits, and the copper pannes. Hefuture express by 3/25, and /037, which is aides, the sixpence, taken as the loarth part as brief as it is perspecious.

It is very desirable that people should be by the introduction of the double cent, the impressed with the rule in decimals, tout find of the florin. In the same manner when we mean to express thousandths, which the half-grown, rendered supernumerary by

the florin, should be withdrawn; as also the advantages and improvements, the import-crown, an inconveniently heavy silver coin, which might be replaced by a new gold coin, difficult to overrate. It will, however, be of the value of five or four shillings, as small change in gold, for home circulation. The half-sovereign is supposed to be altogether relinquished, for reasons which there is not room to state. More regular proportions of the decimal scale would certainly be observed. if the proposed new coin were made of the value of four, instead of five shillings, that is to say, equal to a double florin. As to its title, the name of prince appears to be the most appropriate for a coin that stands nearest to the sovereign. A double florin, in silver, although perfectly right in a decimal system, would be too heavy a piece for general use.

To fill other vacancies, the committee pro poses that a double cent, and a cent, should be made of silver, and a half-cent of copper. It should be remembered that the cent forms an essential link in the decimal change of To omit it in the coinage would moneys. deprive the masses of the most material help to comprehend the new proportions, for which purpose no fair means should be omitted, by which the cent may become the poor man's unit, in the sense in which the penny is at

present.

The present copper coins—the time-ho-noured penny, half-penny, farthing, and half-farthing—being all of them incompatible with the decimal division of the sovereign, which is an essential part of the proposed reform, they will have to be withdrawn before the issue of the new copper coin. In their case, old recollections must certainly be given up, and reckoned with the things of the class of pig-tails. A compromise would be a hinderance to the nation's readily adopting decimal proportions, and convincing themselves of the advantages of a purely decimal system. But even if that hinderance did not exist, a compromise would be uncalled for; as three out of the four former copper coins will have their representatives in the new series. Of these, the half-cent has already been under notice; those of the half-penny and the farthing will be presently described. The half-farthing alone will be entirely dropped, simply because it will not be wanted.

The word mil has turned up as the most fit and proper for its signification, of a thousandth of a sovereign. In virtue of its bresandth of a sovereign. In virtue of its bre-vity, the language will not be a loser by exchanging it for the farthing. A punster might be tempted to call the introduction of mil, the millenium of coinage reform; while a counter-punster might endeavour to confound mil with ml. Although a necessary part of the moneys of account, the mil, in

expedient to coin a two-mil piece, which take the place of the half-penny, than which it will be less by one twenty-lifth, the proortions being the same as between the mil and the farthing. The name of a double-mil would probably best be a cash. Farthing belongs to the old series, and implies a fourth, which is inapplicable to the mil. Newfarthing would therefore be equally objectionable. tionable.

Upon the plan above suggested, our new moneys of coin would therefore stand thus, in the order of precedence: sovereign, prince, florin, double-cent, cent, half-cent, cash or two-mil, and mil. And the pence! What is to become of the dear old brown panny-pages? Are they to vanish like unclean ghosts! There are people who will resist a decimal coinage are people who will reast a decimal counage as obstinately as their forefathers did the change from old style to new, when they absolutely believed that their lives were to be shortened, by Act of Parliament, eleven whole days. Take care of the pener, and the pounds will take care of themselves. But pounds will take care of themselves. Due the pence will be gone; argal, there will be no possible pounds to take care of, and a national bankruptcy must inevitably follow. Do what you please with the rest of the coinage, but leave—0! leave us—our beloved pennies. Very well; let them be left to you. And then, as far as a decimal system goes, you will be penny wise and pound foolish.

LODGINGS.

I HAVE lived all my life, both when I was my own master and since I have been mar-ried, in furnished lodgings; and I think I ought to know something about them and ought to know something about them and the people who let them. Ladring-house keepers, however different in degree and phase, are but of two kinds;—the shiny unctions party that has a husband just enough to swear by, and who never appears save at the last extremity; and the stormy, arm-a-kimbo individual, who is a to be trodden upon on that account. menns to be trodden upon on that account, neither.

There is a story told of a learned Cambridge professor, which has always filled me with the highest respect for his courage and con-duct. Finding that his college bedunks r which is, however, a very mutigated species of landlady—was continually abstracting his tens, and being, sagacious philosopher, aware of what weight of evidence some females can resist, he determined to let her know he had con, will like the farthing at present, pro-bably be rarely used. Stil, it is the last and not the least link in the chain of decimal coins, and part of a system pregnant with and secreted the other in a drawer; he draw found her peccadilloes out, without the chance of contradiction; he bought two pounds of tex, one of which he placed as usual in his easily,

from the latter store so much as was necessary for his use, but never touched the former; the contents of the caddy nevertheless decreased daily, and in greater propertion, and at last, while the Professor had atill a little left, Mrs. Brown, the bedmaker, declared his tea to be cut, and offered to get him some more. "Well," exclaimed her him some more. "Well," exclaimed her master, producing his remnant in great tri-umph. "I declare, Mrs. Brown, that your pound has not lasted so long as mine has." But though this may have been permitted to a great man to do, backed by the opinion of whole of Europe and with five hundred bachelors within call, I affirm for myself to have ventured on such a scheme would have been madness. From the first designing weman who hooked me as a lodger, to the last, nothing of mine was safe from them; nothing untouched, unrunmaged, unpilered, except a case of horse-pistels, which they were all afraid to meddle with, and wherein I was consequently wont to keep a few wax matches and my biggest lumps of sugar. I have known rash young men to inquire after missing articles more than once, but I have also overheard their abject apologies. If the mistress of the house has been a small woman, she has insisted upon their being taken instantly up to the maid's room, in order to examine her boxes, as such a thing never occurred before under a roof of hers; if a large person, she has had the most violent hysteries, and screamed incessantly for her

My aufferings and humiliations during the period of my being done-for as a single gen-tleman, were, indeed, of a nature too painful to be recalled, and I will confine myself to the relation of my experience of lodging-house ke-pers since my marriage; for it is unques-tionable that in the case of these persons, the wife is the natural protector of the husband—the living shield which is ever thrusting itself betwixt the spear of the enemy, her tongue, and our saved eurs; or rather, the buffer by which the shocks of that terrible engine are broken and weakened before they reach ourselves. She inspires courage, too, even in us, who have been defeated in many conflicts, so that we descend, She inspires upon occasion, into the very stronghold of the

We spent our honeymoon, and half our yearly income with it, in lodgings in one of the best streets out of Piccadilly; a very dark, the best streets out of Piccadilly; a very dark, dirty, and anstocratic one, and the very quietest retreat (said the landlady) that could possibly have been selected for a young couple. She took quite a motherly interest, and utfortunately, a mother-in-law's in me. By excestive apparent kindness she got my poor Ada to leave everything in her hands, and, when I ventured to remonstrate, I was asked, whether I wished to see my bride consigned, through over-work, to an early grave. At night, this so gorgeously was it decked with band and

fashionable quarter was the noisiest in London; there seemed to be an eternal roll of wheels from ten P.M. to four in the morning, and our total want of rest was little compen-sated for by our landlady's assurance that there was scarcely one commoner's carriage amongst them, and that eleven notlemen lived opposite, all of a row. She did not mind our going out to operas or theatres a bit, but sat up for us herself quite cheerfully, and finished our oyster suppers afterwards without a number of the never made any difficulty. out a murmur. She never made any difficulty about our having anything we wanted (although she thought my wife's ordering dinner, as a general rule, a decided interfer-ence), and never suffered her smile to get out of type, nor one of her false ringlets to be rutlled, through anger, during our stay; as a sporting man would say, she never turned a hair, in the way of temper; but she did lay it on to that extent on the butcher's and on the bakers's, and on the beer bills, that I have been cheaper for us do believe it would to have lived at the Clarendon. the first read of our newspaper (for which we should have paid a shilling a-week) and charged us one shilling and sixpence for partaking of that little enjoyment after her. She was the completest conductor of the systems of direct and indirect taxation possible, and I don't believe we smuggled so much as a biscuit, upon which, sooner or later, her duty was not levied. She had two sleek maidservants without much to do and with plenty to cat-for she did not stoop to petty economies and was liberal enough with our provisionswho were devoted to her interests, and regularly trained to act under every circumstance against the lodger. Mrs. Rubens was the greatest brigand housekeeper I ever met with, and infinitely superior to those guerilla chieftains who have harassed my life in lodgings from my youth. I think my wife has even still a sort of sneaking affection for her, and she shook hands with us, on her part, with tears in her eyes, as we drove away with diminished purse from her aristocratic tenement. I never disputed the bill from not knowing which exerbitant item to make my stand upon; but, to each of her confederates who stood at the door with outstretched hands and an expression such as might have been worn by the daughters of the horse-leech, I gave a fourpenny-piece, neatly wrapped up in many folds of silver-

blossom, and sloped down to a gravel-walk which ran for a score of yards by the brink of a rock-stemmed river. At the end of the walk was an arisour; from it a beautiful view up the stream of closing woods in the fore-ground, and, beyond, of purple mountains. What a bower that was to dream in, with bulf shut eyes and a cigar just balanced on the Prove-cot, to be sure, and the rooms were a little draughty; but I could have been happy there for summer after summer. The Nemesis of my existence, however-the landlady-rudely dispelled this illusion.

My wife, one morning, wished to speak th me a moment, as I was writing in my with me a moment, as I was writing in my study. I put away my books and shut up my desk at once (for I had begun to know by that time what my dear Ada meant by that form of expression), and courageously awaited

her communication.

"James," she said, "we must leave this place at once, and for ever!" I said, "My love, it is impossible: I have I said, "My love, it is impossing.". ken it for three months, and like it exceed-I said, "My love, it is impossion taken it for three months, and like it exceedingly. The accommodation is excellent, and Mis. Dance is all that can be expected of her—worth ten thousand of such people as Mrs. Rubens, and half as cheap again."

"James," whispered Ada, in a voice trembling with emotion, and a tear gathering in each of her hazel eyes, "if you do not wish to see me live disgraced and die brokenbeauted you must give notice of our leaving

hearted, you must give notice of our leaving this house immediately. Three times—not once, nor twice, but three several times—when I have gone to order dinner in the kit hen, that abominable woman has called me 'Miss!'—nie, your wife, James!—she has called me 'Miss!'"

"Perhaps, dear Ada," I murmured, but very hopelessly—"perhaps it was a mis-take."

"No. it was not a mistake; and if you imagine by a heartless pun to-toand if

Here sobs choked her utterance, and her

victory of course, was secure.

The Dove-rot, it secus, was such a desir-The Dove-cot, it seems, was such a desirable abode as to have been bidden for over our heads; and Mrs. Panae, although in other respects a model-lodging letter, was not proof against a guinea a-week extra rent. She took, therefore, this decided methol of getting us out of her cottage, and succeeded on the third day's trial. What she might on the third day's trial. What she migh how obliging, how just, how good-tempered -is a question that cannot now be solved. She may have been smooth and courteous to the end, and have cut both our throats on the very last might of our sojourn immediately after I had settled her account; or she may have never got into bad ways, but have proved the perfectability of her species. Who can toll !

I know that Mrs. Williams, of Belle Vue

Villa, whom we next lodged with, had no invilla, whom we next lodged with, had no in-tention of proving anything of the sort. She was the dirtiest woman and the most talk-ative I ever knew, with the sole exception, that is to say, of her eldest daughter; and the former cooked for us and the latter waited at table. I never could keep my eyes off that young lady's thumb, as it appeared served up in company with my food upon served up in company with my food upon those willow-pattern plates. It reached to about where the bridge comes with the people fishing on it, and always, if possible, took ita way through the mustard and salt. Then, the partitions were so thin that, except for the look of the thing, the kitchen might have been in the parlour, and we heard the most horrible secrets concerning our duncers.

"Drat the cat, he's been at the weal again, Mary; do cut it round with the knife, or we shall have Mr. Jones a-swearing away like anythink;" or, "Pick it up with your hunds if it have dropped, Mary, and nebody need be none the wiser, except ourselves."

We were the wiser, and the sadder for all this. It was rather cheap living at Belle Vue, certainly, but it was uncommonly uasty, and we were obliged to take the precautions of the most hated tyrauts of ancent times with respect to our food—we lived upon eggs and bottled beer, and afterwards when we grew more systematic, upon potted meats and fish and prepared chocolate. At last, Ada appeared at a grand ball with her white silk bridal dress decorated with numberiess human finger-prints, where Mary had set her mark while dressing her; and we suddenly left Belle Vue and the north for

the seaside.

There was a good view of the sea from Mrs. Spidaweb's drawing room floor on the Marine Parade; but the rent, for the first time, forbad our taking the whole house. We had the pas of the other lodgers, and were permitted to fix our own dinner hour but, that once fixed, we were not permitte to change it. If we rang the bell between one o'clock, when the dining-room began to fee and three o'clock, when the second-floor ind about inished, it was not answered. He the time our private establishment included a maid-servant—because we had a buby—and the miseries of life in lodgings were increased about threefold. Jemima Ann was frightfully exclusive, and refused to associate with the maids-of-all-work. I believe Ada went down upon her knees to persuade her to take he upon her knees to persuade her to take her meals in the kitchen; and even then she would sometimes knock at our door in a peculiar manner, and be found standing outside it with a specimen of the table alioto of Mrs. Spidaweb for us to sympathise with her upon. There was a pitched battle one day between this young femals and the interest of the house, which resulted in the latter lady's signal disconfiture. I heard a cry from our faithful retainer of, "Hould the

baby, will you, somebody?—hould the baby while I destroy her," and arrived on the while I destroy her," and arrived on the landing of the stairs just in time to see Mrs. Spidaweh's eyes—her spectacles were already lying in small particles in different directions.

The baby, bowever, was a great favourite with Mrs. S., and when not petitioned for by the dining-room, or second-floors—who were all females, and passionately addicted to infants—it would be found in her sanctum, the back parlour, admiring the parrot, and suck-ing (until the practice was forbidden), coloured stocks of liquorice, or peppermint. The baby, indeed, was apparently the sole link between her and the humanities; she did not even charge for the little crib it slept in, as an cannot be and presented it with a perforated penny, to bang round its neck like a medal, and to be employed in bringing forward the teeth. Otherwise our landlady was not lavish, nor even liberal; I believe she never got one single article of housekeeping for herself, or for her servants throughout the bathing season; but abstracted from the joints, and pies, and teas of her lodgers, according to a regular scale, which, of course, punished most severely the drawing-room floor. After a certain period, Mrs. Spidaweb's account sud-dealy come out with a supplement, a regular double number in fact, because of the season having commenced; the upper floor took the lit at this extertion, and we ascended to that devation, and played second fiddle for a few weeks in the house where we had led the orchestra. From that moment, we found the airs of the drawing-room lodgers insupportable; they wanted more waiting on than the Nepaulese princes, especially at the times when we were dining; and they never (as my wife justly observed), "ever so much as sent for our dear, durling baby." Mrs. Spida web soon, therefore, lost again her second second-floor. The store for our concluding week at number twenty Marine Parade, I shall not easily forthis day, with her autograph at the bottom of it, written in an easy and flowing hand, as though she had nothing on her mind, in the way of thieving, or extracting money under false protences, whatever. This bill was just three times the length of any previous weak's, the proportion being accurately

"Have we, then, drank three times the usual quantity of milk this week, Mrs. Spida-

"No, sir; but the fact is, that the bills from the thirteenth to the twenty-seventh, when you lodged in the drawing room flat, sir," (with a-perity and contempt), "were not sent

And the beer? Was the beer bill also not

delivered ?

"No, sir, but Jemima Ann has got to drink of it to that extent, that I only wonder she doesn't burst herself."

"And the meat, Mrs. Spidaweh," said I, languidly, for I saw it was no good. "The buttener's bill?"

"The extra quantity of meat, sir, has been got, according to the doctor's orders, for the sake of gravy for the baby."

I was, for my part, thunderstruck; but, as I gave a last look up at the top floor, as we drove off I perceived that wonderful woman pinning Apartments to Let in the window, with an expression of beaming philanthropy, as though it were the prospectus of a religious and charitable foundation, started by herself, gratuitously, for the homeless.

herself, gratuntously, for the homeless.

A pious widow, with a family of pious sons and pious daughters, next admitted us to the privileges of Zion Cottage for a moderate renumeration; her dear departed, she told me, had died after many trials—I afterwards discovered that one in particular, connected with a bill of exchange, and the playful imitation of another gentleman's hand-writing, had been almost the immediate cause of his decease—and left hitle lathard. cause of his decease—and left little behind him, except his blessing and a few African He had been once the alderman of his native town, and his bereaved relatives could never quite forget that state of carnal dignity; the young ladies, indeed, dressed to that extent, that Ada did not dare to ask them to do anything; and the young gentlemen, to a boy, all gave one the idea of fushionable preachers. Their mamma, confessed that she thought we should like our damer better, if cooked at the baker's, and she never suffered the mere ringing of the sitting room bells to interrupt the singing of a padm in the kitchen; not that her poor drudge, the unad, ever partook of that refreshment, for that earthen vessel was always employed up stairs in arranging the back hair of one or other of her young mistresses; but whenever the family got tired of looking out of window, and walking in the back garden, they set up a hyint. The Ebenezers were all tectotallists, and strove to make a convert of our Jemima Ann; one of their young men was accustomed, while she disposed of her modest half-pint of beer, to read her a short homily upon the sin of drunkenness, illustrated with many awful instances of sudden death; and the females would beg her to taste their delicate toast and water, if it was only for once. But she merely expressed herself in reply as being happy in drinking their very good healths.

I cannot say that Mrs. Ebenezer's spiritual enlightenment interfered much with her worlds wisdom and financial acuteness. Now and then, through inattention to such secular concerns, perhaps, a little item in the account would make its appearance twice; but, on the other hand, she never forgot even the most insignificant matter on the creditor side; along with each weekly bill would appear a little parcel of gay but useless orna-ments, elaborate book-markers, and bightybe purchased from seven shillings and sixpence a-piece and upwards, for the benefit of a native congregation in the Tonga

Island.

What was wanting, indeed, in our temporal comforts at Zion Cottage was well made up to us in attentions to our moral welfare. Twenty-five copies of Good Resolutions, or the Broken Pipe, were presented to me by Miss Miriam alone, on the occasion of a smell of tobacco being apparent in my dressing-room. We received the Infidel's Warning in return for our notice to quit, and were nomined out to Jemima Ann during the were pointed out to Jemima Ann during the last few days by the Reverend Benjamin as having been typified, in a most satisfactory, though not in a pleasing manner, several

thousand years ago

Besides these awful specimens of the genus lodging-letter, we have experienced nearly a reore of others: each, I believe, enough to have driven a philosopher (regardless of mere appearances) to live on wheels, or under cauves, rather than in furnished apartments. Let it suffice, however, to paint one more likeness, the original of which is unhappily close to my hand. I allude to Mrs. Peach-bloom, at whose lodgings, number eleven, Garden of Eden Terrase, Saint Heliers, Jersey, we now are. She is a widow lady of that extreme delicacy and invalidism, that when the wind is in the north she retires to her ceuch; and when a door langs she has a series of hysterical fits. At our first arrival she seemed pleased enough to see us; but on the second day (on which we went out to dinner) she thought we should be too much for her. "My health is such, you see, madam," she told my wife, "as to make all exertion dangerous, and standing in the front of a fire perfect madness; you must, at all events, dine early, and require as little of everything as possible."

During that same night we were awakened by screams, which we supposed to proceed from Mrs. P.'s hysteria, but turned out to be from the maid, whom she was beating with a gravy-holde with much enthusiasm and vigour. In a voice, too, singularly different from her accustomed whisper, she was responding to her threats of departure, that she mucht go whenever she liked, but it would be without a character. One day she gave us notice to leave, because she could not bear to see us any longer occupying the very rooms which had once been Lord and Ludy Milledeurs, the best and kindest friend she borne it, she said in applogy, but her feelings her a precious gwere strenger than such had reckened up and done with her It appears in afterwards that she had in reality effected without heard news of a more eligible remark from much like to a the West Indies, which did not turn out to, into execution.

decorated pen-wipers, which in the first be true; but in roply to our inquiries a few instant I took to be tributes of affection at days after, as to why Lodgings was a an in the hands of the young ladies to my wife; her window, she said that she had managed but which I afterwards discovered were to to conquer her feelings once more, and that to conquer her feelings once more, and that we might still remain. After a week of tranquillity, she again informed us that the Earl of Milledeurs had written to her the most friendly of letters, advising her to be the house for a term of years. I was inturbed, indeed, on the ensuing morning by the following dialogue between her used a bill-sticker at the front door. He had just been putting up House to Let over the porch:

"So you have done it William In

"So you have done it, Williams, have you?" whimpered Mrs. Peachtoons.
"Thene what, marm? I don't know what you mean?"

the-the nation, Williams-" Put up the-

"Put up the—the—the natice, Williams—put it up in the state at the world."

"Well you take any mann, didn't you!

It's easy taken down disc, and no trouble.

"Ah, you don't understand me, Walkams—you don't sympathise with me—at the deed, how should you! For we must all last. This house to let unfurnished. Well, God bless you, Williams!—God these you!"

you!"

She affirms, indeed, that with the exception of his Lordship, nobody does understand her, nothing under a member of the archerospean do this; and we are not that, nor carse is pleased to add, we hear through Jennera Ann, anything of the sort. There will be an auction, therefore, in the house to-normal and we must go. "All is to be sold," she says, "even to the very plane "—who he I do not think will come to pass, for want of a buver, as it has no keys to speak of and half the wires have supped; —"sugular, is it not, that not even her plane is to be caved—bought-in, she believes they call it—but all

not, that not even her piano is to be caved—bought-in, she believes they call it—but all is to be sold?"

Yesterday, however, upon some people calling to see the house in consequence of the placend, she took it down before their very eyes, having mounted upon a ladder for that purpose; declared that it was all a mission, and that they could not so mach as location apartments, occupied, as they had a the apartments, occupied, as they had a so there is to be no auction, and we see that To Let after all.

To Let after all.

Except, however, that we think it rules to be unpleasantly careful in looking our and and the nursery doors at night, I thank as like this poor out-of-her-mind little. Puch bloom as well as any; but Jemima has seed the mind have lost all patience such her tantrums, and are eagerly dos rooms, becauter or no character," says the latter to go have her a practions good shaking being the bree by a done with her. I confe s it it could be effected without legal rock, I should very much like to see them putting that does a into execution.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

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PARIS IMPROVED.

THE citizens of London and the citizens of Paris can be compared and contrasted in almost the same terms as the cities themselves: the one sombre, heavy, large, continually expanding, seldom changing; the other bright, compact, open, lively, and ever improving. The pace of London improvement is that of the averageous ablances or of his improving. The pace of London improvement is that of the overgrown alderman, or of his is that of the overgrown alderman, or of his own beloved turtle. It takes a lustre to pull down and rebuild a house or two in Chancery Lane, a decade to reconstruct Cannon Street, and a lifetime to open out an entirely new thoroughfare. In our youth, a nest of rooker as was demolished on the Clerkenwell side of Holbora Builge, under pretence of continuing Farringdon Street to be an open route for the Northern and Western Railways, we are now more than middle-aced. ways we are now more than middle-aged, our second son has attained his majority, and Faringson Street still stands where it did. It is neither longer nor broader than it was when their litch ceased to be navigable for nerchantships, and when Fleet Market afterwards flourished above that covered estuary. wards floureshed above that covered estuary. It is not a foot nearer to Bath, nor Liverpool, nor Berwick-up n-Tweed. The loose bricks; the unconsidered tdes; the rusty, dinted fragments of pota and kettles; the rugged mounds of fifth; the slimy holes and puddles; the jugged profiles of tenements half torn down, and the distribution of another and called the content of half standing; the arches of empty coal-cellars; the execuses of dead domestic animals; the the cureases of dead domestic animals; the bomes of others whose death and skeleton-hood dates three reigns back; the "tempo-rary" posts and barriers now decayed with age; and the stenches from Cow Cross; all continue to see the and breed pestilence in continue to see the and breed pestilence in the him one gap dug out of the centre of this incrtropolis marly a quarter of a century e.g. Yet, during that time, there has been activity of another kind close by. Hundreds of duriers have been shain and washed down with occurs of cold punch; millions of money in coal-dues and corn dues have been squared and directed from their legal nurrosses. dered, and diverted from their legal purposes, into ever-running channels of gorman-lising and jobbery. Further off in the world a vast and jobbery. Further off in the world a vast amount of work has been done, of precisely the same sort as that which our citizens have wretenedly shinked. Within the territories of

the United States, whole cities have been built, peopled, and organised, of not much smaller extent than the city of London proper. Miles and miles of ground have been covered with habitations in other parts of the globo, and called St. Francisco, Melbourne, Port Philip, what you will. Even while the wise men of the East have been haggling about one little puece of open ground at the base of St. Paul's Cathedral, a considerable portion of the capital of the great French empire has been not only razed, but rebuilt; rebuilt with a deree of solidity not easily conceivable in this our city of bricks and stucco; and in a style of splendour which would have startled the late Mr. John Martin, notably the most extreme idealist of gorgeous architecture ever known.

Indeed, since the tradition of Cadmus and the magical realities of the gold districts, we know of no instance of rapid building to equal the recent transformations in Paris. In the three years during which this short work has been mainly in action, there have been swept away a great many man ow crooked streets, which recked with open stream of feetid refuse; which were without si is paverments—foot-passengers, horses, vehicles and filth, all mixing there in continual confusion; -which were seldom lighted by the sun by day, in consequence of the height and close proxumity of the opposite houses, and which were but dimly lighted by night, with miserable lamps slung across the road; which were densely thronged from the cellars to the roofs, by a variety of immates whose salient characteristic was wicked squalor; into which prudent people never ventured after sameet, and where imprudent people were frequently robbed and sometimes qualified by the coap de def, or some other sudden passport, for the Morgue; nests, in short, of disquort, discuse, and iniquity. Not only have entire neighbourhoods such as these, been swept away wholesale, but every part of the city has been more or less improved in detail. Streets of mederate width have had their narrow entrances enlarged; sharp turns have been apuned, and corner houses made to form double, instead of single angles—so that these widened cross-roads are never erroweled. In seldom obstructed; projecting houses asset

been forced back into line with the rest; convenient throughfares have been opened through blind blocks of buildings which se arrated one quarter from another. Yet, utility was not the sole motive power which has executed these improvements. The love of ornament and a passion for display, always attributed to the French, have been brilliantly and beautifully exhibited; especially a the Rue de Rivoli and the Boulevard de Schastopol. But above these, commonsense (the most uncommon sense known), proclaims itself from every improved street and a tered house. An English architect, or a member of the City Improvements Committee with any conscience or any observation, cannot walk through Paris without feeling ashuned and humiliated.

"But, sir, we live in a free country: in a country where private property is respected and private right a palladium. France, sir, is a despotic country. There, your house is not your ears at a moment's notice, merely to promote public convenence. Our government cannot, with one stroke of a pen or after a one-sided discussion with civic authorities, depe pulate a neighbourhood to have it built up again. We must wait until capital has accumulated from the proper sources; until leases have fallen in, and ground-landbords fallen out; until paving-boards have been concileated, and communicated hard built may be not enclitated, and communicated from the proper sources; until leases have fallen in, and ground-landbords fallen out; until paving-boards have been concileated, and communicated hard boards have been agreed; until acts of pariament are, at an incredible cost and waste, fought through both houses, surveyors consulted, for guaranteed to high-minded architects, building contracts—wickedly paraphrased by the vulgar as "jobs"—solemnly acadel and log dised. Sar, the boasted Parisam improvements have been made, I will venture to say, at the single will of the Emperor, and against the several wills of thousands of oursed tenants and rained landlords; for despotism can do in ten minutes, what sober, constitutional legality is obliged to be busy ten years about."

So says the honourable Deputy for the ward of St. Vitus's Backline; but that eminent and respected public massance is in error. He will perhaps be surprised to hear, that not a jot of private right was invaded; that every stone in Paris which formerly stood on the area of improvement was paid full value for, before a slate was removed or a pickaxe lifted; that every owner and occupier was fairly compensated, not only for loss and removad of property, but for damage done to his business—compensated too, not with the off-hand tyranny of take that or none, "hut, in case of dispute, by juries selected from his own class. If the worthy St. Vitus's Deputy could divest himaelf of his London Corporation prejudices, and could inquire into the subject, he would perceive that nearly every expedient, every administrative arrangement, every moche of negotiation and adjustment between

the authorities of the city of Paris and the imperial government, is applicable to the speedy improvement of his own or any other pent-up, all-planned, ill-governed city in these liberally governed dominous.

The uncleus of the Paris improvements is the Hotel de Ville. Around it, the first great shattering and shocking of vile streets took place; and, in it, are performed the admonstrative and financial operations by which the wholesale changes are set in incomplying the manicipal authorities do all their work in this gorgeons Guldhall, partly of their own free inspirations and will, and partly under the direction of government. It is the plans for changing some of the worse parts of the capital into palatual batistations, are devised, deliberated or and adopted; thence, come out the least incarrying on the work, which capital tabinate for whealth is finished. As, however, the thought possible that a hody of gout one of equal status to the aldermen and come of councilmen of London, are not select sufficient for deciding upon works of such normitude, their proceedings have to be real as by the conseil des latiments circit, any institute of the minister of finance is also necessary to the monetary operations; because at a of the minister of finance is also necessary to the monetary operations; because as the construction of several public offices and other public works is included, a certain quota of expense is paid out of the uniformal treasury. It must not be supposed teat these and other excellent regulations or framed to direct this single outburst of architectural renovation; they are the law of the land, made and provided for all such case, by the astonishingly far-seeing and companions to the singing of Guardian Arg Is, has some cause to envy.

It was originally intended that the cost alterations to be unde in the map of its shouls occupy fifteen years; but the present emperor had his reasons for originally that they should be finished in five years of that a consilerable amount of capital null to be raised in a very short time. Fortunately the task was not difficult; for, as mun. follow-foolery and gluttony are not ulbusiness of the Hôtel de Ville, a fund, appreable to the work, already existed in the coffers amounting to about sixty millions of frances. The credit of a corporation so fashed with ready money, is in itself a bank; and when more money was wanted, an addition of fifty millions of frances was expected by appitalists. No sooner are proposed for a loan amounced, than the scrip roses for a loan amounced.

ao strong, that ten millions more frances have been raised, by lettery, upon the excess in premiums alone. Five millions of pounds sterling have therefore been raised since the year eighteen hundred and fifty-two, for buying up property to improve Paris, besides vast sums realised by old building materials and tittings. Two years more of well-spent and costly activity have yet to chapse, before the contemplated regeneration

will be complete. The doomed quarters having been marked ont, notices to quit are served upon the occupiers. The bargain with each proprietor differs little, in the first instance, from that entered into between an ordinary buyer and seller. The municipality is willing to give so much; the vendor demands so much; if terms cannot at once be arranged, the dispute is referred to a compensation jury, composed of members of the council-general of the department of the Scine. Upon the whole, our inquiries led to the belief that the sums awarded are fair. Some cases of underpay-ment and hardship could, of course, be adduced on the one side, as well as instances of exor-bitant demand on the other. There are, indeed, whispers, of tradesmen living in the line of projected improvement, making out before-hand on their books, enormous transactions which only existed in their books, to mystify the jurors into extravagant payment for loss of trade by forced removal. Even lodgers are compensated by indemnites locarioes according to the value of their holdings. Where one family in London is put to the rout by the demolition of a house, from four to five families are ejected in Paris, where the inhabitants are nearly all lodgers; each house being separated into tenements; and each floor containing a com-plete and distinct household. The consequence of the sudden sweeping away of hubitations, caused shelter to become uncommonly scarce Enormous rents were, for a time demanded even for the meanest garrets and the dampest cellars; and the poorer and industrious classes suffered intensely. Ejected faurilies, in a most pitcous plight, were seen in the streets, following the tumbrils or the handcar's in which their household appliances Many were obliged to remain out of doors in the midst of frost and snow, until the government caused certain waste places to be hutted, in which they gave the houseless shelter, free of charge. After a time, new shelter, free of charge. After a time, new houses were ready, and these inconveniences

disappeared.

There are, it must be remarked, some circumstances which render these sudden changes in Paris much more easy than in London. House-building must always be a

more rapid operation in most parts of France than in England. Hitherto, underground works have not cost much time there; andalthough the ancient fo-ses surrounding the garrison were converted at an early period into main sewers, and a great straight sewer, running east and west under the city, was constructed in thirteen hundred and seventy—yet few of the houses are drained into them to this day. But, by a occurse of the sixth of December, eighteen hundred and fifty-three, a system of tubular drainage into them, and into a new sewer running parallel to the Scine, on the south side, was established; ten years being allowed to the proprietors of house-property to cause the necessary connection to be made. The main sewers will be eventually discharged into the Scine a few miles below Paris; but, so far above tidal influence, that the sewerage will be carried away. Not all the grand new streets and beautiful houses, nor the noble monuments and public buildings, will improve Paris so thoroughly and fundamentally as this measure. The abolition of cesspools centuries old, with which its foundations are honeycombed, and of the pestiferous rovices of Montfaucon and Bondy into which they have for ages been emptied, will increase the hygienic condition of the city beyond all calculation.

The ground cleared, at the expense already indicated, had to be covered; and the four thousand master-builders who habitually find business in Paris—though taking upon themselves a fair share of such work as adding some half mile to the areaded Rue de Rivoli (already one of the grandest streets in Europe)—were not able to provide capital for realising all the gigantic projects demonstrated in the plans laid out on paper. The universal remedy in such a case, a joint-stock company, instantly sprang into existence, and the covering of those acres of rugged waste known as the Place de Carrousel—with its noble triumphal arch and its tall, grim coffee-shop that stood for many years a solitary and shaky spectre of the past; with its second-hand book, curiosity, and stuffed-bird stalls; with its clamorous shoe-cleaners and pointely importante dealers in second-hand umbrellas, cames, and catalogues of the picture gollery—has been gorgeously accomplished by the funds of the Sociéte de Crédit Mobilier. The palace of the Louvre and the palace of the Tuileries—recently not much less than a quarter of a mile apart—are now poined by galleries and areades of great architectural beauty set with gateways and pavilious salorned with caryatides and allegoareal groups of the most claborate design and execution. The new editices thus enclosing the Place de Carrousel, comprise two uner squares, immense barraeks, public offices, an extensive riding-school, stables, and great additious to the Tuileries palace itself. The

In eighteen hundred and fifty one, according to the Course, he evening number of individual terms in mellionse in Parts was twenty set. In aginteen minimed an aucusteen the average was twenty-four limites per aucusteen the average was twenty-four limites per aucusteen the average was twenty-four limites per aucusteen the average was twenty-four limites.

same company have also built, close by, the largest hotel in Europe. The Hotel du Louvre, standing opposite to the north face of these structures, in the Rue de Rivoli, covers more than an English acre and a half of ground. It has eight hundred rooms; and presents as spiented a specimen of interior decoration and furnishing as is known to exist. Four years ago, when the Place de Carrousel was a void, this magnificent traveller's rest was the site of several back streets.

It is needless to detail all that the Société des Immeubles de Rivoli has effected; and, to those readers not thoroughly acquainted with Paris as it stood in eighteen hundred and fifty-one, a description of the other improvements would be tedious. What has already been said will give a faint idea of the power of capital and skill when energetically directed. What capital, without well-directed skill, can effect they know pretty well from experience at home. The architectural and structural achievements of Paris are on a much larger scale than those of our Houses of Parliament, for instance, yet have taken not a hundredth—perhaps (for we do not yet see the end of Westminster palace looming in the distance) not a thousandth, part of the time.

We must repeat, however, that building of the first class is naturally an easier operation in France than in England. The neighbourhood of Paris, the banks of the Loire, and other large districts abound with a soft, tractable stone of dazzling whiteness, which cuts with little more difficulty than wood; hardening with age and exposure. Squared into cubes, and moved with ease, on account of its comparatively light specific gravity, this material enables the French mason to pile up his walls in half the time, and with three times the solidity, that an English bricklayer can his; the neatness and beauty of the work being necessarily very much greater. Even rough walls, built with small unhown stone, (timousings) are more rapidly raised than brick walls, and are often faced and dreased with the softer hewn stone. The new streets abound with the richest sculptured ornament; and this is chiefly executed after the shell has been run up: not delayed piecemeal in the sculptor's shed before being set in.

But, evil was foreseen in these rapid building performances themselves. Philosophers of the St. Vitus's Backlane school shrugged their shoulders, and predicted that the concentration of a prodigious number of workmen whose employment could last for only a certain time, would be a huge foundation for disturbance, when the work was done and the workmen discharged. But, the prophets knew nothing about the character and circumstances of the French mason and stone-cutter; necessarily the largest body of operatives massed together in the capital. They had not read about him in

an article on the French Workman, which appeared in this miscellany," nor M. le Play's account of him in his prodigness (but mot quite trustworthy), Monography of the Workmen of Europe. This author declares that the masons are, or have been—for they are deteriorating, he says,—models of prudence and sobriety. They travel up from La Creuse or La Haute Vienne—as the Irish haymaker visits England in summer—during la belle saison, and return to their homes when frost forbids work. There are at present about a hundred and fifty thousand stone-cutters and stone-setters in Paris, working with unflagging zeal, to earn from two frances and a half to five frances a-lay; to live afterso much only of the communist principle as promotes economy; and to turn their faces finally homeward with light hearts and heavy purses, after they have converted Paris into a stone and sculptured paradise. The masons never marry a Parisienne, and seldom contract unlawful unions. They live in large parties of twenty or thirty, called charabrées, in one room, for about thirty-eight frances each a-month for board and tode tog; and soon save enough money to marry a woman of their own country: and to buy a house, land, and cows. They then stay at home, and send their sons as emigrant masons to Paris in their stead. The stone-cutters are in two factions, or societies. One called the Children of Solomon; the other, the Children of Mattre Jacquess. These work together well enough, but do not irre in anything like harmony. Whether the four hundred thousand persons now engaged in the remaining branches of building and decorating, will devote their attention to burricades by-and-by, becomes very doubted when we know, that the ordinary about thousand operatives out of mischief in Paris alone.

We have said and seen that the best kind of building is rapidly accomplished in France, and only the best kind of building is, as a rule, tolerated. There, a house is not a late and plaster, or a brick-thick, shell. The self-contained pride of being a respectable house-keeper (that is, very often, of inhabiting an expensive kennel "without lodgers," where every sound in the kennels right and left is distinctly audible) does not exist. The French, like the Scotch, live one above another, under the same roof, in the separate floors of large houses; thus economising space and money. In the principal streets, the ground floor consists of a shop; then come a metro-nine floor, or entresol; then come a metro-nine floor, or entresol; then a suite of rectue, on the same level, which includes every convenience for a family; and so up and up, to the highest floor. This is usually divided into the sets of apartments, for residents of humanic

^{*} Volume vitt , jonge 302.

means. At the end of a pretty tesselated passage beside the shop, there is, at the foot of the stairs, a song little glass case or lodge. Looking in, you will usually see a woman in a clean cap knitting a stocking; a gilt pendule is certain to be ticking on the chimneypiece; and a clean bed ensconced in an alcove. woman's husband-always dressed, in the morning, in a cap and a coarse green apron-is one of the trustworthy and serviceable class of domestic hall-keepers, or porters, for which Paris is remarkable. He polishes the stairs, polishes the banisters, polishes every-thing he can lay his hands upon, and has generally polished his own manners too. is shrewd, steady, observant, and can keep his own counsel withal. Every floor pays him a small, fixed, monthly stipend; and he is the guardian genius of the whole house. You ask his wife on which floor your friend lives, and she, the partners on duty takes all and she, the portress on duty, takes all sorts of pains to make you understand her directions, if she sees there be any dulness in your foreign apprehension. You ascend a flight of oak stairs (carefully, for the porter-husband is polishing his way down from the top, vigorously) by the help of a banister supported by bronzed and gilt rails. Your friend's door opened, admits you to a little hall, in which, when it is shut after you, you feel as much isolated from the world as if you were standing on the mat of the private residence of the honourable Deputy of St. Vitus's Backlane, near Camberroom, study, nursery, bed-rooms, kitchen (and a back-stair leading to it, for servants and and she, the portress on duty, takes all sorts of a back-stair leading to it, for servants and tradesmen), all furnished with an amount of be a considered that the highly suggestive to all the Deputies in all Camberwell. And all—horrid idea :—over a shop. Yet your friend may be an English baronet or a foreign count, with thoua stable close by. Does Monsieur Viteplume, chef de bureau at the office of the Minister of the Interior, who lives in the floor above, or Madame Bonnebonnet, the court milliner, who lives over him, or M. Burin, the engraver, who resides nearer heaven by the altitude of one story, or Jules Cordon the journeyman bootmaker, or Mademoiselle Fleurschâteau, who each inhabit the attic apartments—ever interfere with the rich baronet, or with one another? Never. When the cobbler metatable between the government of ficial meets the baronet or the government official or madame or mademoiselle, on the stairs, claims them as neighbours only by a polite bow, and "bon jour."

Even in the more private streets, few people occupy a whole house. There is generally a court-yard surrounded by apartments, with one common entrance. Sometimes, houses are clustered together round a larger court-yard, and called a cité. In the poorer quarters, some of these cités—which have fallen in the general sweep, swarmed to a degree prejudicial to health; but their populations are now distributed.

This plan of residence of course necessitates large houses. There are no Prospect Places, Adeliza Terraces, or Paradise Rows in Paris: no small, mean, slightly-built streets; but every house is of sufficient dimensions to admit of architectural display. Even in the humblest parts of the town the houses are lofty and substantial.

When the stipulated five years shall have

When the stipulated five years shall have elapsed, and the contemplated improvements shall be completed, Paris will be a mirred of improvement. And London? London will go on talking for and against improvement, for another half-century or so, and will remain, as to its general uglines, pretty much what it has been for the last to or a dozen years. The Hûtel de Ville in Paris and the Guildhall in London, are mightily expressive, in their vast differences, of the intelligence and spirit of the public bodies they represent. But then the corporation of Paris really expresses Paris itself, while the corporation of London expresses nothing but obsolete pretences and abuses.

DECIMAL MEASURES.

WRIGHT is a measure of density—of the amount of ponderable material elements contained within a given bulk of substance. The above heading, therefore, intends to include decimal weights and measures; which we must also adopt if we are determined to enjoy the full benefit of decimal moneys of account, and of a decimal coinage.

In the case of weights and measures, there arises, for us, a difficulty in fixing on the unities, or starting-points, of our system, which does not occur in the case of money. Value is an arbitrary and conventional thing; an article is worth what it will fetch in the market, and no more. And, what is of still more importance, values are always fluctuating. Money is nothing but a set of signs contrived to represent certain values of merchandise. But, in more than the popular sense, there is nothing fixed or stable about money. The very gold and silver of which we make our money-counters, change their value, often considerably, from week to week. Consequently, the French have selected the france as the unit of their accounts and circulation, and we are likely to take the sovereign as ours, simply because it happens to suit them, and ourselves, respectively best. Nature will help us to no standard for the regulation of our stock-exchange and bourse transactions. She gives, takes, transmutes, restores, decomposes and reproduces; but her capital in hand remains always the same; not a particle of matter disappears from her surface or her kernel; not a single elementary atom is annihilated, or created in addition. In short, Nature does not buy and sell, and

In short, Nature does not buy and sell, and never, that we know of, gains or loses.

On the contrary, Nature is as precise and fixed as the ratio of the force of gravity to

the distance, or as the proportions in chemical combinations—such as, for instance, of the primitive incredients which, together, make up common sait. Weights and measures are therefore, bye-have of nature; and it is of the utmost importance to fix upon a unit whose invariable representative is to be found in the material world in which we dwell. What have we done in that respect! We have a measure, the assumed length of the human foot; and another, the inch, the imagined breadth of the human thumb; as if all men were east, like rifle-bullets or leaden idols, in the same iron mould, and had feet and thumbs of uniform dimensions. The old French foot and inch are longer than the English ones; but if athnical differences had been taken as a guide, they ought, I think, to have been somewhat shorter. We have a liquid gallon, which might perhaps have passed as a factor of the contents of the human stomach during the age when aleand-beer-drinkers measured their powers by the number of gallons they were able to swallow, but which, happily, is either obsolete or voted low now, as such. And our dry measures! We have dry measures with no better natural standard than existed in the times when a cat suspended by the tail with her nose touching the ground, had to be covered by a heap of wheat.

covered by a heap of wheat.

The French reformers made their lineal measure, or long measure, as we call it, the foundation of all the rest; and, as the terrestrial globe on which we dwell shows no symptoms either of increasing m obesity, or wasting away in a galloping consumption, they took their measurements from the earth herself. They ascertained how many yards herself. it would require to put an exact-fitting girdle round, not her waist or abdomen, for that would vary from the equator upwards—but from head to foot, passing through the peles both north and south. Such a girdle as this, from top to toe, is invariable, to whichever part of the earth we apply it; and it is called a meridian from the Latin meridies, because every such girdle strapped round the world is fully exposed to the noon-tide sun once in every twenty-four hours. An infinite number of meridiais may thus be supposed to be twisted round the globe, exactly as the threads he closely side by side on a ball of Every inch of ground, as we proceed twine. from east to west, has its own meridian of precisely equal length to that of its next door neighbour. If you trace anywhere a sun-dial the ground, the line where the shadow of the upright gnomen falls exactly at the moment of mon, corresponds to the meridian line of that special spot, and might be continned, of course, perfectly straight both north and south till it reached the poles.

For convenience, the quarter only of the entire meridian was taken; namely, from the north pole to the equator, for the reason that it subtends a right angle exactly, which, as a

fixed and invariable term, must be the unit of angular measure. But when the exact length of the quadrant of the terrestrial meridian was known, although it possessed the great advantage of being a natural and invariable standard, it also proved of rather inconvenient length for the measurement of tapes, r.bbons, and even roads. It was, therefore, judge I proper to cut it up into a stated number of equal bits, and to take on of those bits as the unit to start from. A mode of division was fixed upon which should give portions successively ten times less than the parts divided. Accordingly, the quadrant was first divided into ten equal portions, and parts divided. then each portion into ten other, and so on; what comes to the same thing, th quadrant of the meridian was sucresively divided into tenths, hundredths, thousandthe, and so on. The first sub-division being and so on. The first sub-division being evidently too long to furnish a measure convenient for practical purposes, and quate incapable of serving as the unit of ordinary measurement, the division by ten was continued till the quadrant was divided and too million parts, and it was found that each ter-millionth part, which was about the feet and an inch of the old French means foltilled the conditions requisite for every h usefulness. This length was adopted as the unit of measurement, from which all others were to be deduced; and it was called a Miran, a word which means neither more nur less than a measure. Thus, metres tout in French measurement, the office performed by English yards, than which they are more than a trifle longer,

The value of the mêtre, and of its subdivisions and multiples, arises from the circumstance, that such measures have a real basic, always existing and invariable; since the definite length, from which they derive their origin, is taken from a natural stondard. The only human agency applied is, the way in which this stated length is divided, and the choice of certain special divisions, which appeared the most suitable for natural convenience. This standard length most therefore be compared to the banchis of the day, or of the year, both which are natural lengths, measured by the mochation of the earth on its axis, or round the sun. All that remained for men to do, was to divide the length of the war into twelve months, that of the day into twenty-four hours, and that of the hour into axis maintes; but they were equally at liberty, as has been attempted, to establish a hearnal division of time. Although measurement by metres is a French invention, it has the same claim to be adopted by the whole tanaly of the human race. If all the metre-measurement in the world (whether made of wood, r bloom, ivery, or metal) were uttorly destroyed and made to disappear, the metre itself cound stall be found again, to half a hard's breadti, by repeating the same calculations and processors.

by which it was originally determined. But in the measurement of French roads, better than that, if it were required to recover immediately the lost unit of measure-ment, it would not be necessary to recommence so laborious an operation as the measurement of a notable portion of the quadrant of the meridian, which occupied several years to complete perfectly; because, after once that unit has been determined, it is possible, with the aid of natural physics, to reproduce it as often as you want by a prompt and easy method, which will furnish you with an exact copy of the original. Space allows me to say no more than, that the oscillations of a pendulum supply the means. By a law of nature, every pendulum of a given length oscillates, at the same latitude and aleasting from these times. tude and elevation from the sea, in the same given time; consequently, knowing that a metre pendulum completes its oscillation in such a time (very nearly a second), supposing the metre to be unfortunately lost, or utterly falsition, you have only to make a penclulum oscillate in that exact time (or to make a given number of oscillations in twenty-four hours), to regain your missing mètre, and to compel the absentee M. T. R. (as per Times' advertisement), to return with ut delay to his sorrowing friends, when all will be arhis serrowing ranged for the best, and no reproaches or

ranged for the best, and no reprocees or scoidings given.

For these reasons, I humbly state my opinion, that more good is likely to arise to neighbouring countries from the interna-tional adoption of uniform measures and weights, than from any assimilation of their current coin. The quadrant of the meridian, and the weight of water at the freezing point, are the same for all the nations of the but the prosperity, the credit, the debts, the exports and imports, the demand and supply of each individual nation, have always varied, and always will. It does really seem, on close consideration, that national moneys of account and coinage, co-existing with uniform, inter-national, and universally received weights and measures, form the system most in accordance with things as they are at the present epoch of the human race; and are, therefore, a more natural arrangement, and more likely to work well in the Ling run than the equalisation of

moneys also.

The French mêtre is divided into ten parts, called décimètres; but décimètres, like décunets, are seldom spoken of in every-day hangaage. The décimètre is divided into ten milime res, the hundredth and thousandth parts of a mètre respectively. These are found to answer conveniently and accorately for all purposes of small measurement. Note

in the measurement of French reads. Four kilometres make a French league, which may be called two and a half English miles. It cannot be denied that the mêtre, with its multiples and subdivisions, off reasoning be judged. and natural means of measuring leagth, against the naturalisation of which in Great Britain, and elsewhere, no other objection can be urged, than the violence it would offer to established customs, modes of speech, and

money-charges.

The clever Commercial Traveller, whom we have already cited, despairs of reconciling the inconsistencies accumulated by ages in the department of lineal measures. He confesses that, owing to the relation of the foot, or the yard, to the mile, the equatorial degree all conventional degree. conventional measures, remember, and therefore open to modification-and to astronomical and nautical calculations, the setticnomical and nautical calculations, the settle-ment of this question is perhaps the most perplexing of all. He doubtingly proposes the adoption, as the unit, of the present foot, and the introduction of a new rol, the decimal multiple of the foot: for, if the yard be ro-tained and decimalised, we lose the meh, and very likely also the foot. In short, he tries to until the Gordian knot, and came?: varies, perches, fathoms, chains, ells, and furlong, are intertwined so inextricably as to repeler the feat impossible. I say, "Cut the knot at once; throw away the yar! measure, and seize the metre." From it every other measure may be deduced with equal accuracy and fixedness. Thus, in France, the litre, which is no more than a cubic decimetre, is the algebrat of all liquid measures and of all which is no more than a come deciment, is the element of all liquid measures, and of all other measures of capacity. There is no reason (except the love of contusion, com-plexity, and consequent difficulty, in which certain persons find their account) why goods that are to be measured by capacity-who ther liquids, as beer; or dry, as seeds—should not be meted by the same measures. There are be meted by the same measures. There are very many reasons why they should. Again, —to show the general applicability of the fundamental metre—the granuce, the unit or element of all weights, is the weight of a cubic centimetre of distilled water, weighted in vacuo, at the temperature of melting res, its point of greatest condensation. A thous, and of those make a kilogramme, less than two and a quarter English pounds. On the first publication of the republican weights and measures, as they were called by the commission appointed by the National Con-vention, cadil was the name given to the unit of caposity; and grave (from the Latu) to the unit of weight and its subdivisions, changing to bar (from the Greek) for the multiples; but their respective values were well, that the divisions of the mètre (as of all weights, measures and coins in France) are gramme, by which they have nomically been expressed by numerals derived from the Greek thus, a k-bomètre is a thousand native, and answers the purposes of our mile (than which it is considerably shorter). Twenty-seven five-franc pieces, laid touchows. exactly the same as those of the fitre and the

each other side by side in straight row, measure a mêtre across their united diameters; while twenty five-franc pieces, fresh from the Mint, weigh exactly half a kilo-The franc should gramme, or a new pound. weigh five grammes of silver, containing one-twentieth part of alloy. It will be seen that this is no more than a conventional arrangement to manufacture medals of a certain size and weight; the metre can no more fix the value of silver, than it can arrest the variations of human caprice, on which all ideas

The unit of our present liquid measures in England is the gallon. Its retention is not considered advisable, even if we will not have the litre, as too outlandish and Frenchified. The imperial pint is suggested as a more proper unit. The gallon is nowhere in use out of Great Britain. The United States use the old wine gallon, with which ours has nothing in common but the name; and it is just this kind of nominal community which renders the admission of the term and thing itself into the new system objectionable. decimal division would necessitate the altera-tion of the pint and the half-pint. The gallon, tion of the pint and the half-pint. The gallon, as a measure of convivial consumption, is decidedly out of place in these temperance times; and so salutary a change for the better has the right to demand the sanction of law. No harm can possibly arise from the new system ignoring the gallon. Brewers, and sellers of oil, would have to alter their prices in proportion, say per ten, instead of eight pints. But if the pint were to be greatly altered, the inconvenience would be of a very different kind. We all of us drink, more or less frequently, every day by the of a very different kind. We all of us drink, more or less frequently, every day by the pint, or the half-pint; for it is the measure punt, or the half-pint; for it is the measure proper to sustain strength and health, be the drink water, malt liquor, or wine; and it is the measure for which also, in regard to the physical constitution of the present genera-tion, the brewer calculates the strength of his beverages. To meddle with a habit of so general a character, and which so universally affects a necessary of life, could therefore only be justified, if extraordinary difficulties stood in its way. Now, half a litre is less than a pint, and its adoption would so far aid the cause of temperance. A litre of beer or wine, between two persons, as is often called for, is a less profuse allowance than an English quart, which would be ordered under similar circumstances. The gallon, undoubtedly, must surrender at discretion, and yield its place either to the pint or the

the present tea-and-coffee-drinking age, the words cup and spoonful, which after all are only imitations of the Roman calix are only imitations of the Roman colix and cochlearium, have appeared far pr ferable to gill. In the descending scale, one pint makes ten cups, and one cup ten spoonsful. In the ascending, ten pints make a cru, ten cans make an anker, and ten ankers one new ton.

new ton.

Upon principles analogous to those mentioned in reference to the pint, if the same measures are found inadmissible in England to serve both for dry and liquid goods, then the law ought to call the bushel, and not the gallon, the unit of the measures for dry goods. The quarter is objectionable, for more reasons than one. The division of this measure by eight, and its multiple, the old and now forgotten chaldron, of which it is the fourth part, are things incompatible with defourth part, are things incompatible with decimal proportions. Its very name is therefore, to be rejected. As to practice, nearly the whole United Kingdom (London and its immediate dependencies excepted) recken by the bushel. The quarter is practically made use of nowhere (although the comb is), being too large a measure to be managed con-veniently in metage; and this being the first, the bushel already is the measure generally used.

The bushel is also the most The bushel is also the most familiar; our farmers, when speaking of price and the yield of their crops, say so much per bushel, and so many bushels per acre; and so do the Americans, although by selecting such a moderate base they may appear to have taken a more modest view of the extent of their country's production and commerce, than their probable future greatness may justify. Already the large number of bushels. justify. Already the large number of bushele, justify. Already the large number of bushels, in which their president annually states the yield of their crops, have an awkward and unwieldy look. It is consequently proposed that ten bushels shall make one decuple, which henceforward will fill the office of count; while one bushel should make ten new gallons, and one gallon ten tenths. An attempt has been made to mix up with the question of decimal reform, that of abolishing grain measures altogether, and making it compul-sory to sell the article by weight. As the majority of British and Irish markets already weigh grain, the abolition of the measures seem to be desirable; but the object, namely, general uniformity, would not far that be attained, since every market, where grain is now sold by weight, has its local content.

litre. On looking at our existing scales of Pint being itself a Saxon word, if we obstinately resolve to retain that measure, corresponding terms for its multiples and subdivisions should be preferred to Latin or French words. The following are proposed by the Commercial Traveller, more for the purpose of clearly distinguishing the proportions, than with any presumption of proposing terms. In

troy weight, being already decimally used by the Bank of England, calls only for a passing remark. It is stated that both the governremark. It is stated that both the governments, for the Mint, and the College of Physicions, for their prescriptions, desire to retain the troy weight. If we are not to have weights founded on the gramme, there are, perhaps, no good reasons why they should not. The attempt to make a fusion of this and of the commercial weight, does not promise well. The two weights will not compare in decimal fractions. It may be better, therefore, to let both alone. There is no more necessity for comparing them, than there is for bringing the pound and the pint decimally together. Those articles which are weighed by the weight of commerce, never are, or at all events, never should be weighed by the troy, and vice versa. Practically, in reference to weight, incongruous dry articles, such, for instance, as sugar and silver, have as little relation to each other as solids and liquids, or sugar and oil. They can never interfere with each other, when weighed and measured. No practical objection can, therefore, be made to the co-existence of troy weight and the weight of commerce — always supposing that the and of the commercial weight, does not proof commerce — always supposing that the gramme is never to be naturalised on the northern shores of the Channel. The French metrical weight has been adopted by the German Customs Union; and it cannot be denied that it answers in a perfect manner all pur-poses, commercial and scientific. So, how-ever, will our old weights decimally arranged; poses, commercial and scientific. So, however, will our old weights decimally arranged; and to the advocates of the French weight, may be opposed the fact, that the United States, at present our best customers and likely to remain so, have our old weights, and use them, partially already, decimalised. The Commercial Traveller proposes to take the pound of commerce (avoirdupois) as the unit for all those articles of merchandise which are now weighed by it; a hundred of these pounds would make the hundred weight; and ten hundred-weights, or a thousand pounds, would be a load. In dividing the pound decimally, we shall have ten parts, the pound decimally, we shall have ten parts, which might be called poundlings; the poundling might be divided into ten parts, which would be the lowest division of commercial weight, and these, after the manner of our consins of Holland, might appropriately be called weightlings. The denominations of ounces, drachms, &c. in the weight of commerce are objectionable, as they already exist, and are likely to be retained in troy weight. For the convenience of weighings quarters of the hundred-weight, and stones of ten pound, might be manufactured; but, as we have the term, quarter, in our mea-sures, the twenty-five pound weight would more fitly be denominated by the term,

Upon the principle generally advocated, that our new nomenclature ought to contain no two terms alike in sound, but of different application, and by which the ounce would

remain only in the troy weight, it is urged that the pound should remain exclusively in the weight of commerce, the ounce being made not only the unit, but also the highest multiple of the troy weight. Thus, instead of saying, for example, one thousand eight hundred and sixty-mine sovereigns are coined out of forty pounds troy, we should simply say, out of four hundred and eighty onness. If it should however, be found desirable to have a multiple of the ounce troy (which must, of course, be a decimal one), the term, pound, as belonging exclusively to the weight of commerce, will, it is hoped, be replaced by some new term, or even by some ancient one, such, for instance, as the Roman decunx, dextaus, or the like.

Then, as to when the change is to take place; and also how; whether at once or by instalments. The Commercial Traveller advocates that the decimalisation of the money should, on account of its greater difficulty follow the change in the weights and measures. We should not think of teaching a child half the alphabet, and then presume that he should know how to read; but we teach him gradualty, and we insist first upon those letters for which he shows most fancy and receptivenes. In like manner should our decimal reform proceed. A simultaneous change would overtax the patience of the people, and render the reform distasteful.

and receptivenes. In like manner should our decimal reform proceed. A simultaneous change would overtax the patience of the people, and render the reform distasteful.

Upon examination of our present cumbrous system, it will be found that the inconsistencies, absurdities, and inconveniences have most accumulated in the weights; and if our weights are capable, as they undoubtedly are, of being reduced to very simple, easy, and rational proportions, they will naturally call more urgently for a change. But more still, upon further examination, it will also be found, that a reform in weights (and measures), although it seems to present to those who undertake to carry it out, greater difficulties than a reform in coinage probably will, yet premises to be considerably more feasible in its adoption, as far as the people are concerned. This appears to be a grave reason in favour of the reform in weights and measures taking the precedence.

If we begin with the coinage, the law must enact that one fine morning everybody shall pay and receive in a new mode of reckoning. To whatever inconvenience or confusion the change may give rise, that inconvenience will be repeated when weights and measures nexthave their turn. The same will not happen if the case is reversed. For upon whom is it that the onus and inconvenience of the change will chiefly fall! It is not upon her Majesty's ministers or upon the Master of the Munt; for the law will give them time to prepare. It is not upon the bankers and capitalists in general, who will readily convert their rates (where they are not already per cent.) from vulgar into decimal fractions. Nov is it upon

the public at large, who will receive the new coin at some public office, and spend on the same footing on which they received. The onus will fail chiefly, if not entirely, upon the tradesmen, who will be expected to answer all questions about the difference between the cld and the new prices, to have by precalculation set his new price upon every article in his store, and to have split all the awkward fractions of the decimal money fairly between himself and his customers. Now, if it be true that there is no town or village, or even street, without tradesmen, and that the vast majority of the population are sellers of something or other, it must be equally true, that the success of the change will mainly depend upon the facilities the law will allow them in preparing for, or rather initiating themselves into, the new mode of accounts. Due preparation, in fact, for the day of change is every-thing: but the metrical change will be more facile than that in money, because the former is more simple, at least in the hands of the people, than the money, which is twofold, namely, of account and coin. The tradesman buys most of his articles either by the hundred-weight, which he retails by the pound, or by the pound, which he retails by the ounce,—or by the ton or the quarter, which he retails by the gallon and the peck. He will, therefore, have to calculate the price of will, therefore, have to calculate the price of every article anew, when the hundred-weight shall be a hundred pounds instead of a hundred and twelve, and the pound ten ounces instead of sixteen. All this will be easily enough accomplished, if he is allowed to go through the change without being confused at the same time by new money. A few months will suffice to impress him with the advantage of decimal numbers. The training his mind is undergoing during that interval will make it receptive of the more important but to him more perplexing, new coinage; but to him more perplexing, new coinage; but which he will then find, to his surprise, to fit his decimal weight or measure, like cogs in the wheel.

Such is the reasoning of the Commercial Travelier, of whom I now take leave, and to whose valorous expedition I heartily wish success. The last question to ask is, "When are these troublesome alterations to be made? Or course, as soon as possible; immediately that the necessary calculations are made, and the act passed. That is our way. We always perform all sorts of requisite alterations in a prompt and thorough manner. In time of peace we are, some of our rulers tell us, perfect Chinese, in that respect. But the war! Ah, that makes a difference. the war! Ah, that makes a difference. We are too basy to attend to such tritles now. Let us make time, then. It has been remarked that a man is never so happy, never so regardless of petty troubles, never in such an energetic frame of mind, as when he has a little more to do than he well knows

we, of late, may have suffered ourselves to be too much occupied with mmor miseries, straw-splitting doctrinal disputes, and imaginary poceadillos. When the stream of affairs is flowing smoothly and steadily in bright warm sunshine, we just let the wave-ripple on in their course; let a storm arose, we gird up our loins, look the tempest in the face, and pull at the oars manually. While the French were fighting the rest of Europsingle-handed, with the sober judgment as well as the prejudices of multitudes in every nation against them, they found time to reform their measures, their weights, and their coins. We are engaged in a warr,—a serious one, it is true; but we are buojed up and borne forward by the universal belief that we have right on our side; and, for our companions in arms, we have the nest military nation in Europe, the French the unselves tary nation in Europe, the French themselves If we cannot contrive to make a few necessary improvements at home, although on minds may be fixed on events abroad, we can claim but little credit to ourselves as also and versatile administrators.

Decimal coins and measures must be decreed at once. Their introduction, it is extended the coup of the coups of t They blockle up their minds to do the drag unflinehingly, and at once, throwing their individual will into much the same attitude as a surgeon does, when he proceeds to an putate a gangrened limb. For, a thing done, differs materially from a thing projected. A fact is no fact at all till it has become an accomplished fact, and will serve as a stepping-stone whereon the foot may be firmed that all the projected belonger to make another content. planted, helping us to make another strule in advance. We have had so many good interactions on the part of public men during that eighteen months, that we do not want any more at present. If the consideration of any more at present. If the consideration of the claims of Decimals is to be deferred to this day six months, we know, from telerably long experience, what the result is likely to be.

CHIP.

MY GARDEN LIBRARY.

Norming, it is said, is so easy as farming You have only to peep over your neighbout hedge, spy what he is doing, and amno don'ty do the same thing yourself. Now, I have a idea that I am a tolerably good gardener—I would grow mustard and cross for a wag to a state of the same to a same to the same and the same to the same t say a duck and green peas -against Sir Joseph Paxton himself; and my knowledge has been gained exactly in that way. In all my gard-rang excursions there has constantly followed he has a little more to do than he well knows a polyglot cart-load of hortic illural leads how to get through with It is the same with Some of these are remarkable for their mations as with individuals. And, perhaps, obesity. Call them manuals, and they make tolerably plump handfulls; such, for instance, as Loudon's Encyclopedia, and that jolly fat little volume the Bon Jardinier, which looks like two good gardeners (single and without incumbrance) rolled into one, Others are wonderful, if true; others, again, are simply stupid. To begin with stupidity, let us open Hervey's Reflections on a Flower-Garden; a well-meant piece of platitude and fine writing — popular, while milliners' girls read Minerva-press novels at a penny per night, but now for ever shelved with them. "Emblem, expressive emblem," "motive, engaging motive," is the favourite form of speech with which consecutive sentences open. "What colours, what charming colours are here! Fine, inimitably fine, is the texture of the web on which these shining treasures are displayed. What are the labours of the Persian loom, or the boasted commodities of Brussels, compared with these curious manufactures of nature? Compared with these, the most admired chintzes would lose their reputation; even supertine cambrics appear coarse as canvas in their presence."

It is a long time before Hervey lets us get to the flowers at all. He stops, first, to shake hamls with St. Paul, a "judge who formed his taste on the maxims of Paradise, and received the finishings of his education in the third heavens." And last, the anowdrop "breaks her way through the frozen soil, in order to present her early compliments to her lord;" and "the kine bring home their udders distended with," not milk,—O dear, no! nothing so vulgar, but with "one of the richest and healthiest liquors in the world;" whatever tap that may be drawn from, and which may or may not be forbidden to be publicly sold, when the Maine liquor-law comes into force in England. To serpentine only half an inch further; this take for granted-you-know style of description is complacently illustrated by a guide book in my possession. It tells me that a certain town contains several manufactories, which are duly described; but that its peculiar branch of industry is an object of charenteric "whose name is too well known to be mentioned here." Now, I have patiently traversed the streets of that town, without discovering whether that special object of pork-butchery be pies, sausages, chitterlings, petiticos, brawn, or tripe. I don't know to this very day.

The marvels in my garden-library would not merely till to overflowing a double volume of flousehold Words, but would literally inundate the office itself. To confine ourselves to trees alone; at Fierro, one of the Canary Islands there is a wonderful water-tree, whose leaves continually distil pure water; it is a single tree, as big as a middle-sized oak. In the night a thick cloud or unist always hangs about it, and the water drops very fast and in great quantities. There are lead-pipes laid from it to a great pond, which is paved with

stone, and holds twenty thousand tons of water, yet it is filled in one night. There are seven or eight thousand people, and many more thousands of cattle, all supplied from this fountain. The great pend communicates its water to several lesser ones, which disperse it through the whole island. There is another water-tree, and again another; but one is enough, unless the house catches fire. One summer cannot contain two St. Swithins. Seriously, the above is a neat concentration of the fact that forest-clad hills are the sources rivers. Read me again this riddle my-ree. "There is a plant here" (the lake Sombrero), "the use of it not known, yet hath a strange quality. It is like a small tree; if you offer to pull it up it contracts itself and sinks into the ground, unless you draw hard enough to prevent it. If you force it above ground, you find a great worm lying at the root, and so closely united to it as if it were a part of the plant. As this worm grows less the plant grows bigger, and when the worm is consumed the plant is tixed and becomes a small tree. When it is come to maturity, if you strip off the leaves and bark, and lay it to dry, it petrifies in a strong body hardly to be distinguished from white coral." Do you give it up? Surely, no; you must burn too warmly to need any help in guessing.

Lastly, you shall have my plant of pluck,

Lastly, you shall have my plant of pluck, in the way to Agra, which they benour with some ceremonies. "It may well enough," says the author, "be call'd the tree of life since it is so stubbern a nature, that it will live in spite of all endeavours to destroy it. It is a sort of wild fig-tree, which, having rooted itself, continues to grow there, whatever courses are taken to the contrary. Take away the earth from about it, stook it up, and manage any way, still some root would send up a fresh tree. Several of the Potane kings and Moguls have tri'd it, and gave it over as impossible work. The present Mogul has taken a turn at it, but finding he is at le to do no good, he cherishes and makes much of it." The East India Company are here by requested to demand from the representatives of the present Mogul—who is now the late, and no longer the great, Mugul—a sufficient number of sprigs of the pluck-tree, that every Crimean hero, whether English or French, may he able to decreate his cap with a leaf or two.

THE DARK SIDE.

Thou hast done well perhaps
To lift the bright disgoine,
And lay the better truth
Before out shrinking eyes;
When evil crawls below,
What seems so pure and fair,
Thine eyes are keep and true
To find the serpesii there.
And yet—I turn away.
The task is no disine,
The evil angels out
On earth with eyes like thine.

Thou hast done well, perhaps, To show how closely Dark threads of sin and self With our best deeds are found, How great and noble hearts, Striving for lofty aims, Have still some earthly cord A meaner spirit clains; And yet-although thy : sk Is well and fanly done, Methinks for such as theo There is a holier one.

Shadows there are, who dwell Among us, yet apart, Deaf to the claim of God, Or kindly human heart; Voices of earth and heaven Call, but they turn away And Love, through such black night, Can see no hope of day; And yet-our eyes are dim, And thine are keener far; Then gaze until thou sceet
The glimmer of some star.

The black stream flows along Whose waters we despise, Show us reflected there Some fragment of the skies; Neath tangled thorus and briars (The task is fit for thee) Seek for the hidden flowers We are too blind to see; Then will I thy great gift
A crown and blessing call;
Angels look thus on men, And God sees good in all!

SENTIMENT AND ACTION.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER V.

HORACE RUTHERFORD arrived as soon as possible after the receipt of Paul's incoherent letter, and in a very short time Magdalen was free; released on bail, to take her trial at the next assizes.

It was an easy matter enough. Any man of the world who understood how to conduct the affairs of real life, even if not a lawyer, could have managed it. Yet there was something in the promptitude and decision with which Mr. Rutherford acted, that to Magdalen, accustomed to the timidity and want of practical power in Paul, seemed almost heroic, because it was simply manly. She never knew how feeble she felt her lover o Magdalen, accustomed to the timidity and want of practical power in Paul, seemed discontinuous thereoe, because it was simply manly, the never knew how feeble she felt her lover to be until she had unconsciously compared in with another of his own age; one of his riends; educated under much the same intences, yet on whom life had wrought such different effects, and to whom it had taught used different lessons. Not that she did not ally recognise the graces of Paul's mind and netellect. The positive and practical nature of Horace struck her with greater admiration, arrhaps, because it was a new study, and execuse it was more in accordance with her with.

Horace was soon heart and soul in the to be until she had unconsciously compared him with another of his own age; one of his him with another of his own age; one of his friends; educated under much the same influences, yet on whom life had wrought such different effects, and to whom it had taught such different lessons. Not that she did not fully recognise the graces of Paul's mind and intellect. The positive and practical nature of Horace struck her with greater admiration, perhaps, because it was a new study, and because it was more in accordance with her own.

cause. If Magdalen had been his own sister, he could not have worked with more leval zeal than he did, leaving no stone unturned by which he could establish her innocence. He made minute inquiries as to all the old intimates of her father: the trusted family friends. He got their addresses, so far as Magdalen could give them; and, when she failed, if he could only have the analiest clue, he managed to follow it up to the end. But, as yet, he heard nothing from any of them that could be of use. One, of whom Magdalen spoke the most, escaped him. About two years ago he had gone abroad, to the German baths: since then, he had been wandering about the continent, and had faully gone to Spain; but his only relative (a sister who lived in Devonshire), knew not precisely whither. As there was not much time before the assizes, he could not afford to Magdalen had been time before the assizes, he could not afford to waste a single day But Horace never flagged in hope, endeavour, and encouraging assur-ances to Magdalen; continuing his search after Mr. Slade, the missing family final, with extraordinary pertinacity. Magdalen was content to let the matter rest wholly with him, to believe in his wadom and in energy, and to feel secure so long as he told her she might feel so.

They made a strangely-contrasting group, the three friends; as unlike physically at they were morally; and yet each so excellent in his own way. Magdaten and Paul were both handsome, as has been shown before; but Horace had no great share of good looks; yet he had something that compensated for the want of them. He was below the middle size; but firm and strong, and so well proportioned that his want of height was not noticeable. Indeed, he left on many was not noticeable. Indeed, he left on many the impression that he was a tall man. He had a rugged, irregular face: but its large black eyes, and the raven hair curling the tand close gave a rough beauty to it. Although every feature was artistically unlovely; though the broad nose, thick at the base and blunt at the end, the unshaped lips, thek also and irregular, the powerful chin and square jaw, were none of them in harmony yet, from these unpromising elements, came such a noble expression, such a look of energy and frankness and quickness and pure

April day, and whose tears sprang as easily as a child's, and were dried like a child's. The one, the man of action, born to battle with and to control real life as it passed by; the daily things of earth, thinking great thoughts, uttering beautiful words, but doing no deeds; the dreamer, the singer, the poet, but not the man.

By their side, to make up the group, Magdalen—paler than she used to be, and thinner and graver, with her dark-brown hair and grey-blue eyes, with her cold, hair and grey-blue eyes, with her cold, dreamy fage, in which only resolute will and the first traces of sorrow could be seen, and her manners half queenly, half girlish—stood before the one as a goddess to be worshipped, before the other, as a woman to be protected. Paul reverenced the strength he could not imitate, and Horaco loved the innocence he could so well defind.

could so well defend.

Horace soon saw that something was amiss tween the betrothed lovers. Indeed, Paul between the betrothed lovers. Indeed, Paul told him as much not many hours after his arrival at Oakfield; and, having made that first confession, had ever since drawn largely on his friend's sympathy and forbearance; guilty to him to arrival at a confession, the sympathy and forbearance; going to him to complain every time there had been any little misunderstanding between him and Magdalen; which was very tween nm and Magdalen; which was very often. Horace was kind and sympathising, and gave Paul good advice; telling him not to be so sensitive; although he could not but think Magdalen harsh. But what was to be done? He saw plainly enough where the fault lay—yet who could mend it? If not themselves, then no one! They were unsuited—that was the one sad word that comprised all the rest.

rised all the rest.

"But Paul," said Horace one day when Paul, had been complaining of Magdaleu's temper—" but, Paul, you must forgive a lattle petulance for the sake of the greatness underneath. Remember—only steel cuts: lead, dull and harmless, will not scratch a fle."

"Yes, Horace, but Magdalen is so changed !
She was never very demonstrative, but she
was never so cold as she is now," said Paul,

" Think of how much she has to occupy her: think of the bitter pass of life she is in. It is very well for unoccupied people like you Paul, to do nothing and think of nothing all day long, but of love: but the thoughts of a mind torn and troubled, are very different."

"So it may be," persisted Paul, naïvely, "but I have had nothing to do with her trusts, and she should not visit them on me. Why

should she be cold to me because her brother is a villain?"

"Well, my dear fellow, that is rather difficult to answer; yet you must be content to should be so. People are never just swered Magdalen, hurrically, "and," when they are excited; and Miss Trevelyan added, more haughtily, perhaps, than the

is excited, and may perhaps be unjust to you; so are you to her in your very sensitiveness. Women are delicate creatures to manage, Paul, even the strongest of them. As a man, who ought to be the superior in moral power, don't you think you could be less sensitive and more considerate?"

"I am sure," said Paul, thoully, "I do all in my power for her. If she aemanded any service such as here or Paladin of old would give, I would do it for her—O, how cheerfully, how gratefully!"

give, I would do it for her—O, how cheerfully, how gratefully !"
"Yes," answered Hornee, with a faint smile; "but you are not required to give these great services. You are only required to be temperate in your judgment, manly, and self-relying. Believe me, Paul, there is often more real heroism in the suppression of doubt, and of the sorrow which springs from doubt, than in any George and the Dragon conflict of olden times. We are all so apt to demand too much. He is the real social hero who unsellishly demands but little.

Paul looked distressed.

"Horace, I need not tell you how much I love her," he said, fervently. "She is my life; the life-blood of my whole being. The world would be dark and cold without her; she is all I love—all—all! And out her; she is all I love-all-all! when I see her coldness to me, and that she does not approve of me, it breaks my heart. I cannot stand up against it. Weak, passionate, boyish, mad—I may be all—but it is love for her, and sorrow that makes me so!"

"Have you no stronger heart than this? Why, the real man would be able to support more than his lover's ill-temper—not that Miss Trevelyan is ill-tempered; but I see that she is fretted and irritable— and yet have a 'heart strong enough for every tate.' You talk of heroic deeds; yet you ne gleet your real talk of heroic deeds; yet you neglect your real heroism, which is to bear a little waywardness bravely. Paul, Paul! how often we neglect the flowers at our feet, while stretching out our hands vainly to those above our heads! How often we neglect the virtues we possess, in dreaming of those that are unpossible for us to attain!"

"You are right, Horace," said Paul—"quite right; and I will show Magdalen that I am worthy of her."

At that moment Magdalen came into the room. I'aul was full of the impuise created

Paul was full of the impulse created orace's exhortations. He flew to meet by florace's exhortations. her, took her hand and pressed it between both his own.

Magdalen coloured deeply, and withdrew

her hand, saying, in a low voice:
"Paul, I do not like this kind of thing before other people."

intended, "I will not allow these absurdities have him."

All this passed in a low voice; but Horace heard every word of it. He was agitated, unconviously; and, while thinking Mag-

petrishiv, pacing about the room. "You see it now for yourself, Horace; you see her contempt and her coldness. She rules me with tempo and her commess. She rules he stave, and a rod of iron; she makes me her slave, and then spurns me because I am her slave. She might be gentler to me. What did do

to descrive this !-I, who love her so much."

He flong himself on the sofa, burying his

M. flong honself on the sola, burying ma face in his hands, and quivering convulsively, a ls this your way of hearing a little displeasure?" cried Horace, in his cheery voice, parting his shoulder. "Come, have a little more plack for this once. You, who talk of Milton and Cromwell, and all those iron heroes, as if their lives were as a minimized a you think they would easy as painting—do you think they would approve of this !"
"Yes," said Paul, almost fiercely, looking

up with a strange mixture of feverish pas-sion and grief; "yes, they would. The strongest men love the best, and sensitiveness

is not weakness." "Sensitiveness—no. But this is not mere sensitiveness; it is maked folly," said Ho-

sensetiveness; it is naked rony, raw, in his clear, calm voice.

"Folly, Horace? Such a word from you?"

"Yes, from me, Paul; and don't give way again, there a a dear fellow, and I will tell you why I call it folly. You tease Miss Trevelyan with your love, a little inopportunely an with your love, a little inopportunely in advangable tease her so. You never offered—you often tease her so. You never have the good sense to see it in that light; but complain of her coldness, when you ought to be asliamed of your own want of discretion. You are so penetrated by your own technes, that you cannot see hers. She is bothered by you; annoyed, and tells you so roundly; and you go off into a fit of childish despair. The thing lies in a nutshell, and that nutshell you must crack, to get a minon sense out of it. Now, don't bombard me with blighted feelings," he dan't bombard me wen on a short to argue, added, seeing that Paul was about to argue. "Accept my view as both just and real. You will find your account in being guided by a little more worldsy wisdom than you have bedierto allowed. Believe me when I tell you And Hornce strode out of the room
Paul could answer He went to find
len, intending to lecture her as well,
to make her feel that she was unkind, persuade her into better behaviour. For a very sad to see these young people

con rou sense and mutual understanding.

She was in the dining-room when he were to her; standing very mournfull, by the win dow, looking out on the drizzling rain that tell like the tringe of a mourning garmen; from the dark clouds above. Her own face the and every word of it.

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The state of the spain is a spain of the spain of the spain is a spain of the spain. thashed suddenly across her face. She smiles, and half held out her hand, sighting as if suddenly relieved from some heavy but a Then, as if she remembered something, she drew herself away, checked the impulse and the smile both, and looked at him above as coluly as she would have looked at Paul. "I have come to take a liberty," vid Horace, smiling, but with a certain industrassment of manner, too. For he did out like this business, now that he was close upon it.

upon it. "What is it?" asked Magdalen.

very great one, I am sure."
"I want to have a lon "I want to have a long quiet talk with you, if you will allow me," be answered, and leading her to a chair. His mounes was slightly authoritative; but it please I Mag laten, surfeited as she was with loving slavery.

"Has anything gone wrong, Mr. Ratherford?"

ford ?"

" In your cause ?-no, nothing; but much in your life will go wrong, if you are not careful. Forgive my frankness; I am as old friend, now, and feel as if I have the right to advise. May I speak openly, without the tar of offending you, Miss Trevelyan ?"
"Yes," said Magdalen, timidly.

about my old friend, Paul."

"What of him?" asked M

"What of him?" asked Magdales, with one of her sudden looks of pride. "Do not be offended, Miss Trevelyan; I will say nothing that ought to shock the most sensitive pride. But I must be frank D. you think you are wise—I do not say right, but simply wise—in your conduct to Paul I It is a delicate subject, and one that I have no earthly right to approach; but you are young and inexperienced, and seem to me to want a judicious adviser. Let us pass all ceremony. Think of me as of an old grey headed priest come to confess you, an i it to false modesty mar my usefulness to you. Are you not some what harsh and hard to Paul ! He loves you very dearly-more than you perhaps know; his whole life seems to hang on you—his whole happiness on your kindness."

"Too much so," said Magdalen, anddenly "If he did not love me so much; if he cont live without following me, like a child after its nurse; if he could bear a little inpatience, and perhaps injustice, without weeping as he does—which only makes no morr impatient and more cold, Mr. Rutherford: —if he had more practical power, more knowledge of the world, and were less dreamy and romantic; if he did not always talk of the future so wildly, and with such strange satisfaction; if, instead of imagining h meelf a hero, he would be content to be first a man. I should be kinder to him; but" and Magilaten looked up with a full and and Magdalen looked up, with a full and almost appealing look, into Horace's face—"he wearies me! I am very, very sorre for atmost appealing took, into Horace's face—
"he wearies me! I am very, very sorry for
it. I would give all I have in the world not
to feel so wearied by him, but I cannot
help it. I love and respect him very
much." And Magdalen got up, and walked
away. "If," she then said, suddenly coming back and standing before Horace, with
an expression and in an attitude sufficiently ing back and standing before Horace, with an expression and in an attitude sufficiently passionate, "if he has told you to speak to me, you may tell him in return what I have said. My love for him will be always in proportion! to his own manliness and common sense. If he continues as he has been ever since poor papa's death, I shall get to hate him. My husband must be a man who can help and direct me, not a child solving out melanchely bits of poetry."

Magdalen, as if she had uttered the most trem, adous secret, and committed the most

Magdaten, as if she had uttered the most tremendous secret, and committed the most atrocious crime, rushed from the room to her own chamber up-stairs; where, locking the door, she flung herself on her knees, and, for the first time since her arrest, fell into such a passion of grief as she had never yielded to in her life before.

Horace sat for a few moments shading his eyes after she had left. Something in her tone and manner had thrilled through him; and, while wishing to condemn her, had en-listed him on her side. She looked so strong and beautiful, and he felt how far below her Paul was; he understood also what she must feel as a woman lately come to the knowledge of her strength and of her lover's weakness together. Horace pitied them both; but he pitied Magdalen the more, because he sympathised most with her. If he had been a woman, perhaps he would have pitied Paul pitnet Paul.

"Ah, well!" said Horace half aloud, rising from the sofa; "I dare say they will get on better when they are once fairly marget on better when they are once larry marred. It is a terrible position for both, and
no one knows which is more to blame—for
certainly Paul is very tiresome, and Magdalen
is barsh," which was all that could be said
for and against both.

After his lecture from Horace, Magdalen,
by a visible effort over herself, was kinder to
Paul than she had been of late, and the boy

was consequently as wildly happy as he had formerly been unreasonably in despair. But Herace saw, by every sign which Magdalen at the to hide, that his reptues bored her as was consequently as wildly happy as he had her like a shivering kind of groun, awoke formerly been unreasonably in despair. But her as from an instant's trance, and blorace saw, by every sign which Magdalen she withdrew her hand hastily; turning strace to hide, that his captures bored her as laway from him. But a shadow had fallen much as his complaints had done before; and between them, and words, which the car that the cause of their disunion lay deeper never heard, had been spoken from heart to than anything that Paul could do or un to heart. Horace started as if he had seen a now. She was disenchanted, and saw their hourible vision, or heard unboly woods, and,

want of moral likeness—perhaps she exag-gerated it: but it was still there, and could not be repaired. The effort of a few days soon became too much for Magdalen: again she relapsed into her old manner of impatience and coldness, and again Paul became heart-broken and hysterical.

Again Paul spoke to Horace-again besought his intercession; with such such ruin of hope and happiness; with such a wrecked life, that Herace, strangely unwilling, was forced, for mere pity's sake, to undertake this most painful and unpleasant task. And, as whatever he undertook he went through with thoroughly, he spoke to Magdalen again with even more decision, force, and distinct-ness than before. And he told her plainly

that she was very wrong.

"Did Paul give you this mission?" said Magdalen haughtily.

"He certainly spoke to me of your coldness to him; but I have also seen it for myself," Hornce said, not looking in her face.

"And may I ask what you advise-nay, desire me to do?" said Magdalen, still in the

same manner.

"Be as kind to him as possible," said Horace, stealing a glance into her flushing

face.
"And you—who, at least, are manly—can
"for my future hussay such a word to me for my future husband!" exclaimed Magdalen bitterly. "Kind! hand exclaimed rangulated blacky. Kind:

the world you would use to a child, or a slave, or a pet lap-dog! Kind to a man who ought to stand as your ideal of good and of power, to the being whom, next to God, you ought to reverence and worship. Kind!—he ought to reverence and worship. Kind!—he asks his friend to plend with his obdurate lover, and beg her to be kind!"

She looked at him with her proud head

flung back and her eyes as hard and as bright flung back and her eyes as hard and as bright as steel. Her lip did not curl, only her nostrils dilated, and those glittering eyes looked unutterable contempt—contempt even of him. Then a dim softness came over them; that cold glitter was lost in a deeper and darker radiance—something that was not a tear, but that softened them like tears, stole up into them, as she looked at him, steadily, but timedly. The pride of that haughty head was gone, the swelling throat relaxed and bent forward; and Horace felt his own eyes grow dim and dark like felt his own eyes grow dim and dark like hers, as he met and returned her look. He held out his hand, she laid hers in it, and he pressed it warmly,
"Poor child!" he said, "poor child!"

A sigh, so deep and heart-sent, that, despite her effort to suppress it, escaped from her like a shivering kind of group, awoke her as from an instant's trance, and

possing her, said without looking at her, "If you are strong, do not trample on the weak." And so left her, in a state which she could not define to be either happiness or

unhappiness.
"She is right," said Horace, "and Paul is a fool. How I used once to envy that boy's beauty and poetry. But now-I would rather be the most rugged featured ogre that ever terrified a naughty child, if I were but strong and manly, than accept all his loveliness and his weakness with it. No woman shall say of me, that she does not respect me—not even Magdalen!"

So Paul was not much advanced by this interview; and all that Horace said, when he questioned him as to his success, was the pithy advice—"Let her alone," and "don't worry me now, Paul, I am busy."

CHAPTER VI.

The assize-time was fast approaching, and the trial of Miss Trevelyan for forgery was, of course, the talk of the neighbourhood. It can be imagined what was the excitement in a country place, where the family was so well known, and where everyone took that peculiar kind of interest in each other-half fault-finding and half responsible-which gives a domestic character, though not always a domestic charm, to a small society. Of course Andrew Trevelyan found some partisans. There are always advocates for every side and every person. Even about Oakheld a few—not many—were to be found who thought, indeed, that that codicil was very strange, when everyone knew how fond old Mr. Trevelyan was of his son, and how little he had ever cared for his daughter; and who said had ever eared for his daughter; and who said also that it was unjust; for though Andrewhad been a wild young fellow enough, yet he was married and steadied now, and all that ought to be forgotten. Mr. Trevelyan had forgiven him many times before. If he had forgiven his marriage, he need not have been so very harsh for anything else. And after all, what had he done to justify his disinheritance? Magdalen was a good girl enough, they dared say; but she was one of those plaguy clever wennen one never can trust. The neighbours talked and wrangled in this way among themselves; there being Guelfs and Ghibellines about Oakfield—strong Andrewites and Magdalenians, Horace worked in his own way, letting no one into his plans; while Paul suffered such agonies of mind from the coming shame and publicity, as might almost earn torgiveness for his cowardice.

The day came, and Magdalen's trial came o. The court was crowded. Every person of any note whatsoever in the county was there. Wagers had been made about it; irreconcilable quarrels and one marriage had alike sprung out of it: it had lighted up a civil war all about Oakfield, and every one was anxious to see how the battle would torminate. The Andrewites were the

weakest in numbers, but the most powerful in lungs; while the Magdalenians content of themselves with the frigid sympathy of all well-bred people, and "hoped poor Miss Travelyan would succeed." The case was called; and, in the midst of the most profound silence, Magdalen took her place in the felon's dock.

She was ordered to remove her bonnet; which demand, after much apparently angry discussion, was at last merged into the com-promise of throwing up her veil. Then the whole court was astir,—silks rustling, boots creaking; some standing up and craning over their neighbours' heads; some leaning for-ward; others backward—all to obtain a good book at that noble face, calm and dignited in the criminal's place. Horsee stood near her. His interest in the cause had become two strong to admit of his trusting himself with strong to admit of his trusting himself with the defence of Magdalen professionally. But strong clear, and prompt, he watched every countenance; every turn of the case, and made frequent and valuable suggestions to the prisoner's counsel. Paul an near to Magdalen also; but in a state of great physical weakness and mental agricultural had just so much life left in him as to be had just so much life left in him as to be able to lean forward against a table without fainting; although, if he had not been seated. fainting; although, if he had not been satel he must have fallen. Occasionally Horas Occasionally Horses was agitated too; but his agitation took shape of excitation, and gave him greater quickness even than usual. He had more vividness of thought, more keenness of perception; like a man whose senses are height-ened and stimulated in power by opium. He seemed to possess almost an added sense, and to be able to divine what he did not One thing troubled him-the post-hour. London post did not arrive at that town at the late afternoon, and he was expecting a letter to-day from the missing friend, Slade, whose address, amongst the mount of Cordova, he had at last discovered. had been in constant correspondence with old Miss Slade, and had calculated to an load that he might receive a letter to day it in the ber brother, supposing his had been answered so soon as was possible. He felt sure to would find some important news therein when it did come; but this wretched post would not be in till nearly four o'clock, and how draw are so long as that arrange that how drag on so long as that, a cause that might only employan hour or two? So Horses was on the rack, but he bore his torture branch, and made no one clae miserable by showing it. Magdalen was pale as a statue: statue-ldes, too, in her movements—acting, looking, and speaking like a somnambulist—with protranatural calmness and self-possession; as it her nerves had been made of iron. Paul stub his sights so ill that he mouned, and dress that the mouned is the mouned of the mouned that the mouned is the moune of the mouned that the mouned is the mouned that the mouned the mouned that the mouned that the mouned that the mouned the mouned the mouned the mouned that the mouned more sympathy than all the rest.

The trial proceeded: Andrew was the first witness for his own prosecution. He swore that some years ago he read his father's will—the

ame as had remained to the day of his death; that he had seen him sign it, and also the witnesses, William Slade and Joseph Lawsonthe last since dead. He said that his father had often called him his heir; and he put in letters wherein that expression was repeated many times, amidst reiterated assurances of his love and trust. But, he could show none, nay not so much as a line of his father's writing after the date of the codicil. This he slurred over as well as he could, and his counsel protected him. He also swore, that his sister could imitate his father's handwriting perfectly, also his style of expression; in proof whereof he put in certain other letters, written whereof he put in certain other letters, written in girlish fun years ago, confessed to and undisputed. To this he added, that the codicil was, to the best of his belief, not in the hundwriting of his father; whom he had never offended, and who could not, therefore, have had any reason for so suddenly disinheriting him; that it was a forgery written by his sister. The counsel for the prosecutor had argued, that this was not so improbable, seeing that the witnesses were Paul Lefevre, the betrothed of the prisoner, who would consequently share with her, and the old nurse, since dead—the wetnurse and foster-mother of the accused. "Conveniently dead," said the counsel; for which expression he was reprimanded by the judge. This was the case for the prosecution. Magdalen's only plea to all this was a simple denial. The counsel for her defence

Magdalen's only plea to all this was a simple denial. The counsel for her defence stated, that she had neither forged the codicil, nor been even made acquainted with its exist-ence. Her father had forbidden her to send cace. Her father had forbidden her to send for her brother during his last illness—which point had been made much of by Andrew and his counsel—he was evidently very angry with him. Magdalen did not know why; but he refused to hear his name, and most peremptorily refused to see him. But, as her lather had destroyed or removed the whole correspondence with the insurance offices, with which Andrew Trevelyan had been endeavouring to obtain money on post-obits on his father's life (at least she had not found a line of it), nothing like a reason for the change asserted to have taken found a line of it), nothing like a reason for the change asserted to have taken place in him, was able to be given. The assertion did her, therefore, a great deal of harm, seeing that it was unable to be substantiated by evidence. Horace looked up to her and nodded, and smiled after her counsel had concluded; but his eyes were bloodshot, and his lips had turned quite blue,—for he knew the painful effect which this unsupported assertion must have on the jury, and the handle it would give to Andrew's counsel. He looked again and again at his watch, and curved the dragging hour in his heart. Then he conquered that passing fit of despondency, and set to work and hope again.

Paul was examined next. His agitation, the uncertain hesitating voice in which he

answered the questions put to him, his changeful colour, and timid manner, all made a very bad impression on both the jury and the public. Few said he was sensitive; many that he too was guilty was sensitive; many that he too was guilty—a participator in Magdalen's imputed crime. Horace was in despair. To the question directly put, and apparently easy to be answered, if he saw Mr. Trevelyan sign that codicil, he gave such a hesitating answer; he suffered himself to be so perplexed, bewildered, and brow-beaten; he got thimself entangled in so many hepeless contradictions, and made such awkward admissions, that more than one of the inner are sions, that more than one of the jury ex-changed glances,—and one, an old friend of Magdalen's, shook his head and sighed. When he was ordered to stand down,—" You have said enough, sir, for us, and too much for the prisoner's cause," said the counsel for the presention;—he had entangled the whole matter in an inextricable web of confusion

and suspicion.

Magdalen looked at him grandly and coldly as he passed. Her lip slightly curled, but not unkindly. Her eyes met those but not unkindly. Her eyes met those of Horace fixed mournfully, but very tenderly, on her; and, for the first time, hers drooped and her lip quivered; but it was not her trial that she was thinking of.

The case was drawing to a close, and still it as not four o'clock. Horace besought her was not four o'clock. counsel to delay it as much as possible, and by so doing, weakened the cause yet more; when at last the hands pointed to five minutes before four, and the messenger who had been stationed at the post-office, rushed in, breathless with a packet in his hand. Horace seized it, saw at one glance that it came from London, tore open the envelope, and observed that his agent there had enclosed certain letters and documents with the post-mark "Spain" upon them, and darted upon that which was signed "William Slade:"

Most important evidence, this, which a post

might have lost!

The first letter read aloud was the following, addressed to Horace Rutherford, Esq.

Drag Sin,—It is with no small surprise and indig-nation that I here of the dastardly attempt of young Trevelyan against the honour and existence of his sister; not that I ought to have said surprise, for my knowledge of that young man's character has been of many years' standing, and from too undeniable been of many years' standing, and from too undeniable sources, to allow me ever to feel surprise at any crime he may commit. I am, however, most happy to be able to contribute to the establishment of my god-daughter's happiness; and, while unwilling to trust such precious documents as those which I now encle to the hazard of the post, yet, seeing no better means before me, I send them to you, in the full faith and hope that they may arrive in time, and be found sufficient. Pray present my most affectionate love to Miss Trevelyan, and believe me, deat we, in the common interest we both have in this case, yours faithfully,

Mr. Slade's handwriting having been

proved by a witness whose attendance Horace had secured beforehand, the documents en-closed were read. They were a copy of the codicil in Mr. Trevelyan's hand-writing, the correspondence between himself and the in-urance-offices, and this letter, addressed to Mr. Slade, then at Wiesbaden :-

DEAR PRIEND,-You know that I do not often make confidents, nor lay on my friends the burden of my sort-me. But you must be content to be the exmy some or. But you must be control of a con-ception to-day, and to receive both a charge and a con-fermon, in trust for your godehild's future benefit. The replant to-day, and to receive both a charge and a confession, in trust for your godehild's future benefit. The correspondence I have enclosed will show you my latest trouble about my son. You know, dear friend, how often I have pardoned his excesses—how many times I have empled my resources to pay his debts—how I have always loved him, and how I have always believed in him. My eyes are dim now to think of believed in him. the ruin in my heart which this discovery has made, I could have lorgiven anything but this; but this hear lessness—calculating the chances of my life, and making a per-centage out of my infirmites—hus-tening my death by his wishes, and, not contact with the inheritance he knew I was to leave him. gambling on the chance of my speedy decease—this directly has worked such a change in my feelings - has opened my eyes to the boy's real character so fully, and has made me so senable, by contrast, of my daughter worth sthat I have to-day revoked my will, and left all that I may die possessed of to Magdalen. A strange presentiment makes me send you these papers. I do not wish them to be found and commented on after my death. I would rather that you kept them in safe and secret custody until they are wanted—if ever they may be wanted—to support the codicil I have executed

Your goddhild is quite well, and growing daily handsomer. You know of her engagement to a young artist who came into the neighbourhood about two years ago? He is a worthy lad, but somewhat too flighty for my taste; however, if she likes him that is all that need be asked for. And as they will be independent after my death, I have no further doubts as to the prudence of the marriage. Keep my secret, dear the prudence of the marriage. Keep my secret, dear State, till after my death, and believe me always your

affectionate triend.

ANDAEW THEVELYAN.

Although the document was proved to be in old Mr. Trevelyan's handwriting, yet none of the papers so suddenly produced were held to be evidence. It was admitted that they brought to the case strong corroborative tes-timeny of what had been urged in favour of the prisoner's innocence. There was a sharp id lengthy discussion on this point.
Fortunate that it was so; for the arguments and

of counsel (continually interrupted by the judges as being quite irregular, and only tolerated by them in mercy to the prisoner) had nearly terminated when a sunburnt, unshorn old gentleman forced his way into the court. The commotion he created attracted Magdalen's attention. In struggling his way to the counsel's table, the stranger turned to look at the prosoner. She uttered a faint cry, and exclaimed—"Mr. Slade!"

The counsel made brief comment, the judge summed up, and the jury without quiting their lax f und the defendant "not guilty," and the loud and prolonged cheers of the councheers which the judge himself did not inter-

"How cleverly managed! How did you get up that evidence, Rutherford?" named Andrew's counsel, shaking him by the Land.

They were old friends.

"I found a memorandum in an old po-ket-ook of Mr. Trevelyan's, 'wrote to Slate tohook of book of Mr. Trevelyan's, 'wrote to State to-day,' under the same date as the coded, and I thought I could get something out of thet. I found that Mr. Slade was Miss Treve, yan's godfather, so that it all looked likely he would have some information to give "By Jove, a good move," said Magdalan's late champion; and then the two karned brothers sauntered out of court together, to the amazement of the vulgar, was be-

the amazement of the vulgar, was be-lieved in legal histrionics. Mr. Slate took Magdulen to his sister, who had been storing with a friend to be near enough to receive early news of the result of the trial. Paul and Horace went together to Oakfiell. Howe joyous, full of the most boyish spinial is given ing, leaping, and singing; the only research he asked, to see her the first, and he the first to receive her thanks; Faul agitated, treated and unnervel. At last she came, brough Miss and Mr. Slade with her as guests. As she descended the carriage, Horace darted through the gates, and, with almost one bound, was beside her.

She took both his hands in hers—her face

She took both his hands in hers—her face eloquent with happiness and gratitude. "God bless you! You are my preserver," she sad, and then, she added, in a tone that quivered through every nerve—in a low, doop red tone, that sunk like music to his heart—"I would rather owe my life to you have to any one in the world; God bless you, beloved friend, again, and again."

Paul had only chough strength left to fall.

into her arms rather than to take her in te-covering with a boy's passionate kieses the cheek that had just been brushed by Horaco's cheek that had just been brushed by Horse is raven hair. She could not bear this. Most slade was manifestly shocked, and it brother smiled wickedly; Margaret he had her lover's trembling hand away, standay, as a strange fit of passion and beauty, with such an expression of pride, terror, and love in her face, as haunted him for days after. He gently asked, how he had othered her? He knew he had given his evid-ned lift; but would she not forgive him. It was love for her, and pity and grief that had unmanned him. had unmanned hun.

Magdalen looked up with one will wide glance to Horace—a look that transferm a her whole face—then turning to the darkers of It was he sure enough; and he was called into the witness-box. His parole evidence and offered him her hand. He ran for the was perfectly conclusive, and this closed to take it, caressing it; when with a low

cry, and wringing her hands, as if she would many devils, within the broad I strip a coat of fire from them, she rushed wide awake. The mortal fear of strip a coat of fire from them, she rushed from the hall; and they saw her no more

from the hall; and they saw her no more for that day.

"It was," said Mr. Slade to Horace, when they parted for the night; "too grave a matter to trust to the post; so I posted off by the same mail as that which brought my packet. Confound those custom-house fellows for detaining me; or I should have beaten my own letter in the race by several hours."

WHAT A MAN MAY NOT DO IN THE KINGDOM OF NAPLES.

As the life of a Neapolitan consists of negations. I think it better to describe it by what a man may not do, rather than by what he may do; for were I to enter on the affirmative phase of his existence, I should be reduced to so small a compass, that I might as well lay down my pen at once. Indeed, ever since I first made the acquaintance of the Neapolitan branch of the human family, it htan branch of the human family, it has appeared to me to bear a strong resemblance to a big boy with a sparrow-tailed coat still at school. You may see the type of the whole nation any day in the Toledo, in those regiments of incipent priests and doctors with heads surmounted by cocked-bats, who, with a priest at its head and its tail, and two or three seedy-looking lay ushers by the side, parade the streets, by two and two, like good boys as they are, to the vast education of all the old ladies. They present a correct picture of the nation: for, thanks to a pious and adorable sovereign—more father than and adorable sovereign—more father than king—the whole community is flanked by prosts and confessors and spies, who are ever carrying out the system of, You shan't do that, sir! You mustn't do this! You shall carrying out the system of, You that, sir! You mustn't do this! be punished, sir! Indeed, the prohibitions are so countless, that woe be to the unhappy whose star fixed his birth in the king-Two Sicilies dom of the

It would be difficult to know, how or If would be difficult to know, how or where to commonee my history of negations, were it not for a state paper which now lies before me, and which contains directions to the intendanti (lords-licutenant) for the regulation of the inferior authorities. "You shall," says the solemn order, "make a very precise and minute list of those who wear hats of a strange fashion of the active leaves. those who wear hats of a strange fashion or the entire beard. . . In the column of observations shall be inserted the date of the beard, avades the particular shape of the hat, and whether this be an old custom of the not always been very skilful, at least they country, or whether it be a novelty. . . You shall order them to be removed the sented many phases. Thus, the long beard same day, and if not obeyed, you shall proceed to the immediate arrest of such persons, and rend me the prisoner, together with a process verbale of the case." What's in a hat I some trifler may ask. King Bomba thinks that there is a great deal, and fancies that he can see treason, Muratism, Mazzmijism, and every other ism, crouching, like so and these two last are the forms which are seen. ism, and every other ism, crouching, like so and these two last are the forms which are at

brim of a many devine, within the broad form of a wide-awake. The mortal fear of tents and beards that his Majesty has, is so great, that for many a month he has sent ferth his myrmidons to cut and slash, right and left, in the public streets. Shops have been vigilantly searched for obnexious broad brims, and a great destruction of property has en-sued. Policeman have gone their heats with shears in their hands, and, more inexerable than fate, have seized every wide awake, and cut away the excess of rim and large leard. "Thou shalt not meddle with the foreigner," says the same state paper; but, when a foreigner cannot get a wide-awake for love or money in the streets of Naples, and is compelled to wear a black one under a July sun, the indulgence granted him appears to me to be of a very doubtful character. Of late, however, the objection has not been so much to the shape as to the material of the hat. It was found that a pliable article might be made to assume any form, legal or illegal, in a moment. If it were stiff, there would be greater fixity about its form, and a greater difficulty in changing it according to the views of political cunning. Straightway Denmark's royal brother, the Count of Syracuse, led the fashion. This move was as benevolent as it was necessary; for, it must be confessed, that there is so much in beiniteness about the words of the unnisterial edict, "lasts of a strange fashion," that a book of fashions, on blocks, as in a barber's shop, had become quite necessary. What the next change may be, and what other shape will What the next change may be, and what other shape will be shortly chosen to absorb political fury, no one can tell. It may depend on some private antipathy of the minister of pales. Some variety in his taste, or on the state of his wardrobe; he may have a shocking bac hat. and may form a sudden dislike for a new map, and may form a sudden dist. Se for a new top,
—who knows what will decide the next
move !—'tis not for the subject to decide, be
must tremble and obey. Still it is not a
pleasant thing to be deprived of one's hat in
the centre of a crowded city. It is not pleas
sant to be "bonneted," or to have a hat
carried off by the wind; but it is mexposssibly disgusting when a Jack-in-office comes upon you suddenly, and seizing it, cuts it in pieces before your eyes. Yet this is a very common occurrence.

present especially offensive. One man whom I knew, with a jolly round beard, was compelled to shave it, and to present himself every morning at eight o'clock, for two years, at the police office. The authorities wished to know One man whom morning at eight o'clock, for two years, at the police office. The authorities wished to know how the barber had done his duty. Another had his imperial cut off. "Why do you wear that I"he was gruffly asked, by a Sbirro in the street. "Follow me!" So, obeying the Jack, he was conducted to a police station, where other unfortunates like himself were seated. A barber was sent for, to perform the necessary operation; and the quondam wearer of heard was sent to prison, to digest his mortification. Further, he was ordered for transportation to Traniti, when some superior influence stepped in and saved him. superior influence stepped in and saved him. The officials, funny fellows, sometimes mix a little jocoseness with their duties: thus, a little locoschess with their duties; thus, some sailors—rough enough, it may be well imagined, after a long voyage—were had up for a shave. It was too good an opportunity for a practical joke to be permitted to pass by; and soap was prohibited. They are wonderfully pleasant fellows, are those Neapolitan Sbirri. There is, however, a refined ingenuity about the following joke, which is vastly entertaming. entertaming.

A gentleman of the servants' hall, in the service of an English friend of mine was service of an English friend of mine was leisurely taking his afternoon stroll on the Mola, when a lynx-cyed policeman laid hold of his hat; may farther, cut it up before his eyes. It so happened that a friend of the victim was also walking in the same direction; and, seeing a crowd collected, eagerly joined it. His first movement was to purtate in the laugh against his hatless friend: joined it. Itis hist movement was to par-take in the laugh against his hatless friend: but, whilst enjoying his chuckle, he was tapped on the shoulder by a policeman. "What is the matter?" inquired the man,

with offended dignity.

"Oh, a trifle! Follow me!".

"But what for ?" remonstrated the lacquey.

"Follow me!"

To hear was to obey, and, in a few minutes he was taken off to the prefecture of police, and there quickly relieved of his beard. "How much handsomer you are now," observed the officer; "why, really you are not a bad-looking fellow."

Things are not, however, always conducted

this pleasant manner; for policemen are as liable to be bilious as men, and not unfrequently they give a tug to the beard, and a tweak to the moustache; and, when the skin has been delicate, the hair has sometimes come away. But—what business had the people to wear such beards? It was all their own fault.

It must be highly gratifying to king Bomba to know, that history presents a parallel to himself, and that in the case of a Russian now proceed to those which affect the inner despot. Dr. Giles Fletcher, in his Treatise man; for this government is of so paternal a character, that it regulates mind as well as matter, and prescribes what a man may to have them long and broad. This fashion speak, read, or think. As to reading, Naples to have them long and broad.

continued among them till the time of Peter the Great, who compelled them to part with these ornaments; sometimes by laying a swingeing tax upon them, and at others by ordering those whom he found with heards ordering those whom he found with beards to have them plucked up by the roots, or shaved by a blunt razor which drew the skin after it." Thus Ferdinand the Second is as Russian as he could desire to be. ception has been made, and one only, to the Imperial prohibition; and that is in the case of Cardinal Carafa, Syndio of Naples, and by virtue of his office, a grandee of Spain; he is permitted, by a special act of royal grace, to wear a Napoleone.

What else may not a Neapolitan wear? Ah! that requires much consideration; for Ah! that requires much consideration; he may not certainly dress according to his own taste, or that of his wife, or that of his tailor; not, at all events, as to combination of colours. He must avoid an union of green, white and red; or line, white, and red. They are Unitarian or Muratsh; hereally an appear that any other and red. ribly revolutionary. So, that unless a poor fellow be very careful, the change of a crawat or a waistcoat, a coloured summer shirt, or a pink bordered handkerchief may consign him to the prisons of Vicaria, and thence to exile. blue-stockings should equally shim the king-dom of the Two Sicilies, for a white petticoat and a red scarf in addition would put all the gallantry of Bomba to flight. This very summer two brothers were arrested because two lon nets with ribbons of three colours were found in their house; and, within the last few days, in their house; and, within the last few days, a man has been arrested for flying a kite with three colours on the top of his house. I have heard of some poor fellows who, for the sake of peace and quietness, lind determined to be on the right side, abjured all varieties of colours, and clothed themselves in a suit of one sad colour. Worse and worse! The change was doubly treasonable—they were Unitari—and might just as wall have were Unitary—and might just as well have worn the entire beard. A trinity and an unity of colours being equally prohibited, must the lieges of the kingdom of Naples revert to a state of nature? The remote provided that the contract of the possibility of such a change was anticipated by her late majesty, of very pious memory, who was such a determined enemy of even the very colour of flesh, that she imposed an order on all opera dancers to wear blue pantaloous: an order which is still enforced. The last attack I have heard of for the sake of colours was, not on a person, but on a coffee-house recently opened in the Strada di Chinia. It was shut up and was received.

Chiaja. It was shut up and was repainted in the night by order of the police.

If I have not exhausted the prohibitions laid on the external man, I have touched, I believe, on those which are essential, and may now proceed to those which affect the inner name for this government is of a reternal man.

has its Papal and its Royal Index Expurhas its Papal and its Royal index Expir-gatorius; in this is it doubly armed, and it is only by a special permission, super-seding the indices, that a private gentle-man can form a library containing some of the best Italian classics. Even this permisthe best Italian classics. Even this permission is a matter of favour, and perhaps, to be obtained only by fat easy-going, home-keeping men; men who worship the Assolute de Adorato Padrone, or who have a strong, apice of bigotry in them. To thinking, active, liberal-munded persons, be assured it would be refused. To prevent the admission of moral poison into the kingdom, a learned staff, presided over by a fat priest, hold their head-quarters in the Custom-house, where hundreds and thousands of books lie piled up for examination, that never can, and never for examination, that never can, and never will be examined, to the vast edification of a highly moral government, and to the ruin of highly moral government, and to the ruin of many a poor bookseller. For, be it known, the duty is paid always before confiscation, and thus a double loss ensues. I have had some experience of these affairs; there are books which I have been enabled to get out by means of the piastre, whilst others are gone to their eternal rest in that land of oblivion. With regard to the prohibitions against printing, there is a width, and breadth, and simplicity about them truly wonderful. A man must have a general permit before he can entertain the idea of writing a book. A censor is enforced upon him who has book. A censor is enforced upon him who has a right of cutting, and slashing, and prohibi-ting altogether. His manuscript printed, the letter-press is compared and criticised; and not until the censor-superior shall have stamped his awful imprimatur will the crippled bantling see the light. Of course, the conse-quence is, that we have no need of steampresses in Naples; and that the printed mind of the country is remarkable for its highlybeen consumed, within the last year, to the glory and praise of the Adored and Absolute Master and the Immaculate Mary. The strongest precautions, however, are taken against foreign journalism; but, leet the Neapolitan mind be altogether unprovided with political matters, a very dainty dish, all the ingredients of which have been well sifted, is prepared in the shape of the "Journal of the Two Sicilies." Its leading articles are enlogiss of the Great King Romba, the Adored and Absolute Master, more father than king. After soaring to these wast heights, the reader is let down to a Rusnine oespatch, or to a tale of disasters suffered by the allies, or to some faint praise of them. Even matter such as this has been considered almost dangerous, and one of the directions contained in the public paper I have already quoted is, "I order you to observe who they are that are most constant in reading the

reading of the journal in private and in public; in what sense are taken the news which are necessarily published; who circulates, or foments the farther publication of them."

I shall say nothing more to prove that the Neapolitan is the best tender animal in the fold of civilisation. A simple summary of what he dare not do shall suffice. He may not wear a wide-awake, or a plumed hat, or one of a strange shape; he may not wear a large or a long beard, or one that meets under his chin, or an imperial; he may not wear three colours, or one colour; he may not read, except by special order of his Holiness the Pope, or of the Adored and Absolute Master; he may not print what has not been thrice purged; nor look even at the official journal, without a spy at his elbow to watch the variety and amount of interest which flicker over his face. "But at all events, he may think!" I asked of one of the satellites of the system. "Think! Why, there," said my respondent, "is the folly and error of your countries. I never could see any good in thinking. What is there to think about, in a well-regulated country! As to religion, your confessor will take charge of that; and as to politics, they are no affair of yours—your Adored and Absolute Master will arrange all that. Eat, drink, and sleep, and fatten and die—so the Madonna wills—but for Mercy's sake, don't think!"

A COUSIN IN NEED.

until the censor-superior shall have stamped his awful imprimatur will the crippled bantling see the light. Of course, the consequence is, that we have no need of steampresses in Naples; and that the printed mind of the country is remarkable for its highly-religious tone, some oceans of paper having been consumed, within the last year, to the glory and praise of the Adored and Absolute Master and the Immaculate Mary. The strongest precautions, however, are taken against foreign journalism; but, leat the Neapolitan mind be altogether unprovided with political matters, a very dainty dish, all the ingredients of which have been well sifted, is prepared in the shape of the "Journal of the Two Sicilies." Its leading articles are enlogies of the Great King Lomba, the Adored and Absolute Master, more tather than king. After soaring to these vast heights, the reader is let down to a Russian ocespatch, or to a take of disasters suffered by the affice, or to some faint praise of them. Even matter such as this has been considered almost dangerous, and one of the directions contained in the public paper I have already quoted is, "I order you to observe who they are that are most constant in realing the official journal; where they read them; wint ideas they form of the Eastern question; what conversations they hold after the

He then roused himself to look out of the window, and judge, from the mud and darkness, how far it might be to Borlin. For the first time, he perceived that a muddy young man was walking at a little distance from his horses. Though more than reason-ably travel-stained, he trudged on as if his finds were strong and his heart light.
Through the drizzle and the darkness all that could be seen of his face was sensible and good-tempered. He had just finished a pipe coul l as he attracted the traveller's attention, and was in the act of shaking out the ashes and replacing the pipe in a wallet slung over his back, when he heard himself addressed in the manner following, and in rather an authoritative tone of voice:

"Hollo" young man, whither are you bound this stormy-looking night l"

"That is more than I can tell you, not bains at home in this part of the world. My being at home in this part of the world. My wish is to reach Berlin; but if I find a restingplace before I get there-to that I am bound,

"I should think you must have a two hour's walk before you," w remark that followed. was the unsatisfactory

The young man made no reply, and after a

short pause the stranger said ;-

"If u pheases you to rest on the step of the carriage for a few minutes, you are welcome so to do, Herr What's your name."
"My name is Heinrich Meyer," replied the young man; "one of those who wisely never

refuse the small benefit, because the larger one is not to be obtained." He thankfully He thankfully accepted the not very clean place allotted to air, puff away!

From inside the window the next question

put to Henrich was:

"What are you going to Berlin for!"

"To hunt for some cousins," was the an-wet

"And pray who may they be?" asked the unknown.

"Weil, to tell you the truth, I have not an idea who they are, or where to look for them. Indeed, it is more than doubtful whether I have so much as an acquaintance in Berlin, much less a relation."

The questioner—who should have been

American colonel - looked amused and

astonished, as he suggested ;-

"Surely there must be some other motive for your going to Berlin; or what could have put this idea into your head?" "Why," replied Heinrich, "I have just

become a clergyman, without the smallest chance of getting anything to do in my own neighbourhood; I have no relative to help me, and not quite money anough to find me in necessaries

" But, said the Prussian, "what on earth

has this to do with consins in Bertin?"

"Well, now, who knows? Many of my fellow-students have got good appointments, and whenever I saked them to let me know

This was all said in a comical, dry w his listener could not refrain laughing, but he made no comment. ever he pulled out a piece of paper, began to write upon it. When he finished, he turned round to Heinrich, sa that he observed he had been smoking that he felt inclined to do the same, bu forgotten to bring tinder with h m. Herr Meyer oblige him with a hight?

"Certainly, with great pleasure," was the prompt reply; and Heinrich, taking a tilder box out of his wallet, immediately began ustrike a light. Now, it has been said, that the evening was damp,—it was so damp that there seemed little enough prospect tinder's ligating; moreover, the wine the sparks out almost before they fell "Well, if your cousins are not more easily

to be got at, than your light is, I put young sir," was the sole remark to which the stranger condescended, as he watched

Heinrich's laborious encleavours.

"Nil desperandum is my motto," answered the young man; and when the word were scarcely attered, the light had been crock. In his delight at succeeding, Heinrich project up on the carriage-step, and leating the sale the window, thrust the tinder engerty in to direction of the gentleman's face. "Harr

After a short pause, during which time the stranger had been pulling at his pip removed it from his mouth, and uddre

Heinrich in this way ;-

"I have been thinking over what you have been telling me; and perhaps, in a hum way, I might be able to assist you, and act the part of the cousin you me son At all events, when you get to Borlin, this note," handing him the slip of paper which he had been writing; "take in to Marshal Grumbkow, who is somewhat friend of mine, and who will, I think, to oblige me. But mind! Do exactly so you, and abide strictly by his advice. says he will help you, rely upon it he keep his word; but he is rather ever and the way he sets about doing a kine may perhaps seem strange to you. And the continued, "as the road is impromust hurry on the horses, and so had you good evening, hoping you will prosper in year new career.

As Heinrich began to express his thankfor the good wishes of his unknown friend, the signal was given to increase the speed of the horses, and, before he had time to make any acknowledgments, he found himself abace again. The young man was no little astunished at what had taken place; and as he gazed on the ship of paper, could not help wondering who her any good would come of it. These were the only words written on it:

Dran Mansuat, - If you can forward the views of the beater, Hemisch Meyer, you will oblige your forend. F.

Let me know the result of your interview with him. ⁶ Time will prove this, as it does all other things," though, Heinric as he proceeded on his way. Somehow or other, the road appeared less wearisome, and he felt less tired and footsore, since receiving the mysterious

and footsore, since receiving the mysterious bit of paper. Hope was stronger within him, than she had been for many a day; and on her wings he was carried pleasantly along, so that he reached berlin by nightfall. The nesse and bustle of the capital was new to him; and he found some little difficulty in, making his way to the gasthaus, to which he had been recommended by the pastor of his parish. The paster having been once in Berlin, was considered, in his part of the world, an oracle in all matters connected with world, an oracle in all matters connected with

town-li.e.

The inn was, however, found at last, and after a frugal supper and a good night's rest, our friend arose, ready to hope and believe everything from the mysterious note, which he started forth to deliver immediately after brenkfist.

Obliged to ask his way to Marshal Grumbkow's, he was amused and surprised at the stoms ment depicted on the countenances of those persons of when he made the inquiry; as if they would say, "What business can you have with the Marshal Grumbkow?"

The house was however at last gained, and having delivered his missive to a servant, Hen rich awaited the result in the ball. In a Hen rich awaited the result in the ball. In a few monutes the servant returned, and requested blin, in the most respectful manner, to follow him to the murshal's presence. Arrived there, he was received most courte-ously; and the marshal unde many inquiries as to inspart life and future prospects; requested to be told the name of the village or town in which he had been last residing; the school in which he had been altered in the school in which he had been altered; at school in which he had been educated; at school in which he had been educated; at what can be was living in Eerlin; and so forth. But still, no allusion was made, either to the note of the water of it. The interview lasted about twenty minutes; at the end of which time the marshal dismissed him, desiring that he would call again on that day fort-

Heinrich employed the interval in visiting a hous of the town. There was a grand the hous of the town. There was a grand review of the troops on the king's birth day; and, like a loyal subject, our friend went to have a reverent stare at his majesty, whom have a reverent stare at his majesty, whom he bad never seen. At one point of the radio meters seen. At one point of the radio meters in the mad, and his king, were one and the latest the king stopped almost opposite to Heinrich; and then was suggested to him, as the reader probably suspects, that, after all, he must have seen that face somewhere before. Was it the friend who halled him in the mustdy road? Impossible! How should you guess who I was? I should not travel

a king be travelling at that time of the day? At any rate, it reced him to think that he had not treated the gentleman in the couch in a very ceremonious manner. He had turnst timeer at his nose, and cried to him "Puff away

At last the time appointed for his second visit to the marshal arrived. His reception was again most favourable. The marshal begged again most favouraide. The marshal begged him to be seated at the table at which he was writing, and proceeded at the same time to business. Unlocking a drawer, and bringing forth a small bandle of papers, he asked Heinrich, as he drew them forth, one by ne, if he know in whose handwriting the various

superscriptions were a belief one was that of Herr Mudel, his former schoolmaster; another, that of It stor Von Hummer, the principal of such a coolege, and

so on. "Quite right," remarked the marshal, "and perhaps it may not surpasse you to hear that I have written to those different gentlemen to inquire your character, that I may know with whom I have to deal, and not be working in the dark." As he said these words to ing in the dark." As he said these words to marshal fixed his eyes on Henrich to see what marshal fixed his eyes on Heinrich to see what effect they had, out the young man's competenance was may asked; he evidently found no evil report. "I feel bound," continued the marshal, "to tell you, that all that they say of you is most favourable, and I am equally bound to believe and act up a their opinions. I have now to beg of you to follow me to a friend's house."

The marshal descended a private staircase The marshal descended a private starrense leading to the court-yard, crossing which he passed through a gate in the wall into a narrow side street, down which he conducted Heinrich, till they arrived at a private entrance to the palace. Heinrich began to get exceedingly nervous; the convictor that his idea was not a mere trick of the imagination, became stronger and stronger Could be have had his own wish, Henrich Mever would at that moment have been forty miles from Berlin. As last as he found himself, following Grumbkow, even into the palace, he could not retrain from exchaning, "Indeed, Herr Marshal, there must be some mistake?"

No answer was vouchsafed, as the marshal No answer was vouchsaled, as the marshal continued to lead him through various galleries and apartments until at last they reached the door of one situated in a cerner of a wing of the palace, where the marshal's knock was answered by a short "come in." As the door opened one clance sufficed to convince Heinrich that his triend in the strend has been approximately the

quietly if I meant to be everywhere recog-

After re-assuring Heinrich, the king told him, that he was prepared to do what he could to push him forward in the profession he had chosen. "But, first," he said, "I must hear how you preach. On Sunday next, therefore, you shall preach before me; but, mind, I shall choose the text. You may retire."

By the time Heinrich Meyer reached.

By the time Heinrich Meyer reached his own room in the inn, he had fixed in his mind the fact that he was to preach to the king. The fact was only too clear, and all he could do was to set about his sermon as according to the should have been furnished with the text. For the remainder of that day, he never stirred out; every step on the stair was to his cars that of the bearer of the

Nevertheless, evening and night passed, and the next day was far advanced, but still

What was to be done? There were only two days before Sunday! He must go and consult the marshal, but the latter could give him no further information; all he could do was, to promise that, if the king sent the text through him, it should be forwarded with the utuous possible despatch.

That day and the next page 1

That day and the next passed, and yet Heinrich heard nothing from either king or marshal. Only an official intimation had been sent, as was customary, that he had been selected as the preacher on the following Sunday at the chapel royal.

If it had not been that Heinrich knew him-

If it had not been that Heinrich knew him-self to possess no mean powers of oratory, and that he could even extemporise in case of emergency, he would have certainly run away from Berlin and abjured his discovered cousm. As it was, he abided the course of events, and fortified himself by prayer and philosophy for the momentous hour. Sunday morning arrived, but no text!

morning arrived, but no text!

Henrich went to the church appointed, and was conducted to the sent always set apart for the preacher of the day. The king, with the royal family, occupied their accus-

with the royal family, occupied their accustomed places.

The rervice commenced, but no text !—the prayers were ended, and whilst the organ pealed forth its solemn sounds, the preacher was led to the pulpit. The congregation were astonished, not only at his youthfulness, but at his being an utter stranger.

The pulpit steps were gained, and the

The pulpit steps were gained, and the thought flashed across Heinrich's mind that possibly he should find the text placed for him on the desk.

him on the desk.

But, as he was on the point of mounting the stairs, an officer of the royal house-hold delivered to him a folded piece of paper, saying, "His majesty sends you the text."

After having recited the preliminary prayers, the prencher opened the paper, and to the prenched washs once. No second to the prenched washs once the prenched washs on
on it. What was to be done? Heinrich deliberately examined the white sheet, and after a short pause, held it up before the congregation, saying, "His majesty has furnished the text for my sermon. But you may perceive that nothing whatever is upon this sheet of paper. 'Out of nothing God created the world;' I shall, therefore, take the Creation for the subject of my discourse this morning."

In accordance with this decision, the prescher went through the whole of the inchapter of Genesis in a masterly way, he style being forcible and clear, and his fluency of language remarkable. His audience account to the king's eccentricities, were far more astonished at the dexterity with which the preacher had extricated himself from the difficulty, than at the dilemma in which he had been placed. At last the sermon was ended, the congregation dismissed, and Hemrich found himself in the sacristy receiving the congratulations of several dignitaries of the church, who all prophesiod for him a brilliant future. of language remarkable. His audience, ac

Heinrich ventured to express his annagement at the singular proceeding of the king, but was told that he could only have arrived recently from the province, if he did not know that such vagaries were quite common to his majesty. In the midst of the conversation a messenger arrived to conduct hum to the royal presence. Being totally unaware what impression his sermon might have made upon the royal presence. Being totally unaware what impression his sermon might have made upon the king, the cousin-sceker rather dreaded the approaching audience. But Heinrich has scarcely crossed the threshold of the king a room when his majesty jumped up, and thrust a roll of paper into the young preacher's hand, exclaiming, "Hurra ' sir !—puff away!—take this for the light you gave me!"

Then, throwing himself back in a chair, he laughed heartly at the young prencher's ison of surprise and confusion. The latter sexree of surprise and confusion. The latter scarcely knew what reply to make or what to do, but just as he had got as far as "Your majesty—"the king interrupted him, saying, "Make no fine speeches; go home quietly and examine the contents of the juper. You came to Berlin to seek a common you have found one, who, if you go an steadily, will not neglect you."

It is hardly necessary to add, that the real of paper contained a good appointment at the miversity of Berlin, and made Heart, a Meyer one of the royal preachers.

Meyer one of the royal preachers.

On Thursday, the 12nd of Ni conter (Airca and Dewill be published, in Twenty-eight is give, and third.

HOUSEHOLD WORDS ALMANAC

HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 296.]

SATURDAY, NOVEMBER 24, 1855.

OUR ALMANAC.

nature of its contents.

nature of its contents.

It has been our endeavour, in the preparation of the Household Words Almanac, to compress within a small space the greatest possible amount of interest and information, applicable to the varying seasons of the year and of mortal life. The laws that maintain this wonderful structure, the Earth, in its appointed place among the stars, and regulate the winds and waters; the principles on which the preservation of our health and cheerfuliness mainly depends; the times of the development of the several kinds of trees and flowers, and when the melody of the various sorts of birds is first awakened; we have tried to set forth in a clear and attractive manner. We have attached to the Calendar of every month, a Chronicle of Progress, enabling the reader to compare

We have been at some pains to prepare an Almanae for the coming year. It is now published; and we may be allowed briefly to make known to our readers, the general fied by the result, inculcating the wisdom of a number of remarkable Predictions, all talantied by the result, inculcating the wisdom of not too venturously binding down the Future. The rearing of children, the nursing of the sick, and the readiest means of doing good in cases of sudden accident or other emergency, we have not neglected. It has been our aon to make our Almanac a serviceable friend every day in the year, and, while it is full of human interest, to associate it with every pleasant sight and sound in Nature.

Finally, in the contemplation of the beautiful harmonies by which Man is surrounded, and of the adorable beneficence by winch all things are made to tend to his advantage, and conduce to his happiness, fwe hope we may have necessarily infused into our work, a humble spirit of veneration for the great Creator of the wonderful Universe, and of peace and good-will among mankind.

mankind.

MIND YOUR MANNERS.

MANNERS make the man; the want of em the fellow. Manners also make the them the fellow. Manners also make the woman; and, above all, manners make the child. Nay, even manners make the dog. There are ill-behaved, untidy dogs (like poor unfortunate Launcelot Gobbo's), who only serve to bring upon their owners diagrace, abuse, and tisticuffs; while there are cleanly, considerate, praiseworthy dogs; dogs who will offer their paws to be wiped with a napkin tefore entering a drawing-room; dogs who prepossess you in their favour as soon as you look at them; dogs whose refined and courteous demeanour will introduce you to the acquaintance of the very parsons you desire to know, picking them the fellow.

dation, is certainly the best assistant to a good one. A spoonful of honey will catch more flies than a gallon of vinegar. Political most for the least outlay. Therefore, all these things considered, mind your manners,—young people who are just beginning the world!

And you do try to mind your manners, I must confess. There is an epoch in every well-constituted young person's life, when be or she is auxious to please, for the mere sake of pleasing. Their elders wish them to please, to attain the end of worldly advancement; room; dogs who preposess you in their favour as soon as you look at them; dogs whose refined and courteous demeanour will introduce you to the acquaintance of the very persons you desire to know, picking them out for you in a public walk.

In another sense, manners make the man; that is, they make his fortune. A ready smile, a modest assurance, and a patient and deterential power of attention, have carried a man further and higher than great trients or brilliant powers of mind. A pleasing address, it not the best letter of recommensial some kind-hearted, thorough experienced woman; but, as the height of good luck does not happen to every one, the young are obliged to have recourse to such aids as they

Books are necessarily the advisers of those who have no competent friend to refer to; necordingly, such educational helps to adolesaccordingly, such educational helps to adolescent men and women have enjoyed immense popularity, when their merits have in the least entitled them to deserve it. Witness Lord Chesterfield's letters, in their day; witness the novels of the Almack's class, which, I believe, were studied by many as much with the object of self-improvement in department as for more annisement. in deportment, as for mere amusement or for vulgar curiosity about the doings of their social superiors. Witness, too, the numerous little manuals that are batched in numerous little manuals that are natched in broads by the press at the present day, and are sold at most obtainable prices, from two-pence to a shilling and upwards. Witness the True Courtesies, the Spirits of Etiquette, the Guides to Polite Society, the Codes of Manners, the How-to-dress-well Handbooks

Why, in this branch of artistical knowledge, a living guide is better than one in print, ari-es from the fact that the details of manners are conventional and capricious, while their grand principles and their spirit only are universally accepted. Even in the same country, the observances that are inviolable in certain castes and cliques are absurd if laid down for others. But your tuter in If laid down for others. But your tutor in flaid down for others. But your tutor in etiquette will tell you what is right and proper in his and your circle, in respect to minutiae; a book can only lay down regulations which may or may not be applicable to the society in which your orbit lies. It is less ridiculous even generally to despise such minutic of pump-room etiquette, than to observe them strictly und-apropos. The plain The plain rusticity of a country farmer is much less abourd, when met with in London, than are Cheapside and Regent Street airs and graces shown off in a little market-town. For those especially who are likely to take a wide range of travel, the great point will be to ground themselves well in the fundamental elements of self-possession, self-respect (which involves respect for others) personal neatness, a ready appreciation of what is admirable in any shap, a desire to be pleased (which implies the desire of pleasing), and an allowance to others of indulging their innocent peculiari-ties, as we assert the right of indulging our own, when not offensive. With such broad views of good behaviour, you may journey respected from the north pole to the south. If you unflinchingly cling to the etiquette-books and Islangtonian formula, you will often excite a smile as an amusing specimen

of affectation.
No rules of behaviour that are contrary to

your left"—that is, never eat fish with a knife and fork, as you would mest. Now, the writer who caused the above generally-received dogma to be perpetuated in type, probably was not aware of the origin of the whim—for it is nothing more—which often involves the disciple in ladicrous difficulties. Almost the universal habit of the French in the middle and lower classes, at lenst to cut up whatever happens to be upon their plate into mouthfuls (no matter whether it be roast meat, boiled meat, vegetables, or fish), and then, laying the knife quite on one side, they eat it with the fork in the right hand, a piece of bread being in the left, if required. In large table d'hôte dinners, where you are expected to partake of five-and-twenty or thirty dishes, the portions effered to each guest are sometimes so small that the fork alone suffices to dispose of them. Some ody, in an endeavour to import the mode (at about the epoch of the introduction of white tablecloths at dessert), spoilt it, and, in short, made nonsense of it, by confining it to fish, and tabooing the knife completely in that special case. Such trifles do not belong to cosmopolitan good manners, though they may be curious to observe as national marks. Thus, in ninety-nine cases out of a hundred, you may tell an Englishman from a Freuchman or a German by the way in which they each cat soup. The former puts the side of the spoon to his lips to sip the fluid; the lutter presents the spoon lengthwise in front of his month, in the way in which a increase of his mouth, in the way in which a jugger must, if he seriously intends to swell as the spoon. There is a book called La Petite Civil.: de la Jeunesse, or The Little Civility of Youth,

la Jeunesse, or The Little Civility of Youth, which well deserves translation, with a few trifling modifications to adapt it to a Protestant nation. It is looked upon as the rule of right in France. In many points it is admirable; but, inseveral particulars of ctiquette it does not agree with the teachings of the London Guides to Politeness. Thus, in one of the latter we are told: "When your visitors arise to go, ring the bell for a servant to attend them. Merely rising from your chair and bowing, if not very intimate, is sufficient and bowing, if not very inclinate, is sufficient leave-taking: never attend them to the door." Now this, though common enough in Eugland, would not be thought very courteous in France. Little Civility says. "You must always re-conduct those who pay you a visit to the door; and if they have to get into a carriage, you must not retire till they have taken their seata. When there are ladies, you must offer hand to help them into their car-When, amongst the visitors you receive, there are some who remain while others are departing, you ought only to accompany those whose position is sufficiently distinguished to justify No rules of behaviour that are contrary to common sense need be adhered to anywhere. For instance, "In eating fish, use your fork leave, you must quit every one else to in your right hand, and a piece of bread in conduct her to the door of the suite of

rooms, and even further, if respect requires. when a person to whom you pay a visit chooses, in spite of his superior rank, to con-duct you as far as the door, either of the suite of rooms or of the street, you ought not suite of rooms or of the street, you ought not to refuse the honour; but you must show your sense of it by marks of the most profound respect. It is a gross piece of rudeness to make people wait who pay you a visit. If you are unable to keep them company so long as politeness would seem to require, you ought to excuse yourself in the most kind and civil way possible, without even attempting to conceal that you are occupied with important business. Nothing," continues the faithe Civilety. "it's more inoccupied with important business. Nothing," continues the Little Civility, "is more insipid and more troublesome than the conversapid and more troublesome than the conver-sation of those persons who put everlasting questions on the most trifling subjects, and about which they have no need to ask for information. It is contrary to good manners to question persons of a superior rank, except very rarely. When business or circumstances compel you to interrogate them, it must be done in the politest terms and the most respectful expressions. It is a It is a and the most respectful expressions. rule of good manners, when you enter a company, never to interrupt the conversation by inquiring what it has been, and is about. If you find that an explanation of the kind would be the cause of tiresome or embarrassing repetitions to others, you should keep rasing repetitions to stiners, you should keep silence, try to eatch the thread of the discourse, and wait till a favourable opportunity arrives of learning what you wish, without annoying any one. Nevertheless, it is an act of politeness to inform a new arrival, briefly and quietly, what topic of conversation is under discussion. It is very uncivil to inquire of any one, what he has been doing, or what he is going to do."

It is uncivil-disgustingly uncivil! And yet there are importanents, with brazen fronts and eyes like those of a stuffed tabby cat, who will draw every tooth in your head, if you do not check them. It makes one's blood boil to see cunning horse-leeches pumping dry timid young persons, who dare not yet say the bold word No. What, as Little Cality indicates, can be a more offensive breach of good manners than for even elderly persons to acquire the habit of putting all sorts of questions, point-blank or roundabout, in senson and out of senson! Observe, I do not sek a mestion. I take your outnot ask a question. I take your judgment for granted, and end the sentence with a note of exclamation. No one asks the Queen a of xelamation. No one asks the Queen a question; and, in descending the social sends, the rule, instead of losing all force whatever, only becomes a little less strungent.

guide to regard you either with pleased interest, or with weary indifference

In some points, the French and English printed rules agree, while our practice at home does not accord with them. The Spirit of Etiquette decrees that "A salutation must always be returned, even to one of the very lowest condition." Little Civility goes even further: "You ought to salute all the persons further: "You ought to salute all the persons whom you know, wherever you meet them, In saluting an inferior, you ought not to wait till you are forestalled by him. Well-meaning persons, whose heart is in the right place, endeavour to be beforehand in this respect with every one belonging to their acquinitance. Above all, it is becoming in chridren to adopt the mode. To be himbered by pride to adopt the mode. To be hindered by pride from returning a salutation is the sign of a very feolish and narrow mind. Every person of superior rank, endowed with noble sentiments, may be known by the obliging manner in which he fulfils this duty. In isolated spots, it is usual to salute the strangers whom you meet by chance. If the persons in whose company you are salute others whom they meet, you must follow their example, and meet, you must follow their example, and remain uncovered if they stop."

It is a solecism in English manners (which may be accounted for as a remnant of feudal times), that, while the labouring man, the small furmer, and the country schoolmaster, take off their hat to the spoire, the squire does not take off his hat to them. A condescending nod, a patronsing look, is no equivalent return for a formal schute. Such a style of politeness towards interiors adopted as a system, would in France be criticized by the afterance of one single word—"cochon!" It is a soleoism in English manners (which the utterance of one single word—" cochon! It might be even dangerous there in troublest times; and, in short, will not answer out of England, unless perhaps in Russia. There are people in the world whose fiery spirits will blaze up fiercely, if you neglect to render them like for like. If, for asslance, you are bent on a tour in Africa, you will find the Arab vainglorious, humber, and arregant by turns; but his next door neighbour, the Kabyle, remaining always wrapped up as pride. This pride gives importance to the alightest details of everyday life; imposes on all a great simplicity of manners; and, for every act of deference, exacts a scrupulous return. Thus, the Arab kisses the hand and the head of his superior with abundance of It might be even dangerous there in troubled the head of his superior with abundance of compliments and salutations, cating but little ad the while whether his politiones is responded to or not. The Kabyle does not compliment. of exclamation. No one asks the Queen a question; and, in descending the social scale, the rule, instead of losing all force whatever, only becomes a little less stringent. Even with permissible questions, there is a great difference in the style of putting them. If you are visiting any establishment, for instruction or amusement, take care to get the subject well up beforehand; otherwise, beware how you open your month. The very first inquiry will cause your attendant

formed the ceremony required. Now, recomment the ceremony required. Now, this was a lesson not easy to forget. Still, on consideration, I would not advise the shooting of squires for breaches of salutational reciprocity; only, if his worship did not take off his hat to me in return, I would never again take off mine to his worship.

Exactly as the little distinction in the

Exactly as the little distinctions in their codes of etiquette are one reason why the French have believed the English to be proud and cold at heart; so the manners of the French have caused them to be despised and undervalued by their Mohammedan tri-

butaries in Africa. General Daumas's sketch of Algerian manners is well worth attentive study. No nation, it seems, is better skilled or practised than the Arabs are in the forms of urbanity, and in the verbal caresses which facilitate access and predispose to a gracious and favourable reception. No people know better how to conform to the respective exigences of various social positions, by treating every one according to his rank. They take care to give you ing to his rank. They take care to give you what is your due; not an atom more, but also not an atom less. Everything is graduated according to understood regulations, which are the subject of traditional theory. The very prologue of the code of politeness is a long affair, consisting of interminable litanies, of the formulæ which equals imperhtanes, of the formulae which equals imper-turbably exchange whenever they happen to meet. There are general expressions suited for any time of the day, and others that can only be used from morning till noon, or from noon till night. There is a less marked shade, in the circumlocution by means of which an Arab inquires after the health of the wife of the person with To name whom he chances to be conversing. To name her, were she lying at the point of death, would be a great breach of good manners; consequently you make your inquiries in indirect allusions. "How are the children of Adam? How goes the tent? How is your family? How are your people?" and even, "How goes the grandmother?" Any clearer designation would only awaken jealousy. It would be remarked, "He must have seen my wife; he must be acquainted with her since whom he chances to be conversing. wife; he must be acquainted with her, since he inquires so very particularly after her!

In ordinary conversation pions phrases fre quently intervene. But it may happen that amongst the persons to be saluted there are members of a different, and consequently a hostile religion. To avoid wounding these individuals by expressions on which they would set no value; and, on the other hand, to avoid compromising sacred words in the

return the salutation. "By the sin of my with a number of fanatics whose wild and wife!" said Ben Zeddam, setting himself in timorous consciences would refuse to make front of Si Said, gun in hand, "you will such a compromise, and who would be level return me what I lent you just now; if not, you are a dead man." The marabout per-establish a marked distinction between the marabout per-establish and marked distinction between the marabout per-establish and marked distinction between the marked distinction be selves and miscreants. On entering a company where Christians or Jews are present, they will not full to say, "Health to the they will not fail to say, "Health to the people of salvation!" or "Health to those who follow religion!" Notwithstanding thus it will be understood that, in the districts subject to the French domination, prudence closes the lips of fanaticism; and that the would not risk affronting persons who might make them pay dear for their want of pointe-ness. On accosting an Israelite, a member ness. On accosting an Israelite, a member of the population so long enslaved and so harshly persecuted by the followers of Ishum (a man to throw stones at, to borrow the Arab expression), if you condescend to speak the first word and to treat him with affability, you say to him, "May Allah make you live! May Allah aid you!" This simple phrase, which is an except to a law would be at politeness if accorded to a Jew, would be an insult to a Mussulman.

Official etiquette is rigorous; every point Official eliquette is rigorous; every point is scrupulously noted. An inferior salutes his superior by kissing his hand if he meets him on foot, and by kissing his knee if he encounters him on horseback. The marabouts and tolbas, who belong to religion professionally, whatever may be their position in the Mohammedan church, contrive to reconcile their natural haughtings. their natural haughtiness of character and their pride of caste with the quality of pious humility. They snatch back their hand abtheir pride of caste with the quality of pions humility. They snatch back their hand abruptly; but they do not withdraw it from the offered kiss, till the simple believer is in the attitude of giving it. They do not refuse a respectful embrace, but allow their head or shoulder to be slightly touched with the lips. Such a caress does not imply the reverential deference exacted by the great ones of this world. When an inferior, on horseback, perceives on the road a man of any considerable importance, he alights at a distance to emimportance, he alights at a distance, to em-brace his knee. Equals kiss each other on brace his knee. Equals his each other on the face: or, if they are only mere acquaint-ance, and not friends, they lightly touch their right hands, and then each hisses his forefinger. When a chief passes, every one rises and salutes him by crossing the hands on the chest. This was the ordinary mark of respect accorded to the Emir, Abd-cl-Knder. Kader.

Kader.

An Arab will never pass before a group of his equals or his superiors, without saying "Health be with you!" They always reply. "With you be health!" These words are pronounced in a grave and solemn tone of voice, which contrasts strongly with the light and laughing mode in which their French conquerors acrost each other. To ask any one how he does in a careless off-hard sive, to assume an attitude which does not account company of intidels, vague and more general one how he does in a careless off-hand style, forms are employed, as for instance, "Health to salute him as a matter of no importance to my people." Nevertheless, you will meet to assume an attitude which does not accord with the serious phrase, "May the health, or salutation (of Allah) be upon you," strikes the Arabs as excessively offensive. Their Their criticisms on such behaviour are endless. must be a very ridiculous circumstance, remark, "to ask your relation or your friend: How do you do?" In summer, in saluting a In summer, in saluting a superior, the straw hat must not be kept on the head. In passing rapidly in front of strangers whom it is intended to salute, the hand is put upon the heart. Sometimes an interesting conversation on peace, or war, or other stirring topics, is interrupted by a sudden recommencement of polite inquiries, such as, How are you? Does your time pass pleasantly? Is your tent well? And, after the vocabulary of friendly expressions is exhausted, the conversation is resumed at the point where it stopped short. These alternations of gossip with interludes of wellbred inquiries are repeated in turn from time to time, and occur with greater frequency in proportion to the degree of friendship enter-tained or the length of the previous absence.

If any one enegges in your presence, you must say, "Allah save you!" to which will be replied, "Allah grant you his mercy!" Eructation is not an act of rudeness; it is permitted, as with the ancient Spaniards, amongst whom, doubtless, the Arab dominion left this trait as a souvenir. Before eating, Allah is invoked in the following form: "In the name of Allah! O my God, bless what Before eating, you now give us to eat; and when it is con-sumed reproduce it."

The right hand must be employed eating and drinking, and not the left; for, "the demon cats and drinks with his left hand." A well-bred man will not drink in a standing posture; he is obliged to be seated. When any one drinks in your presence, do not forget to say to him when he has done—"Health!" understood, "May Allah give son!" He will reply, "Allah save you!" you!" He will reply, "Allah save you!" It is not allowable to drink more than once, and that at the conclusion of a meal. Drink was not made to increase, to prolong, or to re-awaken appetite. When men are thirsty, they have eaten enough; they drink, and the repast is terminated. At table, they must not make use of a knife. They wash their hands before and after a meal; they carefully rinse their mouths; otherwise they are con-solered as extremely ill-bred. The Prophet advised never to breathe upon the food. is very bad manners to watch others while If the master of the tent forgets himself so far as to notice the slowness or the rapidity with which his guests are enting, the commits a breach of politeness which is sure to draw down upon him a series of renartees that will hit their mark. "To see repartees that will hit their mark. how ferociously you tear and swallow that mutten, one would say that it had butted you hard when alive; " was the speech addressed to a poor wretch of noble birth, but fallen into poverty, by a powerful chief who enter-

tained him. "To see how slowly and tenderly you eat it, one would think that its mother served as your wet-nurse," replied the Arab considering that, to reproach him with a meal, replied the Arab; was equivalent to an insult. A person who receives company ought not to remain standwas equivalent to an insult, ing; he is required to set the example, and to be the first to seat himself. The guest whom you receive will never think of such a thing as to give orders to your servants. (I is taken not to spit in clean places. Great care

A man who is what we call neat in his person, who takes care to be well dressed and to observe the rules of good society— (and, amongst the Arabs, good society is that which takes a pride in the religious observance of the minutest details)—ents his moustrablies to the level of the ways a line of the moustrablies to the level of the ways a line of the moustrablies to the level of the ways a line of the ways and the second of the ways a line of the level of th tachios to the level of the upper lip, and only allows the corners to grow long. He is also careful not to soil his dress in eating. An Arab gentleman has his head shaved often; once a-week. He has his beard trimmed carefully, shaping it to a point. He never neglects to cut his nails.

An Arab who goes into company, salutes, eaks in his turn, and departs without An Arab who goes into company, sames, speaks in his turn, and departs without speaking. He does not take leave, unless he is on the point of starting on a journey. The only Arabs who act contrary to this custom are those who have made acquaintance with the French. In consequence of their intercourse with Europeans, not a few natives have contracted the habit of making their adieux after a meeting or a visit; but those who neglect to do so are not to be considered unpolite. When an Arab has once started on a journey, never call him back, even if he has omitted things of the utmost importance. According to his ideas, it would be sure to cause him ill-luck. The emir Abd-el-Kader never went counter to the universal custom, which requires that when any one mounts on horseback to make a long excursion, his wife, his servant, or even his negress, should throw water on the croup and feet of his horse. This is at the same time a friendly wish and This is at the same time a Trientry was a lucky omen. Sometimes the coffee bearer throws coffee on the horse's feet. To the same class of ideas belongs the superstition which causes a shower to be believed of good when a traveller departs. Water is always welcome in a country where it is often deficient. Hence the frequent wish, "May your spur be green," addressed to men in authority. Its meaning is, "Prosper, and be propitious; as water is propitious to the harvest and the flocks." Politeness, however, is carried further than mere words; the Arabs the Araba rivel; a kaid and a powerful aga were rivals; the kaid did his very best to be beaten, and succeeded. Whoever is aware how much the self-esteem of the Arab is mixed up with the reputation of his horse, will appreciate the great said of the self-esteem. will appreciate the greatness of the serrifice.
When the race was over, the aga said to the
kaïd, "Your horse is excellent; you was

have held him in; it could not possibly be otherwise"-"Ah! my lord," replied be otherwise "-"Ah! my lord," replied the kaid, good-naturedly; "in my country, a kand's horse never presumes to beat an

During the reception of guests, and the exercise of hospitality, all expression of private feeling must be repressed in the sternest manner. An inhabitant of Medeah named Bon Beneur, recognised, in an encamp-ment of normal Arats who had installed themselves close to the town for several days, the son of one of his friends, by whom he had been hospitably received on a previous occa-sion. "Welcome, O my children!" he said to the Saharians. "Our country is yours; here you shall neither hunger nor thirst. No one you shall neither hunger nor thirst. No one shall insult you; no one shall rob you. I will take upon myself to supply all your wants." Bon Bekeur's word was as good as his deed. From that moment every individual belonging to the little troop was his guest. He sent to them his slaves laden with bread, He sent to them his slaves laden with bread, addres, and roasted meats; in the evening he again supplied them with kouskousson milk and vegetables; he joined the travellers at their meals, and kept them company. The same treatment was continued during the whole of their stay. When the day of their departure arrived, Bou Bekeur wished to resale the travellers with a final entertainregale the travellers with a final entertainment, and he assembled them under his own roof to sup, and to pass the night there. party were very merry; the host's son, a httle boy seven or eight years old, especially amused them by his grace and vivacity. His father was distractedly fond of him, and Bou Bekeur's friend had completely dressed him in a new suit, consisting of a handsome bur-nous embroidered with silk, a red chackin, and yellow slippers. At night, nevertheless, he did not appear at supper; and, when they asked his father to have him brought, he replied, "He is fast asleep." They did not press any further.

The repast was plentiful, and the conversa-tion very animated; they talked much about Christians, and the war with France. They said that the French armies were as innumerable as the flocks of starlings in autumn; that the as the flocks of startings in autumn; that the soldiers were chained together, and ranged in rows like the beads on a necklace, and shod with iron like horses. That each of them carried a lance at the end of his gun, and a pack-saddle on his back to hold his provisions; and that all together they only fired a single gun-discharge. They praised the French justice, and fulfilment of their pro-mises: the chiefs committed no exactions, and before their kadis the poor man was treated the same as the rich. But they reproached the same as the rich. But they reproached them with their want of dignity, their habit of laughing even when they said Emjour; and of entering their own mosques without pulling off their shoes. They reproached them with not being a religious people; with allowing their wives too much liberty; with

drinking wine, with eating bog's flesh; and

with kissing dogs.

After the prayer of break of day, when the Company were about to take leave of Pour Bekeur, "My friends," he said, "with the help of Allah, I think I have fulfilled all the duties which a host owes to his guests; and now, I have to beg of you a token of your affection. When I told you last night that my son was fast asleep, he had just been killed by falling from the top of the terrace where he was playing with his mother. It is the will of Allah; may be grant him rest! To avoid disturbing your festive joy, I mastered my own grief, and I compelled my wife to bear hers in silence by threatening her with divorce if she Her lamentations have not reached did not. your ears. But oblige me with your presence at my son's funeral, and join your prayers for him with mine.

The news, together with the display of self-control, shocked and overwhelmed the travellers with grief. They mantested their sympathy in the only way they could, by religiously assisting at the poor child's burnal.

THE WORKMEN OF EUROPE.

M. LE PLAY, "ingénieur en chef des mines," and political economist to the French untion generally, has intely published, as the result of twenty years' researches, an immense folio, on the condition of the European workmen Monographie, he calls it, being a savant who loves classical roots. And in this monographic M. le Play sets down—much as he would classify shells or stones—the mode of life and mode of thought, the domestic habita moral culture, receipts, expenses, wardrober and furniture—and what these last are worth item by item, to a fraction-the kind of food way of cooking it, and the amount consumed, of every class of workmen in Europe;

taking one family of each class as the type and exemplar of the whole.

The Bachkira, demi-nomads of Eastern Russia, stand at the head of M. le Piar's atlas, or tabular summary of the Europe and the standard the s workman. He takes them as the type of most primitive organisation of labour, and the most primitive perfection of morala The Bachkirs fulfil many of the learned engineer conditions of happiness, and are great in some of his favourite virtues. They are Mohammedans in religion, shephords by profession, patriarchal and polygamist in the domestic arrangements, illiterate, sleeps, an lazy. But because the women are ke home; because the power of the chief of tribe, or head of the house, is absolute because the filial sentiment takes disprotionate dimensions, and the offices of reabsorb many hours of the working-day, M Play overlooks the ignorance and matrimonia multiplication which might have stagger

^{*} M. le Play's spelling is preserved throughout

sympathies less conservative, and puts forth the Bachkirs as types worthy of emulation; indeed as types to which he would gladly see our own artisan population assimilate itself. The Pachkirs gain only about twenty-five pounds a year, including the relative value of the game, tish, wild fruits, and mush-rooms found in the forests and rivers. They pay nearly sixteen francs, in various contributions, to their priests, under whose control and guidance they live with implicit confidence. They buy as many wives as they can afford, and drink fermented mare's milk, or khoumouis; spending their lives in the soft, lazy, pleasant dreams and perpetual sleepiness which this khoumouis produces.

The wheelwrights of the Oremburg Steppes, and the agricultural peasants of the same district, live, for the most part, under the abrok. The abrok is a kind of tax or redemption-money, by which the peasant buys his time from the seigneur, and is thus enabled to work for himself. Russian serfs owe two-thirds of their time to their master; by naving a certain yearly sum, called abrok. by paying a certain yearly sum, called abrok. they redeem this time, and many of them become exceedingly rich. Sometimes a whole community buys itself off, and then portions out certain lots of the common lands—or rather in community-which they work on without any intervention of the seigneurs. This group is of the Russo-Greek religion, and under the patriarchal system. Parental authority is here likewise absolute, seniority also absolute, and no younger man, would preassociates and no younger man, would present to even detail a fact, or give an opinion, before an elder one, — "Inquire of him, he knows better than I, for he is my senior," he would say, even if asked the direction of a village, or the depth of a well. The peasants and the dvarovie, or servants and worknen of all kinds, do not marry with each other. The dvarovie are idle and desolute, and do not make good fathers of families. Men marry when quite boys; they and their wife tensming as usual under the father's roof according to the traditions and usages of the patrarchal system. They have days called pomotch-with the Bachkirs heumminwhich, like the grandes journées of Board, and the dôvès-bras of Lower Brittany, unite the whole community in labour for the chief. Every available arm in these days of pomotch is pressed into the service of some householder building or clearing or felling of timber done with meanceivable rapidity. There is always a grand supper after the day's work is over, to which the women come, bringing milk, &c., and the pomotch count among the principal pleasures of the population of the Oremburg steppes. The articles are curious institutions. The articles are curious institutions are rather than are associations of emigrant workmen, more especially of the boatmen and porters of the Oka. The articles are associations under the parental government of absolute seigneurs.

The workmen in the fron manufactories of the Oka.

the following conditions: - From November a number of men, say from sixty to seventy, agree to form an article together. They place themselves under the management of an artelchick, whose business it is to find work for the members of the association, and regulate its price. The cloutchnik, or treasurer, keeps the cash and accounts, and two starchi (men of weight and experience) control the artelchick and the cloutchnik. These men the artelebick and the councilink. Phese men-load and unload boats, saw and deliver trewood, shape and drive in the stakes for the foundations of buildings, dig and form vardens in the city of St. Petersburg for the foundations of buildings, dig and form gardens in the city of St. Petersburg and the suburbs. But such employments are accepted only when nothing better can be had, as they are but poorly paid. All kinds of iron work yielding at the rate of two francs a day wages, are the most eagerly sought after. The particular article of which M. le Play writes was lodged granuitously by an iron merchant from the banks of the river Nevs, who employed them in his of the river Neva, who employed them in his trade. Their food was taken in brigades of from thirty to thirty-five; the expenses were borne by the common fund, and cost about fourteen francs each a month. The cooking fourteen francs each a month. The cooking is sometimes done by a woman paid by the article; and, in this case, the cloutchnik buys the provisions. But, in general, they treat with a purveyor who supplies them with all they want at so much a head. Their clothes and private luxuries, such as tea, brandy, &c., are individual expenses. Sixteen days are given to each workman during the days are given to each workman during the days are given to each workman during the campaign for extra tasks, which are paid extra; and an equal division of the funded property is made at the end of the campaign. The strong men work by the piece, the weak ones by the day; the starchi watching over the interests of all, and regulate the laws apportioning the labour. The sum gained for the month of twenty-three days is thirty-six france eighty centimes, or one france sixty six francs eighty centimes, or one franc sixty centimes a-day. Fifteen generally start from the same village together, first borrowing two hundred and forty francs, from a peasant in good circumstances, who indemnifies himself for not taking interest by selling them a horse at one hundred and lifteen francs, which is worth about ninety francs. Each takes a certain quantity of bread and coarse meal, and they go from about twenty-five or twenty-eight miles a-day. The horse is kept at their common expense for a week after their arrival at St. Petersburg, and then sold for thirty-five francs. During this time, the wife remains with the husband's father, or his elder brother, if the father be dead. Often when these Oremburg labourers

the Ural Mountains exist under another phase of the abrok system. An ironworker, paying first a certain sum to the seigneur for this liberty, employs a substitute in the manufactories, and devotes himself to agriculture; of which of course he makes a good thing, even with the heavy taxation upon him. Many peasants under this system become rich, though at any time, the seigneur can claim their savings. M. le Play savs they never do so; but the fact that they have the power, is painful and demoralising. Besides, one knows that the belongs to human nature, not only to use power to the utmost, but even to exceed it. They drink large quantities of qvasa, a beer made of barley-mead, iced in summer (every peasant has an icebouse and a bath), of bracea, a stronger beer, made also of barley-meal, and of souslo, made of hops, barley, and must.

Passing eastward, M. le Play discourses of the iron-manufacturers of Samakowa, in Bulgaria. They are of the Greek religion, and are a smoking, illiterate, unawakened set of boors. They belong to their masters, by reason of the money which these first lend by reason of the money which these first lend their workmen to establish themselves and begin life with. Though no money is allowed to be lent out at interest in any part of Turkey, yet the master of course makes an interest he cannot avow, and the operative works out his debt as he best can; some-times, indeed, saving large sums, such as a thousand or even the velve thousand france. Large common-lands supply him with fire-wood and pasture. The land in Turkey is wood and pasture. The land in Turkey is said to belong to God, but the cultivators pay a tax to the seigneur notwithstanding. The terres mortes are small patches of land cultivated by the spade, by a peasant living in a house in the midst of his gardens. He must leave his house and cease to cultivate his grounds three years before they lapse to the state. After this time, he loses all right the state. After this time, as those lands in them. The terres vivantes are those lands. The which are under plough cultivation. The proprietors of the terres mortes often place them under a functionary called a mosquie; who, for a few pence, inscribes them in the parish books under his own name or that of some institution, at the same time guaranteeagain institution, at the same time guaranteeing them to their actual possessor. These
lands are hereditary, if the possessor remains
stationary, which the seigneur takes good
care he shall do. M. le Pay says, that even
when they have worked themselves free of
their debt, they remain in the same conditions and at the same place as before.
Moreover, that no one feels his debt a hardship and no one wishes to be free-parther ship, and no one wishes to be free-another of M. le Play's sweeping assertions. The women went chains of coms strung together, which are long in proportion to the wealth of the family.

Many other classes of workmen in eastern Europe work à la corvée, or with labour in

payment; among others, the Jobaiy, or agricultural peasants of the plains of Theisa in Hungary, the true source of the Hungarian people. They owe their convice in proportion to the amount of land possessed by them. A whole sessio is about twenty-five acres, in round numbers. The conviction one man, or half that time from a man and two oxen. Besides this, there are taxes and tithes. Sometimes the peasant has only a quarter of a sessio; he is called them a quarter-peasant; and for this he gives twenty-six days' labour, or thirteen days with two oxen. They can hold land of their lords in one of three ways; First, either by giving half the produce; secondly, by mowing as much hay for the proprietor as lies on double the extent of their own land; and thirstly, by paying a sum of money for rent. The lands are seldom divided below a quarter of a sessio, and generally pass to the second son; the eidest being taken off to the army; the rest of the family learn different trades.

The cabinet-makers' guild in Vienna is composed of apprentices (lehr-jungar), companions (gesellen), and masters. The apprentices, who are generally the sona of masters, are admitted when eleven years of age; but their number is limited. After a certain number of years, and when arrived at a certain point of cabinet-making capability, the apprentice rises into a companion, and then sets out on his travels. He goes through all Germany sometimes, helped in each town by the office of his guild, and getting such work as he may. He seldom saves anything from his travels, and goes back as poor as when he left, in all save experience. If he wishes to be a master, he must execute a meister-stack, or chef-d œuvre, which is first submitted to a committee of masters; and, if found sofficiently creditable, is allowed to be his credential for a mastership, on the payment of from six hundred to two thousand hy hundred francs, the sum varying according to the gains of the last-made master and the wealth and importance of the city. No companion may work directly for a customer. If he does and is discovered, he is taken by the police before a council of the guild, his tools are confiscated, and he is fined thirty-three francs for the first offence, and sixty-seven for the second. If in orvicible, he is banned, and none of the workshops of the guild receive him. In this case he must take to some other means of larger for cabinet-making is lost to him. A zaan may not marry unless he can show a certificate from his society proving that he can among the does have a heart of the consequence is the birth of a large number of clubters with whose parents the church has had nothing to do. But the police hunt out illust unions with savage severity. If they find two unevertices are considered, and the start of the consequence is the birth of a large number of clubters with whose parents the church has had nothing to do. But the police hunt out illust unions with savage severity. If they find two unevertices are considered, and the start o

curés permission, they are either obliged to marry, if they can make up the sum required, or they are separated and sent home, or placed under a species of arrest. Yet illegi-timate children abound in Vienna. The marriage fees mount up to sixteen frances eighty centimes; of which the church absorbs a third part, the rest goes to the police. The cabinet-making guild disposes of a certain number of beds in the Viennese hospital; and, when any of its poorer members are sick, they are either sent there, or visited at home by the doctor of the quarter, who gives his time, as the chemist delivers his drugs, gratis, on the receipt of orders signed respectively for the doctor by the corporation; for the chemist by the curé and the

workers in the quicksilver Carniole in Austria are also not allowed to marry until they have reached a certain grade, which they cannot attain before they are thirty-two years old. The same conseare thirty-two years old. The same consequence follows here as in Vienna. But here no harm comes of it. The children are taken by the woman's family; and in process of time the father marries her, and lives with them in her father's house; no one thinking the worse for a half-dozen pre them any sacramentals which enliven the household. The right of being a member of the commune is religiously guarded; and this is one reason of the matrimonial restriction to a certain age and grade, as only a certain number are allowed in the commune.

But to come out of eastern and central Europe into France, more especially that Lower Brittany which George Sand loves so well. The Pen-ty is a day-labourer living in a house of his own in Lower Brittany. He is ignorant, faithful, industrious, feugal; he sings and he dances when his work is done; his children play at toupic and bouchon, but do not go to school; for the pen-ty fears the corruption of knowledge. He begins life as a farm-servant, continues it as a pen-ty, and often ends it as a proprietor with eight or more thousand francs, saved out of his wages and profits. Very often the law respecting the division of property is set aside in Lower Brittany, and the eldest child, whether male or female, takes the land, paying a certain aum in compensation to each of the other members of the family. Or, another way of evading this law is, by delaying the marriage of the daughters until they have reached their family. inajority, then making, by their forced con-sent, their marriage portion a portion of their inheritance. This is done in Auvergne and

lucky creatures living together without the divided and subdivided among a hundred proprietors. give away his patent during his lifetime, to one of his sons, or to his daughter as a marriage portion, or to whom he will; and even when the written document is lost, his right is considered established by "public comisance." He receives a third part of the value of the salt sold by the patron, and enjoys, besides, all the advantages and productions of the marsh where his right lies. The singular salt marsh where his right lies. The simple maker pays for his right of making salt; The simple salt even then can form an engagement only for a

single year.
Of all the workmen mentioned by Le Play, the watchmakers of Geneva, the washermen of Paris, the maratcher, or market-gard-ner, and the cow-keepers (nourisseurs), a so of the banliene de Paris, are quoted as the highest in the moral scale. M. le Play's mattre blanchisseur is a miracle of industry and blanchisseur is a miracle of industry and forethought, and generally ends by amassing an independence. From Wednesday to Wednesday—the clean-linen day of Paris—the blanchisseur's house is a scene of uninterrupted labour. The only pleasure is fine clothes, with—what certainly looks somewhat suspicious—an enormous quantity of exemisita linen. Le Play does not say, that of exquisite linen. Le Play does not say, that many of the young ladies who dance at Mabille and the Château des Freus are the washerman's assistants; but certainly the general belief in Paris is, that the grisette section is largely recruited from this class. In Paris, certain trades are never undertaken by Parisians; being followed by emigrant workmen. Masons: these come during the spring and summer, and retire in winter. Water-carriers, porters, chimney-sweepers, amall dealers in fuel, second-hand dealers, are all from the provinces. The desires, are an from the provinces. The chimney-sweepers are exclusively from Domo d'Ossola, on the Lago Magdiore; the porters and water-carriers from the mountains of Ronergue and Auvergne; the rest from Savoy, La Marche, Limousin, and even Piedmont. Many of the chiffspaigre are stranger. mont. Many of the chiffonniers are strangers to Paris; and many of them are instructed elevated people.

The stationary workmen are the reverse of the emigrant. They are, according to M. le Play—but we doubt him—idle, luxurous, profligate, and expensive. They rarely marry, and generally do worse: they spend their carnings at the cabarets and guinguettes outside the barrières, and keep Monday sacred for pleasure. They work about two hundred and eighty days in the year, and drink and play the rest. The tailors are the most aent, their marriage portion a portion of their inheritance. This is done in Auvergne and Morvan, as well as in Bretagne.

There are the Saunier Lettriers of Saintonge.

A numer is a salt-manufacturer, and the lettered or patented salt-makers of Saintonge are men who have an hereditary right, dating from time immemorial, to make salt along a certain extent of marsh land; even if this be breeding, and propriety of conduct, as example.

M. le Play gives only three English monographies. The first is that of a London eutler; the second, a Derbyshire iron-founder; the third, a Shetheld cutler. The London the third, a Shelfield cutler. The London cutler, to be near his master, lives in a small dark street between Fleet Street and the Thames, in Whitefriars But where his master lives, M. le Play does not point out. The children of the London cutler go to play in the Temple Garden from six to eight in the evening. Else, they have no fresh air or exercise at all. The clergy-man never goes near this cutler, who is totally destitute of religious knowledge, and who haver enters a church. All that, we who never enters a church. All that, we fear, may be but too true. He lives in a house, all to himself, for which he pays a house, all to himself, for which he pays a weekly rent of nine shillings and six pence half-penny, "including water-rate." He lives, with his family, in the kitchen or cellar; the leathed engineer's term for this part of the cutler's mansion being rather ambiguous; and he lets a room on the third storey to his brother, at the sum of one shilling and a half-penny a-week. The total area of each stage penny a-week. The total area of each stage or storey is thirty-two square feet nine agnare inches and a bewildering decimal. and five pence farthing, and the fraction of a farthing which has no English representative Our cutler has twenty-four towels; but less linen generally than would be found among the same class in Germany or France. among the same class in Germany or France. His furniture is of mahogany, and worth twenty four pounds thirteen shillings, and eight pence halfpenny. We include two umbrellas, a white metal teapot, a boiler, worth two shillings and a halfpenny; and other things in the same proportion. The family is very soher, belongs to the Odd Fellowa Society, and carns ninety-nine pounds, seventeen shillings and eight pence, in the year. It goes to the parks on Sunday, and once a-year to the theatre; twice in the year to Greenwich—which two journeys cost it five shillings, four pennies and a fraction of a farthing. Its whole expenditure for amusement, or recreation, including a goose and plum-pudding at Christmas, and toys for the children are recognition in the year to ten shillings ten are recognitive. amount in the year to ten shillings, ten pennius, three fartkings, and a fraction. After which feat of calculation, let us take breath, and wonder at M. le Play's mistakes of fact, and his portentous pretences of accuracy in

figures.
This London cutler's wardrobe is a curiosity; his wife's more so. 100 mm condays, cloth frock coat every three years, for Sundays, the has a black

exist with the gross vice it pleases this shirts, two pairs of cotton drawers, and author to ascribe to them.

M. le Play gives only three English monoHe has three pairs of boots in two years, the mending of which costs three shillings and a halfpenny, every year. The woman has a dark merino gown every two years; two cotton dresses every year; three aprona three pairs of cotton stockings, and as many woollen ones, also every year; three parts of boots and two pocket handkerchiefs to the year; a white straw bonnet every two years, and a black straw bonnet every year. Altogether, the cutler's wardrobe costs his two pounds, eleven pennics, two fartings, and a fraction; the woman's comes to two pounds, seventeen shillings, and cleven pence, yearly. To give the prices of all the articles in this wonderful wandrobe, which some sharp wag has mystified the inge-nieur en chef to set down, would be too tedious.

The Sheffield cutler has nothing peculiar about him, excepting his bird-rages twenty bird-cages, and drinks pop and trickle-beer (sic), which M. le Play discovered to be the national drink of English operatives. The Sheffield cutler lives near the river Sheaf, in a nice little house of two storers, Sheat, in a nice little house of two storys, with kitchen and parlour, garden, two courtyards, and a pig-stye, for which he pays
three shillings and four pence per week. He
has no religion, like his fellow-workman in
London, but is sober and industrious, and
belongs to a club called the Land Society.
The iron-founder of Derbyshire has no religion also: his wife is sickly can make maker by a certain sum yearly.

We cannot enter into the political tendency

of the book. The writer's desire is to uphold all such of the working classes as live under the immediate government and in the power of their masters, and to deery those who are

free and independent.

CHIP.

WANTED, SOME GENERAL INFORMATION.

I AM not about to speak of the ignarane of childhood, which is often bliss; but of the ignorance of middle age, which is the ignorance of middle age, which is nothing of the sort; and, when I say popular ignorance, I don't mean that of the masses, but that of the higher ranks. I would not trouble people with my want of knowledge upon several puzzling points, if I thought I was a fool, or even below the intellectual average; but I am sure that I am in the same bont—and that a bigger over than Mr. Scott Russell's Leviathan—with others. I am certain that I am but the month-piece of thousands of educated person, when I say that nothing disgust: the more than hearing or reading the loose It costs just one pound. He has a black others. I am certain that I am but the cloth waistcoat and trousers to match, once month-piece of thousands of educated person when I say that nothing discusting and four pence halfpenny, the trousers cost more than hearing or reading the loose pound eight and four pence. Every new and familiar treatment of certain myster he has a flannel waistcoat, two new roots topics. For instance, there is when I say that nothing discuss to more than hearing or reading the loose and familiar treatment of certain myste-

man who is perpetually writing what he I very much doubt, whether the whole first cills his meteorological observations to the Times newspaper; and, the contempt of that person for the wondrous and is something revolting. As if the tangible, is someting mean to sufficiently mean temperature was not a sufficiently housesing subject, he has actually an adopted housesing subject, he has actually an adopted mean temperature of his own. The baro-meter—an instrument that is never quite disconnected in some minds from the ther-mometer; so far, at least, as to determine accurately which is which—is with him a barometer (reduced). He has tamed, then, through hunger most likely—this terrible muster of the elements—and I dare say has the state of the weather under his thumb.

I don't like asking questions of scientific people, because they are so unwittingly insulting. If I desire to know the reason, insulting. If I desire to know the reason, from my friend Jack Savant, of the difference between neap and spring tides, for instance, Savant replies: "Why, we all know how the operation of the tides is influenced by the changes of the moon"—Now, that is just what we don't know—just what, as I sit here. I have no more notion of than I have of what the ecliptic is, or who painted the signs of the zodiac; but that "we all know" of the initiated, makes the "we haven't the least idea" of the rest of us. If a book in a sealed cover, and which could be forwarded to us sceretly, should be published, containing explanations of all the uniutelligible though familiar terms in the language, it would be bought up by me—by us—like wild-tire.

Vaccination and Inoculation, the Binomial Theorem and the Differential Calculus, and the Decean and the Delta, never appear to me except in company, like the Siamese Twins, and I cannot say that I quite know one from the other. I should like to move for a return of the billions of people who use, or hear used, the words Chiar' Oscuro without knowing what they're talking about, or understanding what is said to them. I should like to be informed privately, whether the bas of has-relief should be pronounced like the bleat of a sheep (in the French style), or in the same manner as we name a clef in music, or latter beer; because I hear all three waves adopted. I should like to have a written definition of the word Consols from women of England, and nineteen wentieths of the country gentlemen. I would give a sovereign to know, even by sight, the Public Creditor. It would be a great boon to all of us, if Mr. Macaulay would explain, in a footnote of the next edition of his collected works, whom or what he means by the Carantie; most of the gentlemen (with university educations) whom I have consulted upon this point, incline to the opinion, that it is some sort of pestilence or discusse, but they are not certain, they say. In ore.

It is all very well to make jokes on this matter, and take liberties with that; but, confessions, that I know nothing at all. I

l very much doubt, whether the whole first class in any one year at Oxford could give me an accurate account of the origin and continuance of Leap Year; the whole list of Cambridge Wranglers, on the other hand, would be posed, I believe, if they were asked, upon their honours, if they knew who was the Stagirite? I am not in a position myself to swear positively as to its being a plant, a stone, or a man; but I believe it to be somestone, or a man; but I believe it to be something that sticks to the side of sea-caves, and is eaten (by naturalists) with a pin.

I assert most solemnly, on the part of several thousands of my fellow-countrymen in easy circumstances, that I believed (until I saw it stated otherwise in the daily papers) that The O'Connor Don, was a peculiar species of Cossack: I conceived The Chisolm was an animal in the Regent's Park Zoological Gardens, that had been the rage at some by-gone time; perhaps before the hippopotamus and the ant-enter. Are you greatly interested in the famous question of the Digamma? So am I, wrapped up in it, indeed, to the exclusion of all other subjects: and, seriously, I would give what I have, as the young waterman so touchingly replied to Dr. Johnson's question about the Argonauts, to know anything of that famous hero, of whom I have heard so much and understand so little. heard so much and understand so little.

Again, if there is one person who seems to me to link the past with the present more than another, and whose identity is especially Caviare to the multitude—and, is that final e to be pronounced or not; and what is Caviare itself, when that is settled l—that person is Malthus. Now his is certainly a fine old Roman name, and I seem to connect it dinly with the Horatii and Curiatii, the forum, fasces, the augurs, and so on: yet I cannot altogether dispossess myself of a tancy of once having heard or read of him as The Reverend Mr. Malthus. The wisest person, to my mind, who ever flourished-the man who had all knowledge at his fingers' ends, from Runic to the last flash expletive—was, without doubt, the late Mr. Maunder; but, then, like my friend, Savant, and other great men, he would never stoop quite low enough: he defines well, but I want another man to explain his definitions. He reminds me of an old acquaintance of mine at the Swindon station, a stoker, of whom I endeavoured once to get some private infor-mation; it was about the birth, parentage, and education of his steam-engine (of the five hundred people who entrusted themselves to which daily, I don't believe five could give a reason for the faith that was in them), and he began his elucidation, thus:—

"Why, fust, sir, we must, of coorse, create a wacuum."

a wacuum."

"Well, thank you, my good friend," I said,
"I think that will do for to-day;" and, of
course, I never asked the fellow for anything

know, in my own line (and I have three large know, in my own line (and I have three large manufactories devoted exclusively to the construction of pins' heads), quite as much as other people in theirs; I only want, what everybody else wants, a little general information, and (except when I thus write anonymously) the courage to ask for it. In every grade of life, and especially in the higher grades, there is a like, or worse ignorance upon all matters that do not quite concern itself. I will conclude with an illustration of this fact, it only hears out. I am sure, the experience of almost every one of us. The authoress of Our Village, used to relate, that during the success of her Rienzi, at the London theatres, one of the judges of the rain inquired for what her theat are used to relate the success. of her, whether there really had been such a hero, and if her drama was founded on fact? Wishing further to know, how far the sympathy she had excited in him was authorined by the real events, he wanted to borrow the history.

"Yes, I suppose, Gibbon," said he. And his lordship took away the first volume!

WORK FOR HEAVEN.

Ir thou have thrown a glorious thought Upon life's common ways Should other men the gain have caught, Fret not to lose the pruse

Great thinker, often shalt thou find, While fully plunders fame, To thy rich store the crowd is blind, Nor knows thy very name.

What matter that, if thou uncoil The soul that God has given; Not in the world's mean eye to toil, But in the night of Heaven?

If thou art true, yet in thee lurks For tame a human sigh, o Nature go and see how works. That handmaid of the sky.

Her own deep bounty she forgets, le full of germs and seeds; Nor glorifies herself, nor sets Her flowers above her weeds.

She hides the modest leaves between, She loves untrodden roads; Her richest treasures are not seen By any eye but God's.

Accept the lesson. Look not for Reward; from out thee chase All se fish ends, and ask no more Than to fulfil thy place.

SENTIMENT AND ACTION.

IN SEVEN CHAPTERS, CHAPTER VII.

a name for its reproach; but she could not deny that she had cause for self-reproach. She could not say what she had done wrong; but she felt ashamed and afraid to pray. Horace, too, was changed to her. He never spoke to her when he could help it, and never would be alone with her for a moment.

He was quite right, she would argue. Why should she care about seeing him alone; was she not an affianced women! ndone; was she not an affianced woman! What did it signify to her whether he liked her society or not; had she no more pride than to be sorry because any man in the world avoided her? Then she tried to look worst avoided her? Then she trief to look indifferent; and descended the stairs with the gait and manner of a Juno. At other times she tried to congratulate herself on having such a friend as Rutherford. He was her real practical friend in life, and she was sure he would always do all he could for her; and was not that enough? She, herself, felt nothing more for him but mere simple friendship. She pictured him married and happy. She thought how happy she would be She thought how happy she would be to hear of it. She would go and see them both, and be very fond of his wife. She would be her sister—her darling sister. She fancied her standing in the door-way, like a lovely picture enframed, waiting to receive him when he came home. She saw receive him when he came home. She saw her go down the steps, and place her arm in his; perhaps he put his round her waist; and then she saw them both go into their pretty cottage, and shut the door between their loving happiness and the cold world outside. They shut out her as well Oldow happy that wife would be. How justly proud of her noble lord, of her wifely name, and that golden badge of union on her hand! Then Magdalen would weep, though angry with herself as she felt the tears steal down her face; saying, sometimes aloud, in a tone of vexation, "What folly this is I What am I crying for? I shall soon be as bad as Paul."

The expression of Magdalen's face was changing. It had gone through two different phases already, as the circumstances of her life had changed. From the calm dreaming of her girlhood-when she looked as if she lived in beautiful visions, and as if the present was only the passage-place to a glorious future; when Paul's mind had been her guide, and Paul's poetry her reality-from that phase of misty hopes and underlared visious, it had changed to the cold concentrated grieved expression of one suffering under a sorrow that hardened and did not chasten. It had gained more strength of purpose during that time-but it was the strength of IN SEVEN CHAPTERS. CHAPTER VII.

MAGDALEN accused of forgery—standing in the felon's dock, and commented on as the criminal—felt proud and innocent. Magdalen re-established before the world: Magdalen, in the solitude and silence of her own chamber, feels guilty. She could not give her conscience a flash, not of pride as of old and of the

gladiator's spirit of combat and resistance; but of newly-aroused emotion, of life, of passion. There was a resier hue on her cheek, as if the blood flowed more freely through her veins, and she blushed easily, as one whose heart beat fast. Her lips were moister and redder, and the hard lines round them melted into softer smiles; they were not so compressed as of old, nor were her eyes so steady. Her figure was more undulating; her actions more grace-ful. She had lost some of her former almost visible directness; and, though just as honest and straightforward, she was shyer. An influence was at work in her which had never been over her before; and everyone said how much she was changing, and many how much she was improving. But, in the midst of all these other changes, But, in the midst of all these other changes, none was so great as that of her manners to Paul. She tried to be kind and gentle to him; but she could not succeed. It was evidently so forced, and so painful, that even feeble beautiful Paul pitied her. Not that his pity ever took the shape of breaking off the engagement, or of imagining that she did not love him. He only thought she was angry or irritable, and that he was in the wrong somehow—he could that he was in the wrong somehow—he could not understand how, exactly; but he still believed in her love. Poor Paul! weakly yet wildly, he sometimes kept away for whole days, with a petted, sulky, injured manner. Or, he would come to the house every day, and all day long, following Magdalen about wherever she went, pressing on her his love and caresses with a tender gentleness that was wonderfully irritating: till she loathed his very name and hated him to madness.

When Horace was present; which was often-for business brought him to Oakfield - Magdalen scarcely ever looked up without finding his eyes fixed on her. But this only disturbed her; for he never looked at her kindly. She thought she read in his face only displeasure and dislike. His manners were abrupt and indifferent; in his face only displeasure and, whenever she looked peculiarly beautiful, or was more gracious and more charming than usual, they used to be something more than indifferent. Magdalen, in her own undd—when sitting alone in her room, her face flushed and her eyes dark—used to call them insolent, and declare aloud that she would not endure them. He saw that she believed he disliked her, and encouraged the idea. Indeed, she almost said as much when she accused him of it one day, big drops of passion and pride swelling like thunder-rain in her eyes. And when he answered, turning away, "I will not flatter you. May Travels and there is much in you answered, turning away, "I will not flatter you, Miss Trevelyan; there is much in you that I cannot and do not approve of," they swelled till they overflowed the lids and fell

his under lip. She did not see him shiver with emotion, nor notice the tender action of his hand, beckening her involuntarily to his heart. She saw and knew nothing but that he despised her, and all her strength was spent in striving to conceal from him what it cost her to know this.

"I have offended you, Miss Trevelyan?"
he said in a milder voice.

"I owe you too much to be offended at any thing you may choose to say," said Magdalen, speaking with difficulty.

"I did not mean to be rude," he then ex-

claimed, after a short pause; and he came

and sat near her on the sofa.

"You often are rude to me," said Magdalen, looking into his face timidly.

"I am sorry for it, I mean only to be

sincere. "And do you think me so very bad ?" said

Magdalen, bending towards him.

For a moment he looked at her; a look that sent all the blood coursing through her veins, it was so earnest, tender, loving-all that seemed to her the very ideal of affection in a man—all that she longed for from him; and saw no disloyalty to Paul in accepting. For was it not only simple friendship! But it was a mere passing glance, and then the leaden veil dropped over Horace's face again, and there was only harshness and coldness no more love for Magdalen that day

"Not bad exactly," he said, rising, "but wayward, childish, fickle, weak; yes." he added, seeing Magdalen's haughty gesture, "yes, weak! Real strength, Miss Trevelyan, can accept and support all conditions of life. Yours is only a feverish excitement that bears you up under some conditions; but leaves you to flag under others." And then Horace, thinking he had been hero enough for one day, walked out of the room, and she heard him humming through the hall. But she did not see nor hear him when he threw off the mask, and was not afraid to be himself.

There was no need now to delay the marriage. It was nearly a year since Mr. Trevelyan died, and it would be better for Magdalen to have a protector. So the world said, and so her best friends advised. The matter was discussed between Horace and Paul—Horace with his back to the light, and both his elbows on the table, his forehead against his hands. And it was agreed between them that, Magdalen consenting, it should take place soon, and here, while Hornce was with them; and that he should draw up the settlements.

"Very well," said Horace, ostentatiously yawning, "that will do very well indeed. Call Miss Trevelyan, my dear boy."

that I cannot and do not approve of," they swelled till they overflowed the lids and fell time came in, looking paler to-day than usual. heavily on her lap—two large heavy tears:— For she had been fretting in the night, and had slept ill. She knew what she was She did not see him start as they fell, nor bite sent to do and to say,—something in her

heart told her when the message came to her. Paul had kept so long quiet. He did not know how gratef il she had been to him.
"It is about our marriage, dearest," said

"It is about our marriage, dearest," said Paul, as she entered. He placed a chair for her by the table, close to himself, and facing

Horace and the window.

Mag lalen stood for a moment as if irresolute, deadly pale. Then, flushing up to her very temples, she drew her chair farther away from Paul and sat down.

she said, as if involuntarily, "I had

forgotten that !

A taint smile stole over Horace's lips. She spoke so naively, that he could not help smiling, though, indeed, he was in no humour for pleasure at this moment. Paul took it gently enough : only raising his eyes with his usual expression of injured humility, that made Magdalen almost frautic. If he had got up and beaten her, she would have respected him more: if he had spoken to her harshly, him more: If he had spoken to her harsby, coldly, even rudely, so long as it was with mantiness, she would have borne it: whatever he had done, she would have liked him better, than when he gave her the impression of lying at her feet to be trampled upon. When Horace turned to her, and said in a low tone, "Is that a speech you withink it right to make to the husband of think it right to make to the husband of your own free choice, Miss Trevelyan?" and looked grave and displeased, Magdalen felt only respect and humility; if Paul were only

"I am sorry I said it," she answered, and then she spoke to Paul, and meant to be kind;

but was only fierce instead.
"Horsee thinks," began Paul timidly, "that you had better be married soon, Magdalen."
"Horaco!" said Magdalen, with a laugh

that was meant to express gaiety; but which was the very heart-essence of bitterness. "And you, Paul? It seems to me more a question with you than with Horace!"

with you than with Horace!

"I? Can you ask for more assurances of my carnest desire to be all to you that brother, friend, husband, guardian, can be? Can you doubt of the exquisite delight with which I shall call you my own, and feel that our glorious lives have really begun together? You must not mistake me. Magdalen. If I spoke of Horace it was only as the supporter of my own wishes—not as their originater."

Magdalen had shaded her face while Paul spoke. When she looked up, to meet the dark eyes opposite, fixed full upon her, she was paler than ever. She started and half rose, as it she waited for him to speak. But he

turned away.

"I leave the matter to you both," she then said, impatiently, "I do not wish to have anything to do with it. Arrange it between you as you like, I do not care for settlements, Paul. You are both men of honour, and will do all that is right."

She rose to go. She was almost sobbing

now; not tearfaily; but as men sob.
"Generous, noide Migdslen!" Paul exclaimed. "Perhaps you are right, in wifely
feeling, as well as justified in your trusting
ness; perhaps it is better that there be no
legal claims on either side, but that our for-

tunes, as our lives, be mingled irretrievally."
"We will talk about that. I think Mr. Slade ought to be consulted," said Horace, a little

"You know what I mean, Horace?" said poor Paul, too happy at this moment to be wounded by a speech that in general would have stung his susceptibility to the quick.

have stung his susceptibility to the quick.

"O yes; but now Magdalen—Miss Trevelyan—that you have agreed to the marriage taking place some, you may leave the rest with us; Mr. Slade, and—if you will accept me—I will be your trustees."

Migdalen gazed at him reprocebially. She

did not answer, but she held out her hand in yet, he took it so coldly that she would ruffier passing. He could not choose but take he had refused it. He held it without the faintest pressure; but his lips quivered and his heart throbbed. Again she looked at him with the same asking and repronch-ful glance; then dashing his hand away, she left them in a sudden passionate manner, which made Paul look after her amazed. House looked after her too, and furtively kissed the light mark left by her fingers on his And then he began to talk calmly to Paul about his marriage, and to maist on the condition

He was to draw the settlements. After having arranged all with Paul-which arrangement was that Magdalen's fortune should be settled without reserve on herself—he departed to draw the deeds, and have them engressed and "settled" with the family

attorney.

Anyone who had seen Horace when engaged in his task, would hardly have thought that he was engaged in such a simple truster as framing the marriage settlements of friend. Large drops stood on his forehead his eyes were bloodshot; his face leggard and wild; and those manly, well tormed hands trembled like a girl's. He quivered in every limb; every now and then started; and once he threw down his pen and cried aloud, as if he had been tortured neawares, before he had time to collect his strength. But even with no one to witness his weakness, becontrolled himself, and present back the thoughts that would rush throngs his brain. He thought of the sacrifice that Magdalen was about to make, yet of his imbility to prevent it: of her evident love for him, and yet of the dishonour which would rest on his acceptance of it. He thought of Paul's intense devotion, of his yet entire unfitness; of her pledged word, a of her reluctance. It was a sad coil throughout. Every one was to be pitied, none to be blamed. It was want of fitness, not of

virtue, that had brought them into this sad strit, and there seemed to be no way The only hope was that, for any of them. when once married, dity, price, habit, and the sweetness of Paul's own indure, would make Magdalen forget his weakness, and reconcile her to her lot. She was good; she was brave; and, though under too little control at this moment, yet this was only a passing fever. She would grow calmer and stronger by-and-by. Thus Horace reasoned and tried to say peace! peace! where there was no peace, and to make words and shadows take the place of realities. He looked at the names of the contracting parties joined to-gether in the rigid legal fashion, till some-thing blinded his eyes, and he could see no

However, he finished his task, and took it down to Oakfield. Mr. Slade read over the settlements; but some alterations were required. Asking to be alone to make them, he retired to the library which overlooked the garden. He was so agitated that he walked feverishly about the room, leaning against the open window, looking into the garden; and there he saw Magdalen, in the garden alone. She too had hastened away to the filbert-walk where she thought no one could see her. There was such a bitter north-east wind blowing that the birds kept close in their nests and at the roots of the trees, and the anihedges. But Magdalen paced up and down the long walk; every movement and gesture betraying that a terrible strife was raging within. She was thinking how impossible it was to escape from the position into which she had ignorantly placed herself. Paul loved her with such devotion that she dared not break off their marriage. It would kill him. And then she would break her own heart for remorse, feeling herself a murderess. Passing this even, she thought how that it would be dishonourable, because Paul, having given up his profession as a means of living since her father's death—not that he had ever been able to live yet by his profession, but that was nothing to the purpose had thus lost both connection and habit. No! This fatal engagement, so blindly entered into, must be faithfully kept. Honour and duty sealed the bond; and her heart-all the love that was in it-must be for over, like the geni under Solomon's seals. Lauge, dark, powerful genii, of immeasure-able attength—kept down by a word and a ring. Besides, to what end give up this marriage ! If, indeed, Mr. Rutherford had loved her—she might have found cause to make the effort, and be free. For she acknowledged—yes to herself, to God, to man, if need be—that she loved him—loved him with her whole soul. If he had loved her—and she threw herself on the garden-seat where her father and Paul had sat on that hot summer's day when her fate was

sealed-if he had cared for her only half so much as she loved him, she could have burst these bonds,—she could—she would! But he did not. He hated her instead - yes, hated her bitterly, fiercely! This was easy to seen! He let all the world know it! indifference, his coldness, his harshness. were so many words of contempt and dislike, paintul enough for her to bear, owing him so much as she did. If he had not been so kind paintal enough for ner comuch as she did. If he had not been so kind to her in that dreadful trial, she would not have cared so much; but it was painful to owe him her liberty, her very life, and that he despised her! And Magto know that he despised her! And Magdalen—the cold, calm, dreamy Magdalenpaced through the garden, wildly. The statue had started into life. Love had touched its lips; as in the days of old it vivined that

statue on the wide Egyptian plains.
"I cannot bear this," said Horace, aloud.
"Prudent I must be, and honourable to Paul; but at least I am a man, and owe her something as well.

His own heart had divined her secret, and he ran down-stairs, out into the garden, through the filbert-walk to where it ended in the large horsechestnut-tree looking down the glade, and where Magdalen was sitting in this bitter wind, trying to reason down her passion. Horace paused. She was thinking almost aloud;—"I will marre—yes, soon; and then, when habit and the knowledge that what I have done is inevitable, have reconciled me to my fate, I shall be more patient with Paul, and perhaps even love him, and be kind to him. He is very good, and I have behaved ill, very ill, to him; but I do not love him, I know that. What can I do? Patience! patience! Resignation, and that quiet strength which can the glade, and where Magdalen was sitting in nation, and that quiet strength which can support sorrow silently, and neither com-plain of it nor avenge it: this is all that life has for me!" has for me !

She turned to go to the house, when Horace met her. She started, and looked as if she would have escaped him if she could.

"I came to beseech you to come into the house," he said.

"I am going now," she answered, her eyes on the ground. "Why did you come?"

I was afraid you would take cold sitting out here without shawl or bonnet." Horace

was not speaking in his usual voice.
"You are very kind, but I did not know that you knew where I was;" and Magdalen's care-worn face was beginning to smile.

"I saw you from the window. "Ah! and then came to me?" She looked

up, blushing. "Yes," said Horace.

Nothing more was said, and they returned to the house; Magdalen little drawing of how she had been watched from toat upper window, little thinking of the anguish that had held company with hers, nor seeing, in the indifferent manners of her friend, any evidence of the feeling which a few manners ago had made him open his arms and call her to come to them—call her by her name of Mugdalen and beloved! All this was buried. Warting for the return of the deeds (which

Waiting for the return of the deeds (which had to be re-engrossed in consequence of the alterntions suggested by Mr. Slade) Hornes added yet another disagreeable quality to the many that Magdalen wanted to persuade herself he possessed. During this visit to Oakfield, he began to extol Paul. He praised and even exaggerated his virtues, till Magdalan was tired of the very name of Paul's and even exaggerated his virtues, till Magdalen was tired of the very name of Paul's
perfections. Once, when Horace was finding
out more and more good points in Paul,
Magdalen looked at him with such wonder,
sorrow, and disdain, that the words died
away on his lips, and he suddenly stopped;
in the middle of a sentence.

"I am glad I made you stop!" said
Magdalen haughtily, "You seem as if you
could spend your life in praising Paul."
And she walked away to her usual refuge
above-stairs.

above-stairs.

Another time, Paul—who had had an attack of wee, and had been playing at dignity, keeping away from the house, but, wearying at last, which hurt only himself, coming oftener than ever—came in the evening, and asked Magdalen to play at chess with him. She said yes, for she was glad of the opportunity of sitting silent, and of keeping him silent too. They sat down, and Horace stood near them. Magdalen was a much better player in general than Paul. Her game was more district, Paul's more scheming. But to lay she played ill: she would have disgraced a tyro by her mistakes. She over-looked the most striking advantages; for Paul, in his schemes after a pawn, often put his queen in peril; and, while concentrating his forces for an impossible checkmate, forgot to secure the pieces lying in his way. But Magdalen to-day let everything pass.

"You are not yourself this evening," said Paul, who suddenly woke to the perception that his queen had been standing for the last half a dozen moves in the jaws of Magdalen's knight.

knight.

No; I am playing very badly," said Mag-

dalen.
"Very!" echoed Horace.
"Mr. Rutherford at least will never spare nor conceal my failings," said Magdalen bitterly.

"I thought you wanted friends, not flat-terers," observed Horace, in an indifferent tone of voice.

"It seems I have neither here!" retorted

"My Magdalen!" cried Paul, looking up with his wondering face, "what do I hear? No friends? And we would either of us die for you! What has come to you? Are you ill—or, why have you suddenly allowed such hitter thoughts to sadden you? Will you not tell me, Magdalen?" he added, very caressingly.

"Never mind what I think," said Marda-len impatiently. "Play—it is your move. "You are somewhat imperious," Horas said, in his stern manuer—that manuer which awed Magdalen as if she were a child,

and that she loved above all things to obes.
"I know I am,' she said frankly, looking up into his face, "and I have been wrong to you also. But you will forgive me, will you

When Magdalen looked penitent be looked beyond measure beautiful. No expression suited her so well as this, the most womanly that she had; and none threw Horace more off his guard. It was the property of the control of the suite of the sui threw Horace more off his guard. It was such intense triumph to see that woman so grand, cold, and stern to all others, relax in her pride to him, and become the more gentle loving girl. This was almost the only temptation florace could not resist; but this softened his heart too much,

"It is not for me to forgive you, wayward child," he said, with extreme knothings of voice and look. "You have not offended are,

if you have not annoyed yourself."

Magdalen's face changed as much as if she had taken off a mask. An expression of calm and peace took the place of the feversh irritation; her eyes became dark and loving; her lips relaxed in that iron line they made when she was unhappy, and a smile stole over them.

It was winter with all its harsh rigility the was winter with all its harsh right to changed to the most loving, lovely, laughing spring. She was so happy that she even associated Paul in her pleasure, and spoke to lour tenderly and gaily, as in olden times. Post Paul, unaccustomed to such demonstrations in these latter days, looked up with a bewilliant them for your harmings and dered smile, and then, for very happiness and gratitude, tears came into his eyes.

Magdalen's joyous look faded away. Weari-

ness and contempt came in its stead. She rose from the chess-table, and stood a list of apart; something of the old Pythoness breath-

ing again in her.

Horace came to her; but she left the room.

"Paul," said Horace, more strangely than he had ever spoken to him before, and managements assignately, "you are a downright to..." passionately, "you are a downright to.
With which inspiriting speech he also walk

with which inspiriting speech he also water and nervous debility unched and nervous debility unched and "And you do not think I am to be pitted?" said Magdalen, as she met Horace in the hal "Ves: you are very much to be pitted. Magdalen, is o is Paul. He is more unhapped than you are because he has less stranged. than you are, because he has less strength resistance than you have. Paul is one those natures which feel suffering more acute. than anything else; whose very strength of

feeling lies in their power of m'sery."

"Ah! you judge like all the world!" sad
Magdalen. "Because Paul's tears come cossiv Magdalen. " Because Paul's teat von feels more acutely toan feels more acutely toan feels with the least see It is not always that those with the least s "I know that, Miss Trevelyan; but it is

simply because Paul's nature is weaker than yours that he requires more consideration.
Miss Trevelyan," he said this very earnestly,
"you cannot help yourself now. You are
engaged to a man you do not love; whom you do not respect in some things, as you ought to love and respect your husband: but you will find your married life better than you expect. For, when Paul is happy and calm he will grow stronger. You will be rewarded for your sacrifice.

"I wish I could believe you, Mr. Ruther-ford, said Magdalen, sadly. "I wish I could believe that Paul would ever be as manly

believe that Paul would ever be as manly and as good as you are."

"Hush! don't say that again," said Horace, in a low voice. "You tempt me to become the very reverse of what you praise in metiod help us!—we all have need of help;" and he turned away, Magdalen looking after him, her heart throbbing violently.

The settlements came down. It was of no use waiting; they must be signed, and might as well he signed at once as later. "There was no hater of the marriage breaking itself

was no hope of the marriage breaking itself as Magdalen said quaintly, and she had no grounds on which to break it herself. Her we bing clothes had come, and all was prepared. At last Magdalen determined on making the fatal effort, and putting an end making the lathl effort, and putting an end to her present state of suffering. For it was unqualitied misery for them all. They all assembled in the room together; the Slades and the lady who had been living with Mag-dalen since her father's death, but who, being blind in one eye, deaf, and infirm, had not been blind in one eye, deaf, and infirm, had not been of any great prominence in the late affairs; Horace, Paul, and Magdalen. Paul was in one of his most painfur hts of nervousness—tembling and faint; Magdalen cold, pale, statue-like, as she had been on the day of her trial, when she had to take her courage "tay both hands" to maintain her strength an! self-possession by force. The pen was put int, her hand. Paul had signed. She could not refuse now. Horace was leauling against the chimney-meen apparently. leasing against the chimney-piece, apparently Magdalen looked his nails. He was looking on the ground, and would not mee his eyes. Only when her gaze grew pa n'al, he waved his hand authoritatively, and said, "Sign, sign!" as if he had been i.or father.

Still the same long earnest asking look in her eyes, and the friends wondering; still the same conflict in his heart, and her mute a peal rejected. Once she said "Horace!" but he only answered "Silence," in so low a see that no one heard him speak but herself. she turned her eyes from him to Paul. He, the - rong noble man, mastering his passion with snel dauntless comage, the master, the ruler over himself, even when torn on the rack, and tocture I as few men have been tortured; and Paul, lainting, sinking, his head drooping plantively on his bosom. She looked from each to each again; then with a wild sob,

she dashed the pen to the ground and cried, "The truth dell be told—I do not love him—I will not sign—I will not be his wife!"

Horace sprang forward, and held out his arms. She fell into them blind and giddy, but not faint. He pressed her to him, "Magdalen! Magdalen! my own!" he murmured. She looked up wildly, "Yes! to you and none other!" she said, "yours, or death's!"

Faul had started up. He came to them, "What are you saying ?" he said tremulously, "that you love each other?"

Magdalen clung to Horace: "I have con-cealed it from you, and all the world, I'aul," she said, "as long as I could, and would have

concealed it now, but I was surprised."
"I have not dealt dishonourably by you said Horace, offering him his hand. "If you knew all, you would acquit us both." "And you love Horace, Magdalen!" Paul said

said, in a low voice.

She flushed the deepest crimson as he looked up. "Yes," she said, "I do love him.

him."

The boy turned away; then, after a short pause, laying his hand on Magdalen's, he said, sobbing bitterly between each word.

"Magdalen, it had been better if you had told me of this. It would have spared you much pain—me also some unnecessary pain—for I would not have been ungenerous. But let that pass. You do not love me. I have long felt this, and yet was too cowardly to acknowledge it even to myself. I thought it was, perhaps, a fit of general impatience that would pass. I would not believe it weariness of me. But, I will not weary you any more. Though I have been weak in the fearful conflict that has gone on so long, yet I can be strong for sacrince and good.

He did not dare to look at her, but in his old way strained her tenderly to his breast, Magdalen took his hand, her tears flowing st over it. "Dear Paul!" she said, affectively and the said, affectively and the said affectively and the said. fast over it. "Dear Paul: tionately, "My life shall thank you!

tionately. "My life shall thank you!"
Paul kissed her; and then, boy-like, placed his hand affectionately upon Horace's shoulder; when, teeling his limbs failing him and his eyes growing dim, he fled from the house, and in a few hours was wandering through the streets of London: and the next day, he was abroad.

Years passed before they met again. When Magdalen's hair was grey, and her children were marrying their Horaces and Magdalens, Paul Lefevre came to stay with them at Oakheld. He was the same dreamy, tearful, unreal Paul then that he had been when he was young; with a perpetual sorrow, which had grown into a companion and a mean-choly kind of pleasure. He never went beyond portrait-painting, but he was always going to begin that great historical picture winch was to rival Methael Angelo; and the very day before he died he wooke of the how "the regeneration of art and the world was to come by him,"

A RUSSIAN SINGING-MATCH.

The little village of Kolotoras and therly the property of a lady whose local surname was Stryganikha, or The Female Shavet, on account of lasty and positive temper. The village is situated on the eastern slope of an arid hill that is cleft from top to bottom by a frightful ravme. The raving THE little village of Kolotofka was forto bottom by a frightful ravine. The ravine itself, yawning like the abyss, torn and swept to the very bottom by the fury of the spring and autumnal floods, meanders through the mode of the principal street, where, more effectually than a river could—(over a river, at least, a bridge might be thrown)—it di-vides the poor little hander into two portions, which stand face to face to each other without being always neighbours. Quite at the upper extremity of the ravine, a few paces from the spot where it commences as a narrow crevice, there rises a little square cottage, totally there rises a little square cottage, totally distinct and separate from the rest. It is covered with thatch, and overtopped exactly in the middle of the roof by its only chimney. It has no more than a single window behind. These no more than a single window behind.
These one window, which resembles the eye of a Cyclops, overlooks the ravine; and, on winter evenings when lighted from the interior, it is seen to a very considerable distance through the thick mists and hoar-trosts, and the office of a guiding star to many a stell peasant. Over the door is nasted being hed peasant. Over the door is nailed a blue board; and as this cabin is the kabac, or public house, it bears the inscription,— Prytynut Kabatchok. It is probable that in this euphoniously titled potheuse, com-brandy is sold at exactly the same price as elsewhere; but it is more frequented than any other similar establishment in the whole district, because Nicolai Ivanytch, the lamilord, is possessed of the art of attract-

ing and keeping his customers.

One July afternoon, when the heat was overwhelming, I was toiling up a path which runs about the heat the runs about the runs are runs a overwhelming, I was coring approved to runs along the brink of the ravine of Kolotofka, in the direction of the Prytynni Kabatchok. The sun reigned tyrannically over open space; he was terrible, intermediate open space; he was terrible, innexes and estable. The atmosphere was impregnated estable, and carried collocating dust. The rooks and carried collocating dust. with sufficating dust. The rooks and car-rion-crows, whose black plumage absorbed at once every colouring and luminous solar ray, stood with wide-open bills, gazing dunly at the passers-by with looks that begged ray, stood with wide-open bills, gazing dimly at the passers-by with looks that begged the dole of a little extra pity and sympathy in the midst of the sufferings that were common to all. I was tortured by thirst; there being neither a spring nor a brook at hand. At Kolotofka, as in most of the steppuan villages, the pensants for want of springs and wells, have accustomed their sommets to absorb the liquid and of the first regular proof they meet with. But it.

"mission to which he was baptised," and told is impossible to dignify so disgusting a beve is impossible to dignify so disgusting a bove-rage with the name of water. I determined to go and ask Nicolai Ivanytch for a glass of beer or kvass. As I approached, suddenly there appeared on the threshold a man of tall stature, bare-headed, dressed in a ar-rick of coarse shaggy cloth, and wearing above his hips a girdle of some kind of blue stuff. His thick grey hair bristled in disorder over his dry and wrinkled visage. He was calling to some one; and, for that He was calling to some one; and, for that purpose, aided his voice with telegraphic purpose, aided his voice with telegrapine movements of his arms, which he threw about in all directions much further than he ready meant to do. It was clear that this follow was a little in liquor. He was known in the neighbourhood as Obaldour, or The Prater, a drunken, unmarked, yagabond domestic, whom his masters had long left to shift for himself as well as he could.

"Come! Come, then!" he stammered.

"Come, Morgatch; you creep, instead of walking. They are waiting for you within doors."

waiking. Pacy and doors."

"I am coming as fast as I can," replied a weak, goat-like voice; and, from behind the cottage, there appeared a short stout cripple, who was known as Morgatch, or The Winker. How he came by the sourriquet, nobody knows; because, in truth, he dol not wink more than other folks. "I am coming, my dear man," he continued, as he weathered the outside of the public-house. "But why

dear man," he continued, as he weathered the outside of the public-house. "But why do you call me in such a hurry? And who is waiting for me within?"

"You are called to come into the kabatchok, and you ask the reason why! You are a droll animal. Your friends, who are waiting there, are capital fellows. Them is Ture-Jachka, and Diki Banne, and I ae Speculator, you know, of Jazdra. Jachka has made a better singer than The Speculator. You understand."

The dailogue excited my curiosity. It was

The dadague excited my curiosity. It was not the first time that I had heard speak of Ture-Jachka; so called because his mother was a Turkish prisoner who was brought captive into Russia. He was renowned as the best singer for many versts round; and now, by good luck, a chance offered of hear-ing him contend for superiority with some rival in glory. The conjuncture struck as as eminently fortunate. I entered the house with a firm and rapid step, resolved, without disturbing any one, to witness all and lister to all.

A village-inn interior, in our province-, or narily presents a small dark entrance-room narity presents a small thris character and a large chamber hands in Russian beaution, or the white chamber, divided into the uy a partition, behind which there is no attentione except for members of the family. In this partition, just above a large out to the character and the contraction of the want of springs and webs, have accustomed which serves as a counter, there is cut an open-their seemachs to absorb the liquid and of ing of greater breadta than height. On the the first pand or pool they meet with. But it, table are placed, sometimes in donois or triple row, at the sides, the different spirituous the rival of Jackka. The Speculator, of the liquors on draught; at the back, esaled bottles, town of Jizdra. He was a man of middle of various capacity, are ranged on steps stature, but well formed, some thirty years of liquors on draught; at the back, sealed bottles, capacity, are ranged on steps and the gaping aperture. In the directly behind the gaping aperture. In the front or public portion of the izha, the only funiture consists of a fixed beach running completely round the wall, two or three empty casks, and a table near the corner under the Holy Picture. Most village inns are dark enough; and you acarcely ever see there, on the maked, rough-hewn, wooden walls, those coarse brightly-coloured pictures. called lumbetchnyin (made of bark), which Russian on meet with in almost every but

A numerous company was already assembled. At his counter, and masking with his broad person the opening, and the pyramid of scaled bottles in the background, stood, in ample shirt of printed mushin, and with a sweet smile on his plump checks, Nikolai Ivanytch pouring out, with his white fat hand, couple of glasses of brandy for his two friends, Morgatch and Obaldout, who had just entered. Behind him, in a corner, near a window, you could catch a glumpse of his wife, who assisted her husband in attending to the cus-In the midst of the room stood a tomers. space, but well-made man, some three-andwenty years of age, dressed in a long blue cotcuftan. He had the look of a journeyman tradesman and a jolly fellow, although his complexion did not announce a robust state of hearth. His flabby cheeks, his large restless grey eyes, his straight nose and flexible nos trils, his white square forehead fringed with curls of yellow hair which he turned behind his ears, his rather thick but fresh and expressive him; in short, all his features revealed a fiery and impassioned character. He was in great agitation; he opened and shut his eyes; he breathed interruptedly; his arms trembled in a fever-fit; and, in fact, he was in a fever,—the neuralgic fever, with which all are acquainted who have to speak or sing before an audience that expect to witness wouders. This artist was Jachka, or James, surusined the Turk. Near him was a man forty years age, with broad shoulders, plump checks, and low forehead, narrow Tartur eyes, short flat nose, square chin, and black hair, as brilliant and hard as the bristles of a brush. On beholding this dark and leaden visage, with its pale lips, in the calm and meditative state which it now exhibited, you felt that it could casily assume a ferocious character, and that it had already worn that expression under other encounstances. Without making the east movemen', this man looked slowly round him, as the ox looks from under the yoke. He was divised in some sort of old surtout with that brass buttons; a well-worn black silk charat was thed round his thick, mascular sung was a joyous dance-tune, the words of neck. His acquaintance called him The which—as far as I could catch them through Savags Gentleman, or Dikt-Barine. Opposite him, in the corner of the bench beneath that, the re-duplicated vowels that served to the place of the Holy Pictures, was scated carry grace-notes, and the exclamations that

age, with a freekled face, broad and one sided nose, small bright eyes that did not match in colour, and a soft silky beard. He had a bold, restless look; he kept his hands tucked underneath his thighs, conversed indolently, and kept tapping the floor sometimes with one foot, sometimes with the other, which displayed his boots with narrow red tops, that were not wanting in a certain degree of ele-In the opposite corner, to the right of the door, there was seated a stranger the peasant class, in an old grey smock-frock, with a wide slit on the right-hand shoulder. My arrival, I easily remarked, at first somewhat disconcerted Nikolai Ivanytch's customers; but after they saw that the master of the house saluted me as an old acquaintance, they were more at their case, and ceased to pay any regard to my presence. I called for some beer at the same table and in the same corner with the peasant in the torn

Smock-frock.

"Well; what are we waiting for?" cried Obaldour, tossing off a glass of brandy at a single gulp, and accompanying his exclamation with violent jerks of his arms; without the stimulate a word. which he seemed unable to articulate a word.

It is time to begin, Eh! Jachka!"
"I am quite ready," said The Speculator, with a smile, and in a calm and confident

"And so am 1," murmured Ture-Jachka, with perceptible uneasiness: "but, brothers, let me clear my throat a little."

"Pooh, pooh! You shuffle the cards too

long. Begin," said like listen instead of talking. said Diki-Barine, resolved to

The Speculator thought a little, shook his head, and stepped a few paces forward. Jachka gazed at him with all his eyes. The singer, standing between the counter and the corner he had left, half shut his eyes, and warbled in a very high falsetto, a national air which is scarcely approachable except by voices of the greatest purity, and which can hit with certainty the highest notes. The man's voice was sweet and agreeable. He played with it as if it were a pretty toy glittering with rubies, which he made to turn and spin to exhibit its brilliancy. After each of his pauses, which scarcety allowed him breathing time, he repeated the subject with extraordinary boldness and splendour.

Any dilettaute would have been charmed to hear what I heard; although a German would have grouned and murmured. He was a real Russian tenore di grazia. He would have been appreciated at Milan, Venice, and Naples, and as a tonor oger, at Paris. The air he

I labour'd, gay and simple maid,
To dig my plot of garden ground,
When handsome Kouzma seized my spade, And twined his arm my waist around. I labour'd hard to sow the seed Of primrose, poppy, gilliflower.

All listened with great attention. He was manifestly conscious of being in the presence of experienced and competent judges; and therefore, according to the popular expression, his skin would not hold him. In fact, in his skin this part of Russia, acute connoisseurs of vocal music are to be reckoned by hundreds; and the large market-town of Serghievskoć, situated on the high road to Orel, enjoys no unmerited reputation when it is regarded as the locality which takes precedence of the whole of Russia for charming and melodious

whole of Russia for charming and melodious vocal displays.

In spite of his feats of executive agility, The Speculator sang for a considerable time without producing any strong impression upon his auditors. He wanted a chorus to sustain him at each refrain, which forms the first line of the stanza, substituting the third person for the first: "She labour'd, gay and simple maid." At last, at the end of a difficult passage marvellously surmounted, which made Diki-Barine himself smile with delight. Obaldou' could not self smile with delight, Obaldour could not contain himself, but shouted a furious cry of pleasure. All the rest were trembling with pleasure. All the rest were trembling with joy. Obaldoui and Morgatch began following the voice in muffled sounds, playing the part of chorus; and, when the singer re-commenced his solo, they murmured, exclaiming in turn, "Superb!" "That's it, you villain!" "Yes; flourish away, again, you serpent!" "Ah! you dog, sing your soul out!" "Cut along. Herod!" and other compliments in a similar

"You have given us a treat, brother!" cried Obaldou, without letting go the singer, whom he held clasped in his arms. "And such a treat! You have won, brother; I congratulate you at once. The measure of beer is yours."

"You sing well, brother; yes, I say well!"
said Nikolai Ivanytch, with the air of a man
who knows the value of his words. "It is
your turn now, Jachka. Take pains; do
yourself justice."

went off like reckets—were a development whole upper part of his countenance. Af present devoured him with their eyes, The Speculator especially. The latter could necessary Speculator especially. The latter countries where the countries of the countries where the countries was natural to him, and which was increased by his recent triumph, the expression vague uneasiness, the motive of which could not well unravel, when I behold slight amount of courage manifested by competitor. He leaned his back against wall, and again thrust his open hands ben his thighs, and sat motionless. When he at last uncovered his face, the poor y-man was as pale as death; his even scan

glanced beyond his drooping eyelashes.

The singer sighed, took breath, and emitted a note. This first note did not promis and it it was weak, uneven, and, I thought, did not come from the chest. The second note was firmer and more prolonged. It was cill tremulous; but a third note came, pure, fuller, and firmer. The singer then be can to warm, and his song warmed with him. It had an eminently melancholy character; it commenced thus:-

" Many a path leads down to the mrad"

The grace and richness of his intenations. the finished shading of his performance, left nothing to wish for. I had rately heard a voice of such exquisite freshness. There was voice of such exquisite freshness. The something timid and even slightly mittent in it,—a wailing accent which gave pain at first; but you soon discovered, that it was inspired by deep sentiment, passes, to which youth, strength, and a charming to be lessness, seemed to melt and amalgumate with some poignant sorrow. The melody switch, rose to a flood, and overflowed its banks a wide extent. It was evident that Justa a wide extent. It was evident that Juli was now under the influence of an inspirate He had no longer a trace of timidity

Under the impression of his noble sor, my memory evoked a whole scene of tepast. I remembered that one evening at the hour of ebb-tide, on the immense shoreses, which, as it retreated, growled a threatened at a distance, seeming to "To-morrow I shall return; beware saw an enormous white gull, which sty motionless on the wave-wrinkled beach. turned its silky bosom to the purple la long wings, thus playing coquettishly wrathe periodical changes which deprived it is to two greatest friends, the distant sun and to Jackka put his hand to his throat, and uttered a few unmeaning words, which betrayed great agitation and timidity.

"If you ought to be afraid of anything, it is of making believe that you are afraid. Let us have no more betting the bush. Sing, and sing as well as find will let you," said Diki Pakine, assuming the posture of a man who expects his orders to be instantly obeyed.

Jack Pakine, assuming the posture of a man who expects his orders to be instantly obeyed.

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Jack Pakine, assuming the posture of a man who expects his orders to be instantly obeyed. the deportment it displayed, as I listenested before us in the midst of a country pusher before us in the midst of a country pusher bouse; but whose inspiration brought a face to face with fathomless depths are sublime perspectives. He same of a country pusher between the country pusher as the country pushe

power of the warm and enthusiastic interest with which we followed him through his melodious evolutions. Every note had a softening influence over us. I felt that tears were forming in my eyes, and presently was startled by the sound of subdued sobs from the innkeeper's wife; who was weeping, with her breast leaning on the sill of the opening in the partition. Jackka gave her a rapid glance, and his song became more sonorous, more warm and impassioned than every Jackka's rival held his fist energetically elenched against his forehead, and did not make the slightest movement.

Jachka suddenly concluded with a sharp note of extraordinary delicacy, boldness, and purity. No one stirred: they all seemed to wait vaguely for the return from the skies of the note which Jachka has sent up into them. But Jachka had opened his eyes again: he seemed surprised at our ecstatic silence. His looks inquired the cause of it. His rival rose, and went up to him. "You have won;" he said, with a degree of agitation that was painful to witness, and then hastily rushed out of the house.

Jachka was as pleased as a child with his victory; which I will allow others to call a vulgar one, but which is by no means such in my eyes. His countenance reflected a high degree of happiness. They seized him by the arms and round the waist, to lead him to the counter. I was pleased to see him call the innkeeper's son, and entreat him to fetch his competitor. But The Speculator was unfortunately nowhere to be found.

OUT AND HOME AGAIN.

I am of an adventurous disposition—a rest.ess one, my friends say. I love travel for its own sake, in any region, and by any town of locomotion. I have an impartial appetite for the backs of horse, mule, elephant, or camel; for railway, coach, steam-boat, sailing boat, rowing-boat, sleigh, diving-bell, and battom. My pet hobby for the future is an aerial-ship with a working-rudder and the establishment of a "through route" from the Earth to Uranus, with branch-lines to the remaining planets; while my chief regret for the part is, that I came too late for that great voyage of Ulyssea, when he left Ithaca

To sail beyond the sunset and the baths Of all the western stars.

After such an avowal, the reader will not be surprised to hear, that the phrase Setting Out is to me amongst the most musical in the vocabulary. I admit, however, that there is one phrase still more suggestive of delight, it is -fromg Home.

it is turning Home.

This is no rash admission. I know well su when it means, if, bound for a distant goal, to trad is stoutly to the City, on some bright cip July or August morning, for passport or viso, of

Of course, you walk all the way, if only to bring down to the level of a calm and reasonable joy that wild tide of energy which rushes in at the mere thought of travel. At such a time, too, all the thoroughfares of London seem to be in league with you. rushes in London seem to be in league with you. They know your purpose, and are bent to further it. Window after window reveals the solicitude of its owner for your well-being. "Smith is going abroad," or "Smith to the warrish. What will Smith is going to the sea-side. What will Smith want?" has clearly been a momentous question with many a citizen. "He will want a head-piece," soliloquises the benevowant a head-meee," soliloquises the benevo-lent hatter, "that dust, rain, and brine will not spoil, that shall be his shade on the steamboat, and his night-cap in the railway—a head-piece that shall transcend the usual laws of matter, and rise triumphant over shock and concussion." And, as by magic, shock and concussion." And, as by magic, wide-awakes, tourists, and cavaliers, of pliant and invulnerable felt, throng his window—all for Sunth. "It will never do window—all for Smith. "It will never do for Smith to be hampered with a wilderness of trunks," says the maker of those articles. "Even if married, he won't take the children up Mont Blanc. But he may like a fortught's run in Switzerland with Mrs. Smith. Let me see if I can't bring the necessities of both within the compass of the multiple portmanteau and a carpet-bag." "Smith may be drenched through by mountain rains," cries the foreman of vulcanised waterproof, "let him have a dreadnought!" "Smith may be washed overboard in the Channel," responds the employer, "let him have a lifebelt!" "It will never do for him to shave with a French razor!" exclaims the cutler. "It will be convenient for him to change his money before he starts," muses the bullion merchant. And accordingly I, who am merchant. And accordingly I, who am Smith for the nonce, make my way through a city which has lavished such resources upon my comfort, that my longing to quit it seems, for the moment, heinous ingratitude. not reinstated in my own good opinion until I reach the Consulates of France, Belgium, or Prussia, and receive my passport. There, indeed, I read words that touch me to the quick, and prove that I have still moral sensibilities. What, I am to be suffered to pass freely through lands where by law I am an an indeed to pass and the passibilities. alieu! I am to receive aid and protection in case of need—to be enfeotfed, so to speak, by foreign beneficence, of Champagne lands and mountains,—of grey fortress, and broad river, and southern skies! I may range through capitals where the sun makes every day a festival, and where, as the rosy evening dies into the intense blue, life's ever vocal tide, pours by brilliant shop, café, or theatre, as by winding banks of light!

I know what it is to get the start of the

I know what it is to get the start of the sun next morning, to rouse Mrs. Smith, whose rest is as sound as her conscience, to a participation in my ardour, to find the contagion of movement gradually spread along the

dusky house. First comes one note of inquiry, dusky house. First comes young voices, or then another, from fresh young voices, or from ently birds in the dawn. Nurse and under-nurse reply. There is rapping at under-nurse reply. There is rapping at chamber doors—a few low bass notes after the opening treble-then a sort of rapid allegretto movement up stairs and down-stairs. Nonse telegraphs to housemaid, housemaid to rook. Heavy boxes roll along the floors with a muttled mysterious sound, that parto rook. takes both of kettle-dram and trombone; while the repeated claug of fire-from below does proxy for cymbals. After a time the vocal department of the concert overwhelms even this powerful orchestra, and volleys of juvegardener, and discompose the grave police-nan, welcome us to breakfast, and in one loud crash conclude the overture. A brief pause, and cab, railway whistle, and train, begin the opera in carriest, until finally the sea joins its million voices in a chorus that ends the first act, and brings the custain and train, down with acclamation on the Custom House at Calais or Dieppe.

Listen: the second act commences. are threading streets so lofty, that you seem a mere pigmy at their base; streets narrow, curved, and grey; yet bathed in a sky so vivid, that they look like fissures cleft in a vast rock of sapphire. Here and there you discover how blue that aky is by the relief of searlet or crimson streamers pendent from tall acties in sign either of trade or trophy. Here some mutilated statue of poet or hero presides over a fountain. The spring leaps bright and fresh as at first, though the statue is a ruin. Past you dim archway runs a venerable wall, clad with half-effaced basreliefs of the meetings of kings, the processions of cardinals, and the tourneys of knights. You would walk in time rather than in space. Old Chronos, the consumer of things has played strange pranks with the han-diwork of the sculptor. The legate's face is diwork of the sculptor. The legate's face is gone. The white-stoled boy, who bore the sone. The white-stoled boy, who bore the torch before him, remains; but the flame so curoingly chiselled is extinct. The prostrate kinght lies yet more perfect than the maimed and headless victor who said and headless victor who rides over him. There is no respect of persons here; Time, who has been so ruthless with these tablets of art, has written on them, instead, his own fantastic but solemn moral. On again, through the winding street, till you emerge into the specimus square, and stand awed before that wast catherral, the height of whose very punch strains the gaze when near, while far left glows mullion window beneath

acrial beauty in the vaulted roof, organ ceases; a funeral procession and moves slowly on to the high The obsequies are those of a nun. high tapers are lighted, and shed a weird over the spangled pull. A dry chaunt, through which the deep tone trombone are heard, rises like the mortality over its transient estate. of few days, it says, and full of trouble the flower that is cut down and the s the flower that is cut down and the shifted flower that is cut down and one are withered like grass. The strain exposes from some unseen loft breaks an arresponse. With soft clear melody it downward, and fills the dim pule with a lation. The early toil, the late vigil of it tells us, are over. The bread of an shall be eaten no more, for so He gillis beloved sleep. The memory of just in blessed. They rest from the His beloved sleep. The memor-just is blessed. They rest from bours and their works do follow them. then, with a heart chastened by with a heart chastened but the bright day outside seem strange or ha the thoughts that point to the goal of cheer while they dignify the road. I gay flower-stalls, crowded with their glo and odorous burden, have for you a pathos and meaning. Though brief the pathos and meaning. Though brief a ministers to you of heanty and love. are the food of sympathics-influent pass into the soul; and so the breat rose that fades in a maiden's hand may with her being-share her immortanty

Fix that bud, therefore, tenderly button-hole, good dame. Fold up those of china-aster, sweet pea, and double tion with a fond reverence. You are us thoughts and feelings in those tiny which you so gladly exchange for a feach. Heaven be with you? May the airs, beams, and dews that foster your light kindly upon you! May jentle ever be to you an ethereal miliness. aspiration this which, though absord in land, may be reasonable enough in Norm But we must hasten, or we shall he diligence.

No, there it stands. The horses a ing from the courtyard of that quaint : whose pointed towers and long proclaim that it began life, ages castle. That cold salle a manger from the sun, where the temperature coffee so rapidly abutes, was part of baronial hall. You high carved ment around whose fire of wood, country strains the gaze when hear, while far around whose fire of wood, country far and town burgher group in the citear warch of the nave—that arch itself days, has been circled by senescial point, from which the dizzy eye henchmen, and the old gallery outsite, the intestive towers run sheer into the of ether. You pass noiselessly of the andedoor, and a burst of organ potent as if it were substance, arrests the intesting of the role door, and a burst of organ potent as if it were substance, arrests the fitten shafts. See how they toporting tell they fade almost into the horses are put to; the rope harness

Good townsfolk, who have banked! adjusted. like Izards in the sun, on the green beach of the lotel opposite, think it time that we should mount; so, into the coupé, or, if there be only room there for Mrs. Smith and my daughter, I and the eldest boy will do well enough on the banquette. En route! the conductor, scaling the top storey of locomotive house, whereupon, amidst a volley of strange mesal sounds, imprecatory and invocatory from Cocher, such discharges from his whip, as make you think the air filled with exploding crackers, and the jingling of horse-hells, you rock, sway, bound, and thun-der over the stones, flash round projecting corners, dive through narrow streets-you may shake hands with Brown en passant, as looks out from the entresol-and rattle finally over a drawbridge to the open road.

And what a road it is how undulatory, varied, and full of sweet surprises! For miles on either side, as you mount the hill, wide fields of corn or flax rapple in the breeze; gain the summit, and in the valley brimmed with day as a cup with wine, a village glitters, indistinct from its very bright-It is nothing to say, that the sun shines through that screen of poplars; his beams fall among them in flakes of light. Those are ingots of gold that flash between their stems. Can you not lift them, and be a Crossus ! Those red swelling pears that run along the write cottage wall would fetch their price at Yet here the passing child Covent Garden. might pluck them from the lower boughs, and further on they grow carelessly amid the heages. As we are stopping, I enter the greating estammet, and return to the coupé with a peate laden with peaches. Wherever with a plate laden with peaches. Wherever we may dine this autumn, Mrs. Smith will find none like them in consess. We are tour, and the price is six sous. We are moving again; there is the church, with the white crosses that guard the graves and tell and the crosses that guard the graves and tell to rest there. We are once you it is sweet to rest there. We are once more on rising ground. Whitner hurries that grove that skirts the ravine on our lett? At its toot you catch glumpses of a blue deep as the sky's. A moment of doubt, and an instinct of the truth thrills through you. It is the sea! Yes; for, as you diverge farther is the sea! Yes; for, as you diverge farther inland, regard that long plain of golden sand, the bed of an estuary, from which is gently break only upon gardens. Miles away, at the verge of the estuary, and robed in a haze from the sea, a fair tower-crowned hamlet alogus gradually to the main. There it muses, percett and pensive, remote, yet not all estranged from the highways of life—a young son, with the echoes of the world still in her act, with the choese of the world still in her car, whom some early sorrow has turned which nothing but the desire to see me cheer-towards the Infinite. Our business, however, ful could so soon have dispelled. "It will be her with that same stirring world, and accordingly we lose aight of the recluse. The and we can have them all with us," she next turning brings as in sight of a pension, observes, watching foundly the little forms of with its long range of jalousies and a mossy our two eldest girls and their brothers, as

garden wall, over which the laden pear-trees bend and stretch arms towards their own shadows in the river. Anon, the invariable drawbridge, the roll of drums denoting the garrisoued town; the narrow curred streets, this time with the indented gables that rethe wide market-place, where petticoats and white caps are surging like a sea of med, with form crests; a sharp turning through a modern street, and the Chemin-

de-fer!
We take our tickets, for what destination I need not state. The ingenious reader may, therefore, at his choice, fancy us discussing our water-ices on the Boulevards, woile the epitomised life of civilisation passes in review; or follow us into the Moddle Ages in the Jews' Quartier, at Frankfort; or find as in the theatre of this same city of Göthe, enjoying that great continental novelty, a drama that is liked for its own sake, and actors that can be endured without the bribe of a pageant. He may detect us listening to the band of the Kursaal at that delightful wicked Baden-Baden, as my wife calls it; or at the hotel of the Three Kings at Basle, at the hotel of the Three Kings at Rasle, share our window, that looks out on the great river street of the Rhine. We would We would only require of him, when tired of specula-tion, to suppose us again by the sea, and vis-à-vis to Sussex.

"Well, we've had a happy six weeks of it," says Mrs. Smith, as she settles her bonnet for the last evening walk before the great mirror over the mantel piece, where the gilt chins clock is assiduously ticking to a miscellaneous and crowded company of gilt-china knights, and crowded company of gilt-china knights, gilt-china shepherds, chepherdesses, and fishermen. "A very happy six weeks," resumes the lady, about hulf-an-hour after, as we quit the bazaar-like avenues which connect the bathing establishment with the town. "We've seen many things to admire some to touch us, and make us thoughtful," she continues; "but, O (iconge! there's one delight, our greatest, yet to come."

By this time we have reached the pier, whence the twinkling town-lamps to the left,

contrast with the moonlight, while the destinal headland glides softly into the sea. "Our greatest delight!" Dear soul! she need not strain her eyes in gazing northwards from the pier-end to tell me her meaning. Don't I know the trembling eagerness with which at every poste restante on our route she has broken open Aunt Betsy's bulletins touching the minds, bodies, and general estates of Freddy, Caroline, and Harriet-Jane? And, spite of those re-assuring documents, haven't I

they flit through the thick bar of shadow that the lighthouse casts upon the pier.

"True," I reply, "but then we shall miss the happiness of returning to them." And how great this happiness is—almost worth, indeed, the cost of separation—we know well next morning, when, after no end of bells, breathless arrivals from the trains, gangways twice withdrawn and twice replaced for more last-comers, a thrill vibrates through the crowded vessel, the steam cases the impatient his a the massive engine beam its impatient hiss, the massive engine-beam slowly rises, descends; the paddles turn, the pier floats by with its kindly voices; around us is the sea; before us-England!

us is the sea; before us—England!
You go out with the tide, and the sea itself is bound for England! Could you bear to see it glide thither with a smooth, tame apathy, instead of those generous bounds with which it rushes to the land of freemen and fires! The hours fly like the waves. What! the white cliffs already! Yes, the mist rises, furls off from those gates of pearl—for so they seem, as the light pours upon them through the dewy air. And how lovely looks Albion as she greets you thus! With what modesty, what awest reserve, does she lift her veil, and greets you thus! With what modesty, what awest reserve, does she lift her veil, and disclose, one after one, the features that charm you—the shining town, just fresh from its bath, the silver vapours stealing under the hollow cliffs, the sheep that range their summits, and dot at times some sloping

crevice of green ! We are not going to be ungrateful to those bright clear skies which we have just left, and which take good care that no fibre of a lear, no nicest pediment of gate or temple, shall be lost upon you, and having set off the region to the best advantage, naturally ex-pect you to admire it. But there is a pleasure in finding out your weath, in a sunthat, like a discreet cicerone, can sometimes retire, and which, in place of dazzling you with a ceaseless blaze of commentary, is often content with a mere hint of light on upland or in valley. So we think, as the Express dashes through green lands that have not paid the pennity of a cloudless sky; by woods just tinged with autumn, now solemn and thoughtful, and anon brightening with a thousand chequered gleams, by hills on whose slopes the shadows sport, while, above, the mill whirls merrily in a whote effolgence, and shricks with joy to the riotous brook. This is our England, the lands of homes! Blassings on her! May size forof homes! Blessings on her! May she for-give us, if ever in untitlal mood we have swelled the foreigner's reproach on her climate, if we have ever been bitter on her springs if we have ever been bitter on her springs and split our coals with impatient expletives in the heart of her Junes. May she forgive us if we have ever thought the bloused pea-sant of France better informed and more courteous than nonest Giles, who lears there on his pitchfork by the gate, and of whose hearty welcome to his bacon we are thoroughly

they flit through the thick bar of shadow that assured. May she especially pardon us it we the lighthouse casts upon the pier. have ever considered the farrière de l'1.t. Is on the whole, a finer approach than the suburb of Peekham; or, if we have ever compared Trafalgar Square with the Pince le la Concorde, to the disadvantage of termer. What! try our England by the law of beauty, or any such abstraction! No such thing: we will try her by our love. has features are beautiful to us, for they make hers.

Besides, whatever inferiority cold entimay assign to us, out of doors, we challen the world to match our interiors. We bear to think that we have no vine-clad at when we remember our firesides. this more than ever when arrived at last bask again in the glow of our own. The enters in a state of agitated enthusiasm, greets us with a hiss of welcome. Dear, ke Aunt Betsy has surrendered to us her chart Mamma sits radiant between Harriet, Jac. Mamma sits radiant between Harriet, Jac. and Carry, while the chubby fingers of the silent Freedy dive into mine. Now combappy social ten, towards the end of which happy social tea, towards the end of which, telegraphic glances pass between the children, well aware of the one trunk left parposely in the hall, but resolved as a point of imperative etiquette to ignore its existence. Attacked at has, the cords fall off forbornly, the grossing lock gives way, to vigorous assaults, the stronghold of mystery is forced. O, treasures of Lyons' silk for the delight of Aunt Betsy! O, inlaid work-hox with shungs miplements, and silk, crimson lining, for Carry' overwhelming Harriet Jame with the sudden burden of maternity! O, drum and burse. burden of maternity! O, drum and buthat roll and blace through Gallic streets, a now, in miniature, alarm a garrison of nur now, in miniature, alarm a garrison of nurses and house-marks to the rapture of unitary Freddy! "Arthur, lay aside that Mohere for your uncle, till he leaves chambers!" And now let us to the fire, and pray that all home-comings—whether to mighty London, with its glare and din, or to woody so burth thereof, or to country-towns with quaint of inns, or to bright, many-windowed halls, or to hilly farm-steads, glimmering for trivial above the dusky wealds, may be happy as our own.

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A WEEKLY JOURNAL

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 297.7

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 1, 1953.

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CHARTER-HOUSE CHARITY.

We have no wish to write of charity in an unclantiable vein, and now that we again find ourselves forced to dwell upon the public scandal of the Charterhouse, we shall endeavour to put the most liberal construction possible upon the conduct of its chief promoter. The genius of one of our best authors has touched lovingly of late upon Carthusian discipline—so lovingly and tenderly, indeed, that readers of future generations who shall hang with generous emotion over the deathbod of Colonel Newcome, will be apt to see in the gown of a Poor Brother of the Charterhouse a badge of honoured poverty, that must, at any rate in Mr Thackeray's days, have been most fit clothing for a ruined gentleman in whom the spirit of honour remained fresh and young. We would not have a line unwritten of that chapter which in the room of a Poor Brother of Charterhouse closes, in a spirit of generosity and human tenderness, a novel that the nation will not fail to take to heart and cherish. Let it be felt rather that, in the Newcomes, Mr. Thackeray shows what a Poor Brother of Charterhouse should be in theory, and is in tiction; and let the master and the governors betake themselves with all speed to the task of expany on the said descrepancy that now exists between the fiction and the fact.

Three years and a half ago (in number one hundred and sixteen of this journal), we described to the said descrepancy that now exists between the fiction and the fact.

Three years and a half ago (in number one hundred and sixteen of this journal), we described from substantial evidence and personal respection (he real nature of a Poor Brother's position. Since that time it has not changed for the better, whatever efforts may have been under to produce amendment. The Poor Brother's themselves have drawn up a case, in which they temperately express their sense of their position to the governors. The needed of Charterhouse, Archdearon Hale, has replied to the case in a pamphlet. Some-body has put forward in another pamphlet the story of a Poor Brother's expulsion, and somebody clied in yet another pamphlet has advised the complete destruction and reform of the degenerated charity. In the meantime, there has also been a charity commission before which the Charterhouse successfully resided any attempt to make critical massignment.

Now, we by no means desire to back every greevance that we find urged in the every grievance that we min argon. ... pamphlets we have mentioned, or to refuse credit for their good intentions and good credit for their governors and master. The deeds to the governors and master. The foundation was established for the free education of forty poor boys and for the sustemnoe of eighty ancient gentlemen, captains, and others, brought to distress by shipwrecks, wounds, or other reverse of fortune. It was liberally endowed, and the founder desired that its bounty might be more extended as its means increased. Its means have increased, and although purely of lay origin it has tallen more and more under ecclesiastical control. At first the master was a layman; but after the appointment of the third master it was ordered that the office should them of orth be held by a minister of the church, who, how-ever, "shall neither have nor accept of any place of preferment or benefit in church or commonwealth, whereby he may be drawn from his residence, care, or charge." That order has remained in force to this day when the master—whose salary was fixed in the time of his predecessor at eight hundred pounds a-year, with various pecuniary extras; who is a-year, with various pecuniary extras; who is provided with a residence containing more than thirty rooms, with daily dinner and wine—is the Ray, W. H. Hale, whose attention is distracted by the cure of many thousand scale as vicar of St. Giles's, Cripplegate, in the vicarage of which parish he is supposed also to reside; who is resident canon of St. Paul's; and emove other characters to the extent of a to reside; who is resident eation of St. Paul's; and enjoys other plurainties to the extent of a sum that, in all, amounts to something like four thousand pounds a year. By this gentleman, subject to the Archbishops of Canterbury and York and the Bishop of London, Charcerhouse is virtually managed, for the other governors are busy statesmen who can other governors are busy statesmen who can rarely interfere in affairs which belong only indirectly to their necessary business. To house affairs belong very directly, inasmuch as the institution has become, in fact, a notable as the institution has become, in fact, a notative church seminary. The senood has been cherished. To the forty poor boys of the foundation have been added several times forty others, who pay liberally to the masters for their board, while the toundation boys, clothed, fed, and charged only one near of tive pounds a-year for washing, have consisted.

efsuch young gentlemen as the sons of the grand masters (past and present), sons or relatious of the past and present registrars and others, with names as significant as George James Blomfield, Alfred Plantagenet Frederick Charles Somerset, the Hon. W. Byron, Dawson Pamer—certainly not begitimate objects of any other charity than that which may be required to forgive their presence there Upon exhibitions at the universities of one hundred pounds a year for four or five years, and docutions towards the placing out of scholars, about two thousand pounds a year are sport. The school, in short, has become the Charterhouse; to appoint the school as one of the great church seminaries for the feeding of the cherical profession, is the leading purpose of its cherical conductors, and the attendant necessity of providing harbour for the righty poor gentlemen is an incumbrance to them; the Poor Frothers are, in short, a bors. Not long ago they were brought into harmony with the new form of the institution by the declaration that none should be admitted who did not bring proof that they were members of the Church of England; and a nomine of the Queen's war ejected because the was a poor scholar—pious certainly, but tainted with dissent.

Perhaps there is something not very unnatural in this course of affairs. Riches are alon to change, and the diversion of the thatterhouse fumbs into the lap of the shuterhouse fumbs into the some to quarted act vely with that result. Such money as this may very possibly be better spent in giving a sound education to the sons of gentlement and in making them worthy dergyment as a scholars, than in the mere diffusion of a loweledge of the A. B. C., the catechism, and the pence table among the poor. This, only we would hint to pious fathers of the church. That as Sutton left his money in shorely and not lawing been very pious in obtaining it during his life-time, was particularly anxie us that it should be put to pious use when he was dead, the church might be equally well served if the blessings of a gratimatus education, and support at the university, were effered to the sous of a closs of gentlemen which surely does exist within the bow m of the church itself. We have reason to suspend that there exist a dozen or two in the country of hard-werking elergymen, who give be tond out of their mouths, and the clot of from their backs, to find for their sons that elements which the Charterhouse pointeds offers as a dole of mercy to Plantagence and occased or in, to noble youths and help offers as a dole of mercy to Plantagence and occased or in, to noble youths and help offers as a dole of mercy to Plantagence and occased or in, to noble youths and help offers as a dole of mercy to Plantagence was a lishop. The governors of Chosterhous must know that there are gentlemen in ample act of some tace that claims alleance was a lishop. The governors of Chosterhous must know that there are gentlemen in ample act of some with toil incessor. For,

to be sure, the Charterhouse has in its gire cleven livings, and the fattest of these is a rectory which yields one thousand one hundred and four pounds per annum, for the capadred and four pounds per annum, for the capadred and four pounds per annum, for the capadred and four pounds one thousand is number; while another yields six hundred for the cure of four hundred—one pound ten per soul; another, two hundred and forty deep pounds for the cure of fifty—nearly a compound note per soul; while it has also the lessowal upon some industrious gentleman, of ninety-seven pounds a year for the spirit of cure of two thousand one hundred and elementary for each soul ten published by the perishioners—for each soul ten publishing the proper bounds of charity in capacity half-penny. We trust that we do not also strip the proper bounds of charity in capacity and he felt as a more real blessing by the Parson Adamses of England, than it capacity has all his cousins had what is enjaced by Marton Somerset and Master Blonding, Master History and the Honourable Master Blonding, the real would be no desire whatever on the part of the public to complain of churchmen as a count of their wish to appropriate the Chart thouse school to the use and condent of their order. The school itself is will and set to the management of that. We call point out to the might be what it is, even in the halls of ecclesiastics, and still be of a kind to release the memory of Sutton dear to many; a be refaction that might be enjoyed by the part gentleman with no more of a blush than a new brought by it to the face of wealther

From the school we turn to the department of the Poor Brothers, whereof noth a genulation to a place on the feed daton in the school, which to a boy easter at ten, and able to go with an exhibition at ten, and able to go with an exhibition of the universities, may be valued, and the present existent, at something not far from the present existent, at something not far from the nominee of any noble from 1 from presentation to a Poor Brother's call of presentation to a Poor Brother's call of presentation to a Poor Brother's call of patronage is that! The dignitarion of patronage in his pagnished is according to the data of a poor old man state ling points of gentrity. Prepost tous 'The May not that the Poor Brothers have no rightful claim to a thing. (We particularly antend Mr Theray's attention to this) In feet, the Poor Brother business is a borse. It is now and then, openly so dichard, and it

Poor Brethren feel and know that it is con sidered a bore.

And so it indeed is, the moment we dismiss the spirit of the charity that offers decayed gentiemen in Charterhouse a place of rest and solace, tenanted not at the caprice of any neighbour, but by the goodwill towards them, neighbour, but by the goodwill towards them, and all men like them, of a money-maker whose bones long since crumbled into dust. Let it be granted that a churchman taking twenty shillings of the dead man's money for attending to the comfort of the brother who gets only one, can look on the shilling brother as an inferior being, because he has the inferior dole; and at once you may write for Poor Brother, Poor Bore. As to lodging, the deceased Sutton, is drawn upon by Master for thirty-three luxurious ap Master for thirty-three luxurious aparements; by the Poor Brother for only one room, with, in some cases, a bed closet, one bed without sheets, one deal table, and a bed without statets, one deal table, and a chair. How pattry a recipient of charity must the Poor Brother be in his great Master's eyes. And in what way the Poor Brother is made to feel that he owes his pittance, not to the dead Sutton, but to the pleasure of his living Master, let the following little story call.

Probably the most impracticable Bore who ever puzzled Charterhouse officials, was its hore, Simon Slow. The name is fiction, but the story is made public in a pamphlet wholly thereunto devoted, as a piece of fact. The author of the pamphlet does not see that Simon was a bore; we do. Mr. Slow had Sinon was a bore; we do. Mr. Slow had been for half a century a city merchant, a shipowner, and manufacturer, well known as a man not only wealthy, but beneficent. He suffered sudden shipwreck of his fortunes, and became a pauper, with unsuilied character to: honour and integrity; he became even as Colonel Newcome, and upon the nomina-tion of a noble lord, this old man, in March, tion of a noble ford, this old man, in March, eighteen hundred and fifty, entered ('harter-house as a Peor Brother. Now, this New-come certainly did gramble a little when he found that he was ledged in a room without curtains, or even shutters to the window; with a hare floor; and with the good adowance of one elm-chair, one plain deal table, and less hadding than is to be had in gaols; the whole, moreover, as it soon appeared, a nest of vermin. Of the vermin the old gentleman complained to a servant of the place, who told him in a familiar merry way, —for your Poor Brother is nobody in the eye of any underling at Charterhouse,—that "he would und plenty of companions of that sort." The new Brother found that he was pro down much more emphatically when he carried could into against dirt to the manciple, on I has dignity was hurt at finding that was become a man for the porter at the gate to personise, with a corp on the shoulder. On the tenth of February, six teen hundred and it is not a gate and daily remonders of his particle of what he considered an array test persetty to any such form as truck, wounded too kery of sacred duties, because manufactors.

an old gentleman tenacious of the respect due to his age and former standing in the world, which no misdeed had forfetted. But he suffered all quietly. His character of Eore grew out of a distinct department of his mind. Mr. Slow was, unfortunately for himself and his superiors strictly a religious

There is service in the chapel every day at Charterhouse, a morning and an evening service, at one of which, on pain of three-pence or a shilling, according to the holmeas of the day, every Poor Brother is commanded to be present. There is no exemption from to be present. There is no exemption from this law, except for the sick; one Pror Brother, deaf for twenty years, is nevertheless required to do his share of coughing in the chapel. Now, on the days that are least holy, when worship may be dispussed with for the charge of threepence,—on the ordinary week-days,-prayers in the chapel seem to have been got through by common consent with all convenient expelition. consent with all convenient expelition. Every one knows how such prayers of form are disposed of in cathedrals and other estawheezy worshippers, and (consciously) before no other Presence, let us hope. Something of this kind was the case at Charterhouse; where it turned out that this old merchant was so strict a formalist as to be resolved on having time to think of what he said when he repeated his prayers. The Master, although himself bound to attend in chapel daily, was but seldom present to observe how service was performed. Probably he was too rich a man to be fined threepence; or, if fined, was able to afford the money for a dispensation. The old merchant was not,-he, moreover, did not wish to stay away from chapel. fault was, that he was obstinately being reverent when there, and would persect in giving the responses autibly and slow y, with a full deliberation of their import. It's fellow-brethren naturally looked upon them lengthening of daily penance with no friendly eyes, and the old bore was abundantly to-mented by them. But he persevered. After all, may we not believe his to have been a weakness pardonable enough in an old man? The defect in his judgment was only, that ac did not understand his place. He expressed his feeling to the preacher, who replied, that he had "no right to any opinion on the subject. Circumstanced as you are, instead or making complaints, you ought to be crateful for the assium thospital affinds you." The ungrateful man said, that he should attend an ever place of worship, if his sense of deency were further outraged. The reverend gentleman replied, "I date you to do so, at your

openly. He closed his prayer-book suddenly, and walked out of the chapel. The maneiple came to know what was his reason for so doing. He replied, The irreverent manner in which service is conducted. On the following day, after chapel service (from which the Master himself was, as usual absent), the old man was summoned by a verbal message through a servant into the presence of the Vicar of Cripplegate. He was preparing to obey the summons, when the maneiple burst in, crying, "If you don't attend the Master instantly, you'll be discommoned!" The old gentleman did what every young gentleman would have done—altered his mind and remained where he was; disposed in hot blood, to return the great autocrat for his polite message, an answer couched in the same atyle. No more was said; no charge was notified to the Bore; no witness was examined, until the date of the following order, which contains the Master's revenge upon his sinful Brother; we italicise one or two words:

Charterhouse.—At an assembly of the governors, held on Saunday, the twenty-minth day of March, eighteen hundred and fifty-one:—Upon hearing the Muster's report, that complaint having been made to him of the conduct of Simon Slow, one of the Poor Brothers in the chapel, he had summoned him to attend and answer such complaints, and that the said Simon Slow had peremptorily, and in erry discrepectful language, refused to attend. And upon hearing the said Simon Slow, we order that he leave the hospital on or before Thursday next, the third day of April, and be deprived of all benefit of his place for three calendar months; and we warn the said Simon Slow, that if, on his return to the hospital, such misconduct be repeated, he will be expelled.

And so the old gentleman who had been too obstinately reverent to his Great Master, and too impatiently irreverent towards his little master, was sent adult to learn behaviour to his betters. During his absence, the order for his suspension was, in the usual manner, posted in the public hall.

When he came back, the knowledge that he

When he came back, the knowledge that he had been posted in this way was the first wound to Slow's feelings. He appealed to the Master about that, and the great man poured in balan by curtly telling him, that the matter had been disposed of. But the old subject of contention still existed: the old man, with his still conscience, was as much a Bore as ever. Next year there appeared, accordingly, another order, setting forth that upon the Master's statement relative to Simon Slow's usual conduct in chapel, it is ordered that he be deprived of all benefit of his place for three calendar months. With this order the reverend Master conveyed private intimation, that on the old man's writing an apology, it might be cancelled. But old Sunon felt, of course, in his obstinacy, that he was a person wronged, not a wrong-doer, and so he went adrift into the world again. Upon his retain he made an attempt, in which he had before been checked

by an imperious Must from the head of the establishment, to assure peace by absenting himself from the chapel in which has ense of religious duty was offended, and botaking himself quietly to an adjacent church instead. He did this at his peril, but for several months did it unmolested. At last came the peremptory order of the Master that he should go to worship where there was for him—though not necessarily for others—only irreverence and discord; and, on the twenty-second of March last year thus the small order ran:

The Master having stated that one of the Pow Brothers had again offended against the regulation of the hospital, by removing from the place oxign d to him among the Poor Brothers in the chaper had although twice admonished, he had not returned to be place, but had absented himself from divine service a the chapel for a formight and upwards, the and Sinnes Slow was called in, and what he had to say in unsact having been heard, it was ordered that he he not permitted to reside in the hospital after the there has early of March instant, and that he leave the hospital accordingly; but that he be allowed the end of 5 thy possibly per annum, payable quarterly, during the pleasure of the governors, in lieu of his petitor, and all other benefits of his place as a Poor Brother.

The fifty pounds per annum Mr. Slow, with the spirit of a gentleman still in how, refuses to receive, and there the matter calcable with the spirit of a gentleman still in how, refuses to receive, and there the matter calcable with the time of the governors of Charterhouse. We see evidence in Mr. Slow of the existence of a temper difficult to deal with in a worldly way; the temper of an old gentleman extremely obstante upon his sense of right, or another way—in the way of Christian charity, which is supposed to be the main-spring of the Charterhouse foundation—how eas ly may all such cases be met! The proceding narrative shows how the formalism of the Poor Brother met the formalism of the Poor Brother met the formalism of the Poor Brother met the formalism of the received in an anost orthodox churchman and a pious man. Would charily have been outraged if, now a kindly preacher, user considerate Master, had dropped in at the digentleman's room, sat with him, listen defining with respect, and, with the help of spirit of kindness, and the obvious the tiantly imparted by their bearing to the whose it is seruples, put him at case in his new position? It, after all, he did not the chapel service, why must be need an old man frethed by imperious deats and old man

An old man fretted by imperious dectat as
Here and in other cases, insolance to the
Master seems to be the crume into which the
Poor Brother most easily take, and for which
he is most frequently pumshed by suspense

from his privileges. The Poor Brethren resent the lordship of the pluralist. The Viear of St. Gilea's Cripplegate, and Archdeacon of London, and Canon Residentiary of St. Paul's, comes among them manifestly playing turtle to their sprat: well benefited as he is, he draws large funds out of the institution which, though meant for them, barely supplies their wants, and theretone they readily resent all his authoritative dealings with them.

ings with them.

By this light let us observe what are the main points of their case as stated in a document of their own framing, and we shall see at once how even the best intentions of the Master (and that he has meant and has done well in many respects we cheerfully admit) are deteated by the false position in which, as a phuralist, he necessarily must stand. With the case, let us take also the Master's answer

to each point on which it dwells.

After reciting the origin of the charity, the Poor Brothers venture to remind the Governors and the Master, that three years subsequently to the founder's death, the hospital was opened by his exceutors, who had been solemnly enjoined by the old man, "as they will answer at the Day of Judgment, to endeavour to see my last will performed, according to my true meaning and charitable intent." Accordingly, it is urged, there entered into the hospital when it was opened by the executors—who knew what the true meaning of the founder was—captams and gentlemen (meaning the Poor Brothers), seholars, and officers.

Hercupon replies the Master, in his pamphlet, that the emphatic warning as to the performance of his true meaning and charitable intent "had not more direct reference to the interest which the hospital might have in his will, than to his other numerous charitable bequests and legacies." As to the supposed intention of the founder to constitute the society of gentlemen, it will be proved, writes the Master, that this idea is erroncous, and refuted by evidence the most conclusive—viz., the founder's own acts. Having boddly stated this, the Master has supplied his proof and refutation, and assumes the question to be settled. The only most conclusive refutation of the right of the Poor Hothers to be selected from the rank of decayed gentlemen, and treated as such with proportionate consideration, is that which occurs three or four pages later, in this passage: "The founder, during the six weeks which chapsed between the completion of the foundation by the conveyance of the estates and his death, never exercised the power of making orders; but if the palace which had been purchased for the hospital had been ready to receive its immates, it is probable that the poor, aged, maimed, needy and importent people placed in it would have been persons such as the founder had designated

The Poor Brethren the pluralist. The ipplegate, and Archivanon Residentiary of ong them manifestly sprat: well beneficed ge funds out of the igh meant for them, wants, and therefore is authoritative deal-observe what are the eas stated in a docu-

matter has been disposed of.

But, the Poor Brothers in their case show further evidence of the position it was meant, from the beginning, that they were to hold, and which it is now commonly supposed they do hold, notwithstanding any sneers of the Master, who repeatedly scorns in italies, as applied to Poor Brothers, the words gentility and gentlemen,—to which we again most earnestly call the attention of Colonel Newcome's patron. He even produces a table put into a peculiar form for the purpose of still further discrediting the notion of the Poor Brothers' gentility. The present Brothers are grouped by the Grand Master according to their former stations:—

Clergymen .				1
Legal and Medical	Men .			5
Military and Naval	Men			15
Merchants				- 8
Schoolmasters and	Litera	ry Me	n.	7
Land Stewards .				2
Tradesmen, Clerks	, Servi	anta		41
				78
One Vacancy.				1
				_
7	otal .			810

Behold how the great pluralist makes out his case by winding up with a riff-raff of forty-one tradesmen, clerks, servants! Is the tradesman, in this land of shopkeepers, in no case to be reckoned among gentlemen? May he not be as wealthy with his honest gains, as any lofty churchman who pockets gains honest men condenn. Possibly, in a well-adjusted table of respectability, the pluralist might rank with people meaner than the servants.

But there is no doubt that many wear the gown of the Poor Brother, for whom it never was intended. That is one part of the abuse. The patronage of the school blesses the nobleman's young friend; the patronage of the Poor Brother's stall trumpery as it is, may allow your lordship to be charitable to your superannuated lackey. And so the worm-out lackey is sent as a companion, to the ruined gentleman, and the magnificent archdeacon as a haughty Master.

Furthermore, urge the petitioners: After the nature of the foundation had been settled and defined, it was declared in the texters

patent of King James (after whom the place is called King James's Hospital), that in the event of any increase of revenue, all and every such increase shall be employed to the maintenance of more and other poor people to be placed in the said hospital; or to the further augmentation of the allowances of those persons that for the time being shall be in the said hospital, according to the true intent and meaning of those presents, and ahall not be converted or employed to any private use; and that such construction shall be made upon this foundation and incorpoable for the maintenance of the poor, and for the repressing and avoiding of all acts and devices to be invented or put in use, contrary to the true meaning of these presents. It is then pointed out, that the salaries of officials have increased more rapidly than the revenue, and that the Master's salary, as now received by him, is increased six-teen-feld since the first establishment of the bospital, while the Poor Brother's income is only augmented to four times the original It was natural enough in the petitioners to add to this fact the prophecy of Lord Bacon, when attorney-general, that in a short time the Charterhouse would degemerate, to be made a preferment of some great person to be Master, and he to take all the sweet, and the poor to be stinted and take but the crumbs, and would be but a wealthy benefice in respect of the Mastership; but the poor, which is the propter quid, little relieved

And to all this, what does the humble priest consider a sufficient answer! The answer to this complaint, writes the Arch-deacon-cum-Canon-cum-Almoner-cum-Vicardeacon-enn-tation-enn-variable cum-Chaplain cum-Master, is, that the division of the revenues of the hospital amongst its members, according to a fixed scale or perpetual rule of proportion, is a principle not recognised in any of the instruments to which the governors are bound to look for direction; nor is there any recognition of such a principle in their orders or proceed-ings. The fixed scale of justice, the perpetual rule of charity, the principle of right, are not written in the bond. The pound of flesh is mine, and I will have it.

In all this, what can be more evident than that one half the cause of discontent in Charterhouse would be removed, if any other than a grossly overpaid man occupied the Master's chair? The dole of the Poor Brothers is enough, and some little increase of liberality, in a moral as well as material sense, taking the direction of a care for their comfort and consolement, would suffice to make them happy, if there were no spectacle of injustice constantly held close before their cycs. In truth, though by an accident, the dole of the brethren has increased exactly in proportion to the increase of the funds by which they are supported. For, it will amaze

all men of business to hear, that the nomital value of the wide estates and possessions of the Charterhouse has increased only fourfold in two hundred and fifty years. yield of the extensive estates attached to the foundation, actually now falls short of shillings an acre. A revenue where on, the beforty or fifty thousand pounds agree to only half as much. We note this by the way. The Master's share of such revenue has in the meantime increased, as the archideacon tells us, upon no scale of proportion and the Foor Brothers are scandalined be and the Foor Brothers are scandained because the money is paid to a gentleman was substituted that the money is paid to a gentleman was substituted to the money that he is engaged in laying up for himself treasure upon earth in many places. What the Poor Brothers thank about the Master we have fully shown, and we have now only to add what the Master we have the Master who we have the Master who we have the Master we have the Master who we have the Master who we have the Master we have the Master who we would be made to the Master who were the many than the man we have now only to add what the Misser, in a moralising humour, thinks of them "It is no uncharatable supposition, that much persons are often soured as well as a populated; for it is a sad truth, that atthetion rarely improves any who are not really religious men. It does not after the temper of the irritable, nor humble the heart of the proud; it does not make men more distrustful of their own opinion, or to think less of their own merits." Does the writer of such a sentence say, with a loud voice, when he prays, I thank thee, O Lord, that I am not affected as these publicans !(!)

PRINCESS H.SE.

At the Deluge, says my story, all the streams of the earth ran together, as not the mountains, and let their wild waves all over the highest peaks. When, at last, the land appeared once more, no stream or bed again, if hosts of good spirits had not come to be their guides.

Order was almost restored among the streams when one spirit sat ressing on an alpine peak. He saw the German rivers gliding onwards in the distance; the reson streams far to the front, the smaller i lowing; while a mob of brooks and rivol.

danced in the rear.

Steadily the waters flowed on; and & glad spirit watched them as he rested no his attention was caught by the vote of small weeping streamlet almost at his let He found her behind the piece of vice which he had been sitting. She was been which he had been sitting. She was lone wery little streamlet, and she lay wrap to a white veil, weeping bitterly. He bent over her compassionately, raised her, drew whom there was a grown had better the little lies, for whom there was a green hed made really far away among the valleys of the Hartz. "Poor child," said the good angel, "have you been obliged to remain here above in the

bleak mountain top ! Have all the there land,

without a thought of taking you with

The little Ilse, however, drew up her head

and said pertly. "I have not been forgotten; the old Weser waited long enough for me, beckened and called me to come with her, and the Ecker and the Ocker wanted to take my hand; but I would not go with them, certainly not. Was it for me to demean myself in the plains, carrying drink to sheep and oxen, and ing their muddy feet I am the Pr Wash their muddy feet I am the Princess The sunbeam is my father, and the The santeam is my lather, and the pure air is my mother; my brother is the diamond, and the dew in the rose-bad is my infant sister. I am a princess of the first water, and really cannot come down from the height on which I have been placed."

The good spirit looked very carnestly at the pale face of little Ilse; and, as he gazed down into the liquid blue of her bright eyes, he saw dark points under the snarkle of their

down into the liquid blue of her bright eyes, he saw dark points under the sparkle of their pride, which told him that a wicked spirit lurked within. The little demon of Vanity had entered Ilse's head, and driven all good thoughts away. This ugly spirit has already turned the head of many a foolish child.

"Dear lise," the good spirit said, "since you remain here of your own free-will, you should be very happy. I cannot in the least understand why you are weeping and lamenting."

"Alas!" answered the child Ilse, "after the other waters were all gone, dear angel, the Stormwind came to the mountain, and when he found me here he was quite furious. He raged at me, and tried to throw me down from yonder rock that overlangs a dark abase into which no glummer of daylight will ever come. I trembled, and wept, and clung to the peak of the rock, and at last escaping from his hold, hid myself in this cleft."

"But you will not escape every time," said the spirit, "because the Stormwind is always searching; and, if it catches any one in a cleft like yours, it is a wind that bites most terribly. Come, let me lead you to the good old Weser and your young companions. woolly blanket of a cloud, and slide down to them merrily upon a sheet of rain."
"No! no!" cried the little Ilse

cried the little Ilse, " I don't want to go down; I shall stay here; I am

So the good spirit left her, and the princes obstinate, crept once more into her rosky niche, remicing that she had shown so much character, and had given sturdy answers to the monitor who spoke to her, not then only,

but many times, in vain.

The Princess Ilse, being at last quite alone, upon the mountain-summit, wished to enjoy her dignity as much as possible. She came out of the racky cleft, scated herself upon a projecting peak, spread her any robes out in brong tolds around her, and then waited for projecting peak, spread her any robes out in ship. Gra efficience up in the she hand broad bold around her, and then waited for bowed her head to right and left, shaking the monetains to bow down before her, and her curls, like a half bashful converses. See

Nothing the clouds to come and kiss her, of this kind, however, come to pass; and at last, her highness became tired of sitting still so long, and soul to heree, f with a sigh, "A little canni I should not have mimbed it is only the consequence of my exulted position; but so much of it is more than even

a princess of the first water can bear."

When it was quite evening, and sun had set, and the raging of the proaching Stormwind was again heard in the distance, the poor little rivulet wept fresh tears of anxiety. It became darker. Coarse blinding vapours rose from the abyes, and there was thunder in the air. There came a ray of light at last, but it afrighted the child lise, for it came with a dark man, wrapped in a long red mantle, who bowed low and spoke to her. But he addressed her as "Most high and serene princess." Such greeting was sweet music to the little Ilse's ear. She controlled her fear that she might listen eagerly for more of such words

The stranger came, in fact, to beg that she would add her lustre to his court; said that he longed to escort her to his airy palace upon one of the loftiest and noblest of the German mountains; where she should reign far above all earthly rivulets and rivers.

The stranger opened his mantle and produced a wide-lipped shell, exquisitely carved and studded round its base with sparkling gems. He knelt to the charming princess and besought that she would seat herself torrein, in order that she might be carried away to his beautiful Breckenberg, where servants unnumbered were already preparing to receive her joyously. Her screne highness's hesitation was at an end, and she sprang into the car with both feet at once. One ringlet of her flowing tresses touched the stranger's arm, and instantly it shrivelled up. Sharp pain throbbed through all the limbs of the rash little Ilse

The poor child, affrighted, grasped the edge of the shell as if she would have thrown herself out over it again; but they were already smooting through the air swift as a comet; and, as the pain was soon over, the streamlet soon became reassured; for she little suspected that she had given herself to the great spirit of evil, who was by when the demon of Vanity away. It is in this manner that the sweet Princess Ilse was brought to a place so unhallowed as the Brocken

Wild music and shouts of mirth, greeted her when she arrived; but the loud of the Brocken commanded sience, placed the car which contained her carefully upon a large flat stone, as if upon a throne, and ordered the strange beings flitting around to form a circle and do homage to the Water Princess.

That was a glorious moment for her hely.

jumped and laughed with delight when the good old moon—who is not very thoughtful—must needs send down for her, vain as she already was, a crown of silver spangles.

already was, a crown of silver spangles.

Her pleasure, however, was a little marred by the taunts of a jedous young witch, who vowed that Princess Ilse could be no better than a puddle, until she was crowned Queen Boiling. Why should they be hot for her till she was hot for them. Ilse thought of reporting this rude speech to the Lord of the Brocken, who stepped up to her soon afterwards; but, before she could open her mouth, he dipped his thumb into the shell and made her shake with pain. Then the bad spirit laughed, and said, "The night is chilly, gracious princess, you are cold already, and will soon be altogether frozen in this open shell. I am ordering to be prepared for you a warm bed, yonder, by the fire. Already your nurse is filling it with toys that you may pass your time agreeably." But you must know that this warm bed was the witches' cauldron, which an ugly ghost was filling with tonds, snakes, and all venomous things.

Great terror of the wicked company into which she had fallen overcame the little Ilse.

Great terror of the wicked company into which she had fallen overcome the little lise. In mortal agony she shrank her tender limbs together, caught hold of her veil and pressed it against her face to stifle the cry which arose. "Ah!" she grieved to herself, "would that I had followed the good spirit! He meant well with me." As she looked round about her in despair, she saw that she was solitary upon her side of the mountain, all the witches and bad spirits having then joined hands to dance about the fire. Suddenly the thought of escape possessed her. "Away! away!" she murmured, "no matter whither." Quick as thought she stepped upon the edge of the car, allowed the whiteness of her feet and her transparent robes to slip out over it, and held fast with both hands while she looked anxiously back to see that there was no one watching. Only the good old moon who stood overhead saw her escaping; but she looked up to the old moon with tearful eyes that there was no resisting, and the moon assuredly would have endured eclipse for twenty years before she would have told dear little like's secret.

When Ilse saw that she was unobserved she dropped from the shell, and tried to do it gently, but the car was high and the block of granite upon which it stood still higher; so that, although the little one was very cautious, yet there was a sight splashing as she fell upon the earth, and, in sudden tear less this might have betrayed her, she slipped underneath some atones. She had taken off her crown of stars and left it in the shell. This was no time for her to be a princess, and she must glide quietly and secretly away.

The little stream clung to the rocks, besecting them to shelter her. The old stones, who had never before feit the touch of so

young and bright a creature upon their hard bosom were strangely moved. They hong fondly over the Princess Ilse, and no eye-not even that of the moon - could see her as sire Then they directed her way to a sly hole in the earth, and into that she squeezed herself. It was a long gallery that had been excavated by a wood-mouse once upon a time She felt her way through it in the dark, and perceived that the channel led her graduali down the mountain. After she had gropel along quietly for some time, the passage locame wider and rougher, it seemed to leaf over loose rubble, and stones detached by her footsteps rolled before into the depths A puff of wind penetrating downward through the stones now and then chilled he and, when the path, after making a street und sudden bend, seemed all at once to come t an end, the stones ceased to hang over her, and she could see the midnight heaven out of which a few stars dropped their hights into the wild chasm she had reached. At the same time, the wind brought to her intelligence of the scraping and piping of the dancing witches on the Brockenberg; and little that, who had besitated for a moment, not knowing whither her path led, urged on by her fairs, bounded forwards, springing and leaping down from stone to stone. Although she dusted continually against hard masses of r ck, and tore her white robes to shreds, she nevel heeded that. "Away! away!" she care she raind far away, to where the Brocken prince and his wild crew cannot come nigh me !

The dawning light of the morning troubled her. "The night," she thought, "is silent, and would not betray me, but the goastong day will soon tell which way I am them? So she bent forwards, and slipped underneath the stones, only coming out now and then timidly, to drink a mouthful of sweet air. Between lofty, thickly wooded mountain ridges lies a deep dark green make, sloping towards a valley. Into this the little like ran. Numberless pebblos had roal-down from the mountain one over anotion, into the depths of this ravine; and there they entangled among pine-roots, overgream with mosa, stern venerable fellows, not to-much inclined to make way for the little gat of a stream, who came trotting over them is so much haste.

But soon the forest spread out his reat arms, and took the little lise to his be on The bosom of the forest is a holy place of refuge. None of the wicked spirits can expense it; least of all the demon Vanity—in how should it dare to stand before the solemn Pine-tree, who prices not houself on strength and majesty, but with his michochead raised ever towards heaven, stands from and unchanged in the place assigned to have by a wise Providence? The child of the roots a wise Providence? The child of the roots of the forest. She fancied that the pine court made wry mouths at her, and the gillet peat

them shily; the skirt of the great wood was indeed all that she at first dared touch. The demon Vanity had long since swam away in the tears of repentance which she shed while flying from the Brocken; and of his departure she knew no more than she had known of his coming. But she was conscious of a new kind of freedom when she fairly got under the forest shades. The farther she ran from the Brocken the freer she felt. She became a happy docide child, and the great forest took pleasure in the little wanderer, to whom it had given its protection. For the large and small stones, indeed, who lay dreaming on the earth, wrapped in their soft mossy cloaks, all quiet contemplation was quite over since the little lise had come dancing over them; nevertheless they were good friends with her. When one of the largest and most unwieldy, clumsily stuck himself in her way, and would not let her pass, she would stroke the old fellow's rough checks with her soft little hands, and murmur sweet petitions. If all was of no avail, she would grow angry, stamp at him impatiently, and push against him; then, if the clumsy thing began to waver, and if only he moved so as to leave the smallest crampy through which she might pass if she could, the little lise dashed into it with all her might, forced the rude gentleman aside, and rushed away from him at swiftest speed. Where the ravine was steep and rugged, it was a charming thing for the trees and shrubs, to see the little princess jump from rock to rock. She did it covly, too, putting on always for the occasion, a cap daintily crimped, and a soft white robe of foam that covere i all her limbs.

The very youngest rivulets, who had scarcely yet learned how to run, were not so contemplative as the little pines; who did nothing but look at Ilse. When they heard her singing as she went, and splashing water playfully into the eyes of the grave little trees who crowded round her, they came oozing out of the fissures in the rock, and glided silently along under the moss, ever nearer and nearer to their merry cousin. She distinctly heard their gentle purling, saw them and beckoned them to come to her. When they—who were very weak-minded little attrame—saw how the princess sprang over the stones far beneath, and timidly stood still, not during to jump down to her, and yet unable to reach her without jumping.—His would sing them a brave song, to give them courage, and place for them footstools of stone, thickly padded with the softest moss, by which they might get down without a bruise. When she received them, as they jumped awkwardly enough into her lap, she took thom by the hand, and said, "Come now, my baby cousins, you shall run with me; you have only to do as I do, spring when I spring.—I will take care to hold you so that you shall not be hurt." The streamlets dal as

they were told, and hopped over the great stones, holding the hand of little Ilse. The spirit of the Brockenberg was angreat

The spirit of the Brockenberg was angry at the flight of Ilse. He knew well that such pure streamlets were properly no prey for him, and that the demon of Vanity had left her; how then was he to entrap the child again I temembering her fear of the storm, he called the Northwind to him, and ordered it to rage through the valiey straight in the face of little Ilse. "That, he thought, "if anything, will drive her back." The Northwind dat what he could. He roared and howled, shook the trees, hurled broken boughs down upon Ilse, flung a young pine across her path, and laid hold of her fluttering veil, as if he hoped to carry her away with him. But the princess tore herself loose, not caring how much of her veil remained in the grasp of the Northwind. She was no longer a little uniden thinking only of herself, and she feared nothing for herself she took to heart only the sufferings of her dear friends, the trees, and would willingly have helped them to tight out the storm, had she been able. She went down weeping to the fallen pine, threw herself over him, flooded him with her tears, and compassionately washed his wounds. The small green branches of the oak and beech which the Northwind had rained upon her, she held tenderly in her soft arms, kissing the drouping leaves, and bearing them along until she saw where she could gently by them down beside her in a mossy bed.

The wicked spirit standing on the Brocken gnashed his teeth when he saw how vain were all the efforts of the Northwind.

"Revenge!" he muttered; "I will send the Winter out; he shall arrest her, and lay her up in chains. Ho, below there! Thou Northwind, bestir thyself, and lay down the dead leaves upon the path of Winter."

The Northwind obeyed; the tops of the

The Northwind obeyed; the tops of the oaks became red with cold; and at last there was no tree left green except the ancient pine. The young stream at his feet was puzzled by all these proceedings. "Stupid trees," she said, "what are you thinking of the Why are you throwing all the dead leaves in my face? Do you no longer love the little Ilse, that you try to scratch out her eyes with brown acorns and hard beechmast?" She sprang away in anger, shaking the dry leaves out of her ringlets.

Winter, meanwhile, had arrived at the Brocken. At first, he was not an unwelcome visitor; he came with kingly presents in ha hands. He put jackets upon the naked trees and brambles, glittering with diamonds, and the snow-flakes that he scattered broadcast, were at first sweet sugar-plums for little Ilse, who thought that the clouds themselves were about to visit her in her own valley, and renew the acquaintanceship that was begun upon the Alpine pack. But Winter soon began to look less liberal and gracious; his rule became exerc. Visit

courage failed her. She was very sorrowful already, on nesount of her plants, whom she could be longer see; and, as she was working lar ilv. frieing the tender little mosses, and hardy, friency the tender little masses, and washing away the snow from all the stones that she could reach, she discovered, with ho, nor that sharp by points were sticking into her own tender limbs, and saw the Winter forging chains about her. Upon all the stones and roots over which she glided there were sharp links and spikes, ever becoming heavier and longer, and, with these, her beautiful free limbs were at last those, her beautiful free limbs were at last firmly fettered. Then, Winter laid his clutch upon the tender breast of the poor child; a coli shubber can through her, and she embraced, trembling, the knotty roots of the Pracetre, looking up imploringly to the wise

She saw that he, like the dead figures around him, was dressed in a white shroud; but, from beneath the snow, all his boughs similed with a strong smile upon her. A mild breath, as of spring, warmed and comforted her bosom, as she cried, "O Pine-tree, how do you contrive to defy the Winter, and remain green and living in his icy arms ! Cannot 1 learn also to dely him!"

"I send my roots into firm soil," the Pine-tree said, "and look straight up to heaven. Therefore strength is given me to remain green through every season. You, too, my little lise, stand upon rock, and receive unde-filed the light of heaven. You will overcome the Winter. Do not fear."

With a strong effort she broke loose from Winter's chains of ice, dashed away from the rough hands that held her robe between the stores, and rushed in wild course down the yadey, breaking with a crash all bars that

had been set up to stop her progress.

As the little princess was still springing marrily onward in the joy of victory, the mosses on her path called to her, "The ! dear lise! come and help us! The snow presses so heavily upon our tender heads, we can no longer stand upright on our weak stalks.

Help us, dear lise!"
Princess Pse willingly stooped down to Princess I've willingly atcoped down to them, and lifting up a tiny prece of the heavy snow-clod carefully, put her sweet little face underneath it, and whispered to the mosses in the Pine-tree taught her. "Fear not, the Pine-tree taught her. little mosses, you grow on the rock. Be strong; there is a divanc life in you." Imme-diately the mosses began to bestir themselves tal the work made them warm; and after a little while, they creed joyfully, "Rise! Hise! a little while, they cried joyfully, "Ilse! Ilse! we stand upright again and grow! The snow shrinks when we push it from us with our little bands." Thus Ilse taught the mosses and the guasses how to use their strength, and all the time she fed them with her own provisions.

For many centuries they lived thus in the stately forest. Winter care again, indeed, every year, playing the same tricks with the

trees and plants, and laying his bright -nores for the glad lise. But she was seldom tarrly caught, and never kept in them. Swift as a lizard, she could slip away from any hold The trees, too, were green every year, and were never greener than in Spaing, as if the sturdy battle with the Winter only strengthened them, and gave them a fresh life. Hse, too, was most causiful and brilliant when the snow had melted on the mountains, and she rattled away through the forest gloriously gay. Show is the swee, white milk provided for all tiny mounts a streams; the more they drink of it the marthey thrive—the more they dange and size

lise by this time had forgotten that do was a princess; therefore every one else as membered it. Trees, flowers, stones, greate and mosses did her homage in their que, way. When she ran through the valle, herbs and flowers lined her royal path; som kassed the hem of her robe and her fluttering veil; and others-the tall sleader stalks of veil; and others—the tall stender stalks of grass especially—waved vivas with their graceful feathery plumes. The contemplative bells—fairest children of the forest—took pains to be near her always. They even stepped upon the wet slippery stones to be the closer to her, and get many of her kisses. The ferns also ventured to climb high on the damp rocks. However small a place there was far than they stationed themselves there. was for them they stationed themselves there, was for them they stationed themselves there, and cooled the wandering princess with the waving of their beautiful green fans. I have crowled the sunbeams too, to play with her beneath the trees, whenever they were not kept in by the grey clouds upon the maintains, who are their strict guardians. The churlish behaviour of the dull old clouds who could sometimes be content to sit on the maintains, who are their strict guardians. mountain-tops and do nothing but smoke the week together, would often make merry sunbeams terribly impatient. When that was the ease, the grey old tutors goverally found that the young fry mode such hit work behind their backs, and worried the till the place became too warm to hold them any more, that at length, since they could a longer bear to remain where they had settledown, they rose and stole away as quietly possible. Then down to the forest came sunbeams, every one riding on a drop of ra

surbeams, every one riding on a drop of rate and played at hide and seek among the growthe livelong day with little lise. There was the good moon, too, lise's old friend, who didn't mind the weary journey over the mountain, and came off n to visit her.

There had long lean men dwelling in the valley of the lise, before the princess palany attention to them. At his to the way by far too pert to them, and the Pinnerse that a great deal to say before he could bring the child to regard them with goodwill. The the child to regard them with goodwill. that who came into the valley were two charcoal-burners; who built themselves that, felled trees, and lit their kiln. To dames which burst out of the kiln, and to

vapours which arose from it, reminded Hse of her night of horror upon the Bracken, and at first frightened her sadly. But the Pinetree talked a good deal of philosophy. Again, after a considerable time, men brought into the valley axes and spades, sheep and goats. A short distance below the Hsenstein, they A short distance below the Haenstein, they felled trees by the side of Ilse, cut them into beams and rafters, dug a large hall for her, with walls of stone and turf, and a great wooden gate. They built also houses with the beams and rafters, for themselves, their wives and children, and, when all was ready, when the tree the reference of the contraction came to the princess, praying her to take possession of her hall, and he a blessing to them. The little Ilse thanked them, and would gladly have sprung away, but her own chosen way was stopped with stones and chosen way the way into her new hall being opened suddenly, while she was in full course. she could not stop herself, but tumbred through it. The men called her hall a mill-pond, and when Ilse, after boding with wrath at the trick played upon her, had at last stood still a little while, and patiently col-lected all her waters and her thoughts, she looked up doubtfully enough at the Pine-tree, who stood at the gable-end of the new house.

The Pine-tree smiled and said,-

"Civilisation, little Ilse, wants our help

and countenance

'Civilisation!' said the princess with a h. "Ah! this is assuredly the work of evil spirit. Whoever fells so many of the evil spirit. God's trees, tears off their bark, and chops them in pieces, can have no good in his thoughts." But she was under a good preacher, and the Pine-tree expounded to her everythong so well that she left off murmoring.

Peeping through a chink in the great wooden gutes, she saw a monstrous wheel, and the miller's curly-headed boy, who stood on

the bank, cried to her :

"Ay, ay, look you down, Princess Ilse, the gates will be opened in a minute, and then the dance may begin, for round you go!"
"Shall I be broken on the wheel!" thought

the, looking down upon the machine with a bearing heart.

But at that moment the boards of the whoel began to crack and to snap, and they whisp red

"Do you not know us, Little Ilse, we are your durling trees; cannot you recollect us! Feat nothing; we shall never hart you!"
So, when the miller came out, raised the slung gates, and cried cheerily,—"Come down now, little Ilse, you have rested long enough; come down, and help us poor men to live by our work,"—the good little princes as that she could confer noness well as saw that she could comfort men as well as mosses; and, no longer timid, ran over the wheel, gathering up her robe around her as she went, and placing her white feet tenderly and carefully first upon one spoke, and then upon another. Then, when the wheel began to move under her lightsome tread, she sprang

bravely from step to step, let her veil flutter in the breeze, wrapped herself in her foamdress, and having given her kind help, capered away down the millstream, while the wheel went round with a mighty sweep, and the

whole full beat time to it,

Little Ilse soon offered her services to other men, gave her own pure water for the nourishment of all, worked with men in the mills, and in the iron-works, got into convecarriages made for her service by the people of the valley, and so visited the mothers and the daughters in their dwellings, and helped them all the day long in their household work. She saw to the growth of vegetables in the garden, bathed the children, scrubbed floors, washed clothes, and cooked dinners. But—while the serene princess was thus to be seen busy at work, early and late, never weary nor impatient of hard labour whoever met her in the valley, pure and bright as when she stepped out of the forest, saw at once that she was no stream of low origin, but in good truth a princess; daughter of the sunbeam, and that her baby sister was none other than the dewdrop in the rose

A dusty road came and desired to be her

A dusty road came and desired to be her travelling companion.

"No, indeed," she said. "The venerable woodland path was quite a different companion. He used to come decked in his best, peep round the point of the rock, and becken to me from beneath the green shade of the oaks."

Ilse, Ilse!" oried the Pine-tree from the precipice by the roadside, "Fie! what foolish talk is this?"

The Pine-tree is the friend of man; but, in spite of all it could say, Ilse would have as little to do as possible with the highway, though she would not hinder it from passing down the valley. Through byeways, through the deepest shades of the forest, she sought, by serpentine courses, to keep it out of her sight. Often indeed when she sprang away over the rocks in mad speed, and thought away over the rocks in mad spread, and thought to have escaped entirely from her dusty, prosy neighbour, she would run all at once against hom. Once, when this happened, the highway even dared to put an arm over her neck, or, as men phrased it, threw a bridge over her, and the wise like gliding along, kept her displeasure to herself, in order to escape as soon and as quietly as possible.

escape as soon and as quietly as possible.

Little Ilse's anger is now always brief.

Lower down in the valley she is to be seen Lower down in the valley she is to be seen journeying tranquilly beside the highway. She is to be seen; for she lives to this day, and still goes daily into the mills and iron foundries of the valley, following her modest avocations. When, on a Sunday, the mills are at rest, and the industrious inhabitants in holiday garments, pray in the ancient in holiday garments, pray in the ancient little church, the silvery tones of little lise's voice are to be heard chaming harmonicates with the voices of the bolls and of the peaks

organ, which float far and wide over the

And Ilse, as she glides along, learns to forget her fear of the witches on the Brocken. She will even venture to play Princess Boiling in the kettles of the pleasure-seekers who go to drink coffee on the greensward of the valley, and the only tribute she demands is, that all who enjoy the privilege of making ten or coffee in the fresh air from her waters leave one or two morsels of sweet-biscuit as a fee due to the wood-mouse.

This story does not wish to follow little Ilse into the flat country, where she meets the Ocker and the Ecker, and afterwards the Aller, and is borne by them conwards to the Old Weser, who carries Ocker and Ecker and Aller and all into the open Sea, which is of all waters the first in rank, and lowest in position.

LITERAL CLAIMS.

HAD Homer lived at the present day, he would have suppressed one of his famous epithets—an epithet as admirable as his poluphloisboio, were it only half as true. Homer speaks of mankind, in the genitive case as meropoon anthroopoon. The printer need not trouble to put these words into Greek characters, because all that the word meropoon means to say is, that men are a distinctly or a dividedly-speaking race. Learned commentators on the above phrase explain its force by remarking that brutes are capable of uttering vowels only—consonants being an elecutionary achievement which they are incapable of executing. Of course, birds that have been taught to imitate human speech do not upset the general theory. The cow says "o-o-o;" the sheep says "a-a-a;" the cat says "cou; " and the dog barks " ou-ou." The labial consonants prefixed by the popular version of mo, ba, meou, bow-wow, are merely the accidental parting of the lips when the respective beasts open their mouths to address the public. When once the lips are opened, and their proprietors have begun to say their say, they continue their allocution in vowels; and, to vowels alone they are restricted.

Homer would hardly allow the modern English to be meropoon, nationally speaking. Certainly not, if he were a good English scholar himself. Although he would be too reasonable to expect Britons (with the exception of the Highlanders, who have Gaelic for their mother-tongue,) to give the guttural atterance of the Greek X, chi, or to be quite clear how the digamma was sounded, it would have made his flesh crawl on his bones to hear his great poem spoken of as omer's Hiliad, or to listen to the specimen of a fishionable rhapsodist who should undertake to read the Odyssey in the Tyburnian style of. "The carse wough towwent wushes woaming by." Distinctness will not be

utterly banished from the land so long as the Queen and Fanny Kemble are left to us, but the nullion stand greatly in need of the Demosthenic discipline of sea-side oratorical practice with a mouthful of pebbles to act as dumb-bells for the development of their lingual powers.

There is a grammatical rule touching the gender of nouns, which is allowed to be infringed with impunity, by attributing the qualities of sex to objects which, in struct truth, can have none. Thus, virtue, the moon and a ship, are made feminine; "she is her own reward," "she fills her horns," and "she is a good sailer." Imagination is even allowed to go further than that; inanimate time, implements made for our use, are permitted to remonstrate in their own person, when we treat them unjustly and pervert them foots their legitimate employments. Thus, sundry letters have lately raised the voice of complaint, each one considering humself the most ill-used member of the alphabet. The clever author of P's and Q's (well worth national perusal), has thrown his soul into the suffering carcase of poor letter H, and in wice it utter most tragical mirth; while letter I's conceives he has no right to do the work of letter W, in cases such as when "pear fillers swaller poison, which they had better have thrown out of the winder."

Letter H, in addressing his Dear Lettle Vowels,—a, e, i, o, and u,—reminds them that he has long held a very useful and beneurable place in the family of letters; that he special office has been to put himself at the head of the said vowels, to the end that people might know how to call them; that, the ugh sometimes he has most honourable requirements to be first and foremost, at other time he is so humble that he only wants to be the next little brother speak, and does not wish any one to take the least notice of him, there he has heard both himself and his little friends talked about so much and called such curious names, that he could bear it no longer; that a little prattling chird told he mamma that he had 'urt his 'and, and to he (H's) great surprise, his mother did not sak him what he meant; that a person who was very well dressed, and looked like a hay, asked a gentleman, who was sitting by her, it he knew whether Lord Mumble had left as their behind him; that the gentleman blosical and stopped a little, to think whether is lady meant a son or a hare; that his nerve received a fearful shock from hearing an old gentleman read aloud from his newspaper something about the Russians and the Herberman Hempire; that an intendant in a music shop, when a lady had forgetter the name of a song she wanted, suggested that she should 'um the hair; to a democratic statesman told his breiter politicians to hagitate, hagitate, hagitate, higher the person while dining, actually told his servare.

and bring it up again, when it was a little otter:—that these atrocities are unbearable; that poor letter H cannot stand it any longer; that he, therefore, calls on his little comrades the vowels, to hold a meeting, and see if they and he cannot do something in concert together to stop the mockeries they receive in common, and also to prevent the thousands who mock them from being laughed at themwho mock them from being laughed at themselves, and thought nothing of. Fancy the Queen calling for the 'Igh Steward of her 'Ouschold; or the Prince Albert 'oping that Hadmiral Dundas would not hannihilate the Russian fleet, which he kindly 'asn't! H's idea is good and lau lable; but the restitution and reparation of injuries is easier in theory than it proves in proceed.

than it proves in practice.
It has been remarked that it would be an excellent lesson to see ourselves as others see us; and, this mode of instruction would be considetably extended, if we could hear ourselves as others hear us. "My dear girls," said a managing matron, who always thought everybody wrong but herself; "what an 'abit you 'ave got of dropping your aitches!" She, good aoul, had no idea of being referred to Tisep's fables, to study the anecdote of the mother-crab and her daughter. She would have been astonished if Mr. Punch, with his po-litest bow, had presented her with an enor-mous capital H, on a sheet of card, with the observation, "I beg your parden, madam, but I fear that you have yourself dropped this!" The worst of dropping letters habi-tually for too long a period is, that it is not easy to pick them up again. Certain vocal organs, for want of training and exercise, at last become utterly paralysed. Even in the fables, to study the anecdote of the mothercase of his and cath, we know that not every Ephraimite could pronounce the Shibboleth. I have heard cockneys gasping to get out an II, and unable to do it.

"Tis a lovely morning. Tom," said my cousin Westendish (a native Londoner for three generations past); "I'll drive you to 'Ighgate in my 'orse and chaise."

"You shall," I replied, "when you can say Highgate and horse; but I am not going to ait in public by the side of a fellow who can't pronounce his alphabet."

"Nousense, Tom; I can say 'orse. There; wawse! And there (coughing), o-o-orse and 'Ighgate. What would you 'ave, I should like to know?"

The want of a defensive aspirate exposeth a man to many hard hite.

a man to many hard hite.

"My 'orse is very 'ot," observed a fashionable confectioner, at the conclusion of a hunt wherein he had risked his tongue as well as

to take down a dish of meat, and to 'eat it' growled Mr. Raspirator, "and I advise you to

use some of it to cure your squint."

In the weekly rotation of our bill of face at Mr. Mashup's boarding-school, Friday was the day dedicated to pies and hashes. Though the pie and the hash smelt and tasted exactly the pie and the hash smelt and tasted exactly the same, still pie was the almost universal favourite. To be sure, you got a slice of crust (a good thick one) to boot; but that was not the reason of the preference. The secret motive lay in the chance you had of recovering the pie bones which you had marked with your knife during the previous week. There was the excitement of a lottery in asking for pie. The attention of the boys on your right and left was riveted on your plate to see whether you had drawn a prize or a blank. Still there were a few cold-blooded and backward boys for whom betting blooded and backward boys for whom betting on the resurrection of bones had but feeble charms as a means of sport. One Friday, Mrs. Mashup was carving away. "Which do you choose, Tucketin,—pie or hash t"

"'Ash, mem, please," said Tucketin, unmittingly.

"Ash, mem, please, said rockers, an wittingly.

"Ash!—ash! What do you mean by ash! There is no such thing as ash in Mr. Mashup's establishment. You deserve a good ash-stick on your back; and I shall report the shocking expression immediately after dinner, master Tucketin."

Now, Mr. Mashup, before turning school-master—all schoolmasters have turned from compething else, which they couldn't get on

something else, which they couldn't get on with elsewhere—had been a country actor, in which glorified state he had smitten Mrs. M.'s heart. Tradition reported him to have appeared on the stage in the shape of a walking gentleman; calumny insinuated that he was only a stick-an upright bit of wood with a round knob at the top. Never mind that: he had been an actor; he read well himself, and he made us read and speak distinctly and accurately. Mrs. M.'s pun told, and so did her denunciation. We had no more 'ash from that day forward; though we had plenty of hashes, and pies, and bones, which bore the tokens of auld lang syne.

John Kemble astonished Covent Garden John Kemble astonished Covent Garden pit, by insisting on completing the netre of a Shaksperian line by pronouncing the word aches—pains, as if it had been h's. The amount of ear-ache caused by the letter h, both hy its absence and its uncalled-for intrusion, between that time and this, is incalculable. But, as the toad, ugly and venomous, bears yet a precious jewel in her head, so have I known the misdementours of a letter, productive of beneficial and sanitary effects. A lady in a depressed and exhausted state of health, after the doctors had shaken their heads, was rewherein he had risked his longue as well as held and sanitary effects. A hady in a depressed and exhausted state of health, after the doctors had shaken their heads, was recommended as a remedy by her good old nurse, to walk out in the garden "to take the morning hair, and then to come in and heat a hegg for breakfast." Nurse's vowels were no more irreproachable than her consonances; and in her broad pronunciation the hegg was converted into a lag. Nevertheless, she insisted on her prescription being followed; and the patient recovered, partly from its material influence, but mainly from the moral stimulus imparted by the fun of first swallowing a wig (taking the hair), and then boining a witch (or heating a hag).

A respectable tradesman, from London, had transplented himself, and had taken root in a populous provincial town, where he largely manufactured, advertised, puffed, and sold, matchless anti-cructative sausages. The sausages were good, and were anti-eruc-. Mr Greentrev's friends guessed that he put a Mr Greentre's friends guessed that he put a little chalk and magnesia into them, himself talked grandly of an antibilious receipt, which he had purchased of a court physician at a ruinous outlay. His morning toil of compounding mineement was solated every evening by the sweet converse of the porter-room hard by, where Mr. G. was rather looked up to than otherwise. During the looked up to than otherwise. day, the sausage-chopping machine did its work, as right as the mail, and as punctually as the cathedral clock struck seven, entered Mr. Greentree, to unbend his bow and wet his whistle. One summer evening, at halfpast seven, no G.; at a quarter to eight, still no G. At five minutes to eight, in rushed G's ghost, pale, trembling, perspiring, and faint. He called for a pot of porter, to save

"What is the matter?" sung the company,

"O!" panted Greentree, redivivus a little; "I vent hout to take a valk; and before I could get 'ome again, I was tossed into an A-neld, over an 'olly edge, by an 'orral cow."

Not all the virtues of his sausages could earn for poor Greentree a grain of condolence.

De not deceived, therefore, ye who suicidally murder your mother-tongue; your crime acts as a neutraliser to all your respectability, and throws a wet blanket over your every talent and your every virtue. In vain will you drive your carriage-and-pair, if you talk loudly about your pheayton, which you bought from seeing a hadvertisement in the Times; your temperance will be unavailing to edity your neighbours, if you make tea to edily your neighbours, if you make tea either with a kittle or a hurn; your philan-thropy will be only mocked at, if you profess that you are not crule-earted, your fortune will be scorned, when you reelize it; you will travel in vain, if your hobject is to wisit the Watican, and hadmire the Hantinous. Your darling boys and girls, though ever so smartly dressed will fruitlessly investe their smartly dressed, will fruitlessly invite their playtellows to spend the evening, if they state that they must go 'ome to the 'ouse, to 'ave dessert with their part and their marr.

to keep them all in their proper place. If we had five and thirty, like the Russian we might claim a little excuse for occasimisdirections. People who will not me their throat and tongue to give the sounds and r, should be condemned to short constaand r, should be condemned to short escati-tell they can pronounce the Sclavonic letter. III., or chtcha; or they might like to take to the study of Chinese, a language whose word show no indication of number, gender, can-declension, or conjugation, but which is no a bit the easier for that. One European dictart (the Vargina) model. decleration, or conjugation, but while as a bit the easier for that. One Europe dialect (the Venetian) would exactly at the vocal organs of our indobant talliers, cuts out all the consonants, and leaves on the vowels. A discussion between a configuration of such formula and such as the configuration of such as t the vowels. A discussion between a coup of gondoliers is a flood of a, c, i, o, u, in conceivable permutations and combination Conceivable permutations and combinational Goldoni, who wrote comedies in this writhoutered tongue, uses "siora mane," for "signature and "fia mia" for "lights mia. It appears that an experiment in Venetian English is to be tried in a forth smane Adelphi farce, in which Mr. and Mrs. Mulaprop and all the little Musprops are to goe a lesson in polished delivery and correct forms of address, which is one to be received with screams of approbation.

MUCH ADO ABOUT NOTHING.

It is true that the waters of the Canal St. Martin, which runs through the Old Marais, at Paris, are neither of the skyeyest blue, nor of the most pellucid emerald; that no good it globs over them; and that no gay good of a wakes the heart with his merry song —t true, moreover, that the Canal St Mort to used, as we use the Thames, for an outain drain; that it is made the receptable of the waste waters of dyers, gas-makets, chemical states of the states. eal manufacturers, soap-boilers, and trace that barges of every degree and i bi-pass and repass along it continually; it is population of a nondescript character landsmen nor watermen; neither citizens a doors—dwell on its surface or swarm up sits banks, clad in heavy dirty habeling one another about, and show hustling one another about, and showing furnously; and that sometimes a wall of the barriendes the houses on one side of the quay, from the view of the houses on the other.

I came to Paris very young, passed my sp prenticeship here, and am now foreman to of the manufactories which convert my invourite canal into a Styx. Number twents seven Rue Ménilmontant is a corner faces facing, on one side, the street of that name, on the other is the quay. For eight v. of I have lived in an apartment communication

both views.

Opposite number twenty-seven is named twenty-six, for the steeds in Parry and wisely distructuished by the old number on the other Surely, when we have only six-and-twenty wisely distinguished by the old number of letters to manage, the task is not so become side and the even numbers on the other lean to set each its proper work to do, and and in the troisième étage of that house, and

way corresponding with my apart- clustering tranquilly meetry way carresponding with my apartment in number twenty-seven, is the abode of M. Jules Giet, a retired butcher. His family, when I first knew him, consisted of his wife, two daughters and a black and white plethorie spaniel, called Eda. M. Gigot possessed qualities surprisingly agreeable and sterling. He had taken a prominent part in the political movements of forty-eight, both as an orator and a fusileer; and, on the part in the political movements of 'forty-eight, both as an orator and a fusileer; and, on the occasion of the first grand national election, was within an acc of being returned a representative of the people. His souvenirs of these events formed a perpetual topic of conversation with him. He was, in every sense of the word, a good fellow. He had a large head, large hands, large heart, large stomach, and a deep double chin. Madame Gigot was of the same noble propartions as her he shand. of the same noble proportions as her husband; but a habit, early contracted, of counting up centures behind the counter had somewhat sharpened her naturally benevolent disposition, and had angularised her thin and cheektion, and had angularised her chin and check-bones. Julie, the eldest daugter, was a mo-dest, (I am speaking of four or five years ago), sensible brunette, short in stature. Georgette, on the contrary, was what is called a fine girl—tall, fair, and intintely animated; with fea-tures rendered radiant by a couple of large light laughing eyes. They both played prettily on the piano, and sung as prettily little French sentimental songs and

In less than three months, I was installed a legitmate friend of the family. I went in when I liked, dined there when I liked, accompanied them to the theatre, visited the facis de Vincennes, Charenton, Joinville, St. Maur, whenever there was a jour de tête to be passed in that direction. In the evening I played at piquet with the old man, or dominous with madame. There was no one of their acquaintance who could approach me in my relations with this excellent amily, unless were Autoine, a fellow-workman; who had, indeed, introduced me to the Gigots. He was a attle my senior, and had drawn a good number at the conscription of forty-seven. But if he enjoyed similar privileges with myself, he made use of them less; and larcely entered into very familiar convergences with myself, the made use of them less; and larcely entered into very familiar convergences. sation with either the father, the mother, Julie, or Georgette. His favourite at first seemed to be Eda. This was attributed to

clustering tranquilly in ringlets over her shoulders, and a soft smile playing upon her bright lips, gave her the appearance of a gentle being, whom it was scarcely possible to rouse into deeper feeling than belongs to a child of ten.

I have often

I have often stood at my windows in number twenty-seven, to see if Julie would appear at hers in number twenty-six, or in any way make herself visible. Even the factory-bell, which might be heard a mile beyond where I lived, hardly aroused me from my vigils. Night and day I had Julie's image in my head, and night and day I asked myself, in the name of commonsense, how it had got there? I would and I day I asked myself, in the name or commendacy I asked myself, in the name or commendacy, how it had got there? I would and I would not get rid of it. My admiration humbled me. I argued with myself perpetualty, I had no right to aspire to her hand. It is true that her parents were not above me in their social position. They had retired from business, and were living on the fruits of their honest labours. I was tegining as they had begun, and might I not leave off as they had left off?

Two years clapsed before I could gain suf-

Two years chapsed before I could gain sufficient courage to regard the matter in a sensible point of view, and believe that M. and Madame Gigot were not on the look-out, either for a coronet or a plum for their eldest daughter. Having, therefore, laid aside this enemy, I took unto myself another—the demon. Jenlousy. I became a self-tormentor. This arose, too, from the playful, satirical conduct of the girl herself. I could not understand her; felt annoyed, and, therefore, charitably placed the worst construction I could upon her manner. She appeared warm in her welsome one night, cold the next, so that I could not help naming her the vilest of coquettes. Any slight fail-ing that I exhibited was made the most of to create a moment's mirth, or display a little wit. Antoine was not so frequent a visitor to the family as myself, but when he came, although he was always reserved and shy, I fancied the letter and mother lavished upon although he was a many interest of the fatcied the fatcher and mother lavished upon him more attention than they did on me, and that Julie made it a special occasion for redoubling her pleasantries against me. If there were a dance, I perceived that he engaged so many times Julie as a partner, and the Georgette so many times. This I conceasing the constraints of the constraints. ceived to be simply a ruse to disarm suspicion. Yet he and I were always on friendly terms

seemed to be Eda. This was attributed to a habit of reserve.

Julia, when I first sawher, was searcely seventeen. But seventeen in Paris does not man the same as seventeen in London. The peaches of Provence ripen earlier than the peaches of Chanmur; and though Julie would be young for our cold climate, in reality she had acquired all the habit and the finish of a young lady of twenty. She was gay, though teserved; calm, jet capable of great carrie ment. Occasionally her dark eyes shot from beneath their long lashes glances of fire; whilst at other times, her raven hair, ler, and if possible obtain some clue to hera

have crushed my hopes for ever. could have been made from such a decision. The barrier to happiness would have been shut irrevocably. As long as I was silent, the course was still open, and this bare chance seemed to me at times a state of para-I could endure it better than risk the future at a single throw. Like the gambler who holds the die for an indefinite time in his trembling hand, knowing that when it descends his fortune will be decided for ever, I stood and hesitated. However, the morning for action came, and the occasion seemed a legitimate one. I purchased a trifle—a gold cross—and procured an elegant bouquet, the usual present. I had determined that the manner in which Julie should receive my bijou should be the test how far I might hope, how far I ought to fear.

Early the next morning, I was hastening across the street. It was not eight o'clock. On mounting the staircase, I met Antone descending, and whistling incautiously the

Marseillaise.

" Bon jour, mon ami," he said gaily, as we

passed each other.

I scarcely replied to his salute. My head as too much pre-occupied with the task I had set myself; and besides, I fear, a feeling of jealousy arose that even finshed across me at the moment, for I remember that I trembled, and my heart sank suddenly within me. However, on I rushed. I entered the room. Julie was alone. Quel bonheur! I went up to her to offer my tribute of—what? Would that I could have called it friendship. She that I could have called it friendship. She held in her hand a bouquet of white roses. Yes, every one was white as the untrodden snow. Not a stain, not a speck, not a defect of any kind marred their perfect beauty. She was eyeing them with evident pleasure, and when she looked up at me as I advanced into the room, the brilliant glance she gave me turned my blood as it were into a stream of burning lava. My cheeks glowed with

fire.
"Look!" she said, it seemed with an air of

"Look!" she said, it seemed with an air of triumph, "what Antoine has brought"—
"Scheath!" I cried, dashing my nosegay on the floor, and trampling on it. "Be it so; take his gifts, if they be then so preferable!" and with these words rushed out of the room, descended the staircase, and left the house.

I wandered along the banks of the canal.

I wandered along the banks of thoughts I ought to have been at work, but thoughts of work had entirely abandoned me. Midday found me in a state of misery. By this time reason had taken the place of passion. I began to reflect that I had acted, under any circumstances, in a most unjustifiable, a most Quixotic manner; that I had exhibited myself to Iulia in a character that I had exhibited myself to Julie in a character that, whatever might have been my former hopes, must now extra-

towards me. Why had I not done so before! conduct as an expression of attachment, what I tented the result. To have popped the could she think of a purson who put such question and have met with a refusal, would small restraint upon himself as to unitate have crushed my hopes for ever. No appeal rather the tricks and antics of a monkey than the reasonable behaviour of a human being felt, too, that I had perhaps allowed my feltings to carry me beyond what the actual creamstances of the case merited. It might be after all, that the bodquet of Antonne was only the expression of a friendly sentiment, and, that being the case how about how worse than absurd, must I appear between the afternoon ere my senses really assumed their proper place. Then I tried to convince myself that Julie would not the afternoon ere my senses really assumed their proper place. Then I tried to convince myself that Julie would not the my conduct so absurd as I did myself, an fact, that I had made an exaggration of it in a moment of perverted feeling, and that an explanation and an applegy would set all to rights. I remembered, too, the touristicine I carried in my pocket. In the morning it was to have been the test of her regard for me; could I not now make it a talesman to regain my peace with her in the evening; the thought came across me like a flight of sunshine. My hopes sprung up fresh again. felt, too, that I had perhaps allowed my bodthe thought came across me has a flash of sunshine. My hopes sprung up truch again. I resolved, therefore, to return and spent the rest of the day at M. Greet's as though nothing had happened. Greenessames served to conspire in my favour. No one was in the room at the time of my transpling the flowers under foot, and I felt assured that if Julie loved, she would conceal the herest would form has arrested. exploit from her parents. There was to be a soirée, too, given in honour of Julie's birth-day; I could, therefore, more easily obtain an apportunity of apologising and explaining I followed, therefore, the impulse of the moment, and regained the Rae Méndmontant, just as the moon was breaking through the clouds to the east of Belleville.

As I mounted the stairs to my apartment, the concierge called me back to put a lease into my hand. I glanced at it. It was from the père trigot. In a moment all my bugies the pere tilgot. In a moment all my brains anticipations of peace fled, and my west fears came back upon me like a flood. I fears came back upon me like a flood stood trembling and hesitating before ven turing to ascend to my room or open to turing to ascend to my room or open to letter. At length I did both. It was as I expected. The note referred to my country that morning. The style was cold, the working irregular and hurried, as it penned by a intershaken by passion or excitement. It for me the house, until a satisfactory explanat-had been entered into. There would perhohave been no great difficulty in this, been calm. An explanation was what faintended to give, backed by a sincere and be But no one is always in his right setting mine had been wofully put to fight the? The character too of Julie did not derive new lustre in my eyes from what I could not help regarding as the treachery she had been guilty of. I took this letter to be an unequal

vocal proof that she had played the part of an informer against me, and therefore could have peither affection nor respect for me.

I threw myself down upon the divan, buried my face in my hands, and gave full buried my face in my hands, and gave full vent to my crushed feelings. And then, cruel mockery! I went to the window, where I had so often watched, to catch a glimpse of Julie. I know not what strange fascication, what powerful spell dragged me to it. I drew aside the curtain. The windows on the opposite side were brightly lighted. Shadows passed and repassed upon the blinds like figures in a puppet-show, and I fancied I could hear the music and the laughter. Occasionally a nerson whom I instantly recognitive. casionally a person whom I instantly castonary a person whom I instantly recog-nised came to the door below, rang the bell, and ascended. Then, by the movement of the shadows, I could tell that there was a bustle and a stir as he entered. But where was I—I, who for several years had never failed on such an occasion? failed on such an occasion?

The last of the visitors I saw enter was M. Griffe, a pettifogging lawyer with whom I had some not very agreeable relations, he in fact holding against me a bond which I had obligingly signed to accommodate a friend, and which in due course of time neither of us had the ability to discharge. M. Griffe's leniency towards me was the result of my friendship with the Gigot family; but I never liked—never trusted him. Whether it was the relation in which we stood to one another, or that I could see more deeply into him than my friends, I know not. As I saw him now enter, with bus wife and son, the house of M. Gigot, I felt this antagonistic feeling in fuller force than ever, and I turned away from the window in very leathing for the man. last of the visitors I saw enter was dow in very loathing for the man.

I paced up and down the room; I stole towards the window; I sat down on a chair; I buried my face in my hands. Nothing would do; one long deep heavy aching seemed grawing at my heart.

After upwards of an hour and a half, I heard a step approach my door; a knock was given, and, without waiting an answer to the signal, a person entered. I recognised by the given, and, without waiting an answer to the signal, a person entered. I recognised by the moonleght—for I had not arranged my lamp—that it was M. Griffe. My first idea was that he had come, a messenger of reconciliation, to hear my explanation and act as mediator. He quickly undeceived me. I was about to light a candle.

"You may spare yourself that trouble and expense," he began, in a dry caustic tone; "the object of my visit is short and simple. Should the money which is due to me from

"the object of my visit is short and simple. Should the money which is due to me from you on the bond be not paid by ten o'clock to-morrow morning, the arrest I hold against you will be put in execution; and"—he said this as he stood before the door and the landing-place—" you shall not come out of prison till you have paid the last centime."

It all this friendly admonition been given at an earlier period—say, the day before—it

would have produced a different effect. But when we are busy about a very large calanity, we have no time to think of minor misfortunes. The thunderbolt M. thiffe had launched fell harmlessly upon me. Rather it was a diversion, a relief. It set my braining busy toiling foolish brain at work; and before an hour was over, I had matured another plan which might bear the palm away from any I had that day executed, for stupidity and want of common sense.

I had not eaten since the morning, nor did the desire of eating oppress me. I telt faint, but not from the want of food; so once more I threw myself upon the divan, determined

I threw myself upon the divan, determined to wait patiently till morning came, that I might carry my resolve into execution. Accordingly, at ten o'clock on the morrow, I arrived at the office of M. Griffe. That complacent gentleman was at his desk.

"Ah! ah! you are come, then—you want

"Ah! sh! you are come, then—you want the bill, I suppose?" he said, in half-alarmed, half-disappointed tone.
"No;" I replied, shortly. "I have not a sou in the world."

" But your friend, M. Gigot ?"

As he uttered this, his whole being changed. He thrust his long lanky fingers into his waistcoat pocket, leant back upon the chimwastcoat pocket, leant back upon the chim-ney-piece, and gave a malicious chuckle with his throat. There was irony in his whole manner and voice. I felt he intended to insult me; and for an instant meditated a violent assault upon his person. Probably he had himself some suspicion that he had roused the demon within me, for he excaped

he had himself some suspicion that he had roused the demon within me, for he escaped into a side bureau, and whilst apparently rummaging for papers, sent his clerk into the room where I was.

"I am come to deliver myself up," I remarked, on his reappearance—for I had allowed my thoughts of sweet revenge to cool down. "I have no intention, and no wish to pay a single centime, and you may proceed with me, on these grounds, before the juge de paix."

"That goes well," he replied. "There will be no serious delay. Will you have a cab, or shall we walk!" All this was said with the affected amiability of one friend obliging another.

another

The Rue de Clichy is a long street leading up from the neighbourhood of the Boulevards to the heights of Montmartre; but is, moreover, celebrated as containing a prison for debtors. To this locality I was in due time conducted, although not so speedily as I de-sired, for there were many little obstacles in the way—obstacles which had been raised in favour of debtors who were not so willing as myself to obtain a lodging at the public expense; and these could not be set aside without admitting frightful precedents, and many an error, by the same example, might rush into the state. However, before evening, I had undergone a full-length examination, by our lean-faced warden, and

was recognised as a member of his august family.

It is not my intention to give the order of the day at the Prison de Clichy. It is enough for me to say that a week-a long, dreary, to move with a drag on each foot-passed away. Nor will I weary my readers with a details of what reflections I made during these leisure moments on the absurdity of my conduct of the strange electrons with my conduct, of the strange obstinacy with which I resolved to remain absurd. Suffice Suffice it to say, that in my more wicked moments I thought my sudden disappearance would create consternation and alarm in the breast of M. Gigot and family; and that this strange revenge savoured of consolation.

The eighth day arrived, and nearly every one except myself was waiting impatiently for the clock to strike the signal of admission to a crowd of mothers, and sisters, and wives, and brothers, and friends and relations, who were outside, anxious to come in, and cheer, or at least lighten, the life of those incarcerated. There were some, however, who had waited till the heart grew sick with expectation, till its very strings had ceased to vibrate to the impulses of the outer world, and who had sunk down into an apathetic state in which neither hopings nor longings found a place. I was talking to such an one, who had been an inhabitant of the prison for years, and who is never troubled his repose with the idea of release, when I was startled by a lusty voice behind me.

"The scoundrel Griffe!" it exclaimed, and at the same moment a hard palpable sub-stance weighed heavily on my shoulders. It was the hand of the pere Gigot.

"Why did you not send to us? What is this all about? That villanous Griffe (this

was said with a clenched first)—let me know the truth—I will have nothing more to do with him." And a flood of questions followed, which it was impossible to reply to for the flood of exclamations that overlook them.

When M. Gigot had sufficiently exhausted himself to be for an instant calm, he explained to me, that it was only late the evening before that they (for Antoine was with him) had learnt where I was; that he and the whole family had been in the greatest distress about me; that he loved me better than a son; that there was nothing that he would not do for me; that he only wished to know if I really did owe that rascally Griffe the money, to release me at once from my confinement.

A man must be in a most dismal state of mind who could feel unmoved by, or would dare to resist, such a torrent of generosity, I felt foolish, to say the least of it, and would willingly have found a corner wherein to hide my duminished head, could I have found it.
Shame and confusion of face overwhelmed
me; and it was with difficulty that I could
respond to these fine sentiments of M. Gigot. Shame and confusion of face overwhelmed and before any of them had time to appear a me; and it was with difficulty that I could M. Griffe's proposition, news came of me developed to these fine sentiments of M. Gigot, appearance. A re-action took place in the and confess the right of M. Griffe to five hun- favour. The rest is known.

dred of my frames. No soener, however, had I done so, than my worthy friend was off of tangent. I should not remain there an hour, tangent. exclaimed, and vanished through the

Meanwhile Antoine remained, and ga history of the week. He spoke it out pounds. "It appears," he said, " that you had offended the Gigots; but how, I don't know. They say so; and that is, I understand, the reason roa were not at the dance on Julie's buttlelso When it was found that you had been attend that day from the atelier, and the next, and the next, and that you were not at your own rooms, but that everything was found there in its proper order and disposition, it was noised

its proper order and disposition, it was notical abroad, that you had made away with your self. The pero Gigot knew not how to restrain himself. He declared that it was all his fault. The mère Gigot tried to console him the best way she could. Julie was always in tears, and theoryette, I fear—but no matter. Persons were sent to ust his the Mergue, and information given to the police, and it was not till late last night that we knew where you were, and that you were detained by means of Griffe. The tere Gigot has been in a restless state ever vince. It was impossible to get at you last might, and this morning we had to wait three-quarters of an hour—" of an hour-" And a mighty deal can be done in three

quarters of an hour, when one is determined," quoth the same sturdy benevolent voice that had once before startled me that morning "It is not three-quarters of an hour sin e I left, and in the meantime I have paid that left, and in the meantime I have paid that scamp Griffe, given him his congé, and blerated a friend," continued M. Gigot, given me a grasp of the hand that at any their to mould have made me wince from such an iallocations. "Not a moment must be lost," said this worthy father, dragging me off almost unconsciously; for, it must be confessed, I was still stupified with shome. "Madame Gigot is waiting breakfast for us and she does not love to have her hours interfered with."

In less than half an hour, we were at the

In less than half an hour, we were at the Rue Ménilmontant. It did not take he are explain and apologise. It appeared that M (ligot, in the first heat of his inductance against me, had made a confident of M. Graffiand related the whole affair of that morney, which especial performance I found had been witnessed by Madame Gigot through a small characteristic or that escaped my notice. Griffs had again room that escaped my notice. Griffs had open room that escaped my notice. Griff has seen through the action, had got me out of the way, and a day or two afterwards had come make a formal proposal of the hand of Juli for his son. Gigot would not hear of though Madame Gigot thought it would rebe so bad a match. Julie was ast on ded

The path I found sufficiently smooth for a rapid advance. That afternoon I brought matters to a crisis. Spare me, my gentle readers, the description of an event upon which hang often the destinies of our life, and which but too often takes place in the most awk ward, not to say ridiculous, manner. I will only say, that I presented Julie with the cross that was to have had such wonderful powers eight or ten days before,-not however, as a plummet to sound her senti-ments towards me, but as a first offering of affection after we were engaged.

That very night, too, Antoine came to my apartment to ask my opinion of Georgette.

I gave it to him frankly.

"If she had not a sister, I would have married her myself."

"That is just what I want to do," said he, interrupting me. "But what do you think

interrupting me. "But what do you think old Gigot would say if I preposed"—
"Why what he has always said, that you are an honest hardworking fellow, have good stont principles, will do well in the world if you persevere steadily, and"—
"And will you come over with me this evening; you can help me." I understood him.

"It is dangerous for a third person to in-terfere," I said; "but what does Georgette say !"
"She is content."

"Ish! then the old governor is not one to thwart his daughter's wishes. I give you joy of your enterprise. Put on your hat and let

we did so; and that same night it was arranged that Antoine and Georgette should be married on the same day as Julie and I. We chose the fourteenth of February; and if the day on which one is married can influence the future destinies of a man, I advise all who arrang to he hanny husbands to select all who aspire to be happy husbands to select that day.

POPE'S SIR JOHN CUTLER.

In the Church of St. Margaret's, -that church immediately adjoining the north side of Westminster Abbey, wherein Fast-lay sermons are still preached to the collective wisdom of the House of Commons—lies Sir John Cutler, Knight and Baronet citizen and grocer of London; whom, in his county-fifth year, Heaven was pleased to remove from a further pursuit of money making, on the fifteenth day of April sixteen hundred. on the fifteenth day of April, sixteen hundred and ninety-three. The stone which covers his grave is uninscribed, and the precise place which holds his body is unknown to either

Greecers' Company, in the life-time of the said Sir John; and repaired and renewed by the court of assistants of the company, some of whom are still alive to do full justice to the dinners of the aforesaid company.

In what was once the College of Physicians in Warwick Lane, was to be seen, while Cutler was still alive, a partrait-statue of the city grocer, with this inscription:—

Oumis Cutleri cedat Labor Amphetheatro.

Both statue and inscription were erected and cut at the expense of the fellows of the college, and the building itself was known by the nick-name of Cutler's College. Cutler promised more than he gave, and the too grate-ful fellows resented their ill-usage by oblice-rating the inscription, though they suffered the statue to remain; and it is still to be seen in what remains of the old College of Physicians. Gratitude in advance is not very our mon, and, in the case of the college and Cutler, it met (if we trust the physicians)

with no reward.

We first hear of the City knight and baronet in the year of the Restoration:—

In days of case, when now the weary sword

Was sheathed, and luxury with Charles restored. Mr. Cutler was then in his fifty-second year,

and his contributions to the needy exchequer of King Charles the Second were such that he was made a knight and baronet by the king in the first year of his return. He was at that time possessed of the advoncer of the living of Deptford, and the "good" Mr. Evelyn spoke to him about presenting a fit pastor to his parish church.

Our next information relating to the citizen and grocer is derived from Mr. Pepys. The Clerk of the Acts met Sir John at a coffee-house, where his discourse was well worth hearing, "and where he did fully make out that the trade of England is as great as ever it was—only in more lands; and that, of all trades, there is a greater number than ever there was hy reason of more lands. there was, by reason of men's taking more tices." Here we see the sensible more Here we see the sensible merchant : his remaining entries reveal the observing and the world y-wise man. A year later Pepys met kim again at a coffee-house, and among other things heard Sir John Cutler say, "that other things heard Sir John Cutler say, "that of his own experience, in time of thursier, so many barrels of beer as have a piece of iron laid upon them will not be soured, and the others will." Mr. Pepps's next entry stands thus:—"To Sir R. Ford's, where Sir Richard Browne, and here, by discourse, I find they greatly cry out against the choice of Sir John Cutler to be treasurer of Paul's, upon condition that he gives fifteen hun ired pounds towards it; and it seems he did give it upon condition that he might be treasurer for the work, which they say will be worth aexton or pew-opener.

In the hall of the Company of Grocers of the city of London—a fine hall still dedicated to good dieners—is a full-length portrait of the aforesaid Sur John Cutler, Knight and Baronet, together with his statue,—drawn, cut, oreeted, and placed, at the expense of the

work to which Sir John was to be chosen the surer, thus conditionally, was the restoration of the Cathedral Church of London, which was interrupted by the revolution.

Through what particular channel of trade Sir John amassed his money no one has told us. After the accomulation of wealth, his next ambution seems to have been a West-end connection, with a view, no doubt, to mortconnection, with a view, no doubt, to mort-gages and leans, on sound security. In his time the offices of sheriff of London and lord mayor were highly-coveted posts,—held by the Barings and Jones Loyds, of London. Yet Cutler had no liking for such honours; they were expensive, and the sage Sir John was fined for not becoming either sheriff or alderman.

Among the courtiers of Whitehall, to whom his wealth and habits of business introduced him, was the second and last Duke of Buck-ingham of the Vilhers family, whose character is drawn by the master-hand of Dryden, and whose death-bed is so forcibly depicted by Pope. The dake was needy and lavish, the kinght and baronet was rich, covetous, and missely. The duke's end is said to have been foretold by Cutler;—

Ills Grace's fate sage Cutler could foresce, And well the thought) advised him, "Live like me."
As well his grace replied, "Like yon, Sir John;
That I can do when all I have is gone."

A happy reply from a prodigal to a miser. But which shall we prefer t

Resolve me, Reason, which of these is worse, Want with a full, or with an empty purse?
Thy life more wretched, Cutler, was confessed;
Arise and tell me was thy death more blessed?
Cutler saw tenants break, and houses fall; For very want he could not build a wall. His only daughter in a stranger's power, For very want; he could not pay a dower.

A few grey hairs his reverend temples crown'd; Twas very want that sold them for two pound. What, e'en denied a cordial at his end, Itanish'd the doctor and expell'd the friend? What but a want, which you perhaps think mad, Yet numbers feel, the want of what he had! Cother and Brutus dying both exclaim, "Virtue! and wealth! what are ye but a name?"

This celebrated description is, it is said, littel. Sir John was, it is now alleged, any-thing but mean. Nay, that he was liberal in building matters. The great parlour and entertaining-room of the Grocers' Company entertaining-room of the Grocers Company in the Poultry, was built, we are told, at his expense, after the Fire of London. Part of the College of Physicians, in Warwick Lane, was erected (so liveried grocers allege) at his cost. The north gallery of the church in which he is burned was rebuilt, for the benefit of the poor, at Lis expense, poor of Westminster are still relieve his legacy to the parish. His will relieved by his legacy to the parish. His will con-turns legacies to his servants and their children, with directions to his executor to distribute two thousand pounds among such

of his friends or relations as his executor shall imagine that he had neglected or forgotten in his will. Instead of an only daughter, he had two daughters; one married to Sir William Portman, Barretet, to whom he gave a portion of thirty thousand pounds; the other, to Charles Boardille Robartes, Viscount Bodmin and Farl of Radnor, to whom, on her marriage, he is said to have given the house and estate of Wimpole, in Cambridgeshire, equal, at least, to thirty thousand rangels.

thirty thousand pounds.
Such are the facts recently adduced by Mr. Heath the pains-taking historian of the Groce Company, who calls upon us to disbelieve the poet, and trust the historian. But Cutler's character for avarice does not solely rest on Pope's picture of his life and death. Dr. Arbuthus bas preserved a striking instance of his par-simony. S'r John Catler, he tells us, had a pair of black worsted silk stockings which his maid darned so often with silk, that they

his maid darned so often with silk, that they became at last a pair of silk stockings! Wecherley, who was his contemporary, and might have been his creditor, has addressed a copy of verses to him called The Praise of Avarice, in which he sarcastically alludes to the scurrilous jests that accompany every mention of his name:— Live on then, Cutler, in despite of fame,

That gives each quality a bastard name. Fools only can the frugal life despise,

Thy heirs will call thy conduct just and wise.

Other proofs of his avarice might be afforded. The most remarkable has escaped Mr. Heath's researches. The witty Earl of Chesterfield amused his old age by composing characters and dialogues. One of the best is a dialogue in the other world, between Cutler and the Duke of Buckingham. "Howasks Cutler, "did your grace enjoy the worst bed in the worst inn in Yorkshire, when you died? At least I died in my own house. To which the Duke replies: "I do not doubt it: for nothing could live in your house."—"If I denied myself anything, it was to make my only daughter a great fortune," observes the sage; to which, more pertinently, the the sage; to which, more pertinently, the Duke rejoins: "A true miser, like a true poet, must be born such; no accident car make either." Other queries and replies are equally to the point :

The Duke I was myself an idle squamlerer; now do you own yourself a complete miser?
Cutter. Will not economict satisfy your grace?

The Duke. By no means; were jour darned stockings, patched coat, and the rags and puts which year paintaily picked up in the streets, merely the effects of economy? Fig. Sir John, be franker; we are upon

Catler. Well, I will own, I carried my economy too far. I had no one pleasure to life but thruking of my mones, counting my mones, watching my mones, and increasing my money

We are told of a miser's will that was act aside, because he had ordered twenty pency

loaves to be given to the poor. A will with such a bequest could not be genuine.

Cutler, whose avariee Pope has made immortal, was twice married. Strange mistakes have, however, been committed and repeated about his wives. His first wife was been a located about his wives. His first wife was been a located about his wives. His first wife was been a located about his wives. mistakes have, however, been committed and repeated about his wives. His first wife (we have laoked into his story with more care, perhaps, than the subject deserves) was Elicia, daughter of Sir Thomas Tipping, of Wheatfield, in the county of Oxford, Knight; so says the Baronetages and the records of the College of Arms. To which we have to add, that he was married to her in Stepney Church, in Middlesex, on the twenty-seventh of July, sixteen hundred and sixty-nine, and that he was then in his sixty-first year. His second wife was Elizabeth, eldest daughter of Sir Thomas Foot, citizen and grocer of London, Knight and Baronet, Lord Mayor of London in sixteen hundred and fifty, and one of Cromwell's peers. This Sir Thomas had four daughters, all married to knights, or baronets, or both; and his likeness (he is in his robes as Lord Mayor) is still to be seen in machle, in a standing statue, in the church of West Ham, in Essex. He was a native of Royston, in Cambridgeshire, near to Wimpole, in the same county.

cutter died a widower, leaving only one daughter—old Tipping's grand-daughter. She was married to the earl in the year sixteen hundred and eighty-nine, died (childless) on the thirteenth of January, sixteen hundred and ninety-six—seven; and was buried at Lambydrock, near Bodmin, in Cornwall. Both Lady Portman (old Foot's grand-daughter) and her husband, Sir William Portman, died before Sir John Cutter. Lady Portman is buried in the Church of St. Bennet. Porturn is buried in the Church of St. Bennet, Grasschurch. If there is truth in Pope's picture, the "only daughter" of the Moral Essays was the Countess of Radnor. Was Pope likely to be well informed of Cutler's story or is his picture only in parts true ! Of Pope's means of information there can

be to doubt. His near neighbour at Twick-enium was that very Earl of Radnor, who was married to the only daughter of the miser, Sir John Cutler.

Last requests and dying wishes, what are ye but a name? Cutler, who desired, by well, that he should be buried without any sort of pomp, as near as it may be to his last wate, if he died within ten miles of London, was buried at a cost of above seven thousand ix hundred and sixty pounds. It was with Cutier as with Hopkins-

When Hopkins died, a thousand lights attend The wretch-who living saved a candle's cud.

My Lord Cromarty, after four-score, went to his country-house in Scotland, with a reso-

In the fishing village of Penlaurhyndoldovey, in North Wales, I spent the very longest day of all my life; the place had several more syllables than I have written down, but I think I have given enough for practical purposes. The Tremadoc coach had dropped me there on Saturday evening, because it had begun to drizzle; but I made up my mind that the Tremadoc coach should pick me up again on Monday morning, though it should rain cats and dogs and Welsh rabbits. I made it up at breakfast-time, and kept on making it tighter breakfast-time, and kept on making it tighter all day long; for I had nothing else to do—it was a wet day, and it was a Sunday. The Leck was, I doubt not, situated in the most peturesque pertion of the principality; but at this particular time it was located between two living walls of perpendicular rain. That Penallyn frowned down on it from a gigantic altitude, I took on trust from the guide-book; that the falls of Leckwymn at Pontiniog could be easily reached by a short mule track, I credited with readiness, and only trusted that the short mule track might not have been taken advantage of by the torrent to reach us. The village, they said, by close behind us, and the sound of a little bell came up from it through the pauses of the storm, as the still small voice of conscience makes as the still small voice of conscience makes itself heard amidst human passions. That itself heard amidst human passions. That image suggested itself to me after seeing my landhely going to church for the second time—taking the steeple upon her head with her, I thought,—upon a couple of as comfortable legs, as far as I could see (and I saw a good way) as any Jumper in the district, leaving me alone in the house with Aprhys, her husband, and two Jenny Juneses, who could not speak one word of English. There was, at the Leck, in the way of literature, a Bradshaw, a work (selling sixty thousand daily, it said) of one of those Americanesses who have struggled in at the gate of the heaven of popularity before it could be shut after Mrs. Beecher Stowe; and a medical book upon the ear, left by a deaf could be shut after Ars. Beecher Stowe; and a medical book upon the ear, left by a deaf tourist, the summer before last. There was, too, a single half-sheet of note-paper and a pen, the feather of which had been used in varnishing; but, after a few attempts at com-position, which resulted, as they often do, in my masticating the latter instrument, I folded up the paper, and moodily decoured that up the paper, and moodily devoured that also. There was one more thing to be done; but I had done it these three or four hours luten to stay six years there, and live thruttly, in order to save up money that he might spend in London. Cutler, "sacred to pended over the mantelpiece Like mest riousle his whole life long," scraped and views found in such places, it comprehensed little of the beauty of the surrounding country; but the public buildings of the town (if it might be called so), and the harbour, and the little pier, were executed with apparent fidelity and exactness. The church itself, though small, was a very pretty one, with the massive grey tower, which becomes so well a mountainous district. The markethouse for fish might rival that of St. Peter's, at Guernsey; and there were also two other well-built edifices, whose use I could not at all discover. When Mrs. Aprhys returned, at Guernsey; with her rather less comfortable legs, I inter-rogated her on this matter. The rows of cottages, with porches and gardens, were almshouses, she said, for the widows and families of men who had been lost at sen (an accident which happened often on that dangerous coast); as pretty and pleasant places to end one's days in as one would wish to have; and, thinking that to be more in my line, perhaps, she added: "There's a bittock of Latin over the outer gateway: In memoriam, R. O., ob. eighteen hundred and twentyfive. Miss Davies built it; and the little house at the pier-head, she built that also; and night and day there were fires kept in it, and brandy, and blankets, and what not, to recover, if it might be, any of those that were found drounded.

Dear me!" said I, coolly; for I was out of temper with Penlanrhyndoldovey, and didn't think the people much worth saving, "she must be a worthy person."

"You may say that, sir, indeed; and we should never have had church or market if it had not been for her."

"Bless me, my dear Mrs. Aprhys," for I was a raw bachelor at that period, and quite prepared to run the risk of matrunony for the about the propers. an adequate consideration, "why, this Miss Davies must be very rich!"

"No, sir, not very; for when folks spend no money on themselves, and only live for other people's good, it is surprising what may

be done in thirty years."
"Thirty years," said I, little interested again. "O dear me, she must be oldish,

again. "() dear me, then?"

"Well, sir, you may see her soon, and
"Well, sir, you may see her soon, and
"Well, sir, you may see her soon, and evening, upon her way home. She lives, with a servant or two, all alone in the cottage on the hall there."

Now I perceived that, for some reason or Now I porceived that, for some reason or other, my 'ear landiady was in a quarter of a second or so of a good cry; so, by way of changing the convensation, I said, "And what a beautiful view she must have from it, both of land and sea."

"Ah, yes in beed," she sobbed, and the trait store over her plumps hock; and into the simples about her little month, in a flood that only Mr. Archys could (with progress)

that only Mr. Applys could (with propriety) have dried up or imposed in quite the correct way. "And sad and core sights she has seen from it, as ever woman's eyes have borne

look upon."
"Good gracious! What a charuning-mean, what a dreadful—mystery! Pray tit, Mis. Ap"—But just as the tenhearted little woman was making herself reafor a start as improvisatore, there came knock at the door.

"Rush! it's her!" she said; and trotted off on her confutable legs in metaphor fails me—like anything.

Now I am not naturally of an inquisiturn of mind; but, as a late philosopoleserved to his friend, "we must stop so observed to his triend, "we must stop where;" and I stopped at the particular and looked through the crack. I felt science-smitten and rightly punished the n instant: they spoke in Welsh, and the lawas sixty, if she was a day. Yet her to had not only the remains of boanty, to a present charm and lovelines, of its on Her hair was snow-white; and her blue on though far from bright, were full of tende ness and expression; her roice was as a could discern in it that she was accustomate to speak with the sick and sorrowful. It her part, it was clear by the deep, thous quiet, mourning that she was, that she had were that she had were that she had had woes irreparable of her own, the had woes irreparable of her own, who not recent, for a settled resignation scenar to possess her features, as if where the har row of trouble had once passed, the scedipatience and benevolence had spring up, and effaced its cruel traces.

backed cautiously to the fireplace, waited for the interview to be over with so eagerness; for I was getting interest eagerness; for I was getting interests spite of myself, in Pentaurhyndoldoxe the house upon the hill. I heat a cushions of the arm-chair, and pluced a stool for the accommodation of the Ap I even put a chair for the landlord a middle, in case "her" should be of a se temperament, and desire was meditating as to what would correct drink for me to offer so old hostess, when she appeared auddenly h

with my ton.

"Another cup, if you will be so go-1 said I.

So over that coay meal she told me "

story.
"It so happens," she began, "that the day is the properest of any to ten, sail tale. I forgot the date, where soul in this village is likely to have remembered it so soon as ever I Ellen's face. She has been with the and the widow in their affliction, a dawn, and now she is gone bee hate home. Though the storm has been lionie. down this ten hours, she has brong and sunlight to many a dwelling; ment the hurs by the sa beach, shere to men that would seem to you men she has carried such help and course

they would risk life and limb for the sake of her. Them that the waves and winds make or mock of she cares the most for, because she mourns night and day for one beneath the seas; and especially them that are lovers, the fisher lads and lassies, for whom she speaks to their parents, and makes a little golden road for true love to run smooth on perhaps, because she once was loved herself. and loved again, and she knows what it is for two fond hearts to be sundered." "My dear Mrs. Aprhys," I said, "I per-

"My dear Mrs. Aprhys," I said, "I perceive this is going to be something of a love story. If you will permit me to run up-stairs for my slippers, I shall be back directly, and will not interrupt you again on any account; but, in the first place, it seems likely the tale may be a little protracted, and secondly, I I have always found it impossible to appreciate sentiment in boots."

This arrangement having been completed.

This arrangement having been completed, I nodded to my companion, who had apparently remained in deep thought during the interval, and she continued her recital in a low and feeling voice, as if solidoquising, rather than addressing another person:

"I can just remember what she was about

five-and-thirty years back; but my old man could tell you of her much earlier. She lived up on the hill there with her blind father, and was as bonnie a maiden as any Snowdon and was as bonnie a manden as any Showdon top could see. Many and many a time I've such her lead him through the town to the market (there was no market-house then), and there the old earle would chaffer and wrangle about a penny; for he was awful miserly, and the folk always let him have his way in the end, for the young lady, they well knew, would suffer nobody to lose, but made it right at last, herself. I cannot say I ever liked the look of him; but Miss Ellen would gaze upon his white head and sightless eyes gaze upon his winte nead and signtless eyes as though she were a-worshipping. I suppose there is a love which child bears to patent, and parent to child, such as I, who never knew either, can scarcely understand. Anyways, she doted upon him, and, indeed, he on her; but there are, you know, two kinds of affection—one which only cares for the heavy inventor its object and the other. the happiness of its object, and the other, which looks after its own as well." (I obissted to Mrs. Aprhys' putting the remark in this personal form, but gravely nodded my seemt.) "She would have died to save his lite and he would have died for grief perhaps

The marks.

"they use I to sit together in the summer-time an her their cottage porch, which was then, as now, a mass of round red ruses, for the I was now, a mass of round red roses, for the I was their beautiful perfune, although of coorse their solour was nothing to him; the likes in the tarn close by, too, and all the wild flowers on the holaide, were lost to him, but he liked to hear the wind coming

said; and perhaps she does whisper more things to the bind than she does to us;—not but that Miss Ellen was always by, to guide his finger right from east to west. She told him of the wood-crowned hill Penallyn, which the sun makes golden in the morning, and over whose shoulders rises old Snowdon's hoary head from far away, of the harbour and the pier, and the great black nets on the shingle; of the red-sailed vessels putting out to sea. They could hear, if it was a calm day, the shouts of the sailors as they heaved their anchors, the roll of their cars in the rulocks, the dip of the car-blades, and all the pleasant stir of the little town. She read aloud to him, as from an open book, all things that passed, and through her music, I warrant, they lost but little. From quite in the early morning to sunset, when the damsels would be crossing the stepping-stones that lead from the pasture meadows, each with her uplifted arm and her full pitcher, and when the mountains to westward were reddening and burning, the teacher and the and when the interest and the reddening and burning, the teacher and the taught would sit there—the girl and her blind father. Now, I don't mean to say but that poor Miss Ellen had a delight of ber own in this, besides that of pleasing him. There was, indeed, one fishing-boat in Penlanthyndoldovey, which carried in her eyes a richer freight than all the rest beside; and the knew when it was on board by a little richer freight than all the rest beside; and she knew when it was on board by a little white flag. I think, too, Richard Owen, whose vessel it was, had generally a glumpse of a white handkerchief waved from the cottage on the hill when he set his red sails or furled them; and it took him, in the latter case, but a short half-hour to come from the pier to the porch of roses. It must have been a great convenience, after all, that the old gentleman who made the third of that little company was blind; and I think Aprilys would have preferred it, at one time, himself, under the like circumstances. Mr. Davies soon saw, or heard enough, at all events, to tell him these two were lovers, and he hardened his heart against them from that time. I believe that he was jealous of Richard Owen because he could see, because he was young, and because he was generous and that he hated him because he had divided, or stolen a portion of his daughter's heart, which he wanted wholly for himself. The old man's ear was keener than that of love itself to catch young Richard's footfall, as he came over the hill; and then, upon his sightless face a shadow would fall, worch Ellen could not but see. He would never speck out about it, but would mutter, 'They are wasting for my death—they wish me dead!' And she heard him, and wept bitterly. This biles in the tarn close by, too, and all the went on for a long time, and the poor thing wild flowers on the holside, were lost to hoped and hoped; but never, I think, had him, but he liked to hear the wind coming any intention of leaving her old rather, through he tractops of the copse, and bending. Richard was no tardy or backward wover, the father, tops of the brook-rashes. He and had not much patience to be so a only knew all the tarness of nature that way, he tried; and one day he spoke to her boldy in

the old man's presence, telling her how she was sacrificing herself when there was no cause. 'For he can live with us,' he said, cause. For he can live with us, he said, and be tended by you, even as now; but it is twelve long months that I have waited for you, Ellen dear, and you are no nearer to me now than at first. I shall come up to-night for your final answer, and I pray that your father's heart may be turned towards us; but

father's heart may be turned towards us; but else I leave the town to-morrow for good and all; and it may be, you will be sorry never to see the bonnie white flag again.

"The old man said not a word all that time, and never let go nor ceased stroking his daughter's hand; but, when Richard was gone, he so worked upon her feelings with his niteaus salfish talk that she talk him to his pitcous selfish talk, that she told him to have no further trouble for her sake. 'I will never leave thee alone and blind, my father,' she said, 'although my own Richard loves me so well.' And what a bitter struggle that must have been for her, we now

"When her lover came up, then, for that last time, she gave him a steadfast answer, although it nigh broke her heart, and it storred his man's pride within him so, that he strode away through the windy night with-

out so much as a good-bye.

" I well remember that same evening; for he came into the Leck to bid adien to his old riends, whom he was about to leave; and my uncle, who then kept the inn, but had been a sailor in his youth, besought him not to think to put to sea in such tempestuous weather; for the October gales had set in, and the waves swept right over the pier-head, and made the very harbour unsafe. What a fine brave young fellow I thought him, when he replied that he would sail the morrow morning, although there was no hand to be got to help him work his ship. And he did sail as soon as the day dawned; and, for all it was so as the day dawned; and, for all it was so early, the whole town was as near the beach as they durst go, to see him and his little crew off; and there was one, we may be sure, in the house on the hill, whose tearful sleep-less eyes were fistened upon the bonnie boat more than all. She watched it for hours, as it now lay upon its side in the heaving bay, and now sank out of sight except for the white permant (which he had nailed to the mast) that shone out against the black water, and now rose high, as if upon a mountain. She saw it grow dimmer and dimmer, in space of the gale, and the points rounded one after the other, and nearly into the open sea; so far had the good ship got at last, though it scarcely seemed to move; but while it was beating up opposite Hell's Mouth, and near to farchey Island, she lost all sight of it for that time. She saw it again the same even-ing, also! for the wind and the tide brought it back to harbour, keel uppermost. She was not more than twenty or so, poor girl; but her bair turned from that hour as white as it looks now. She grew thin and pale

but never let a word of complaint es but never let a word of complaint each her, nor her father know how her heart he lost its hope, or her form its beauty; on once, when he attempted to condote was her, and thank her for what she had interpreted for him, and suffered for his sake, she at provide the condote was her and thank her for what she had interpreted for his sake, she at provide the condote was her at the condote when the condote her and the condote h him with a word or two in such a tone as never dured to draw forth from her agona she tended him hour by hour, while his feet were treading the downward way, for years and the flowers upon his grave are keet alive till now by her loving hands; but heart is not buried, I think, with him at all but somewhere under the deep sea with her drowned lover's drowned lover's,

"The old man left her very wealthy (6 these parts), which I dure say he thou would make up to her torall the rest town is quite another place in consequence and, as I told you at first, the poer roll whose trade is on the great waters, at seems to consider as if they were her ow children; them that are lader with the lift could be a larger of the consider as the control of children; then that are laden with the little trouble as herself especially, who have best husband or kinsman at sea, and for who in her almshouses were built, she visits and cares for continually; and on this day, at over all—this day, thirty years age, upon which poor Richard Owen perished, she comes to them in the morning as sure as the count with them in the morning as sure as the count with and keeps his mornery green, appoint them and keeps his memory green smongat them by good deeds.

by good deeds.

"And," observed, Mrs. Aprhys, in our clusion, as she wiped her eyes and rose from her seat, "'tis the best way of copped death-day that I know, sir."

"It is, indeed, my dear madam," I and "and I thank you very much for your fing story. And do you think the over old lady, poor Miss Ellen, is happy now !"

"Not like she might have been with het lover, perhaps. I have no right to say the much, with so good a man as Aurhys, venice."

much, with so good a man as Aprhys for my husband, but happy she ought to-for I think God must love her, and I am a her fellow-creatures do."

her fellow-creatures do."

I put on my slippers, which had entural dropped off during this feeling recital, as retired to my bed. I had all konds of place sant dreams and angelic visions; but no came up to the reality of that dear as i adjunctable. Miss Davies.

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THE OLD AND NEW SQUATTER.

THE OLD SQUATTER.

In the year eighteen hundred and thirty-five wonderful rumours apread themselves over the pleasant little island of Tasmania of new regions on the other side of Bass's Straits. At little more, than a hundred and fifty miles distance, it was said, there spread beautiful pastures, green and fertile and beautiful wondands, where the forest trees were so lightly and airily seattered, that the turf grew strong, and fresh, and sweet beneath them, as on the openest plains, or the fairest downs. These park-like expanses, stretching themselves park-like expanses, stretching themselves for hundreds of miles in all directions, were here washed by the ocean, and here stretched at the feet of far off blue-glancing mountains. Rivers and lively brooks wound invitingly through thom, and occasional lakes gave their retreshing charm to plains of most luxurious fertility.

Certain adventurous men who had assumed the profession of whalers, it was said, had for some time haunted these clysian shores; now

great portion of the island was occupied by wild, rugged mountains, and still more by dense and often barren forests. In these thirty years of European possession the population had reached the sum of forty thousand, of whom no less than seventeen thousand were England's expatriated criminals. The little more than twenty thousand free men already found themselves masters of eight hundred thou-sand sheep, which were palpably becoming too many for the capa-dilties of the pasturage,

too many for the capacilities of the pasturage, especially in summer, when the grass was scorched, and, as it were, dead.

The news of the new regions of fertility and boundlessness, on the other side, as the phrase became and remains, were, therefore, listened to with avidity. Not only did individuals hasten to get over, but companies were formed, to purchase vessels, and large tracts of country from the natives, when they had reached the promised lamb. First and foremost amongst these adventurers were John Pascoe Fawkner and his associates. John Pascoe Fawkner and his associates, who, procuring a ship from Sydney, steered across with their cattle and people from the heads of the Tamar in Van Diemen's Land to the present bay and site of Port Dallin

who, procuring a ship from Sydney, steered across with their cattle and people from chirting their lofty and more thickly-forested portions, and nowanehoring in secluded creeks aml bays, where they varied their ocean-life by hunting the kangaroo and the enu through the levely pastures and the pleasant evergreen woods. So charming had they found this life, that they had resolved to enjoy it continually, and had therefore built huts on the shores of a fine bay, and had stealthily carried over in their whale-boats flocks and cattle, and all that was necessary for a found and plentiful Robinson Crusoc life.

But the spirit of enterprise was awake, thousands were on fire to expand themselves over limitless regions of fertility; the cry of the whole island was, to-morrow to fresh fields and pastures new; and others had contrived to outstrip the Fawkner party. As their vessel bearing, as they supposed, the nucleus of a new colony, made its way up the spacious bay of Port Phillip, a man descended from an eminence, now called Indented Head, and warned away those who had hoped to be the first patriarchs of the soil. This was one John Batman, who, with a company of fitteen others, including a Mr. Gellibrand—an eminent lawyer of Van Diemen's Land, a company of fitteen others, including a Mr. Gellibrand—an eminent lawyer of Van Diemen's Land, a striped Fawkner, but had purchased a tract of six hundred thousand acres of the little ship Enterprise, not only as a prior glutted with his docks and berels. Fertile as were the valleys of Van Diemen's Land, a land, as a proprietor of the ground. But that is the only instance in which a man can keep such a tract of six hundred thousand acres of the little ship Enterprise, not only as a prior arrival, but as a proprietor of the ground. But John Fawkner, who was destined to cut

a much greater figure in the new country than somewhat dashed by exposure to weath Betman of the Indented Head, soiled coolly and the woods. Before inm, rolled up the Batman of the Indented Head, soiled coulty up the bay, and planted his standard on a rising ground at its head, and near the mouth of a pleasant river. Here, disregarding the aborginal claims of Batman, he built the first in planted up aborninal chains of Batman, he built the first but, opened the first inn, ploughed up the first ground, issued the first newspaper a manuscript one-and became the founder, if not of the colony, as he yet styles himself, the undoubted founder of Melbourne. The Messes. Henty, a year or more before, had established themselves as the first set-tlers at Portland Bay, Batman had esta-blished himself at Indented Hend, but neither of these were to become the capital of the new El Dorada; Melbourne was to be its Rome, and John Fawkner its Romulus.

Of the strifes and rivalvies of the new pastoral invaders,—how John Batman came indignantly and sate himself down face to with the equally indignant but imperturbable Fawkner, on that pleasant round hill still called Batman's Hill; how the British government, claiming to have a much better title to the land than the natives, the

all-prevailing one of

He shall take who has the power, And he shall keep who can,

disallowed Batman's purchase from the wild tribes; how Batman dwindled and Fawkner tribes; how Batman dwindled and Fawkner grew, till he become, and remains to this day, a conspicuous member of the legislative council, and has seen his settlement expand in twenty years from a knot of six indivi-duals to a city of ninety thousand inha-bitants;—all these wonders are to be found written at length in the chronicles

Amongst the tribes of adventurers followed in the wake of Fawkner and Bat-man as circumstances permitted, we shall select one group, and follow it as descriptive of the fortunes of the many. The group of the fortunes of the many. The group consisted of three men; a tall, active young fellow of not more than thirty years of age, accompanied by two sturdy, rough-looking accompanied by two sturdy, rough-locking louis of considerably maturer years. Tom Scott, the leader of the party, had the air of a elever young farmer. He was full six feet in height, of a fair, fresh-coloured com-plexion, with brown hair, and a brown some-what thin beard least closet but well-age. what thin beard, kept short but unshaven. His face was inclined to the oval, his nose good and straight, his eye clear and intelligent, his frame muscular, but remarkably light and active. He was quick in his movements, decisive in his manner, and seemed to possess the most absolute influence over two heavy but resolute-looking fellows who accompanied him. Tom Scott was mount don a leanish, wire black more, and around them the white gleam of wore one of those stout cabbage-tree hats reaembling straw, which were already exported from Sidney, a shooting-coat of coarse grey cloth, and stout leather gaiters, all coarse grass from the river-banks,

and the woods. Before him, rolled up tigle he carried a blanket to wrap bims if night, and his two companiors bone on the backs a similar roll, with sandry tins, and and knives hanging from their belts. Evenum carried his gun, that of Tom Scott beighing on his back, while a brace of lar piatols showed there before them what we there he called a little thack of six hands

there be called a little flock of six has They had made the whole one ship, some eight or ten of which were bringing over from thirty to forts sand a year. Our friend Tom Seats therefore no expectation of tinding a pasture near the coast. He had, in made an exploratory trip beforehand following the protections of the coast. following the great stream of pastoral in gration which flowed westward, had for rich, fine country, but already occupanumbers of people, who were wranglen, even fighting about encroachments other's claims and boundaries. Tom & therefore, resolved to steer northward, which direction boundless wilds seemed invite him. But, in truth, his sheep were no hurry; probably they had not for much store of provender on ship board, both they and Tom's mare began voraceo to devour the grass of the green al where now run the busy streets of Box Swanston, and Collins, displaying their shops, townhall, banks, newspaper churches, raised on ground as costly as were of solid gold.

But all then was open forest, fresh and plasant. It was the vernal month of Septemb The ground wasscattered with flowers, th was uxuriant as in the meads of England dusky gum-trees were but sparsely scale over hill and dale, giving to English exaspect of a park; and along the clear side grew masses of nearies, heavy was weight of vegetable gold, which sprea fragrance over the whole scene. dian trio, seeing their flocks were w ployed in the green glades of the forest themselves down under a venerable r tree, drew forth provisions from their and one of the bushy-bearded commander dispatched to Fawkner's public, a 1 hut on the opposite hill, and the othe to the river for supplies of brandy an they were soon lolling in great con the sward, taking a leisurely surve scenes around them, and consider proving of this first specimen of country. This scene consisted of the country. This scene country open forest slopes, trending open forest stopes, treating in towards the river, with wooded p low hills beyond; and amongst around them the white glenm of tents. Here and there were op

den, fenced in by heaps of the gum tree boughs with all their dried leaves upon them. A few fowls, gents, and a stray cow or two-these were the sum total of the Melbourne of

So soon as the party found that the flock was willing to trudge forward a little, they slowly ascended the slopes, and as evening drew on, took up their station for the night on the crown of the hill, which displayed to them beyond a wide stretch of unknown country, looking one unbroken mass of forest, with different mountain ranges showing themselves over it. As near as we can guess, they camped their for the night on the very spot where another shepherd now watches his-namely, the Bishop of Melbourne, whose palace of solid native trap stone marks unintentionally the first pastoral resting-place of Tom Scott and his sheep.

Here they saw sights which their successor, the chief shepherd of the Melbourne of to-day, is too late for. Numbers of the were scattered about over the hill and on the plains below, where the river wound along between its deep banks, and overhung with lofty trees. Each family was equatted down under a few gum tree boughs, which reached their highest idea of domestic architecture, all except the unmarried young men, who were located in groups at bougheries of their own. Fires were burning in the centre of these sable family groups. at which they were roasting pieces of the flesh of the knugaroo or the opossum, and of fish from the river; and they seemed to have a particular penchant for meat done rare. Miserable groups they looked, some with worn and tattered mantles of opossum-skin, some nature. Lots of little tun-bellied children, innocent of all wrappings, tumbled about amongst a tribe of hungry, fire-singed dogs, and women whom the graces never deigned to recognise, cowered behind their lords, and caught, ever and anon, some half raw and interior morsel flung to them over their spounes' shoulders.

As the night approached, throngs of the natices, men, women, children, and dogs, were all seen moving to one spot, now the quarters of a different race—the mounted police. No sooner ted the darkness, than out blazed a number of huge fires round this apare, made of the boughs and trunks of trees. Round one of these, a number of women took their places, squatting on the Then came numbers of men, their swarthy bodies indeously painted with red, and striped in various barbarran figures and lines of white with pipe-clay. Everyone carried in each hand a small branch of tr flowering wattle, and anon they ranged themselves in a wide circle, all with elevated, outstretched arms, crossing between man and

erected, with some little enclosure for a gar- burst forth with a wild kind of song, heating time simultaneously with the right arm, and away went the dance of the men in obedience to the chant and to the directing motions of a mative band-master, who stood on the trunk of a hoge tallen tree at hand. Wildly whirled the demon-looking crew-now in circles, now in crescents, now in squares, and strangely intersecting lines. Still wilder grew the cries and songs of the womenquicker, quicker; shriller, louder rang their notes-faster, furiously, frau-tically waved their arms, and rapidly, rapidly, wildly, weirdly, madly danced and shroked the men. Top !- all was still. Then slow and low and plaintive awoke once more the song of the women, and slow and mournfully moved the now long lines of dancers There was something spectral, haunting and unearthly in the scene. The movements were as silent and flowing as those of spirits; and the fluttering of the fire flames, and the wind in the trees, were the only sounds which mingled with the faint and monenful dirge of the women. But once more the scene changed. The songs of the women became gradually louder and more agitated; the grim dancers accelerated their motions and threw tresh force into their bounds. Again the dance grew fast and forious, and rigan the dance grew last and litrious, and the barking of dogs, the flashing of fires on blood-red bodies, wild glaring eyes, and grinning to-th, the wnirl and change of the madly-leaping and bacchanal route, produced a scene of appaling wonder that can only be expressed in the words, savage life.

A day earlier, and our adventurers would have been arrested in their progress by having to witness a native battle, where boomerangs and spears flew in marvellous confusion, and heavy warbies thumped on bark shields; and where each contending army might have reported, in the true Gortschakoff style—the enemy did us no harm whatever. This was the fea-t of re-

conciliation.

These did not seem very auspicious circumstances under which to make a progress up a wild country; but they were, in truth, the very best. The natives were drawn to this one spot from many a score of miles of wild woodland, and all the securer the little party drove on their little flock. But in the absence of natives, there were still many dangers and difficulties in the way. The wilds were unevery day, the quarter in which the sun arose and set, and where it cast the shortest shadow at moon. Sometimes they found them-selves obstructed by miles of bogs, and had to wander round them. Occasionally, at this early season of the spring, they were over-taken by several days of heavy, incoment rain, and, destitute of a but to flee to, and outstretebed arms, crossing between man and their abandoned home in Tasmania, they must their wattle-twigs. At once the women were drenched through and through. Fix

they found it impossible to kindle, or keep in; everything, like themselves, being soaked with wet. Occasionally, they could find a hollow tree into which they could crowd, and where all day they stood steaming and shivering, but at night they were compelled to be on the alert, for troops of wild dogs came down upon their flock, and at the first furious bark of their own dogs, giving the alarm, they must out, though it poured torrents, and chase away the sneaking, wolfish beasts, or their flock would speedily be dispersed through the bush, and scores of them killed.

In the course of a fortnight, they had made considerable progress; but they had almost perished with cold and wet during the rainy weather; and inured as they had been to years of forest life and labours in Van Diemen's Land, they were now attacked with rhenmatic pains, and were hourse with colds, from living day and night in their wet clothes What flour and ten they had they carried with them; there were here no shops, or road-side inns to resort to; and though Scott had turned his mare into a pack-horse, and carried along with them their stores in panniers covered with a bullock's hide, they were compelled to be extremely sparing of their resources, for they did not know when they should get more. Their only chance of supply was from stations, and stations yet were few and far between, and only newly settled. The inhabitants, therefore, were themselves mostly at their wits' end, and when they had the necessary commodities were not willing to part with them. Their only chance of maintaining subsistence was to arrive at a suitable location for sheep, that was still unappropriated, and then to build their hut, and send down to Melbourne for fresh stores.

Meantime, they spared their flour as much as possible, by killing game, but ammunition too was precious, and they rarely expended it except on the amply remunerating mass of a angaroo. Parrots and bronze-winged pigeons flew in flocks around them, but they could not afford to waste powder upon them, and the opossum, dragged from his hole in the hollow tree, furnished them and their dogs

with meat, when better failed.
Thus they wandered on, looking for the desired spot, where they should build their hut, and call the place their And many such they saw. pleasant undulating lands, thinly scattered with trees, and clothed with richest turf, offered amplest pasture for their flock. Here valleys stretching between forest hills, and watered by clearest streams, presented all the elements of a pastural home. Here richest meadows, lying at the feet of the mountains, suggested dreams of roaming herds, and the oplands on the spurs of the hills for their flocks. Vast plains, capable of grazing boundless flocks, and green capital grazing boundless flocks, and green content

hills, which gave immense prospect over them, invited them to stay. But it was na-ture alone which invited them; man hade them sternly move on. Other adventurers were already tracking these wilds; other 12 wi and herds were already seen streaming up through the woods, asit were in mexhaust detrains. Men, eager, in hot haste, keenly tred by the spirit of acquisitiveness, as in the most crowded city, were running and riding onwards to seize and to possess the world that had so marvellously opened upon them, with its rich pastures and green swarded woods. Meum and Tourn were bread with all their fusions in the second control of the second c abroad with all their furious, justling, tile-hearted tribe, and sleepless eyes were restlessly, fiercely glancing before, and behand restlessly, hereely ginneing before, and technical and sideways, to descry a goodly heretage, and strong, clutching, armed hands were quivering to clutch, and pounce upon, and hold. To clutch, and hold, and defeed Wherever our travellers stopped to came for noon, or for night, some strange wild object came riding from the forest, and cried, "This is mixed moved." is mine! move on!"

When they thought themselves all alone in the woods; far, and immensely far from any human being, the first blaze of their evening fire was the signal for some one to start forth, from what appeared the desolate and manless woods, and cry, "What are you

doing here?

How far these men of the woods, these selfconstituted lords of the wilderness, extended their claims; how many scores of miles they grasped in their giant embrace what boundaries of seas, rivers, lakes, or mountains they had set themselves, travellers did not know, and it was vain to ask, for whether they turned right or le these large-souled men still cried. "This is ours!" They could not see the extent of their assumed domains, but they could set the men themselves, and that was enough. They were of a countenance and a kind we only to take but to defend vi et armis. rode well foreseen with rifle and pistol well for the resistance of their countrymen They were from the Tasumin of the blacks. Isle many of them, where they hal is accustomed to shoot down, indiscriming kangaroo, wolf, native, and marauding to Years of conflict and danger, or onsing from banded convicts, and onshaughten natives, when a Michael Howe led the and a Musquito the other. Days of re-riding and nights of watching, years of the ing rugged mountains and threading forests, far unlike these which they : habited, in search of new tiebls or of enemies, with their homes suddenly bar about their cars at undnight, and families rushing forth from the flares, anon carrying the configration of very into the retreats of their amailants - were the men that they often found them front to front with ; these were the men to

they must fight with for the land if they had it.

Of the seventeen thousand criminals, bur glars, highwaymen, assassins, et hoc genus omne, who flourished on the island they had left, many had found this a brave opportunity to escape, and try a new life of adventure in these boundless forests. And of others, who came with the name of freemen, who could trace all the secrets of their origin and career ?

Enough, the Tasmanian knew his fellow; he was familiar with the marks and signs of the various descriptions of his brother islanders; Cain's mark is broad and indestructible; the various shades of character are slandes, the various lines of life are lines, and the practised eye reads them off as readily, as rapidly, as infallably as you could read the title of a book in boldest type. Tom Scott and his faithful followers, Ben Brock and

Joe Kitson, still moved on.

Once or twice they thought their opponents' pretensions so unreasonable that they were inclined to dispute them, and, looking at the comparative apparent strength of the two parties, they thought they could make good their ground. Scott was a bold fellow, a first-rate rider, a dead-shot, active, vigorous, undannted, and indefatigable. He wanted no amount of spirit when he saw cause to exert it and his stay when he saw cause it, and his stalwart associates were the strong and unflinching instruments of his will Strong as oxen, slow, but ponderously powerful, they were like the very trees around them in solid resistance, and where their blows fell men fell under them. But in these cases where they stood somewhat inclined for battle, a few days brought up allies on the other side. Once settled on the soil, there appeared to spring up in the squatters a principle of mutual defence, and men ready for the fight seemed to start by magic out of the ground and come forward to the rescue. There were no justices of the peace, no crown land commissioners here to settle disputed claims, and, as Scott and Co. had come out to serk a fresh chance of life and not of death, they prudently went on.

They went on through scenes of strange contrast. Over those plains, under the interminable trees, amid those monotonous wastes, where one score of miles of unbroken country looked exactly like that before, and that behind it, in those deep valleys at the foot of far-stretching and wooded mountains, by those lesser streams enveloped in the dense shade of the tea-tree and the acacia, amid the barren, grey, and desolate region of granite, or on the green and airy down where only the graceful tresses of the shicek sighed in the wind, Nature seemed to have established

breathings of the wind, was now over, and men, greedy, grasping, insatiate, and pugna-cious, were encountered in loud and angry altereation. Fierce defiance, resolute intru-sion, calls for division, denunciations of unreasonableness, and taunts, and scoffs, and jeers, and blows, and vows of vengeance, these were the scenes and sounds that stunned the ancient heart of the wilderness. tairest place excited the foulest contention. Men had not to seek out and sit down upon their claims : they had to fight out their possession of them, and maintain it by right of

conquest.

At length Tom Scott and his companions reached a spot where Nature smiled on them, and no man was present to frown. It was a region of low hills, where the trees grew pleasantly apart. The turf was fresh and pleasantly apart. The turf was fresh and clear of underwood, or in the colonial phrase-ology, scrub. Two or three little runnels followed the course of the valleys, and promised water. Here they set to work, built a small but of stringy bark, and made a built a small but of stringy bark, and made a built a small but of string barks. They had not lost more than a hundred sheep in their advance up the country, in the intricacies of the scrubby forest, by the wild dogs, and by the natives or low squatters who had managed to drive stragglers to their own folds. That was no great matter: they had five hundred sheep to begin the world with in a clean, open country, and they were full of hope, hut was of the humblest description. earth was its floor, and its only furniture were their beds raised on a framework of boughs on three sides of it, and consisting of a mass of leafy twigs on which they lay wrapped in their blankets. The luxury of changing their clothes they never knew. Their great refreshment was washing in the little atream below and these sides. little stream below, and there also washing their extra shirt. Their fire was made in front of this rude abode against the bole of a huge tree that had long lost its head in some tempest. Their cooking was of the simplest. They had long ceased to possess flour or sugar; their daily food consisted of the flesh of opossums brouled on the embers, without bread, and thankful they were still to retain a little salt and a little tea. Their ammunition, with all their economy, was exhausted, except a few charges which they kept in case of attack.

But the heart of the adventurer is not made to sink at small difficulties; hope in a brilliant future still bears him on; and Tom Scott was adventurously sanguine. In every struggle he was patient, in every annoyance he was buoyant, and cheered on his fellows, in the worst provocations he remained calm, though the colour often flushed into his face, and his hands longed to inflict chastisement the prace and the broading softude of ages. on vulgar insolence and softshness. But he But that reign of profound caim, varied, but looked onward, and resolved to achieve a not disturbed, by the many voices of birds, position of his own without contention. And the whire of the cicada, and the audible here he seemed to have it. Neighbours, as on vulgar insolence and selfishness. But he

summer run for cattle.

for stores. Hen Brock must be left in charge of the flock, and strong and resolute as he was, it was an anxious matter. While they were absent he alone must bear the brunt of all visits from natives, wild dogs, or unprincipled adventurers. There was, however, no alternative, and the only thing was to make have expeditious a journey as possible. So black Peg, the mare, was mounted, and rid len alternately by the travellers, and they made all speed through the woods. They had nothing to earry; their provision for the way was a lew handsful of tea and their tin cans; an opossum, dragged from its hole during the day's journey, and broiled on their evening Before this fire, wrapped in their blankets, they slept; and one day was like another, till they reached the town. Tom Scott purchased as much flour, tea, and sugar as Per could well carry, and they made their way lack again with all speed. But it was now late in November; the heat was become intense, and the country already bore traces of its withering effect. The grass was brown and crisp, the streams and pools had wonderfully shrunk, and it required a good long rest at noon to enable both men and horse to continue their journey. But by degrees they neared their station, and saw with increasing anxiety the change that a fortnight only had made. The plains over which they passed were scorched to a pale brown; the water had womlerfully vanished. Where there had been pools, there were dry hollows; where there had been streams, there were grey ravines. With difficulty they gained their own location, and stood riveted in conster-The whole was one black waste; fire had passed over it, and mowed the grass cleaner than any human southe. The fallen singed into the ruddy lines of autumn.

After a moment's paralysis of terror, Tom Scott sprung forward, leaving his companion Scott spring forward, reasons. He was soon on to follow with the horse. He was soon on the follow with the hard stood. There it lay, a heap of ashes; the ashes of the sheepfold fence marked a melancholy circle on the in the swampy hollows-swampy which had wife and two infant children, and at the

yet, he could find none. Dreary and sandy been, but which now were baked as hard as plains on one hand seemed to extend for many a stone floor, and covered only with their leagues. low and swampy grounds on the withered gress and shrubs. It was not howother, which some day might become a rich ever, till towards night that he caught such of Brock, with the miserable remains of the But now fam ue impelled, and he and flock, in a deep hollow where there was set Kitson must away to the embryo Melhourne some grass, and one small pool of multip

water Ben's tale was soon told. The heat had speedily dried up the little streams, burn up the pastures, and compelled him to a -k food for his flock in the swamps. These rapidly dried up; and to add to his auxiety. not being able to quit the neighbourhood till their return, every night he had been visited by troops of wild dogs, which, spite of his dogs and his own exertions, overlayed the fence of the pen, and committed bevor amongst the sheep. A week's watch og had quite worn him out, when he found himself also attacked with ague, from lying with his sheep by day in the vapours of the drying swamps; and while prostrated by this desput of a complaint, he suddenly saw the hills fire, amid the screeches and hallows of a number of natives. The are, kindled with practical regard to the wind, swept the practical regard to the wind, swept the whole district with a flying roar, and the blacks then came down upon him with showers of spears and horrible cries. Per gave himself up for lost, and determined to sell his life dear. There were six of the natives, and sheltering himself behind a tree, he coolly watched his opportunity, and shot down two of them. Before he could charge a third time, they rushed in upon tion, dinging showers of stones as they advanced, and in another moment be fell sensiles,

struck on the head by a washlie. How he still remained slive, he knew not; but on recovering consciousness, he found him gun still lying beside him, the natives gone, and the remains of his flock scattered in woods. With infinite pains, still weight to down by the intermittent fever, consumed with thirst, his head dizzy and inflamed with the effects of the blow, he had hunted up the boughs were reduced to white ashes; the fragment of the flock-now only a han had shrubs and young trees were burnt black, or and eighty-the dogs and the natives hav ag descroyed or driven the rest Leyond recover Ben himself presented a woful spectacle; the head bound in an old handkerchief, his flow wasted, his lips parched and cracke to another whole man reduced to a something betweet a spectre and a scarecrow.

This was a meserable result of the error fold fence marked a melancholy circle on the ground; and all around was a burnt waste. dition to Australia Felix. And here we may where Ben and the flock had escaped to, if they had escaped at all, was the question. In shands, a brave heart, and a clear heal Scott enatched the panniers from the many as Kitson came up confounded with wonder; leapt upon her back, and commenced gallindvidual sheep was to him as a child and hoping in a wide circle. In this circle he had on his little flock by years of car, as Kitson came upon her back, and commenced gallindvidual sheep was to him as a child and came upon the singed carcase of a sheep, on head on his kneet gave himself up for the came upon the singed carcase of a sheep, on head on his knees, gave houself up for a few am their, and another. There was his clue; minutes to despair. But in Van Dremen and still following it, he soon found himself. Land he had left a fair and strong hearest

thought of them he sprung up, wiped his and resolutions of iron, could endure hand across his eyes, as though he would their hope was in the increase of their fl whish away his troubles, and cried: "This money they had none to purchase more: is of no use, my lads. Let us on, and try again.

And here, too, we may as well let the ader into another secret. The two folreader into another secret. lowers of Scott were originally two convicts, two ticket-of-leave men. He had given them employment, found good in them, persuaded them to make a fresh effort for a good name and honest fortune, and had found them ready to follow him to the world's end. If he succeeded, they were to reap the benefit of it.

The three sad, but not utterly daunted men, went on once more. This time they selected a place where there was more show of permanent water, and all scemed to go on well. Once more they built their hut, and employed themselves in attending to the autumnal increase of their flock; for in that country the flocks often produce lambs in autumn, and another portion in spring. But wirder came, and with its rains they found their station laid almost wholly under water. Again they were compelled to go on in Again they were compened to go on the search, and at length came upon a tolerably fair stream, now called the Loddon. Here were wood and rich valley and upland, a change and a resource for all seasons. Here Tom Scott built himself a log but; found himself in as fine a country—beautiful with its wooded hills, its broad expanse of rich mendow lands, its grassy uplands, and unfailing river—as the colony could show.

Here, if ever, he must prosper. But his flock was terrifically reduced, his means of purchasing more were small, and nothing but life of incessant care, activity, economy, and perseverance could enable him to avail himself of the splendid lands on which he had sate down. For ten years our squatter maintained himself there, and we may now in a few sentences relate the upshot of his

Miserable were the first few years of our settlers. The lands on which they had settled were splendid, and therefore they were soon heaet by rivals, endeavouring to get each a good large slice of the run. One sate down good large slice of the run. One sate down here and another there, and Tom Scott saw hunself likely very soon to have to pasture his little flock on something less than nothing. He set about therefore lustily to drive off the invaders, who drove his sheep as constantly back again. Then came hard words, blows, threats, and animosities. Luckily, this state of things all over the colony compelled the establishment of Crown Land Commissioners and a mounted police, to protect the squatter both from black and white neighbours; and Tom tound himself legally the master of an ample run. But his flock was miserably sends and he and his fellows must live. And they dot live, but such a life as none but men in the utmost extremities, and with nerves him at his merchant's, in Melbourne, space of

their hope was in the increase of their flock; money they had none to purchase more; and sheep then were excessively dear, for the demand to supply a whole new country was immense. To spare the flock, they lived chiefly on tea and damper, a heavy unleavened cake, and never indulged themselves in the taste of meat except when the wild dogs had destroyed and left some of their charmed themselves.

sheep on the ground.

These wild dogs were a terrible and incessant nuisance. For ages unmolested by the natives, they had increased into myrinds, and nightle came down on the folds in crowds. As yet the grand blessing of the squatters, strychnine, which has now re duced the destructive troops of these animals to an insignificant number, was unknown; and daily and nightly it was a constant stretch of watching and anxiety to preserve his little remnant of a flock from their jaws. Sun and rain, the cold—intensely cold—nights of that otherwise fine climate, had to be constantly endured by Scott and his companions, and told in woful cramps and rheumatisms on their frames.

Still the flocks grew and multiplied won-derfully, almost doubling themselves every year; and in four years the flock had actually augmented itself into the number of two thousand. Tom had fetched over his wife and children, having previously built them a hut, and, encouraged by his wife's cheerful spirit and untailing sympathy, Tom looked forward to some day when sheep should be worth something, and repay all his cares. But sheep multiplied, and the population did not multiply in proportion. Wool was low, and there was no demand for mutton. Tom had to pay his hard money, that is, so much per head for his sheep and cattle, to pay for stores from Melbourne, to purchase a dray and a bullock-team, and wood-bags. Yet his flocks still wonderfully increased. Peoplegan, in 'thirty-nine and 'forty, to flock ov to the colony, and a bright future seemed to dawn. It was a delusive one. Lord John Russell's order that no colonial land should be sold at less than one pound per acre arrived; immigration stopped short at once, as at the command of an evil genius; and the squatters gaz al in consternation on their won-lerfully multiplying flocks, which were thus absolutely reduced to no value at all. In eighteen hundred and forty-two came the of ruin on the land, and sheep were

valued at a shilling a head. Meantime Tom Scott had had to pay heavily for labour in splitting stabs and shugles for his wool-shed, for the tences of his paddocks, for plough, harrow, hurdbes, and watch-boxes; for stores, stockyard-fences, milking-bail, calf-pen, garden-fencing and planting, and heaven knows what besides; for all which a large balance had run up against

his wool sent down, which seemed, indeed, his wool sent down, which seemed, indeed, swallowed up as nothing; while sixteen per cent, interest, which was charged on all the balance, and had been growing like a foul monster from year to year, stood there against him, in the books of Davy Macleod, as a most formidable something.

as a most formidable something.

In eighteen hundred and forty-three, you would have said, had you looked on Tom Scott's station, that he was a flourishing and happy man. He had come thither with something less than two hundred sheep, and now they numbered eight thousand! Four shepherds regularly watched as many flocks, at four different buts, on the noble run, which included hills and woods, emerald meadows and beautiful uplands—an estate betitting a prince. But if you looked on Tom himself, the delusion vanished. That clean-built, clever-looking fellow, with that fair and good-souled countenance, had shrunk into an old man. Not seven, but seventy years, seemed to have settled on him. His face was neithered his head masheld his hade stoody at the set of the set of the set of the section of the se withered, his head was bald, his body stooped; his bony and knotted tingers clasped a stout staff, which enabled him to drag along a pair of legs that stooped feebly at the knees, and feet that seemed too large for the man, and were shrouded in shoes slit and slashed, to give ease to their rheumatic deformity. was the work of outward exposure, and the inward drag of a monstrous oppression. Care, and the fear that kills, had done their work, as well, or rather worse, than the elements. Tom Scott was actually perishing of past adversity and present abundance. His flocks had flourished and grown till they had posi-tively annihilated their own value.

year, donce Davy Macleod sent him word that the balance against him, on his books was seven hundred pounds. That his books was seven hundred pounds. That his eight thousand sheep, at one shilling each, reached to the value of four hundred pounds; that the colony was ruined for ever, and that, therefore, his hut and few other traps must be thrown in the station made over to the said unfortunate Davy; and he must endeavour to content himself with a bad bargain.

Behold poor Tom Scott suddenly reduced, after all his years of enormous exertions and incredible sufferings, from a squatter to a mere overseer! In the midst of a flock of eight thousand sheep, and on an estate of a beauty and extent worthy of the best prince that ever lived, a pauper and a cripple. Old in comparative youth; destitute in the midst of abundance; a ruined man in fortune, frame, and mind. Poor Ben Brock, one of his faithful companions, had long ago wandered away in that strange kind of insanity which attacks the longly shaplered of the which attacks the lonely shepherd of the lonely Australian woods. The waddie of the native had destroyed the equilibrium of his brain. Kitson still lived, hale, faithful, and

For three years poor Scott continued to ma-

David Macleod, who absorbed, in raking to-gether, from the wrecks of his neighbours' fortunes, in the great commercial tempest that tunes, in the great commercial tempest that had passed over the colony, good pennyworths, had never come up to look at his bargain on the Loddon. Besides, David had not ventured to journey so far up into the wilderness. He possessed all the prudence of his nation; and there had been awful rumours of the doings of the natives.

At first, as in all new countries, these natives had been friendly, and inclined to rejoice in the presence of the white fellow, in his muntan, his brandy, and his blankets.

his mutton, his brandy, and his blankets; but deep and shameful outrages on the part of numbers of low and sensual wretches, who, of numbers of low and sensual wretches, who, in one character or other, spread themselves over the country, produced their invariable effects; and then came vengeance and retabliation. The flocks were attacked and massacred; the homes of the squatters were fired, and their families destroyed. The native knew nothing of the principle of property. To him, the white man's kangaroo (the sheep) was as much the free growth of the woods as his own. The white man preyed on his kangaroo, and he preved on the white man's. The white man injured him, and he speared the white man. But the squatters soon mustered their steeds, collected squatters soon mustered their steeds, collected aquatters soon mustered their steeds, collected in bands, and pursued the natives with the deadly onslaught of fire-arms. The natives repaid the murderers' visits in stealth, and perpetrated deeds of horror on unprotected women and children, in the absence of the men. Thus, returning from one of these commandoes, Tom Scott, who could still mount black Peggy, and forget his pains in his indignation at the cruelities of the blacks, found one day his but burnt to the granual found one day his hut burnt to the ground and the bodies of his wife and children buried in the ashes.

Like Logan, the American chief, no drop of his blood now flowed in the veins of any living thing, and giving a dreadful curse to the spot of such year long disappointments, and of such a tragedy, he plunged into the woods followed by the faithful Kitson, and disappeared. That was the fortune of the old squatter: the original pioneer of the wilderness, one of the forerunners of the present great Australian race of pastural magnates, one of the founders of the present magnificent trade in wool. But Tom Scott was no solitary victim. he was only one of a thousand. The same causes swept off the majority of the same class of man. Some violated some and of men. Some yielded sooner, and some later, to the irresistible momentum of adverse circumstances; but small was the remnant which escaped altogether. Theirs was the fate of the first headds of human progress. and the whole victim race of discoverer inventors, and projectors, the advanced guard and the forlorn hope of the army of the world's destiny. They laboured, and others have entered into their labours, lay claim to their honours, and put forward marvelious

demands on the strength of their misfortunes. Thy poverty, poor Tom Scot, has evoked the affluence of the sleek and prudent Davy Macaffluence of the sleek and prudent Davy Mac-leod. The racking of thy sinews, and the aching of thy bones, have smoothed his pillow; thy pains are his pleasures; thy battles have produced his peace; thy watch-ings his sleep; thy drenchings in the mid-night forests his dryness of lodging. On every pang and grief and care of thine he has built his present heaven; and the last blast of desolation that laid prostrate in the burning askes all that the world held dear to thee, is the graud godsend to him, on which he boldly asks that the rewards of his country shall added to his already unwieldy

We will look a little nearer at this wondrous son of fortune, this great lord of the anti-podes, this man of many merits—the New Squatter.

THE RAILWAY COMPANION.

I know nothing more charming than the discovery, that one has got an agreeable companion at the commencement of a long and fatiguing journey; if he has ear-flaps to his cap and a neat portmanteau made to go under the seat, so much the better, for they mark the traveller who is almost always more worth knowing than the stay at home. more worth knowing than the stay-at-home. Before the train has cleared the platform he has made a pleasant observation in a cheery friendly way, and going on to break a lance with us in wit, or to make a pet quotation of our own, he exhibits generally little maggets on the surface which may promise any amount

of gold-field underneath.

of gold-field underneath.
On the other hand, if he grumbles at the light, or gives us a surly answer, or sits on one newspaper while he engages himself with another, how the milk of human kindness curtles within us! We say in our haste, all men are hears alike. The greatest one I ever travelled with was on a short trip from London to Brighton, when I was a wicked young cadet at Sandhurst, and in wicked young cadet at Sandhurst, and in company with two others of the same college. We three had been, of course, late for the train; and, while it was on the move, bundled into the first carriage we laid hold of, and it turned out to be the den of a white bear. He had a white hat and a white great-coat, and growled in a polar manner at our sudden incursion. I was but fifteen, and felt inclined to beg his pardon, but Darall and Goit were and stiffer-necked.

said the former, after a minute or two, "have you any objection to our smoking in this carriage?"

"I'd like to see you at it!" was the grim

response.
"Your wish, sir," answered my friend, "is our law." And his eight was alight in a

generously; but he did not dare look the in-

furiated animal in the face.

For my part, I had enough to do in the judicious management of my Havanua; for, although I smoked regularly at that time because it was forbidden, the amusement nearly always made me ill. So I said nothing.

Presently Darall produced a pack of cards. and appealed to our companion's sense of duty to induce him to take a hand at whist, "For otherwise," he pathetically concluded, "we shall be positively reduced to play

"Never mind, young gentlemen-never mind," was the answer; "we shall see when mind," was the answer; "we shall see when we get to Reigate who has got the laugh on their side."

On approaching that station we prudently threw away our cigars. And not too soon; for the instant we reached the platform, the white bear rushed between us, and, putting his head out of the window, called lustily for the guard. "I give!" said he, with immense excitement; "I give these boys in charge, for smoking in my carriage!"

"(inthement what have rearriage!"

Gentlemen! what have you to say to

"Gentlemen! what have you to say to this?" said the official.

"Simply," replied Darall, while I shud-dered at his presence of mind; "simply, that it was not we who were smoking at all—it was the white gentleman himself—smell him. Is it not so ?"
We assented to this monstrous statement

with eagerness.

"And, moreover." continued our leader, "he wanted us to play at cards with him for

money!

At this the old gentleman absolutely foamed at the mouth. This gave a colour to our next proceeding, which was to tap our foreheads with our foreingers, and to whisper in chorus, "He is mad, we think!" The foe, being overpowered by weight of evidence, and in the state we had described him to be, out exacilet way into another carriage. got straightway into another carriage.
I told Aunt Dorothy these circumstances,

and she said we ought all three to have been well whipped-perhaps, indeed, it was for my sins on that occasion that I have been so un-I have been twice in my life shut up with a stark staring madman; one of them particularly stark, inasmuch as he had not a single article of clothing on, except his boots and an enormous cavalry cloak, which he took an early opportunity of dispensing with which he There were several other people present, how-ever, and he was secured without much re-sistance. But the other business was a far more serious one. I was seated in a firstclass carriage of an express train about to start from Paddington, when, to me, as the plays say, entered a tall gentleman, with his cont buttoned tightly over his chest in vinkling.

"Ilave a weed yourself, sir?" and Goit, front. Directly we began to move he was a

"Where are you going to, sir,-where are

you going to say, where are you going to say, where are "To Bristol," I replied, quietly.

"Bristol" said he, "was burnt to the ground last night, the whole of it burnt to ashes!"

ashes!"
"What, sir,—nonsense—it is impossible;

I have a considerable property there ""
"I am glad of it," answered the stranger. hissing between his clenched teeth ;-" it's all

He kept watching me eagerly, Then, of course, I knew that he was madman. like an animal in act to spring, but I tried not to look afraid, and made conversation as carelessly as I could, but I dare say it was not very brilliant. In passing Hanwel', for instance, I remarked (forgetting altogether the purpose to which it is devoted) How well Hanwell looks from the railroad, sir ? "

At this he placed his hands upon his knees, stared at me straight in the face, and replied, very deliberately :

"Ah, you should see how the railway looks from Hanwell!"

A cold perspiration broke out all over me, as I replied, "Ah.indeed!" and made an abordive attempt to yawn. I confess I never felt less sleepy, nor more interested in any conversation in my life. He kept quite quiet for a mile or two, only regarding me with a wistful and curious countenance, which gradually changed to an expression of disgust and annovance. annovance.

"Sir," said he, at last, emphatically, like man who has made up his mind upon the subject, " I don't like your nose! But I have got something here (tapping his breast) the eighth wonder of the world, and we'll cut your nose off and substitute that."

I said, in order to gain time, that I should like to see this wonder before the operation

took place.
"I would not show it to everybody, mind you, but I will to you," he said; and, unbutton-ing his coat, he took from an inner pocket a ing his coat, he took from an uner possessional white pig, quite dead, which had been born with five legs. He held it by one of the logs between his finger and thumb, and make the production of the logs between his finger and thumb, and have between his finger and thumb, and regarded it with much complacency. see it's just the same colour as your nose, and ever so much better looking; besides which, the singularity of the thing will be so remarkable: why, sir, you will be followed about the streets by hundreds, and perhaps attract the notice of royalty itself." He stopped a little, if in admiration of the picture he had thus conjured up: then, with an expression of diabatical malice, he returned precious treasure to his casket; and, with a tone of biring sarcasm, concluded his remarks with, "And now, you shall not have it, after

in a quick, decisive, and rather impertinent, cannon-ball, but to me the train seemed mov ing like a smail; there was no stopping, no chance of a rescue, until we reached Didect; and I could scarcely hope the madman would abstain from violence for another twenty m nutes. In hopes to preclude furt'er talk, I got out a book and pretended to be deeply engaged with it; but, as it turned out, the was a most unfortunate experiment.

"Sir," observed my terrible companion

"Sir," observed my terrible companion.
"I perceive that you are addicted to study, it is one of the worst vices I am acquainted with—bad in itself and ensuaring to others." then, with ferocity, he added,

you read in my presence, sir ?

I apologised, and put the volume by, as heatinged, "When the Genius in the Arabian continued, continued, "When the Genius in the Arabian Nights, whom the fisherman resided from the vessel scaled with Solomon's seal, was fire shut up in it, he promised nohes to whomsever should release him; but afterwards be promised death. So, sir, was I used to becati him whom I found ignorant, but now I tear him limb from limb;—beware, then, how you answer my questions. Are you acquainted with Shakspeare!"

"Yes air" said I contidently—"I am"

"Yes, sir," said I, confidently—"I am."
"Do you know Milton, thoroughly I"
"Yes, sir,—I think I do."

Ent are you well up in Boswell's Corsica, sir? tell me that! I don't believe you if you say you are not,

I will break you to fragments

Now, thanks to a disposition that had led me into out-of-the-way paths of literature. I did happen to have perused that drears work, and so I had the great pleasure to tell my tormentor. In order to try me, however, he harassed me with questions about the book as pertinaciously as any senate-house exa-miner; and, unless my memory had has-pened to be of the best, I do not doubt that bewould have more or less executed his tirreat. At last the whistle sounded shrilly our approach to Didcot, and it seemed to not the sweetest music I had ever heard.

"We go to Bath together, I believe ?" said my companion, breaking off his queries and speaking in the most silvery tones.

" We do, sir, I am delighted to say," I auawered.

But in five minutes from that time I was narrating my adventure to some people in another carriage, and my poor friend was a the custody of the Great Western Railway

When I told this to Aunt Dorothy the remarked, that nothing should induce her to travel on the railway alone, as long as the lived. Not, however, she added, that the was alarmed in the slightest degree; but that she did not think it becoming of a lady if she did not think it becoming of a lady of her rank to do so-Aunt Dorothy's strong with, "And now, you shall not have it, after aristo ray; in consequence, I believe, of her grandiather having been knighted because We had just rushed past Reading like a he was a mayor. I was, therefore, much

up to London last week without an escort; and, of course, went to Pandington to see the dear old hady-from whom I have expectations-and her luggage, ande out of the train. There was no mistaking that bonnet of hers with the bird of Paradise perched upon the crown of it, or else I do believe I should not have recognised her, she looked so pale. A red-faced and rather slang-looking old gentleman, who bowed to her as he stepped out of the same carriage, whispered to me, that he feared his travelling companion was far from Well

She was got into a cab quite speechless, saw her sifk umbrella and her last band-box safely about her, and then, in the act of feeling for her smelling - bottle, fainted away. It was a dreadful position for me to be in while we drove to Southampton Street, Hellium and her remission for the street, Holbern; and her coming-to was even more alarming than her going off. At last, when she was settled in the house and got more

calin, she unbosomed herself as follows:

"Your cousin John is a weeked and designing fellow, James; but he shall never see a penny of my money—he has not killed me yer, I can tell him, and he'll never get another chauce 1'

I was pleased to hear all this of John, who is her only other nephew; but I confined myself to saying, that I had always expected

it of John.

"He saw me off at Bath, James, and I don't think he could have harboured the dreadful thought before we got on the platform. He was dutiful enough-officious, I now think-in seeing after my things, and at last he led me to the carriage in which you found me, because, he said, there was a person in it whom I should like to be with-that Paddington. Not till the train was moving I locked in the place alone with him old John put his face in at the window, and whisper to me, with a look of dreadful malice, 'Aunt, dear, you've got a manuac in the carinto the seat as we left the walls of the station behind us. The madman had just east one of those swift, sly glances—such as they are all used to give-towards my corner, but he now seemed to be buried in his newspaper. It was my belief, James, and is now, that he waiting until we got into the tunnel; my heart beat as hard and that as the engine itself puffed and panted-but I made my pretrations for defence. Directly we got into the dark, I brought my umbrella forward so as to put it up at the shortest notice, and made myself ready to scream; moreover, having read of the power of the human eye open these persons, I stared at him hard and Continuously, and to this, in a great theasure, I attribute my safety; for I observed throughout the journey he would east down his eyes, as if cowed, whenever he perceived mine

astonished to hear that she was coming fixed upon him. Presently he observed, that the day was likely to turn out fine after all, which was itself as mad a speech as could be made, considering that it was raining at that minute harder than ever; but I said, so, too, sir;' for it is always best to agree with this sort of people, I had been told, under every circumstance. After a good deal of conversation, conducted with some skill on my part, I think, he asked all of a sudden if I was going to London; to which I answered that I certainly was; although, of course, I intended to get out at the very next place we stopped at sooner than travel another mile with him. He then said, he was very glad to hear it, and hoped that no damp and disagreeable strangers might get into our carrage on the road. At Swindon I thought to have escaped, under pretence of getting re-freshment; but, he insisted with great polite-ness—which, however, was just of that kind which might have changed to the wildest ferocity had I objected—on bringing the provisions to the carriage door. I was not really in the least hungry, yet he made me take ox-tail soup, and buns, and a glass of cherry brandy there and then, and afterwards a couple of oranges, and I don't know how many pears, which he produced from his pockets. He drank such a deal himself, too, out of a case-bottle, that I was afraid it must have developed his most frightful symptoms; once, indeed, after a long draught at it, he soitly though distinctly exclaimed 'hooray!' but, finding my eye as usual upon him, he apologised. He offered me his newspaper, which was that very unladylike one called Bell's Life, and I dared not refuse to accept it for the world—ny, and even to read it, too-for he asked me whether something or other on greyhound puppies was not a capital article, and I had to give a most favourable and detailed opinion on it. At the few stations we stopped at he made me look out with him at the window, to give the idea that the carriage was fully occupied, so that I myself helped to put aid out of the question. I really kept him in the most capital humour— but, O James, at what a treal to my poor nerves!—and only once ventured to cross nerves!—and only once ventured to cross him, when he offered me a drop out of his bottle, because I looked pale, he said. He was not angry at my refusal, but finished it himself instead, wishing me happy roturns of the day, and many of them—though it was not my birthday, nor anything of the sort. Soon after that, the dreadful man fell asleep, nor did he wake again until he arrived at Paddington and I saw yout." dington, and I saw you."

"Eless me, my dear aunt, what a terrible iventure! But are you sure the man was adventure!

mad after all l"

"Why, I suppose, nephew James, I know mad people from some people, and though I am getting old, I think I've got my hearing. Dain't I tell you at first what John said when he put me into that place to be mand

'Aunt, dear (the bypocrite!), you've got a maniac in the carriage with you!' "

Now the fact is, Aunt Dorothy is as deaf as a post, and invariably takes one word for another, although I said nothing more then, because, in her own words, "It is always best to agree with this sort of people under any circumstance." Only, next day, a letter arrived from John, hoping she had had a safe journey up to town—"I remembered your aristocratic predilections, you see," he your aristocratic predilections, you see," he wrote, "and I hope you found the old baronet an agreeable travelling companion."

DEW.

"O! dearest mother, tell me, pray, Why are the dew-drops gone so soon? Could they not stay till close of day, To twinkle on the flowery spray, Or on the fields till noon

"My child, 'tis said such beauteous things, Too often loved with vain excess, Are swept away by angel-wings, Before contamination clings To their pure loveliuess.

"Behold you rainbow, brightening yet, To which all mingled hues are given; There are thy dew-drops, grandly set In a resplendent coronet Upon the brow of Heaven,

"No earthly stain can reach them there, Woven with sunbeams, there they shine, A transient vision of the air, But yet a symbol, pure and fair, Of love and peace divine."

The boy look'd upward into space
With eager and inquiring eyes,
And, o'er his sweet and thoughtful face, Came a faint glory, and a grace Transmitted from the skies.

With the last odorous sigh of May, That child beneath the flowers was laid; Like dow, his spirit pass'd away, To mingle in eternal day, With angels perfect made.

THE METAMORPHOSED PAGODA

Vent Napoli e poi mori! (See Naples and then die!) is the vain-glorious saying and then die!) is the value of the Neapolitans. The proverb has been the line our time. We considerably modified in our time. We say: See Naples—that God's own land of beauty and boundless fertility—that golden treasury of God-taught art; and, also seeing the filthy lazzaroui, the swarming sbirri, the the filthy lazzaroni, the swarming sbirri, the Ergastolo, the scowling priests, the blood of St Gennaro, and the million and one rascals who infest this fairest of cities, then see

Naples, and die for shame and indignation.
See Capri, too. There is a page of Roman
history that needs no Niebuhr to dispute, no Lewis to examine. Its annals are late enough,

accredited enough for us to see, in no shadowy guise, but palpably in the records of the past; the shrinking, trembling, gloomy, frivolous, yet ferocious tyrant, Tiberius, flying from the world to Capri-striving to shut out the demons his own bad passions had invoked from the choicest fruits and flowers of life, trom the choicest fruits and flowers of life, yet forgetting that he had at least a cavity where he had once a heart, and finding too late, that vacuum-abhorring Nature had filled that cavity with devils. See Capra. The vestiges of the tyrant's palace are there still. There are the same atoms that walled in sin and luxury, and that re-echoed to the carousing shouts of decadent Romans and to the cries of tortured slaves. the cries of tortured slaves.

Not that I ever saw Capri, or Naples either. My Italian travels have been made, hitherto, with my feet on the fender, and my eyes on a

But I know of another place which I choose to call Capri. Half a hundred unless from Loudon, on the south-eastern coust of this kingdom, the booth-preprietors of Vainty Fair set up, some half a hundred years ago, a camp that has culminated into the gayest camp that has culminated into the gayest and pleasantest watering-place in the world. I myself have known it intimately full twenty years, and I caught myself, the other day, moralising upon the great palace of Chinese gingerbrend that amirks upon—well, I won't be personal—the S. Upon how many thousand work-boxes, toy dioramas, theets of note paper, Tunbridge-ware tables, processions, have we seen the counterfest presentment of this pompous platitude I Where cushions, have we seen the counterfeld presentment of this pompous platitude l. Where sentment of this pompous platitude l. Where were common sense, taste, fitness, decency, when the thing was done l. If George the magnificent had said to Mr. Nash, prince of architects,—" Mr. Nash, will you oblige may by painting your face in parti-colour-l streaks, and then walk on your hands into the middle of the S., where one of the large of my royal had-champer will provide fords of my royal bed-chamber will provide you with four and twenty yards of service you with four and twenty yards of secretaribles, which you will be good enough to swallow; "—would Mr. Nash have done the thing, I wonder? Perhaps not. Yet the prince of architects has been guilty of buffooneries quite as gross, in building this patholisis absurdity—this minareted mushroom—this absurdity—this gilded dirt-pic—the congeries of bulbous excrescences, as guilt and as expensive as I butch tulum and as as expensive as Dutch tulips, and as

We are accustomed to see and hear of kings doing extravagant things in the hadding line. It is their vocation. Cheeps had his pyramid, Cleopatra her needle, North agolden house, James the First Nousneh, and Kubla Khan. Is it not written :-

> In Xanadu did Kubla Khan A stately pleasure dome decree. From which a sounding river can Through careets measuremen to many Down to a sunless sea.

William Rufus designed to build a palace so huge, that Westminster Hall, the first instalment thereof, was to be but one of the bed-rooms. Luckily, the state of the civil list, and Sir Walter Tyrell's pointed behaviour to the king in the New Forest, nipped the grand design in the New Forest, nipped the grand design in the bud. Louis Quatorze had Versailles, the Abencerrages their Alhambra, the gloomy Philip his palatial gridiron, the Escurnal; but we can forgive the first for the Grandes Eaux, the second for the Court of Lions, the third for the pictures of Titian and Velasquez. Frederic had his Sans-Souci, Leo his Loggie and Stanze, Napoleon his dream of a completed Louvre, never realised; even our third William took pleasure in enlarging Kensington, and making it square and Dutch, and formal like himself. But there was, it must be owned, something regal, and noble, and dignified in most of these architectural madnesses. When a king raves it should be in his robe and diadem, with gold for straw, and his sceptre for a bauble. But did ever a petty German princelet in his hunting-lodge—did ever a petty Indian nawaub in his zenana—did ever a Dutch burgher in his linsey-woolsey frenzy for a lusthaus—did ever an impoverished Italian marchese, in the palazzo he began to build through pride, and left untinished through bankruptey—did ever a retired English hatter, going mad, as it is the traditional wont of hatters to do, and running up a brick Folly, in three storeys, with a balcony and a belvedere—did ever any maniac in bricks and mortar perpetrate one tithe of the folly and extravagance that are manifested in every inch of this egregious potato-blight of a building on the S.?

I mind the time (a child) I used to gaze on the place with reverent curiosity. A king lived there then—a placid, white-headed sovereign, in a blue body-coat with brass buttons, and who had formerly been in the naval service. He played quiet rubbers at whist at night, white his royal partner and the ladies of the household worked in Berlin wool. It was rumoured that he could himself play on the flute prettily. He had a quiet decorous court. He used to drive out peaceably, we thout any unnecessary fuss, and was not unfrequently to be found on the beach, bargaining with little boys for models of ships, or with mariners for conchological specimens of appalling and weird appearance. He was popular, but suspected by the gentee classes of a tendency to radicalism and economy, which caused him to be slightly depreciated in the higher circles. His name was William. But the great king who dwelt at Capri (and had made it), and who had been dead some years before I came to wot of the palace, was not William. A lofter sounding name had he. He was Georgus Optimus—George the great, the magnificent, the good—who had rased Capri from its mean state as a fishing-village to

the exalted rank of the queen of watering-

So I moralised at Capri. George had gone the way even that royal venison must go; William, he is dead too; and we have another sovereign who loves not the wicked gimerack. She would have pulled the bauble down had not the bold burghers of Capri stept in alarmed and bought it for fifty thousand pieces of gold. They have turned the place now to all manuers of wonderful and incongruous uses. They have concerts there, balls where ladies can dance without having first been presented at court, and lords in blue ribbons are never to be seen. They have exhibitions of pictures and photographs. They have a circus there; yes, a circus where spotted horses dance, and M. Desarais' dogs and monkeys bark and chatter, and Mr. Merryman, with his painted face, tumbles in the sawdust! Pale men in spectacles come from Clapham to Capri to So I moralised at Capri. George had gone spectacles come from Clapham to Capri to lecture on the Od. Force. I have seen there, myself, exhibiting two wretched black deformities of children—the Caribbean twins, or some such monstresities—hawked round the room by a garrulous showman. I do not despair of seeing, some day, at the gate of the Pagoda a Beefeater inviting the bystanders to walk in and see the Podasokus, or Oozly Bird, which digs a hole in the sand with his beak, and whistles through the nape of his neck. The parochial authorities have offices in the Pagoda, where they give out quartern loaves and orders of relief, and pass destitute hoppickers to breland. The sentry destitute hop-pickers to Ireland. The sentry-boxes, in front of which brocaded hussurs used to pace, keeping watch and ward over the sovereign within, are boarded up. Irrs-verent boys have chalked denunciations of the Pope, and libels on the police authorities, on the bounds. They have quartered militia-men in the riding-school, that stately expanse where all the king's satin-skinned horses used to be exercised by the king's scarlet-conted grooms. They have substituted a railing for the wall that used to veil the mysteries of Capri from the vulgar, and now every flyman on the S. can see the palace in its entirety. They have thrown open the gardens and the rustic scarle are now the rusting. entirety. They have thrown open the gar-dens, and the rustic seats are now the restingplaces of nursery-maids and valetudinarians, while the wheels of patent perambulators and the heels of the shoes of plebean children, craunch the gravel which once re-sounded with the tread of kings and princes, duchesses and ministers of state. Placards relative to the concerts and balls, the dogs and monkeys, and the twins, the Courier of and mankeys, and the twins, the Courier of St. Petersburg, and the next rate of two-pence in the pound, flank the portals where yeomen of the guard have stood. They have dismantled the great entrance-gate, and it is as free of ingress to the pauper as all doors are to death. I remember when I used to regard that gate with awe and wonder, and watch the royal carriage, with its brilliant

outriders, disappear through it, with bated breath, th aking of the ineffable spiendours, the untold gorgeomess, the unimaginable luxuries that must have their being behind those charmed doors. Now I pass through the gate, whistling. I smoke a cigar in the royal gardens. I pay sixpence to see a show in the place where the great king dwelt; where beauty has languished, and voluptuousness has revelled, and pride has said to itself, 'I can never die.' I pay sixpence, and sit in my high-lows, in the rooms where investitures have been held, knighthood conferred, treaties concocted, peace and war proclaimed, death-warrants signed. Twenty years ago, how many a millionaire's wife would have given her ears to be invited to the Pagoda? Now I invite myself, and my wife thinks the room but shaboy.

I see breakers a-head that betoken the squall of a sermon. The subject is too enticing. Only this I must say: If any divine wishes to preach a sermon upon vanity and emptiness, and the mutability of earthly things, let him make haste and come here, and take the Pagoda of Capri for a text.

Out on the S, facing the Pagoda, the idol-

Out on the S, facing the Pagoda, the idolworshippers erected some years ago a statue of their idol. It was, I believe, originally cast in bronze; but either neglect or the saline quality of the atmosphere, or some yet more mysterious agent, have converted it into the mounfulest, rusticst, verdigrised old marine-store you ever saw. This is Georgius—but ah! how changed from him? The ambrestal wig seems out of curl. The fine features are battered and worn away—the royal nose has especially suffered. The classic drapery hangs in dingy folds, like the garments of a lean and slippered; antaloon. Fuit, fuit, fait is written everywhere. On dark winter's nights, when the sea moans fittuilest, and the wind howls among the Moorish chimney-pots of the Pagoda, and the rain whips the pedestal, I can imagine this statue animated by a ghost, and the ghost wringing its bronze hands and crying, "Walla! Walla! Dogs and monkeys, twins and clowns, in the house where I have waltzed with Jersey and gambled with Hertford; where I have entertained Polignac, and made Platoff tipsy; where I have suffered princesses to kiss my hand, and said to sheriffs, Arise, Sir John; where I compounded my inestimable recipe for Champagne-punch; mixed my world-famous Regents-snuff, and cut out my immortal white kid pantaloons!" Alas, poor ghost!

Hertford; where I have entertained Polignac, and made Platoff tipsy; where I have suffered princesses to kiss my hand, and said to sheriffs, Arise, Sir John; where I compounded my inestimable recipe for Champagne-punch; mixed my world-famous Regent's-snuff, and cut out my immortal white kid pantaloons!" Alas, poor ghost! I meet occasionally in the Pagoda Gardens, seldom early or late, or in doubtful weather, but in the warmest, cheerfulest, most genial portion of the day, sundry elderly bucks, anteditivian dandles, senile old boys, whom I cannot help fancying to have been habitués of the Pagoda in the heyday of its glory. I meet them, too, on the chif, and other places of resort; but the seedy purlicus

of this palace out of elbows, they represally haunt, Seldom do they walk to the cross converse in groups. The Sphynx is subtary Marius had no companion when he sat the rains of Carthage. Trotting, or tool ling or creeping, or hobbling, or slinking is shall you see these damaged feps, the sectatored and bygone beaux. The turnollar, the hat with mised brim, and body curved ship has inward, the double evendas, the limits hat with raised brim, and body curved shifts, inward, the double eye-glass, the tight-heeled boots, telling of padded calves and beniens the occasionally branded, always tightly boutoned surtout, the never-failing unit rella, to high satin stock, the curly wig, or purple-dyed whiskers, the thousand crowsfeet on the fact the tired, parboiled eye, weeping because to owner is too vain to allow it the aid of spectages; the month full of evidence of what a tucles; the mouth, full of evidence of what a capital profession dental surgery must be in Capri; the buckskin gloves, the handker-chief peeping from the breast-pocket, the off-procapit; the blekskin gloves, the handweighter peeping from the breast-pocket, the off-produced snuffbox, the cough, the southland suspicions of stays, and courties, and the unatism, and paralysis—there are the most noteworthy exterior characters its of the soil beautypes I meet in the Gardons. They are pubout in the sunshine, tottoning over their old shadows, that seem like guides, show 12 them the way to the grave. Now I meet them elbowed by the norsy, healthful, pleasure-seeking throngs by the sea; new they crouch in the conners of Mr. Thrappell's subscription reading-rooms; blinking over the newspapers—during which operation you may hear as many as forty distinct whereand coughs in the course of one for no so. When it is cold, they come abroad in cloaks and conforters, but are loth to lose an noutr's sunshine. Nobody seems to invite them to dinner, you do not meet them in society, or at theatres or concerts. Even in the contine on Sunday here risks the time on Sunday here risks the time of the stream of the stream of the stream. time on Sunday they crawl about the shistreets. They never ride; they never viture on the beach, or bathe. When they too old and feeble to walk, they autaide Bath chairs, and are dragged about Esplanade to pass the time till Mr. Tremen have finished harnessing the black h to the carriage, and Doctor Bolus is said that he will get no more fees. Who they—these poor old boys! Alas! may not have been the strong men who before Agamemuon came even to balich These fur-coliared spectres lingering the scenes of their former triumping, deg about the grave of his master dead: these, O vain and forward were once the gallant and the gay is prouder alcove than Clieve len—they we mimic statesmen who circled the merry that built Capri. They are all and he now; but the days have been when have seen the Regent how, and F.tzher smile, and d'Artois dance,—when they heard Sheridan langh, and Brownell They have seen the tawdry rooms of

Pagoda all blazing with light, and splend or and beauty,—upon the orders of the men, and the jewels of the women. They have een Sardanapalus, Tiberius, Heliogab dus, Augustus—which you will—disporting homself at Capri. They know of the humours of the wild prince and Poyns. They have heard Captain Morris sing. They have known Captain Morris sing. They have known George Hanger. Are any such extant? you ask. I seem to think so when I meet these ancient dandified men—these crippled invalids from the campaign of vanity, where the only powder was hair-powder, and the only

bullets finey balls.

But Capri is no longer royal. The old landies, the metamorphosed Pagoda, and the marine-store statue are the only relies left to point out that Capri was once the sojourn of royalty. Stay; there is a chapel royal, with the lion and the unicorn on red velvet within, but it is elbowed by a princing office, and stared out of countenance by a boot-shop. I for one (and I am one, I hope, of many thousands) do not regret the withdrawal of the patronage. bave an intense dislike to towns royal or semi-royal. Don't you know how people in Dublin bore you about "the Kaystle." In Windsor, however loyal a man may be, he is apt to be driven mad by the interminable recurrence of portraits, not only of the royal family—Heaven bless them !—but of their dependents, hangers-on, and Teutonic relatives. The cobbler who vamps your boots, the chandlery shopkeeper who sells you a ha porth of twine is sure to be "purveyor to her Majesty and the Duchess of Kent," and you can scarcely take a chop in a coffeeand you can scarcely take a chop in a conscious without a suspicion that the man in the next box, with the aristocratic whiskers and heavy gold-chain, may be one of the royal tootmen in disguise. Versailles is one of the dreariest, dullest, dearest, most stuck-up places I know; though it has but the very shadow of a shade of royalty to dwell upon; Hampton Court is poor, purse-proud, and concerted; Potsdam, I believe, is slow and solumn; and Pimlico, I have heard, is proud. The di-franchisement of Capri, as a royal borough, was the making of the place. Dire thoughts of rain, bankruptey, grass growing in the streets, or emigration to Dieppe filled the inhabitants at first. But they were soon undeceived. The aristocracy continued their presence and patronage. They liked Capri, now royalty was gone, as a breathing-place. Perhaps, too, they liked a little being royalty themselves. The easy middle-classes came down, brought their wives and families with them, and took houses. By and bye a trunk-railway with numerous branches was strited, and that wonderful personage Mr. Vox fopuli came down, bag and baggage,—Briarens, Argus, Hydra, welled into one. He brought his wife and children with him. Finally, schools multiplied, and doctors disseminated themselves and differed.

Schools! Capri swarms with them. moral tencts, incalcated there in the bygone, were not precisely of a nature to realer their introduction into copybooks, as texts, advisable; but time has purified the maighty place, and the town is now all over targets, at which the young idea is taught to shoot from the quiver of geography, and the use of the globes,—dancing, deportment, and moral culture. There are ladies' schools of the grimmest and most adult status; schools grammest and most adult status; schools where the elder pupils are considerably bigger than the schoolmistress; which locate in tremendous stucco mansions in the vast squares at the east-end of the town, and which are attended by music-masters with the fiercest of moustaches, and language-masters with long red beards and inguage-masters with long red beards and revolutionary-hats, and dancing-masters who come in broughams, and masters of gymnastics, deportment, and calisthenies, who have been colonels, even generals, in the armies of foreign potentates. To see these schools parade upon the cliff is a grand sight, driving solemn London dandies and dashing Lauser officers to desperation and moving your officers to desperation, and moving your humble servant to the commission of perhaps humble servant to the commission of perhaps the only folly of which he has not as yet been guilty:—the composition of amatory verses in the terza rima. They are too pretty, they are too old to be at school; they ought to be Mrs. Somebodies, and living in a villa at Brompton. Strict discipline is observed in these grown-up schools; and I have heard that though Signor Papadaggi, the singing-master, and Mr. Hargays, the lecturer on astronomy, must know, necessarily, every papil in the school they attend by sight, the young ladies are instructed whenever they young ladies are instructed whenever they meet their male instructors in public, by no means to acknowledge their salutations, but to turn their heads—seaward—immediately. This they do simultaneously, as soldiers turn their eyes right, to the great comfort and moral delectation of the schoolmistress, whose axiom it is, that men-folk are of all living things the most to be avoided: sometimes also my opinion, -which is

Eugenius.
There are long-tailed ladies' schools, whose pupils average from sixteen to six, blocking up every pathway. You cannot pass down a by-street without hearing planes industriously thrummed, to the detriment of Messrs. Meyerbeer, Thalberg, and Chopin, but to the ultimate benefit of the music-sellers and the ultimate benefit of the munic-sellers and the piano - forte manufacturers. Brass plates abound; and that terrible epidemic, the collegiate system of female education, has deduced itself virulently. Saline Parade College for Ladies, Prince Regency Square Ladies' Collegiate Institute, Hemp Town Academical Gymnasium for Young Ladies, conducted on Collegiate Principles,—what conducted on Collegiate Principles,—what sham next? I marvel what they are like— these ladies' colleges? Have they any affinity to the old young ladies' school (—the Misses

Gimp, stiff and starched, the subdued English teacher, the snuffy French governess, the stocks, the backboard, the pinafores, the bread and butter, and the French mark? Or do the young ladies wear trencher caps and black gowns. Do they go to chapel in surplices, and slang bargees, and cap proctors, and sport their oak? Are they rusticated if they are naughty? Are they ever plucked for their little-go? I should like to see a young lady plucked for her little-go.

As for the boys' schools, their name begins with an L and ends with an N. Plenty of Colleges of course; Reverend Doctors, M.A.'s, Graduates of the university willing to take

As for the boys' schools, their name begins with an L and ends with an N. Plenty of colleges of course; Reverend Doctors, M.A.'s, Graduates of the university willing to take charge of, &c., Gentlemen who have devoted some years to the instruction of, &c., Clergymen most anxious to recommend an, &c., Capri is one huge trap hung with toasted cheese, and the poor little boy-mice are caught in it incessantly. It is good to see the little lads disporting themselves on the beach, or at cricket in the fields, or filing along the cliff, two and two, in every variety of cap and jacket, looking lovingly in at the pastrycooks.' I should like to have boys at school at Capri, that I might come down on Saturday, and tip them, and give them tarts at Button's. Yet there are some boys I see in these scholastic processions, who make me melancholy. Fatherless boys; boys with dark eyes whose parents are far away in burning India, and who have found but a hard stepschool-father in Doctor Spanker. They have an ugly habit too, of sending sick boys to school at Capri—poor wizen, pale-faced children who limp wearily on crutches after the healthful crew, or are drawn along in the wake of the young band in invalid-chairs, all muffled up in shawls and bandages, and gaze, ah! so wistfully, at the gambolling children and caracoling horses, and come here to be doctored and taught—to learn their lessons—and die.

The College of Physicians, the Royal College of Surgeona, the Company of Apothecaries, the Faculty of Homopathists: the confraternity of Hydropathists, the Hygeian heretics, or College of Health-Arians, the great Professorial guild of Pill and Ointment vendors; nay, even the irregular Cossacks of medical science—the Bardolphs, Nyms, and Pistols of Field-Marshal Sangrado's army—rubbers, scrapers, counter-irritators, pitch-plaisterers, brandy-and-salt dosers, and similar free lances of physics—known sometimes, I believe, by the generic name of quacks—all these flourish at Capri, a very forest of green bay-trees, and wax exceeding rich. For there are so many really sick people who come to this Capri in search of health, that the convalescent natives, perhaps in deference to their visitors, perhaps in deference to their visitors, perhaps by that contagious fancy which leads people to throw themselves off the Monument, and write five-act tragedies, and start High Tory newspapers,

straightway either imagine that they have something the matter with them, and call in the doctor forthwith, or feel that the manche of Esculapius has descended upon their shoulders; and, purchasing a second-hand mortar and half-a-dozen globular bottles, eitup as doctors on their own account. To be a doctor, or to be doctored, are the two conditions of existence at Capri. When a man hasn't a bad leg of his own, he bethiste him of his next-door neighbour, who has not him of his next-door neighbour, who has one of fifteen years' standing, and insists upocuring it. Come to Capri, and you shall at length know who are the purchasers of Professor Swalloway, and Professor Methusales and Doctor Druggem and Widow Wobblet who are the persons who investigated and Doctor Druggen and Widow Wobblet pills; who are the persons who invest capital in old Doctor Isaac Laquedem's Tone of Timbuctoo, and Messrs. Mullygrubbs' medicated ginger-beer, and Madaine de Pompadour's farinaceous food; and how the pretentees of those inestimable medicates acquire colossal fortunes. In the stream of equipages in the streets, the doctors' sly brougham spots the gay procession like pips on an ivery domino. Call on your rich aunt; you are almost sure to meet the deutest coming in. or the chiropodist coming out, or Mr. Wollop the great gynnastic doctor's carriage the makes five thousand a year by kneading people's joints, and cannot spell) at the door. In the remote slums of Capri (for even Capri has slams), in tarry little by-lanes and fany hovels, where barricades of seines and nets hung out to dry impede the passage, and the little children toddle about in bucket-boots and sou'-wester hats, you may discover, grizzling over saucepaus or mumping on patchwork counterpanes, preposterius women in pea-jackets and Welsh-wigs ways infirm, often bed-ridden-maggiog. stinate, superstitious, ignorant cronesreputations as don toresses, and are the holders of dire med ments; grim recipes, "as was took by blessed majesty for the innards," and v ranted to work marvellous cures. I ranted to work marvellous cures. The cannot read or write, these ancient ladies they mean in their own sick-beds, and due the parish surgeon for doctor's stuff; yet the the parish surgeon for doctor a state, yet cure all bodily complaints of others. So housekeepers come to Cod's Head All Hard Roe Lane, sent by the Marchio-Capri, to consult these old women. If cannot cure, at least they have the clation of knowing that they thware regular physician, and counteract the his medicines, and render his guinea null and void. Do I call people surply for running after quacks here at Capt throughout the mortal world No-s How do we know-what do we knowdy Fishbone's salted roe of a her

in the year?

Lest quackdom, however, left to itself, should quite cure—or kill—Capri out of hand, it is but justice to remember that it is the dwelling-place of very many learned and accomplished physicians and surgeons—men whose long lives have been spent not only in the ardent pursuit of knowledge and science, but also in doing good to their fellow-erea-tures—in healing not only wounds but hearts; and who glorify by their charity the profession which by their talents they adorn.

Ought I to say anything of the reverend profession in Capri? Shall I be impertinent in lightly touching on themes coclessastical?

Would not moreover a correspondence of that

Would not, moreover, a paraphrase of that which I have said of the doctors do also for For there are doctors and the clergy? doctors, and there are parsons and parsons. Orthodox ecclesiastics-good, pious, charitable, unestentations men, doing acts of mercy by stealth; Christian priests of every denomination, labouring heartily in their vocation, and earning their reward. And there are also the irregular Cossack corps, the sellers of pious pills, and holy cintments, and polemical plaisters—braying Boanerges, cushion-thumpers—men who jump, and howl, and rave, and throw their arms about, and pipe all hands to repentance as violently and hoarsely as boatswains. When I hear the hoarsely as boatswains. Reverend Mr. Tinklesimble, who is wonderfully eloquent, but a comb for whose hair and sonp for whose face are decidedly (under correction) desiderata — when I hear Mr. Tinklesimble lecture upon the Beast in the Pit, and the Seventh Vial, and the Crystal Sea, proving by word and gesture, plainly though involuntarily, that the study gesture, Apocalypse hath found him mad or left him so; when in twenty other streets and chapels I hear reverend lunatics grashing in their padded rooms—I mean pulpits-am content to pass them by: what wou would animalversion upon them have to do with Capri, though they dwell there! Are not they common to every nation and every creed, and to all humanity?

Ecclesinstic architecture is of much account in Capri. Tall steeples point upwards like the tall chimneys of Preston, telling of extensive factories of grace. Gothic and Corinthian, Saxon and Byzantine—of every style are these fanes. Yet do I seem to miss a church on a hill I loved twenty years syne : it was the parish church of Capri, when Capri, was yet but in the hundred of Herringbone, a poor fishing hamlet. The old church, the natives affectionately called it ;-that ancient, grey, shingled, moss-grown edifice, with its carved porch and lazy sun-dial. How many, many times when a boy I have played among the green graves, or sat and gazed in children the King of Prussia, have come to Capri as contemplation at the town beneath, and the to another Patmos; and are not too proud to blue sea rising straight up at the sky as teach German verbs, and "Do, Re, mi, fa, though to engulph it; or spelt over the in- so," for a livelihood. If you have a becoming

have spectres at our bed's-foot every midnight scription on the tomb of the brave sea-captain who took the fugitive Charles the Second over to France after the battle of Worcester, and of that famous old woman who fought in male attire at Bleuheim and Rumilies and Mal-plaquet, all through the wars of Queen Anne, who died when she was more hundred years of age, pensioned by the king of Capri.

But the clergy, the doctors, the schools, the

But the clergy, the doctors, the schools, the aristocracy, all of the proudest features of Capri, culminate on her boulevards, the Cliff. The stones of the Paris boulevards and my feet are brothers; I know the gardens of the palace at Lacken; I have walked Unter den Einden, and toiled up the Grande Rue of Pera. I have yet to lounge on the Toledo and the Quay Santa Lucia; to smoke a cigarette at the Puerta del Sol; to humectate the evening breeze on the Pincian Hill: to buy evening breeze on the Pincian Hill; to buy sweetmeats on the Ponte Vecchio at Florence, or bargain for a yard of Venice gold-chain on the Rialto. Regent Street is familiar to me, likewise Ratcliffe Highway; yet I question if any public promenade the wide world through be as pleasant, gay, and picturesque the Cliff at Capri. The footpath is so parrow, to begin with: the through is so thick the row, to begin with; the throng is so thick, the people so well dressed; they look so happy; there is so much youth. There are so many smiles. The very commerce is light-hearted and picturesque; jewellery, shells, fancy walking-canes, toys, curiosities, French kidgloves, bennets and feathers, hot-house fruits and flowers, gay lithographs, gift-books, albums and church-services bound in velvet and gold. None but the amenities of trade tind stalls in this gay mart. The bagatelle is triumphant. Vive la bagatelle!

triumphant. Vive la bagatelle!

If you are unmarried, unhappy, poor and have no friends, but are withal of a cheerful temperament, and unenvious of the prosperity of others, it is balm to your wounded spirit to walk here on a breezy morning or sunny autumn evening, gliding silently but observantly among the motley, careless crowd. Hundreds of little histories you may weare for yourself, and not one tragic one among them. Here are sweethearts, young couples on their wedding tour, bluff papas of stock-broking tendencies, who have come express apel Court to take their young families out walking; stout mammus in gorgeous silks and bonnets, like a page out of Mr. Audubon's natural history book. Here are delicious young ladies blushing to find from the admiring eyes of passers by how pretty they are; here are wonderful foreigners, whose mustachios, braiding, and mosaic jewellery, would do honour to Verrey's or the Café Cardinal, and who, disgusted at the turpitude of the Austrian government, the tyranny of the French Emperor, and the tergiversation of

thrill of pride and gratification when your garments are positively brushed on the cliff by the sweeping more antiques of peeresses in their own right, and the coat-lappets of

hereditary legislators

You meet everybody on the cliff at Capri. The Peers and the Sweet Peersass, and the Aldermanesses, and the Board of Works. Her Majesty's ministers in plaid shooting-jackets, bishops' wives in green uglies, jackets, bishops' wives in green uglies, gonty old generals in wide-awake hats, archdeacons in waterproof coats, Israelitish millionnaires (very strong is the wealthy Cancasian element at Capri: it dwelleth at Hemp Town in five-storied mansions; it goeth to town in the morning and returneth to dinner by express; grand dinner parties giveth it to the tribe of Benjamin, and of Moses, and of Levy; handsome daughters with ringed tingers hath it, and, curiously, it seems to be con-tinually buying fruit in the market), little city gents, honest florid tradesmen and their fami lies, young dandies, used-up men, fast men, slow men, fellows of their colleges, from Cambridge, in spectacles; blooming busy lawyers, great shirt-frills and watch-chains; leaders of circuit, in very shabby trousers, with wig-powder yet on their coat-collars, and moving the sea for a rule to show cause why they should not force a transient flush of health into their pallid, tired countenances.

Have I forgotten-no, but I have as yet omitted to mention-two of the strongest classes, and the most constant in their attendance on the cliff. I allude to the lapdogs, and the round lasts. Every variety of lapdog may you see, O philosopher, in this Capreau paradise of puppies. The fat, plethoric, wheez, long-eared, killing-tongued, door-mat of a dog, with a pink ribbon round his apoplectic neck, and legs so short that their existence is almost imperceptible. This animal as surely belongs to the Downger Lady Booterstown in the peerage of Ireland, as yonder yelping ratlike terrier—or, perhaps, more like a rat that has stolen and caparisoned himself in a porcupine's panoply—belongs to the austere old gentieman with the nonconformist countenance, who clutches his umbrella as though he were going to beat some body with it; to this dog enters your silky Blenheim spaniel, a lazy little cub, but victorious often in his passive obstinacy, turning over on his back, sticking out his short legs, and, with his head on one side, humorously defying all the efforts of strennous footpage, and despairing young lady, although armed with the pokeinflicting parasol, to make him move on. Each section of these seven families used Then comes mineing along daintily, as though a separate part of the house, and the rate had parent leather boots on, Mousieur cipal part of their furniture was provided Canielie—your French poodie, curied, shaven, of the common funds. Linen, clothes, trimmed, pink no. d, and re-lolent of Naples smaller matters came out of the wife a some And after him, am ding, but shiveing or any private work they might have depiteously in his phaid pareton, Signor Lungo. (The chief used to distribute flax and he

British reverence for the l'ecrage of your shanko, the Italian greybound. And, some country, and for its governing classes, who times,—the sight is not often seen by human have done you so much good, you will feel a eyes, but is manifest occasionally—comes there sweeping along the chiff some downger of ancient days, bearing in her arms the Loss Book of Livy, the ultimus Romanorum, the vinegar bible, the Samothracian Onagra, the blue diamond, the black swan, the pearl beyond price of dog-wood-the Dutch pag; beyond price of dog-wood—the Dutch pug; you see his coffee-coloured cont, his most, short, black nose, his snarling little molars for a moment, and tremble. He departs like a vision, and you ask the wailing ocean, where you may see such another dog alive. I should like to linger agreat while longer on

the cliff and at Capra, but my time is come, and to other penal servitude I must betake my self You have heard nothing as yet of the famou pier at Capri, of the pretty horsewomen, of the bold riding-masters, of the stalwart bathing women, of the doughty Capri tradeanen. All these things you shall hear some day, if you are inclined, and time will serve; likewise of the first mayor of Capu, and how all the town-councillors wanted to be aldernen, and howall the aldermen wanted to be mayor, and failing, each and every of them in the attainment of that high office, moved votes of censure upon everybody, and played the ver deuce with the town of the Metamorphose Pagoda.

CHIP.

THE COMMUNITY OF GAULT.

This community was composed of seven families, all springing from the same source, and bearing the same name. Lands, flocks, and houses belonged to all alike, and the labour of each went into the common lund. The daughters who married out of the community, were paid a marriage-portion about fifty-five pounds, but they could come back again in case of widowhood or descrition. Those women who married into the community did not lose their dower in the common funds, and they could always retake it if they were left widows, and wished to no private heritage to his children, only the community. The authority of the whole affair succeed him, managed the whole affair the association; apportioned the work, related the internal arrangements of a perhousehold, bought and sold, and in all turn exercised unlimited and unquestioned an rity. He eat at a table apart, with his art the rest of the family together in the land

&c., produced by the community, to each ordination crept into the community; the mother of a family, and she used to spin and make the clothes of her own separate household. Gault was irreproachable in its morals. Prudent, sober, honest, virtuous, it set an example to the whole district, and was regarded as the moral mirror of Saint Benin des Box But things changed. In eighteen hundred and sixteen, Stephen, or Étienne, son of François, then master of the community, withdrew; giving the first example during five hundred years, of any one voluntarily renouncing the advantages of the community of Gult. He received the same sum as a woman's marriage-portion — fifty-five pounds,—and went off with it. In eighteen hundred and forty-three, François, son of this litienne, a youth who had been born and brought up out of the community, sued the members of the association before the Court of Nevers for his share. Judgment was given in his favour, not as the representative of his father, whose affairs had been duly settled, but as the heir by representation of his grandfather François, and of his grandmother, both of whom had died in the community after the retirement of Etienne. The Court of Bourges, where the case was carried, in appeal from the decision of that of Nevers, quashed this verdict, and upheld the community. But the internal desension to which the case had given rise, the following version of the affair.

"The oldest master whose name I know was Father Nice. I never saw him, but I often heard my grand (father) speak of him. He was all at once invested with the authority of master at thirty-four years of age, in onsequence of an epidemic which ravaged the community, and left him the oldest of all the surviving members. His government was wise and respected. He had the entire disposition of the common property, which he divided justly amongst all, according to the needs of each. The members on their side performed with a good grace the labours he had seen them all grow up around him, and who had always treated them as his own children, knew better than they what was right to do. In a word he ruled well, and all

were submissive to him.

" During his lifetime Father Nice chose Etienne le Gault, called le Petit-Tienne, brother of my grand (father i), whom he took about everywhere with him, and who succeed d him. Under the administration of Master Petit-Tionne all remained as in the past; things went only by the orders of the

young men became proud, and would no longer listen to their elders, whom they wished to guide; seeing which Father François often said. 'A hundred devils, my children, you will see that you will no longer presper."

From this time, and under Muster Claude, who all the list of the respective to the control of the respective to
who closed the list of the masters of the community, things went from bad to worse; religious duties were forgotten; the young mer, began to swear; they would only work according to their own fancy for the community, diverting all that they could, either in work or of other common property, to the advantage of their own private possessions, advantage of their own private possessions, though the laws forbad the direct cultivation of these. They also arrogated to themselves the vice of the control of the contro of these. They also arrogated to themselves the right of requiring the accounts, and of watching over the partition of the harveste and produce. From thence distrust, and often quarrels. And from this time the days of calm and of happiness which the community had known disappeared without return.

THE CROWN OF IONIA.

Swift speeds our little boat over the fluinting billow as we bear down from one of the Greek Islands, and fly like a seagull into the breezy bay of Smyrna. A man must be a nautical sort of genius, however, to like this kind of thing, pleasant and dashing as it reads. We are crammed, six or seven of us, in one of those rakish little Greek boats that broke up the unity and good feeling of the reads. We are crammed, six or seven of us, whole, and in eighteen hundred and forty-in one of those rakish little threek boats that six, the community of Gault had ceased to do the coasting trade in these parts, and a exist. An old and intelligent member gave very brisk trade it is. We crowd on such a press of canvas that most of us cling devoutly to one side of the boat, the other being scarcely an inch removed from the angry water. We bend, and dip, and swerve, and then shoot on like an arrow over the waves. I mentally resolve that the sun shall never again shine upon the day which sees me clinging on for dear life to the slippery sides of a little Greek boat in the coasting trade; wondering with each gust of wind whether the lithe, bending must will break at last, or whether the swelling sail will not prove too much for us, and turn our crazy little bark fairly upside down. I am in no wise reassured by the cold, sneering, philosophical expression of the boatman, who sits perched on the prow as easily as a groom at Tattersall's would sit a plunging horse. I know that his countrymen are as rash in running into danger as they are entirely wanting in presence of mind at a crisis; besides, I should not be surprised if the regue is a fat dist, and so would not even try to aveil any unfavourable event; in a word, that he would expect us all to go down like a cargo of stones with the placid conviction, that our hour was come and could not be postponed!

In consequence of these reflections, my Dut under François, my grand (sic), who In consequence of these reflections, my deed towards eighten hundred and thirty, spirits revive considerably when we come to aged eightenium years, the spirit of insub- an anchor opposite the British Consules. and the broad sail collapses at last, so that

can sit straight again. The Bay presents a bustling appearance enough. Besides a whole navy of coasters, there are the great steamers of the Austrian Lloyd, and the French messagéries, Cunard's fine Liverpool boats, and the dismal old vessels of the Turkish Opposition Company. There is quite a fleet of transports, all labelled and docketed like so many floating despatches. Long, stout, seaworthy caiques, very different to the graceful, but flimsy craft of Constantinople, go skimming about with spread sails, bearing parties of passengers to and fro; and barges laden with coal, or provisions, or luggage, toil painfully after them. Nothing can be more cheerful than the first

view of the town. It has not that grand po-etical appearance which belongs to Stamboul, and one or two other Eastern cities; but there is an unmistakeable air of solidity and prosperous business about it, which does quite as well. You feel sure, before you have landed, that there is likely to be a good deal

of dining among the inhabitants.

You had at a pretty cafe, fitted up in the French style, and crowded with saunterers all day long. Here may he seen with much delight the adventurous British midshipman struggling with a pipe considerably taller them himself, and trying hard to look as if he liked it. Here the unsuccessful French speculator, who has come out with some "biftek à domicile" scheme, consoles himself for the failure of his hopes with the soothing refresh-Here the brisk ment of a eigar and coffee. young merchant plays at odd and even with his father's gold pieces, and smug elders drive hard bargains together in corners, over a glass of cold brandy and water. Here Miss Emily Pentonville, a young lady travelling on artistic principles (and very odd principles they are), may be discerned by the most near-sighted observer, arrayed in a straw hat of the straw and the straw hat of the straw and the straw hat of the straw are lower trained to the straw are sighted observer. signled observer, arrayed in a straw hat of curious dimensions, looking excessively interesting from among her gay flaunting ribbons, and elaborate dress. She is engaged in the novel and promising pursuit of sketching a Turkish water-carrier. She states plainly to her admiring attendant, a shining Levantine exquisite, that if she had only been born a man, her paintings would be considered. a man, her paintings would be considered among those which the world would not willingly see die. A little farther on, again, is a cheerful little gathering. They are engaged in the invigorating occupation of discussing ices and small talk. Their flow of spirits is wonderful, their humour delightful, their wit apt and sparkling, yet it is deserving of note, that not one of them would like to be seen in Europe, an insignificant quarter of the world, which they have, so to speak, exhausted. Then hvely proceedings have procured them such an extensive acquaintance in the West, that to avoid the inconvenience of frequent and disagreeable recognition, they have come here, and set up with bran new characters. What

a pity it is that a bran new character is so much like a cleaned glove—which does not look well half so long as it did before.

Let us leave these revellers and take walk about the town. At the north end of the town is the stone bridge over the Meles, a bridge without parapets, which spans the shallow stream of the unnavigable river; it is a stream that partly gurgles over scattered rocks and pebbles, partly soaks its way through clumps of reeds, which shut out the adjacent sea from view. On the bank of this river, over against Smyrna, the road from the Plain of Hajydar and the Bath of Diana, is seen, hading straight towards the bridge, and findleed by come taries. (In the terr public terr parts) cemeteries. On the town side are posted one or two detached coffee-houses, and a hut for the custom-house officer who examines firmans and other papers which give free passage to travellers and traders. A certain tell is also paid here by the caravans; and because, in the summer, thousands of camels pass over this bridge in a single day, it forms a favourite lounge for the Smyrniotes, who never tail to conduct strangers to the spot. Beyond this bridge, the road on the left leads to Bour'nsbad, and the two roads on the right lead to Boujah and Kooklujah, all villages in which the Boujah and Kooklujah, all villages in which the Frank merchants have country houses. For the journey to these places by Frank lad es I found donkeys to be the steeds in most request. The stranger who is a good pedestrian should make at this bridge his first halt before passing on to the right to see the two famous aqueducts over the Meles, near which there are some fine petrifactions; or hebre visiting, also on the right, the ruins of the old castle. In either of these, events are In either of these excursions it is better for him to have a companion than to stroll about alone. The environs of Smyrna are not at all times as safe as the environs of London. Before we made our way to the carava-bridge -where three robbers had recently been hung—I was taken by my friend to a barren space of ground, above Windian Point, which is washed by the waters of a broad inlet, running up to Bour'nabad. There I was to see the trate of the light I was to see the tents of "the Compromised." For I should say that my first visit "the Compro to Smyrna, about eighteen years ago, o made during one of the most terrible of the years of plague.

the years of plague,
Straggling cases of plague occurred during
the first two months of eighteen hundred and
thirty-seven, during which period the cata
bitants suffered dreadfully from inflaces
Strong winds, with heavy rain, accessors
cold and snow, seemed to retard the peogress of the plague itself; but, early in
March, the weather became calm and legress of the plague (in the second). and the sky cloudless. On the seven March there were six donths among Franks, whereupon many houses estab quarantine, by causing a wooden gate to based at the entrance, and kept close age all comers. On the thirteenth of Mar three cases were reported as having occur

in the house of Mr. Paizer, the Russian consul, and this circumstance burried the consul, and this circumstance hurried the Frank families out of the city and into the neighbouring villages. Opposite Mr. Paizer's house, in a Greek cufé, a case also happened, house, in a Greek cutt, a case also happened, which was thus accounted for. A few days before, a woman had died of the plague at Cooklujah, a place near Smyrna, among the hills; a man who had once had the disease acted as body-washer; and, being a Greek, ever on the look out for his "honest penny," he cut off the dead woman's hair and brought it into them. it into town for sale. He reached the coffeeshop in question at a late hour in the evening, and obtained leave to sleep there for the night. One of the children of the house handled the bundle which contained the hair, and shortly afterwards there appeared in the poor child plague symptoms. Inquiry was made, and the boy remembered having meddled with the stranger's bundle; the Greek then acknowledged that it had contained the hair of a woman dead of plague. The consequence of all this was that the speculation in hair "compromised" about five hundred people who had visited the cafe during the few days interval between the during the few days' interval between the stranger's arrival and the appearance of disease upon the boy. For this event happened during the last few days of the Greek arnival, when all the taverns were crowded and the town was full of masquerade and

Standing one day at the back-door of the Swiss boarding house I saw a crowd gathering about a little dwelling. A man was pointed out to me as one who was to pronounce whether the plague was or was not in the family by which it was occupied. He strode through the mass of people which shrank from his touch, for he was a plagueelector; a man, who, because he had once himself passed through an attack and escaped, was exempt from farther risk, and therefore added to his trade of shoe-making the profession of plague watcher. Upon his nod now hung the decision of the question, whether the sick household should remain under its the sick household should remain the much own roof or be consigned to the much dreaded hospitals. He declared the house to be infected. There was no appeal. His myrange began to clear the continuous premises; even live poultry was thrown out of the windows into a subjacent ditch, where the poor fowls strugged painfully against their fate, unaided by any one, because they were "susceptible." A bearded Greek priest then arrived and headed the procession, formed by guards, who cut off the afflicted family from contact with the people. The mother, struck with plague, was taken off to one there it and the children still an arrangely in ther, struck with plague, was taken off to one to even in the children, still apparently in health, were led off in a contrary direction to all Europeans grow who are settled in hot St. It que. Their wild screams almost over-countries. The natives are by no means whelmed the sound of the priest's voice as talkative or spiteful; but we—mercy on us! —how wedochatter, and how censorious we be-come. There is more alander spoken among

But for the compromised in the case of the coffee-shop just mentioned, there was no public asylum. "To your tents!" was the cry. And so they became ontcasts on the common above Windmill Point — men, common above Windmill Point - men, women, and children hubbled under whatwomen, and children hubbled under what-ever cloth or canvas they had hurriedly pro-cured, crouching misery under shreds and patches, and awaiting so the stroke of the destroyer. Few were the visits paid to this wretched community; and when their friends brought out provisions to them they were laid down at a distance, for no nearer communication was normitted. For a week communication was permitted. For a week or two each suspected person suffered this probation, whereof not the least torture was the ceaseless croaking of large frogs, which are the rightful owners of the common. Men in such a position might well envy the Turk, who has no fear at all, and who will even buy and wear the clothes of the plaguestricken, glad to have them at a bargain-

Smyrna has been much visited by our yachtsmen; and it is worth while for travellers by yacht to remember that there is one point in Smyrna Bay particularly perilous—namely, off the Flag Castle, just two leagues from the town to seaward. There the Eurotas, French steamer, and the Yankee Mississippi have, among others, taken the ground. From this point to the city of Smyrna, the bay apreads into a tranquil lake, of seven miles in length by about three in broadth; but off the Flag Castle the passage in and out is narrow and beset with spits of sand. The thousand sniling-vessels annually visiting the port seldom fail to escape the danger by not endeavouring to pass this point at night. The steamers, however, run in at all times, especially those making a forty hours' pas-

we shall find that it has not received its name of the Paris of the Levant without as fair a title as to that which the old poets gave it, of the Crown of Ionia. There are smart little French arcades and French shops everywhere. The Europeans you meet in the street are of course much more French than Frenchmen. fine club in the Frank street; it is not much frequented. The Smyrna folks are too fond of visiting, to spend their time at a club. Mr. M'Craith, the pleasant English surgeon over the way, has no end of their society. They may be found in friendly little clusters and coteries at his surgery all day long; and very busy they are indeed with respect to the affairs of the nation and the affairs of their neighbours,-of which latter business there even more than desirable. It is a mar-

sale at reduced prices, efficacious against the have often fixed their stronghold long at loudly complains that he has paid twice over a consular fee, which should never have been levied at all, and an Iouian subject, much flustered and disconfited, is going away with a Turk from Magnesia, still more puzzled and hopeless than he. It is evident, that whatever may have been the nature of their business at the British Consulate, its termination has not been so satisfactory as might have been desired. Indeed, one of the dragomen seems to have silently taken note of this; for presently he bustles out and enters (quite by accident, of course) into conversa-tion with them. It is a curious matter of tion with them. It is a curious matter of observation for the candid inquirer how magically the puzzled faces of the two permanders of the puzzled faces of the two permanents of the puzzled faces of sons who have last issued from the British Consulate appear to clear up at the voice of the dragonian. Then they all walk briskly off together to the nearest cafe, and presently the dragoman returns alone, and smiling as if something of a nature by no means dis-pleasing to him had unexpectedly turned up.

All down the pleasant Frank street, you could hardly go into a single European merchant's house without being asked to lunch with him at twelve o'closs, the great footing-time. It would be wise in you to accept, for though a lingering fear of cholera would prevent you witnessing any great display of vegetables, the Smyrna cooks are no means to be despised.

Meantime, if you look out, you may have an opportunity of witnessing an oper, air outton. Property to the amount of a million piastres (ten thousand pounds) may be about to change han a. When the lot is put up a small taper is lighted. While it beans the bidding goes on, so do the auction er's praises. When it is burnt out the lot is

Sumpose it is not twelve o'clock vet, and you made a visit, the chances are that you would be requested at once to invest your leisure on cold brandy and water and citars. The old part of the story, however, is, that in spite of the blazing heat, you may rink almost any quantity of that beverage with impunity. Indeed the practice is at Smyrna steady to keep on refreshing yourself with that they were the thing to be the common of the start of the things of the start of the that Britons really require a larger amount friends, countrymen, and lovers, dain of stimulant here than elsewhere. When the dressed, roam out on pleasure parties.

the virtuous Christians of Smyrna, in one hot wind blows, the heat is stifling. The same langing morning, than among all the when the periodical sen-treeze facts. Fearth, Furkish population of the town in twenty fevers stalk about the narrow, ill-drained streets, and the poisson of The British Consulate (passports always on bazaars; and here the plague and the chol sale at reduced praces, efficacious against the have often fixed their stronghold long after law of the land, and warranted) is opposite Mr. (they have retired from other places. Smyrna M. (raith's. It looks a cool, somnolent, agree- is so unhealthy, so postilential a spet, that able kind of official residence. Armed men in o men stay there during a great part of doinge about the doorways, and travelling genthe year, save during the short hours of themen twirl their moustaches under the door-business, if they can possibly afford to kee way, mildly wondering why they called there, laway. Smyrna has, however, inthe to been or what may be the sleepy secrets of the myster happy in possessing the invaluable services rious temple within. An uproarious sea-captain of Mr. Wood, by far the ablest medical man in the Levant.

From one to three, there is almost a perfect full at Smyrna. Everybody is taking a noontide map. You will meet none out natives in the streets, and even they are even are closed, and the deep slows which seems to broad over the city lasts till three or four o'clock. Then the shops re open, and the streets and balconies are crowled with beautiful girls and swains in their lest array Now the Levantine gent may be wen worrying his wretched horse into spasmodic curvets with his heels pressed down in the stirrage, and his toes a yard and a halt from the horse. flanks. His hat hercely cocked on one sale and his wonderful moustaches twisted will ily into exeruciating points. There he may be seen, loud, theatrical, vulgar, laughable; the very soul and spirit of a snob made perfect He is going to the coffee-houses beyond the town, so to misconduct himself as to become a weary visitation to all men.

A little later, with cavasses to clear the way, ride the great merchants—the Winttal and Hansons. They are going in gay led parties to their country houses at Bournal or the other villages, where they will enter tain all the strangers in Smyrna with he tality quite royal. They have fast truthouses to try along the road, laughing par of ladies who will center out to meet half way. Kind homely English words pour among them, such as are music to the traveller who has so long had his care excepted by the shrill frantic yells of the Greek and Levantines. Then there is the last no to be told. The last wonderful vagary of Padishah Bashi at Pera; the last cold per from the camp. So now, hurrah for a cant as we draw near the pleasant woods fountains of beautiful Bournabat! The gates of the pretty villas are all thrown open as, one after the other, the great table commercial magnates ride in, each his little hand of guests and tollowers laughing children come shricking out wit glistening eyes to meet paps, and hang had timidly when they see a stranger, but make friends also with him by-and-by

horses are to be tried, a boaster unveiled, a sorry cavalier to be discomfitted, or amusing nothings to be whispered gaily in the pauses of the thundering German band in the sludy

Yet a little later, and they will all come curvetting homeward-may be, through one of those grand solemn eastern moonlights. So, slowly from balconies looking in upon pleasant festivals, the sobered lamps flash out. Hence, and thence, comes the sound of a piano, the tinkling of a lute, or rich trembling voices singing. And dainty dames come out in bevies, like moving parterers of lining. living flowers, and pass the gay half hour before dinner, seated at the portal, or wandering in the gardens, after the fashion of the East.

A capital unceremonious dinner is followed by music and dancing, a ramble in the garden, visiting, or cigars in the open air. There is an extensive assortment of amusements always on hand. Only take care you do not meet any robbers, for now and then they pay these wealthy villages a visit, and do such things that the high road to Smyrna is

not sale at noomlay—far less by night.

In no city of the East is there a more motley assemblage of people than in Smyrna. Porters are seen carrying live sheep on their knots; Zeibees strutting by in fanciful attire; and men of other tribes whose costumes have, perhaps, searcely suffered alteration since the time of Xerxes; there is the howling Dervish, for whose cutting and slashing practices Dr. Clarke considers him to be a traditional descendant from the Priests of Basl; there are Turkish ladies with black masks, like the masks of harlequins; Persians in pointed sheepskin-caps, for which see Murbles of Persepolis; monks with their shaven crowns, and Jews with kerchiefs about their brows; there are Italians in every variety of daugling head gear, and, ugliest of all, Englishmen in beaver hats. Then there all, Eiglishmen in beaver hats. are also the cocked-hats of naval officers contrusting with the squat cap of the Greek priest and the sugar-loaf geulaff of the Dervish. Policemen are subline in turbans, busides carrying the terror of six or seven loaded pistols and a yataghan each in his girdle. They are the crowning glory of the LOWD.

OUR SHAKESPEARE.

OUR Shakespeare is a small club of gentlemen, chiefly of the long robe, who meet upon certain nights, for dramatic readings of Ben Jonson, Beaumont and Fletcher, Wycherly, makes a rule, he says, never to read any

writer more than once, and very seldon that. There were at first but two members, the true founders of the society, who, like the early Greek dramatists, were obliged to a lmit a third party, because they quarrelled over the disputed passages, and had no referce. These three great ones are all dead, and many generations after them have followed their example; but their memory is held in veneration by use to this day. Brown has the Brown has the reputation of having introduced coffee into the club; Jones—the Raleigh of his day—of sugge-ting tobacco; and Robinson, of concluding our feast of reason with supper. Our great reformer is of course unknown, and unacknowledged. We speak of him only as the sublime someone, who caused a quart of bitter beer to be placed at each man's right hand, and drained in five legitimate acts.

On every Wednesday night, at seven o'clock, our eight assemble, each with his book under his arm, and his heart attuned to any fate. He may be a beggar the mext hour, or a myrmidom, or the captain of the guard, or the third messenger, or an emperor of the Indies, or a fool, headles many tlungs worse, and hardly to be named; it all depends upon the drawing of a slip of paper-

The simplest accident on earth, And one may be High Priest to Mainho Jambo.

Our cast is carefully made, so as to keep the characters as separately as possible - that a lady may not make love to herself, nor a monarch insist upon his own decapitation; but beyond that, fortune settles all. This arrangement prevents ill feeling being generated by any favouritism; and La ly Mortimer assumes her somewhat condensed part as good-naturedly as loquacious Falstaff his. What changes can be effected voluntarily are permitted, but they are not frequent. Our excellent De Courcy insists upon his right to play the jester, and even, perhaps, consilers it a character peculiarly his own; while our pleasant, lively Pottle, sticks by his king-hip or archbishopric with all the pertinactly of office. It is a grand thing, however, to hear these two when they have drawn parts that really suit them. The former, so calm, so stately, so respectable, and speaking the royal speeches so naturally, is called after the famous regal actor, Blandissimus. Let but a pin drop,—that is to say, cough, hugh, or the a pellet of paper across the table—while he is rolling forth his magnificent periods, and he will stop instantly, regard the off inder with an eye in which justice is not tempered with mercy, and begin his address from the throne Jonson, Beaumout and Fletcher, Wycherly, Congreve, and Farquhar. It was originally founded, as its name implies, for the exposition of the Bard of Avon; but we have of late degenerated, and read that author only too rarely. Plantagenet Smythe Vincent has effected this, upon the plea that we have already got through Shatespeare; and he

idiot" is the term which Pottle privately applies to the king. Yet they are very fond of one another, as indeed I think we almost all are. Our prime favourite, perhaps is Rollar, who, from being passionately addicted to aquatics, and having, in consequence a general disability to sit with comfort, is known amongst us familiarly as the merman. If it can be pessibly managed, we contrive that he shall be a sea-captain, or second mariner, because he doesn't like those parls and blushes, and reads them in a strange falsetto voice, very like a mermailen's. He is like wise termed the stroke; he being, indeed, the stroke oar of the Leander boats; and, sometimes, on account of his atoutness, the apoplectic stroke. But we all like him immensely. We have an Irishman and a Welchman in the company, with great brogoes and their national characteristics in their fullest bloom. They sit next to each other, and read from the same book, but they never fail to quarrel every night. "You pe tam'd," in a low but perfectly distinct tone, too often interrupt, the harmony of our periode, and the president's hammer elicits from these two foreigners a good deal more recrimination than apology. I think the tenderness of our love-passages is increased by O'Brien's Irish pathos, but for Cadwallader ap Morgan I cannot say so much. The most amusing speech I ever heard in my life, perhaps, was Hamlet's famous soliloguy as delivered by this voice from the Principalities; while his passion, when we screamed at him, was Owen Glendower's to the very life.

Our best lady-reader is Mervyn Haverse, the curate. The snowy-banded, delicate-handed, but not dilettanti priest, to whom these Wednesday evenings of ours are perhaps more pleasant than they are to any of us. They make for him little resting-places in weeks of up-hill labour, in a great London parish, and afford meetings with his old college friends which otherwise could hardly be; and, indeed, apart from the intellectual pleasantry of our Shakespeare, it is something to have discovered a nest in this populous city, from which our companions, however full-fledged, are not likely to depart. "When half of you are judges and myself a bishop," says Haverse, "I hope we shall go on Old Boy-ing one another all the same."

I declare I can't bear Dowdler to sit next to me (although in other respects he is perfectly satisfactory), on account of the habit he has acquired of whispering to himself. I thought at first he was following the other readers in their parts, as if they were accom-

I declare I can't bear Dowdler to sit next to me (although in other respects he is perfectly satisfactory), on account of the habit he has acquired of whispering to himself. I thought at first he was following the other readers in their parts, as if they were accomplishing the Psalms, and that was distressing enough; but now I know he is rehearsing his own speech before it comes to his turn. I hear sometimes half-a-dozen leaves or more turned over very softly (he wets his finger to do it, on the sky), and then a low monotonous talk begins, like voices in the chamber of

death, until his passage comes upon him unwares, and "Downler," from the presental, makes him turn red all over, if I may judge, at least, from the roots of his hair, and an ears, and the back of his neck. Also, oh Dowdler is remarkable whenever a part of of French happens to occur in a speech of his; for, from inability to pronounce that language, he will leap the whole passage like a fence, and start from the other sade, or seleave the room with his handkerchief to be face as though his nose were bleeding, which it is not.

Last comes the eighth man of our Shakespeare—Vincent; or, as I should rather say, and as he would much rather I should say, the Honourable Marmadake Plantagnet Snighte Vincent. He is a very trayyoung man indeed. How tall, I cannot accurately say, but I took an opportunity while he was standing with his back to me (a relative position toward people in general which pleases him; of memoring from his coat collar to the skirts of him raiment, and found that to be five feet eight inches; the heels of his noots to be three inches and a quarter; we there have his total altitude, with the exostition of a small piece of leg below the colf, and of his honotomble head. I thank he would read better, upon the whole, if he did not liep; and particularly as his range of characters is more extended than that of any other member of the society. I doubt whether the sudden death of any member would disturb him (I am sure mins would not) comuch as the appropriation of his speech for that evening would please him. The prologue have become his perquisites, and be conquictly through the choicest epilogues am is the clash of knives and pop of corks, as thoogh supper was nothing in comparison to his carfounded lisp. Despite drawbacks, we all read well enough to enjoy our adored autawall he very sorry to see Mr. Payne Collan, and he very sorry to see Mr. Payne Collan, and he very sorry to see Mr. Payne Collan, are on this topic; especially after the transchebese period of the evening.

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HOSPITALS.

ALBRADY, before Christmas, hearts are kindling with the Christmas spirit, and the season set apart especially by Englishmen to deeds of hospitality, is declaring itself to most of us with a rich lovingkindness, redundantly What more seasonable topic can there

kind. What more seasonable topic can there be, therefore, just now, than hespitals, their name and purpose being, in the truest sense, a part of hospitality?

Better still for the Christmas application of the word, they are essentially a part of hospitality as it has been interpreted by Christians. We have the word from ancient Rome. The hospes or guest, either of a private person, or of a temple, or of the whole state had a sacred character; Jupiter Hospitalis was his patron, and avenged his wrengs. The hospitale was the name of the guest-chamber in a Roman's house; that was the first idea of a hospital. The stranger introduced to his host by the recommendation of a third person, was safe within the gates of his protector, who was not necessarily his entertainer; for after one dinner with the family, the stranger generally dined in the

sent thither for healing by their masters, should receive their freedom on recovering. The bridges Fabricius and Cestius connected the island of Asculapius with the town. There are no other traces of a public care taken by Romans for the sick. But these foundations differ altogether in spirit from the hospitals for the sick which exist now by thousands throughout Christendom. The temple of the God of Healing was a place of resort for persons suffering under disease, who journeyed thither as men now journey to Bath or Leamington; but, in a more serious mood, for they went not only to spend money but to pray. Buildings erected for their use bore, therefore, quite as much analogy to a pump-room and lodgings at a spa as to a set of modern hospital wards. This is nearly the case, too, with the only trace of a sick hospital found among the ancient Jews, the House of Mercy at Jerusalem, built beside the healing spring of Bethesda, probably by Herod the Great, that patients might await in it the movement of the water. The ancient world, in fact, was out of sympathy with the fundamental notion of a hospital, and would probably, if questioned on the subject, have given the answer of Shah Abbas of Persia; who, being asked why he had no hospitals in his dominious, replied that they would be a shame to him, for where the government was good there could be no poor, no sick.

In truer sympathy with the realities by

gates of his protector, who was not necessarily his entertainer; for, after one dinner with the fundamental notion of a hospital, and would probably, if questioned on the hospitale, and paid for his food. Among the enrly Greeks these customs of hospitality were kept alive by the religious notion that any unknown person might prove to be a god come in disgoise. The guest of the Greeks, too, had Zeus for his peculiar friend. Besides social and political uses, there was mutual advantage to be had by Greeks and Romans out of their own customs of hospitality. The nursing of the sick poor. formed no part of them with either people. The crowd of sick people lying in the open air round about the temple of Æsculapius at Epsturus, formed the first rough sketch of a hospital for the sick in ancient times. Autonitus Pius caused a building to be furnished for the patients. Before that time, children were born there, and diseased people perished on the ground under the open sky—as temple keepers told Pausunias with sorrow. The buildings attached to the temple of Æsculapius at Rome, on the island in the Tiber, formed a aso a receptacle for the sick. That the place had some resemblance to a modern he potal is evident from the decree of the Emperor Claudius, that claves who had been

Nazianzen is found urging Julian the Apostate to imicate, by the building of hospitals and travellers' rests, the Christians whom he ridiculed. And, at nearly the same time, Basil the Great speaks of the early Christians as having developed the hospital-system into completeness, and regards it as an institution

quite peculiar to themselves.

Basil, Metropolitan of Cappadocia, himself founded, about the year three hundred nimeel founded, shout the year three numbers and eighty, a general hospital, called the Busified; which was, among the bospitals of its day and all time before it, what Saltaire is in our time to the English factories. Its situation was before the gates of its founder's episcopal seat. Casarea. The Basiliad was righly endowed by the Emperor Valens; and others arose on its pattern in the Mores, and in other districts of the Eastern Church. Twenty years after the completion of the Basidad, John Chrysostom erected a great general hospital in Constantinople, spending upon it and the other smaller hospitals a part of his own substance, as well as the superflu-ous riches of the Church. It is at about the or ms own substance, as well as the superfluous riches of the Church. It is at about the same true—in the year four hundred and one that we first read of lunatic asylums, which were then founded by monks, in the wildernesses of Bithynia.

Many of the earliest hospitals were intended principally for the exercise of hospitality towards poor travellers—after the

pitality towards poor travellers—after the meaning of our St. Cross, or Sutton's Charity, at Rochester. Some were for Charity, at Rochester. Some were for rich travellers, who also needed solace on the road. Towards the close of the sixth the road. Towards the close of the sixth century, Bishop Bertichrannus built a hospital for poor nobles, and another for both rich and poor when on their travels. Another rich and poor when on their travels. Another bishop, Aldricus, built a hospital for travelling bishops, counts, and abbots, and another for the poor, sick, blind, and lame. In the eighth century we find laymen at work. In Luces alone there were then three hospitals founded by burghers, and the German residents there were establishing, for their own countrymen,

a fourth.

The earliest known foundling hospital was established in the year seven hundred and eighty-seven, at Milan. The first approach to a hospital for crippled soldiers was that to a hospital for crippled soldiers was that made in one of the most famous early hospitals, the great orphan asylum of the Greek Emperor Alexius Comnenus, founded in the year one thousand and ninety. Of this his learned daughter, Anna Porphyrogenita, testifies that it equalled a small town in size, and that the enormous host of poor cherished therein did not consist wholly of orphans; the place being also a refuge open to others who required support, especially the blind, the dumb, the lame. It was also, in express terms, open to decrepit soldiers—notice foreboding of our Invalides and Chelseas! Chelseas!

These bishops were at first the managers of thousand one hundred and to hospital affairs; but, as the sphere of epis-founded as a sick hospital in cons

copal duties and ambitions widened, devolved this care upon deacons, who be hospital-masters; so that at last, says Thesinus writing on Church discipline, dia and hospital became almost synonym. The early popes distinguished themselves. founding many such charatable discoutent in the time of Anastasius Bibliothecarus them in Rome. The cardinals afterwegot these, and fattened on their fur During a long period, fourteen cardidencous, named from chapels on the sit the abolished hospitals, Santa Maria in Lata, Santo Giorgio in Velabro, etesthave had the opportunity of pocketing money of the poor.

Isolated divines first held office as ho masters in the provinces, but as the most system grew, it, by degrees, absorbed hospitals into itself. The vows of porhospitals into itself. The vows of power the religious functions, the knowledge, abundance of leisure, and the numbers monks gathered under one roof, made appear both wise and natural to entry them with the nursing of the sick and attendance upon poor afflicted people the hospitals. There even are entire of monks and nuns—hospital by there are sisters—vowed especially to hospital a tendance.

tendance.

The Crusaders brought into Europe leprosy of the East, and gave rise to the boo ing of leper—afterwards pest—houses, beginning of the seventeenth century th fallen into disuse, but the number of hospitals had increased largely. Account their nature they had learned names, generally from the time of Justinian, as the names we know how various in they had always been. The almishouse ptochotrophia; if asylums for the old, tocomia; for children or orphans, or trophia; for foundings, brephotrophic they entertained and lodged strangularims they were remotochia; if lodgment of the sick, noscommia. Phouses had the military name of Lazaron the hospitals of St. Lazarus, in the outeast lepers, called Lazaru, were reand tended by brothers of the order Lazarus of Jerusalem. There were medical and surg cal, and lying-in and I hospitals; long since there existed also the names we know how various in a hospitals; long since there existed al-pitals for curables or incorables, as special complaints, as diseases of the ch small-pox.

We have cared only to speak of the of the Hospital System. Its modern g may be traced in the familiar histor such foundations as the Hotel Dien at or of Saint Bartholomews and Thomas bridge and the close of the period to we have been now referring In the yethousand one hundred and two.

the priory of the Dominicans of Saint Bardwatch over them jealously, and to protect tholomew. Saint Thomas's was, in the first thom with all its might against the black instance, a hospital for converts and proceed spirit of jedding. There are many little-children, founded as the Almonry by Richard, a Norman prior of Bermondsey. Peter de but this is a greatness. The relation in which a Norman prior of Bermondsey. Peter de Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, soon after-Rupibus, Bishop of Winchester, soon afterwards converted it into a priory, and endowed it handsomely. In the time of Henry the Eighth (who had colarged and aided Saint Eartholomew's) it fell to the crown, and Edward the Sixth, with the help of the citizens, founded it as it now stands, and deducated it to Saint Thomas the Apostle vice Scint Thomas à Becket. Such was the transition of sick hospitals in this country from monastic into purely medical control. The story of the Hôtel Dieu in Paris is the story of the development of the Hospital System in countries that have remained under the discicountries that have remained under the disci-pline of the Roman Church. Founded in very remote times—as early as the year six hundred and sixty—by Landry, Bishop of Paris, en-dowed and enriched by successive generations of kings and eitzens, it newswas whole streets of kings and citizens, it now owns whole streets of Paris, and is probably the wealthiest foundation of the kind in Europe. It is also, as everybody knows, one of the very best sick hospitals existing. Of such history we say no more. It has been enough for us to show how intimately the birth of the Hospital System is connected with the great event we celebrate at Christmas. They exist, indeed, literally and perfectly as a part of Christmas hospitality.

We have none heartier. No institutions in this greatery maintained by public funds.

in this country, maintained by public funds, are managed with a stricter reference to the are managed end proposed in their foundation, than the hospitals for the sick in London, Edinburgh, hospitals for the sick in Loudon, Edinburgh, Dublin, and the chief provincial towns. Not very many of them are endowed. Most of them, overwhelmed by applications from unhappy creatures who beg for relief when in the sorest need, strain to the utmost their powers of usefulness, and even spend by anticoation the increased help which the public will be asked to give. The English public very rarely fails to meet such bills drawn, not dishoustly on its henevalence. Let us be dishonestly, on its benevolence. Let us be just enough, before we pass further, to say that the mainstay of the European hospital system as it now exists—no longer in charge of the monks—is the right-minded liberality of the menks—is the right-minded liberality of the medical profession. Hospitals for the sick are practically entrusted altogether to the control of this body of men; which might have mismanaged its trust, but has not done so. It has foregone every mean advantage and seized only a noble one. Using the masses of disease brought together in these proof, establishments, as means of study. great establishments, as means of study, for the sake of experience that can be acquired in them by skilled men, and of the practibut this is a greatness. The relation in which it stands to the hospital system throughout Europe, forms indeed one of the best features of modern civilised society.

There are also many phrases cherished by the nation and inscribed by it on flags of

the nation and inscribed by it on flags of triumph, which are not so really glorious as the inscription commonly seen running across the walls of a great hospital—Supported by Voluntary Contributions. How large a mass of quiet charity, exerted year by year, keeps every such across the contribution of the contribution. on it strengthens. Only eight years ago a hospital for diseases of the chest was founded in the city of London for the aid of poor persons suf-fering from those national maladies. It began It began quietly with a modest house in Finsbury; but soon seeing its way to support while it felt how urgent was the cry of suppliants about its door, built for itself (in great part with money berrowed from its treasurer) a hospital, exactly fitted for its uses, in Victoria Park. This has been open since the spring of the year to as many patients as the income of the institution will maintain. It is fitted carefully with apparatus for maintaining that equable supply of warmth which is at all times so essential in a chest disease, carefully ventilated, (probably the best specimen of artificial ventilation to be met with in the hospitals of London,) replete with ingenious contributions, and indeed wanting in a casestial vances, and, indeed, wanting in no essential thing. Nobody doubts all the while—it is taken for granted—that taken for granted—that, as such a hospital was really wanted in that quarter of Loudon, the voluntary contributions will suffice for its support.

The King's College or Central London Hospital, in Portugal Street, is even now furnishing another example of this quiet rehause on the public; although, as an institution having larger duties to perform and cares to bear, it has felt its way more slowly. For a long time it was content to burn a steady light under an ugly bushel; having an old workhouse patched into a hospital for the reception of its patients. Manfully endoring thus for many years while gathering a building fund, and at last building, we believe, only as far as and as fast as the tund allows, it is now erectand as fast as the fund allows, it is now erectand as fast as the fund allows, it is now erecting, and already in part possession of, a hospital that will be probably the most perfect in London. One wing is completed and occupied. Of its spacious wards we can give some idea in this way. The hospital in Victoria Park just mentioned is admittably built, and its managers are justly pleased to be able to say that the space allotted to each patient varies between each t hundred and in them by skilled men, and of the practical knowledge that can be unparted in them
to the student, the profession undertakes,
King's College Hospital the allowance of air
gratuitously, to supply them with the best to each patient is one thousand eight hundred,
attendance that its ranks can furnish, to and, in the large medical wards, will be two

thousand five hundred, cubic feet. By a cunning arrangement of the entire plan it is provided that, without any other ventilating apparatus than the great staircase and the doors and windows, a current of fresh air can sweep in a minute over any given space within the building, and the entire hospital can have its air changed in an exceedingly short time. There is no hot-water apparatus. The wards, large as they are, having thick walls and windows of plate glass to exclude external cold, are warmed and ventilated by no other means than open fires. This system was in use last winter during the long and severe frost, and it was found to answer perfectly. There is nothing preferable to an open fire. To the objection that it carries half the heat up the chimney, the reply is, so much the better, since it carries foul air with it. Of course in a hospital devoted exclusively to chest complaints an artificial regulation of the air is necessary, but what is good for a consumptive man is bad to a man panting for abundance of fresh air when prostrated with fever. Chest complaints form about a sixth part of the general mass of disease treated in hospitals, and for at least four of the other five-sixths of the sick, as for all healthy people, the pure air of heaven is most wholesome when it has been to the least possible degree doctored. Furthermore there are in the new buildings theatres, laboratories, photographer's rooms; there is a pretty little chapel, where, with the ntmost simplicity, the architect has known how to achieve elegance of detail that has cost nothing but the wit spent in inventing it; yet the endowment of this hospital—which will be more perfect of its kind than even the richly-endowed Bartholomew's and St. Thomas's, founded upwards of seven centuries ago, and mided with the wealth of kings—is only one hundred and twenty-six pounds a year. It exists by the voluntary contributions of the public. As it is with one, so is it with all—every opportunity of enlargement and improvement is applied to the carryi

Because we happen to have some figures before us that relate to one hospital, and find them generally illustrative of the position of most institutions of the kind, we quote them; but we do not, by any means, wish it to be inferred that we are making out a case for any single institution. Similar figures might be shown for all; if we did not believe that, we should not quote them. It is noticeable, then, of the hospital which we have just shown to be capable of vigorous activity, that while it has only a nominal endowment fund, its annual subscriptions only amount to fifteen hundred a year, and that for the rest of its expenses (three or four thousand a year) it depends—and depends safely—on free

gifts, connected with which there is no understanding that they are to be repeated. There are some still more noticeable points on nected with statistics of attendance. The hospital provides help to the poor in the central districts of London, and the vast extent of the usefulness of such institution is made very apparent by a summary like the following taken from the hospital books. The number of cases from the parish of St. Clement Danes treated in eighteen hundred and fifty-four amounted to two-titths of m whole population; from St. Mary-le-Strangthe same proportion; from St. Donstan and the Temple, one-fifth of the population; from St. Giles one-tenth; from St. Paul'a Covent Garden, one-tenth; and from other parishes respectively tenths, twelfths, four-teenths, &c., to fiftieths, according to their distance.

We trust that the proportion is not great of those greedy people—generally, we givere to say, ladies—who falsify such lasts with assumed names and parishes, and, having left their rings and watches at their homes, or at a neighbouring shop, wat with the poor in the out-patients' room for gratutous prescriptions. Such people afflict to a certain extent all our hospital physicians, and, when they are detected have the benefit of a few words of wholesome truth about themselves. It is as little pardonable to druk the meticine, as to cat the bread of the poor, for the hospital door is never wide enough to let in all for whom it has been really opened. It would be a wholesome corrective of this art of fraud, if the names of the detected were published.

published.

It would be well to be contented for a season with the London hospitals now half on foot by public contributions. Steadily at they all are backed, there is not one of which the development has yet been carried to a utmost point. All are conveniently placed in various districts, are beset with unsatified requirements; almost every one of the wants for its completion more beds, or a new ward; here and there one wants ever as much as a new wing. To fill up the school as it is now sketched will supply a receive acope for beneficence during at least an over forty years.

forty years.

The means, for example, of at one patter an important light into the whole picters are set while we write before the parter is understood that Miss Nightingale versionly willing, but anxious, to devote hereal as nobly to the sick poor in the barbor of London as she has devoted herself to the fore to the sick soldier in the hespetial of the Crimea. It so happens, that to proceed the result is the price of six price is the hest way as large of giving testimony to our admirate and as across the has already remoter. It is desire is to superintend the number of six prices who has already remoter.

London hospital—to train hospital nurses; and the desire of her friends is, that the public may supply her with the means of serving it in its own institutions with the utmost possible efficiency. The nursing, as it now exists in London hospitals, is, notoriously, one of the weak parts of the system. Hospital funds afford but scanty pay; and the direct training of ill-paid nurses by the hospital officials, or even of well-paid nurses, would be scarcely practicable. They must pick up their knowledge as they can. They are good, careful women, often; oftener, blundering, careless, and incompetent to learn. The hospital nurse is, nevertheless, the best nurse to be had in private tamilies, and rich and poor thus suffer alike from the neglect of this branch of attendance on the sick.

One thing, we may anggest, seems to us

One thing, we may anggest, seems to us very certain: that until the hospital nurse is better pand, she cannot easily be made more efficient. Economy is forced upon the hospitals themselves; and there is no reason is no reason sson. To the why they should unlearn the lesson. public voluntary contributions made in money, it would not be difficult to add a voluntary contribution of material in the shape of nurses trained under the care of Miss Nightingale, and already half-paid out of an ample fund entrusted to that lady's management. In aid of its own little town management. In aid of its own little town of hospitals, the public might create a training school for nurses, supplementary not to one only, but to all. How to do that would not be a hard problem for solution, if once the wherewithal to do it were a problem solved. To attempt less would indeed be to fulfil the letter of a modest wish, but would be scarcely-

"quittance of desert and merit, According to the weight and worthiness."

DAISY HOPE.

FAR away down in the north, where the Forth, after flowing proudly past the castle of Stirling, loses itself in the rich alluvial plain through which it winds in so many golden links to the sea, there was a small collection of cottages not large enough to aspire even to the dignity of a village, but which rejoiced in the collective name of Bank Row. The largest house in the number, which bore evidence, in size and architecture, of having seen better days, was Daisy Hope, a long irregular building, of which the wings had gradually tumbled down, and the main part of the house fallen into disrepair; while roof and chimney in many places threatened immediate dissolution, and only the lower floor and a small portion of the one above could be occupied with safety.

London hospital-to train hospital nurses; extended; rich Carse and Haugh had spread extended; rich Carse and Haugh nauspicacthemselves along the river side; cattle were fed upon the Dehils and fish caught in the lower links of Forth—all on the property of the Millers of Daisy Hope. But the Millers of Daisy Hope had been careless and extravagant for many generations. When the Rebellion broke out in seventeen hundred and fifteen, there was a foolish Miller of and fifteen, there was a foolish Miller of Daisy Hope who left his comfortable quarters and led his tenants to join the Pretender. The English government took him prisoner, and sent in a bill for his maintenance in Newgate, which cost him half his remaining land. In thirty years afterwards the son and heir of this intelligent gentleman followed his father's example, and paid more dearly for the honour of commanding a regiment at the battle of Falkirk; for he was executed on Tower Hill, and his estates confiscated to the Crown. But when many years were come and gone, there came to Daisy Hope an old man who was recognised by some of the neighbours as a son of the last of the Millers, and occupied a portion of the lands as tenant; a small portion; for though he gave it to be understood he had tried to improve his for-tunes by merchandise in Holland, he was as tunes by merchandise in Holland, he was as poor as any of the peasantry round him. His family was brought up in accordance with their altered circumstances; and some ten or twelve years ago it was only the students of genealogy and inquirers after family arms who knew that the poor old man—the grandson of the last of the lairds—who added to his scenty profits an outlington of a form to his scanty profits, as cultivator of a few acres of land, by acting as carrier between Stirling and Bank Row, was the lineal descendant of the Millers of Daisy Hope.

Least of all to entertain such useless know-

ledge was honest Andrew Miller himself, a tail, upright figure, with his long white locks escaping from under his broad lowland bonnet, as he walked schately by the side of bonnet, as he walked sedately by the side of his strong and sinewy, but not over-fed horse "The Bruce;" no thought of grandeur or wealth ever entered his head. If he could manage, by all his toil, to leave his wee mitherless bairn provided for, that was all he ever desired. And for this purpose he worked with all his heart. And Bessy was well worth working for. The prettiest blue-eyed, light-hearted lassie that ever was seen, it was the most charming sight in the world to see her springing along on the Stirling to see her springing along on the Stirling road to meet her father on his return; then road to meet her lather on his return; then to see her lifted into the caut and, seizing the reins, drive the Bruce with a tiny willow wand in her hand, and encouraging the too ambitiously-named quadruped to more rapid exertion with promises of warm outment for his supper, and clean straw for his bed. This was when she was eight or nine; but when copied with safety.

The lands, of which Daisy Hope had at one time been the manorial residence, had been worthy of the style and pretension of the such as poverty often imprints on even more house. Far and wide their boundaries had youthful countenances than Bessy's; but the

change gave only a deeper charm to her Queen of Sheba on her throne of gold beauty, and even the father seemed to grow not more fittingly established than L decons jous that there was something about his Donnington, with her feet on the fur ray, at cons ions that there was something about his little "lassie" that made her different from "ither folk." There was a grace in her walk which he saw no where else; and when she sat in the silent kitchen, and took his hand in hers after his work, and sang some old Scatch ballad with a voice so sweet and clear ; old Andrew was very much astonished to find somehow that his eyes had become filled with tears, though he had never been so happy in his life. But there were soon to be happy in his life. other people to share in the old man's admiration. The upper floor was still fit for occupation, and after a little bargain-making a grand English lady of the name of Mrs. Dennington was installed in the apartments, into which some scanty furniture was put which Andrew brought in his cart from

When fairly distributed over the drawingroom, and the little parlour, and the two bed-rooms, it made the mansion appear in the eyes of all the village the most sumptuous dwelling-place that ever was inhabited by a king. All the population flocked up to see the rooms before the grand lady same. There was a table of resewood, covered with a velvet cloth of the most rich and gorgeous manufacture; embroidered on the centre of it, in gold thread, was a coat-of-arms representing griffins with expanded wings, and other unknown animals. Then there were six chairs, also of carved resewood, and also covered with velvet cushions, with the same embroidered ornaments. On the mantel-piece was a beautiful clock, in which Time, carved in marble, blew a trumpet to awaken Industry, which unfortunately had fallen asleep on the pedestal; and over the middle of the room was spread a carpet, so soft, so thick, so beautiful in colour and design, that it was thought a shame to apply so magnificent a to so degrading a use as to be trod work to so degrating a dae as to be from up in ; but rather, it was unanimously agreed, that it should be hung upon the walls, carefully covered on dust with a linen cloth, and only opened out on extraordinary occasions. On the hearth-stone was spread another article which excited still more admiration. It was a rug composed of the fine-t possible furs, all sewed and joined together 50 as to make a beautifully variegated pattern; and of so much value from its size and quality, that there could be no doubt that Leddy Domington, as she was called, was closely connected with the royal family or was even a cousin of the Governor of the Bank. And a stately lady she was of the Bank. And a stately lady she was when at last she made her appearance. With high, thin features, a remarkably creet figure, and a dignity of manner which at first overawed and surprised the beholder, she seemed in the eyes of Andrew Miller the exact complement and appropriate conclusion to the furniture by which she was surrounded. The

As for Bessy, she opened for eyes, and her mouth, but said nothing. States were sented to the great lady as her maid of work; her tire-woman; her chamberna, her chamberna. her dame de compagnie; and stood b her in that four-fold capacity, holding by her father's hand, who had ascended her to the drawing-room, and so blanks so flustered, and so stuttered and trambles of flustered and so stuttered and tramble the awful apparition, that she derived consolation even from the kind tone of vin which the old lady spoke,—nor recove her self-possession, till by little and little unaccustomed fear departed, and she who marer and nearer, and looked into the of her majestic mistress, and saw somet in them which seemed to soften whom books met, and on parting the first might, it was searcely with surprise—it certainly was with pleasure—that she felt the grand dumo's hand had upon her head, and her type applied to her chiek.

"Oh, faither, faither!" said Berry, ruching into the kitchen, "she kem what it is to take an orphan bairo, for she has a faitherless laddie hersel."

"Pur woman!" said Andrew "Lie'l has dee'd most likely o' the gont, for they sa English great folk are terrible on the turth and aim." wine.

and wine."

"And only think, faither!" control
Bessy, "when I cam' awa' she kissed me.'
Andrew looked at her as she said this
if for a moment he feared her variety had
her to boast untruly; but when he saw h
real her gratification was, he said a the
but only looked at her with more pride;
affection than ever. He could not be
looked at her with more respect if she is
been that moment presented with the at
of the Garter, with permission to wear
insignia on her arm.

insignia on her arm.

The country side was alive with The country side was alive with mand conjectures about the past and publistory of the Ludy at Daisy Hope thought she was perhaps a former Moof the Robes of her Majesty the Queechad been condemned to her magnetic for interfering too much in paffairs. People who were lucky on see her in a dress of solemn velvet, a weil of richest lace extending its thick cover her features, were the man conde over her features, were the more in the belief in her previous dignet, court, as they took it for granted it perquisites of the office included the dresses; and nothing less than a head could have worn such articles of Others of a still more suspicious his believed she was one of the deposite tates who at that time were persual Europe; but whether she was a princess, or one of the elder Bourist

could not exactly decide. It is strange that nebody was lucky enough to guess anything near the truth.

Bessy, to be sure, soon began to feel less awe; for the grand lady was by no means grand in her manner to her. She even grand in her manner to her. She even write, and in a short time derived full payment for her labour in the possession of the cleverest little render and amanuensis that any body could wish. How pleasant it was in the long winter evenings to see the little girl scated on a footstool at the lodger's feet, reading in a clear, child-like, but very intelligent voice, long pages of Orme's History of Hindostan, and Lives of Warren Hastings, and the sufferings of the English prisoners in the Black Hole of Calcutta! But sometimes the night's entertainments consisted of lighter and more interesting volumes than these. There were poets, and novelists, and historians, all opening their stores to the quick apprehension of Bessy Miller. And there was solid talk, too; for Mrs. Donnington had seen the world, though the greater part of her life had been spent in India; and, glad of an attentive listener, though in the person of one so young, she sat with her hand on the lassie's head, and told her the adventures of her life, the manners of the far East, the storms at sea she had encountered, the grand oriental cities she had visited, the gorgeous buildings of Delhi, and the sacred waters of

Then sometimes the new secretary tried her powers in writing letters to her patroness's son; a lad at this time of sixteen or seventeen, and just finishing his course at one of the great English schools, preparatory to his embarking in a profession. What the profession was to be the anxious mother could not decide. Meanwhile the time for his entrance upon life drew near, and his letters in reply were full of ardent hope and strong anticipations of success. Once he came—but his visit was short, and his interviews with his mother so long, that Bessy was little heeded. So again she betook herself entirely to the company of her father, and illuminated him, at second-hand, with the wondrous knowledge she had picked up in the last half year. It was only when he was on the eve of his departure that Walter Donnington took any notice of his mother's friend. He thanked her for her kundness, patted her on the head with the familiar condessension of a very old gentleman to a very young child, and remarked for the first time the extraordmary beauty of check and eye as a blush, perhaps of shame, perhaps of gratification, seemed to suffuse them both. But boys of seventeen have and a half; and Walter took a sorrowful leave of his mother, after a week's stay, and departed from Dawy Hope almost without wishing Bessy Minler good-bye.

Again the confidences between the old lady and her protegée began. A commission in the army had been offered to the son, and she had at lest given her consent to hum to accept it. He was to spend some months at a military academy, and then join the regiment, which was stationed in India. So all the interval was spent in expectation of the visit he was to pay to Daisy Hope before he left England. Indian story was more carefully studied than ever; the history of the wars of all times and nations were carefully read; and Bessy's education was more fitted for a cadet at Sandhurst or Woolwich, than for the daughter of a poor Scotch carrier in a broken-down farm-house on the banks of the Forth.

The expected visit was to take place in September, and people passing the ruined gateway of the Hope were surprised to see an approach to a little garden gradually making its appearance in front of the drawing-room windows. Sometimes even they were startled by the apparition of a tall lady dressed in black silk, and sustaining her stately form on a long gold-headed cane, superintending the labours of Bessy Miller, in watering the flowers and tying up the roses. In these labours old Andrew Miller joyfully assisted, and a painter no doubt could have made a very picture-sque group of the lofty lady, and the blue-honneted, grey-coated peasant, watching the graceful motions of the little girl with almost equal affection. It formed a bond between the ciders which made up for the differences of their condition; and Andrew could stand for hours on the lawn discoursing on Predestination and Effectual Calling, as also on the prices of extmeal, and the prospects of the Barley Harvest, with the greatest case and fluency. Sometimes he was interrupted in the middle of a disquisition on turnips, or free-will, (for Andrew was a great controversialist on all subjects, and settled points of divinity and mutines of crops, with the same fuellity), by the lady's saying to him—" But, Mr. Miller, I have just been thinking again—what will become of Bessy if we both die!"

"Toth, my leddy, I dinna ken; for except it be the Bruce—who has seen his best days; mair by token, he'll be fifteen year and next grass; and wadna fetch above ten pound at Hallow tair; I'm thinking she'll hae nag great share o' warld's gear—but she's a gude lassie, and a bonnie; and friends will aye be raised up for her; for ism there a promise that she'll never be forsaken, nor reduced to beg for bread? The cart also wadna fetch muckle, by reason one of the wheels is rather frail, and the left train needs constant mending; but what o' that? Had Queen Esther's father a horse half sae gude as the Bruce! or any sort o' cart ava'? and yet she clamb up on a golden seat, and fitted a new rope roun' Haman's thrapple—a proper end for a' unbelieving Jews."

encouraged by the example of Queen Esther and Andrew's animosity to the Hebrews, but resolved to do her best for the future fortunes of her favourite herself. But not much was in her power. For some days she was lusy in her power. For some days site was may assorting her drawers, and tying up various parcels. Then she wrote several letters with the street them to various pracher own hand, directing them to various practationers of the law in Bedford Row, and other precincts of Themis; but when the answers came, they seemed to convey no pleasant intelligence. She increased, however, in her kindness to Bessy, as if to make ap for some involuntary wrong; and, whether from disappointment at not being able to carry out some scheme in Bessy's favour, or from some other cause, the lady became gradually unwell, her walks in the garden grew less frequent, her weakness increased, and when September came, and Walter arrived to say farewell, she was confined to her chair. His stay was to be limited to a fortnight. The excitement of his arrival, and the expectation of his departure, combined to increase her illness, so that, as Adam Miller expressed it "the end was a rece" near." The it, "the end was unco' near." The young people were, as usual, blind to the symptoms of decay; and how great was their surprise, it is needless to say, when they were summoned, one evening, to the sufferer's bedroom, and ushered by Andrew into what he called "the chamber o' the great King." The great King was indeed there in all his marrent King was indeed the called the calle people were, as usual, blind to the symptoms great King was indeed there in all his ma-jesty—and with a blessing on Walter, and with her hand locked in Bessy Miller's, the grand old lady died.
Oh! there was such surmising, and guess-

Oh! there was such surmising, and wondering, within the next few days, as never had been heard of in Bank Row. were curious persons in Alloa and Stirling itself, who marvelled at the incidents as they gradually evolved themselves after the death Lawyers from England arrived and took inventories of the furniture. Many people thought they were Commissioners under the Great Seal, who were going to dispose of the Great Seal, who were going to dispose of the famous carpet, and the rug, and the embroidered chairs, and the rich-hung beds, to some foreign potentate, and so to diminish the national debt. Even in Edinburgh, the gentlemen of the robe, in the absence of any business of their colors in the absence of any business. ness of their own, discussed the character of the deceased, and the legal effect of certain covenants which it was alleged she had en-tered into to pay off her late husband's debts, and for that purpose had conveyed to certain trustees her pension from the East India Company as general's widow, and reduced her establishment to the dunensions we have seen it at Daisy Hope. Discussions took place as to whether her personalty was included in the conveyance; such as rings, necklaces, and Poor Bessy Miller!

But the prophecy of old An small amount, were plentifully laid on the came true, and friends were rai
question of what Court would have jurisdiction the orphan in very unexpected.

Mrs. Donnington did not seem particularly in this important case. But the law seem couraged by the example of Queen Esther to settle itself without the intervention of But the law seemed single wig; for the gentlemen from London carried off all the furniture, and after paying Andrew Miller all that was due for board and lodging, took themselves off, as if in a hurr to escape from so tumble-down a mansion, and so solitary a place. But Walter had seen the to escape from so tumble-down a mansion, and so solitary a place. But Walter had seen the parcels which his mother had so carefully tied up. They were addressed to Bessy; and on going away, after the funeral, wretched and broken-hearted, he took his mother's ring from his pocket—a beautiful amethyst currounded by small pearls, and put it on Bessy's finger—a mile too large for her tiny hand, and kissed her check with the tenderness of a brother and disappears, at a great case of brother, and disappeared at a great pace on

the Stirling road. And what became of Bessy Miller ! She opened the purcels when her grief allowed, and saw they were gowns of silk and satin, and shawls of beautiful colours, and she determined never to part with them unless under the pressure of extreme want; and cherished them as memorials of her kindest friend, often taking them out, and gazing at them with tears in her eyes, and looking back on the two last years as the happiest and saldest of her life. Ah! Population her life. Ah! Eessy! prepare yourself for more grief still—don't you see how weak your father grows? how deeply he pants for breath? how disinclined he is for exertion ! house is falling to ruin faster than ever. rains of October have forced their way through the roof. In the room where the grand of lady died there is a pool of water on the floor, the door has nearly dropped from its binges, parts of the ceiling have fallen down in the drawing-room, the garden is covered with weeds. Surely, there is a cloud of some great misfortune overhanging Daisy Hope. It she waited on her father! How she read him in the Bible, and repeated the metrical Psalme, and smoothed his pillow, and com-forted him, and attended to everything; and how she watched him one terrible January night, when the river came roaring down and the cold wind was howling among the rocking chimneys, and the fire was burning fitfully upon the hearth and old Andrew was dying in the recess-bed in the kitchen, and her she listened for his breath amid the pauses the storm, and saw the heaving of the be-clothes in the uncertain light, and then, he the sudden great silence fell upon her h when, after a few words of prayer for his lit daughter, the good man ceased to breaand nothing was heard more but the plash of rain upon the window, and the occasional tag of the peat flame, as it flickered up the chim ney. And Bessy closed her father's even and knelt down by the side of the bed. And the is only twelve years old, and very desolate. Poor Bessy Miller!

But the prophecy of old Andrew came true, and friends were raised up

The poor are always kind to each other, and the villagers came in with sympathy and help. The good old minister was down among the first, and Bessy was taken up to the manse, for the dreariness of the ruined farm was too much for the solitary child; and before a month was past, a prospect was opened of a more permanent place than could be found for her at the parsonage-

There was a great handsome mansion at Balham Hill, near London, with gardenhouses, and coach-house, and stables, and enormous iron gates, and rows of great trees, valuly trying to persuade itself by means of these productions. these rural appearances, that it stood in a great park in the county of Warwick; and this large domicile, with all its grounds, and shrubberies, and graperies, and gardens, was the residence of an overwhelmingly rich citizen, who daily performed the journey from these agricultural splendours into a little dingy-looking lane in the City, and busied himself all day long about what seemed to the cycs of the uninitiated, the pal-triest concerns. He toiled from morn to night among bales of merchandise and in-voices of cargos, and sold shiploads of sugar, or bought warehousefuls of cotton; for nothing came amiss to him; and everything flourished on which he laid his hand. After many hours of these labours, he stept into his immensely-decorated carriage at the door of the dirty counting-house, and was driven rapidly through streets and avenues till he reached the suburban elysium at Balham, and was received at the entrance hall by his daughter and his wife. This lasted so long, that it was unanimously believed by the three personages just named, that it would last for ever; it was therefore with a feeling compounded nearly as much of surprise as of grief that the lady and have child that the ordinary course of affairs had sud-denly changed: that the carriage came no more to the door at nine o'clock, and returned from London at half-past five: that the at six; for a certain tremendous cavalcade had departed one morning from the front door, with the principal vehicle profusely or-namented with black feathers, and a noble namented with black teathers, and a noble piece of sculpture, emblematic of Hope and Resignation, rose gradually over the humbler graves in the Highgate cometery. How touching is the grief of a widow left sole mistress of a place like Balbam Belvidere, with a hundred and fifty thousand pounds in the four per cents! It overflows in square hatchments over the middle window, and black velvet over the seat in church, and black velvet over the seat in church, and yards of crape in all directions, and widows's weeds of preternatural size. So the glories of the Eslvidere were eclipsed for many months under a cloud of mourning. The bereaved proprietor devoted herself to the

cultivation of her husband's memory and the spoiling of her daughter's disposition. In every room of the house, the image of a red-faced, broad-shouldered, flat-featured man was suspended, who might have been taken for the fancy figure of a blacksmith retired from trade, but was glorified in the eyes of the widow as the likeness of one of the handsomest and most aristocratic-looking of men. The daughter, aged eleven, was treated with the respect befitting the representative of such a sire, and the heiress of so much wealth. She was far from beautiful; indeed if it had not been for her expectations, she would have been thought positively ugly—for her hair was of the reddest; her eyes, though blue in colour, were not unanimous in their choice of the objects they fixed on; and her figure was bad, and her temper not of the best. But her mother thought by dint of constantly talking of her beauty, that she could induce it at last to come—so she spoke of her golden locks and her interesting eyes, and thought her Delia (such was the young lady's name) the perfection of the human race.

"I've been thinking," said the minister of Daisyside, to his wife, "of a nice situation for poor Bessy Miller. There's that rich English lady up at the Wallace Arms, that drinks so much mineral water and is so generous to the poor, she wants a Scotch maid, and doesn't care how young. Now Bessy's just a wee past twelve, but she has sonse and discretion enough for twenty-five, and I'll awa' up this very day, and see what can be done"

"Will she be kind to the wee bairn?" inquired the wife, "for we could manage to find work for her here, and she's no expensive, and reads so well, and is so mindful, she wad be a perfect treasure, and we have name o' our ain, ye ken."

wad be a perfect treasure, and we has name o' our ain, ye ken."

"She'll be very kind," replied the gentleman. "Any body would be kind to Bessy Miller; and besides, I'm told she has just lost a lass o' her own, about the sume age,—a most wonderful creature by all accounts, both for eleverness and beauty, for she speaks o' little else to all the company at the Wells,—and she'll, may be, tak' a kinduess to Bessy for the dead bairnie's sake."

The minister started on his benevolent

The minister started on his benevolent mission and succeeded as he deserved. The lady agreed to instal his parishioner as dressing maid and reader, and on the following morning the introduction took place. When Bessy timidly entered the room where her future mistress sat, she had many sad thoughts of the time when she first presented herself to the grand old lady in the drawing-room at Daisy Hope. She clung to the good minister's band as if loth to lose the last link of connection between herself and home, and east shy looks at the occupant of the apartment; a large stout figure, rendered.

mete striking from the exaggerated appearance of woo with which it was encumbered; a face of vulgar good-nature, but with an assumption at the same time of vast superi-ority and almost disdain; how different was the first impression from that left by the appearance of the stately Mrs. Domington, with her gold-headed cane, and her form on the high-backed rich-covered reclining chair, with her feet on the splendid fur rug, and her allow on the velvet table cover! Scarcely did the lady at the Wells withdraw herself autho ently from the absorption of her grief to listen to the minister's words; scarcely did she take her bandkerelnef long enough from her countenance to look on the trem-bling little applicant for her favour, but when she did so, when at last she mastered emotions sufficiently to look at the shrinking figure, something-a stray expression of thee-a faint resemblance in the colour of the hair-an indefinable scutiment struck upon some chord of recollection-made her suddenly rise from her chair, and advance a step or two towards the pair- the likeness," she said—"I never saw such a resemblance—she is my darling Delia over again;" and then losing the expression of dignity and rank altogether, she flung her arms round the astomshed Bessy's neck, and kissed her a thousand times.

"The woman is a Christiau woman," said the minister to his wife on his return, " in spite of her disregard of the proper position the letter h, which seems a sore stumblingblock to the English nation, and she'll be a perfect mother to Bessy Miller, for a her gnorance of grammar and cockney wave of Riches is a snare to the slenderly going on. educated, and she puts a little too much trust in corruptible treasure, but Bessy will be very comfortable, and has promised to write and tell us how she is treated."

Daisy Hope fell into ruins faster and faster. It coased to be occupied by any one. The proprietor did not like the expense of taking it down, and very winds thought t down, and very wisely thought a few years would save him the trouble. The little road leading up to the front door was overgrown with nottles; the stable roof began to full in; the windows were broken by playful loys, or blown in by tempestuous weather; and year after year the grand catastrophe of a total tumble into heaps of stone and lime, drew nearer and nearer, and the possibility of repair became more and more problemati-But when things are at the worst they will mend. When eight or nine years had done their utmost to destroy all resemblance in the old mansion to a habitable dwelling; when people began to forget all about its having been lived in; when the minister had long been dead, and the Wallace Arms bad long been dead, and the Wallace Arms bad of the hospital; and both kept rises into high reputation, symptoms of relintent on the cabin stairs from paration were visible. Men with investorious passengers emerged on the deck implements began measuring the ground, there came up and trying the strength of the old walls; and man in under

it was currently reported that a great Finobleman had bought the original estat was going to build a mansion, at le size of Windsor Castle. But the build it proceeded gave no token of being de on so gigantic a scale. The intention to be to renew the old manor-house as possible, and not a bow omitted, nor a jutting wall, nor towers at every corner ; so it b gan like a dwelling of the sixteentle auddenly transplanted into the pre-but combining in its interior arms the sixteenth the conveniences of modern life strength and solidity of the past view from the upper rooms was in all the land! The winding castellated rock, the glowing hi north, the rich valley to the case the hills all round, which day a more cultivated and There was not in all Scotland a fi a more comfortable dwelling

One day in January last year, there crowd in the inner dock at Southamps see the invalids from the Crimes br shore. Some were carried out pale and worn, that the specimvoluntarily back as if in rev proaching death; some of the x were received with wounded The Alma and Inkern fresh in people's hearts; and und official neglect boiled over into ac-ness to the sufferers. The ship long expected; the presengers' been sent on by telegraph, and a sisters and brothers, had assemble quarters to welcome their friends b

A sad and touching, yet an sleva to see the heroic reception at English mothers to their wounded sorrow was there, it was chostened moded by prule in the achievement brought the wound. Carriages brought the wound. Carriag waiting to convey the suffere budgings or hotels. Embraces and received without a word being holding by the brother's feverish walking close beside the litter on was carried, walked sisters many a covere afraid to ask the extent calamity, but were busy laying p their brother's solace if he should the be lame for life. All had marry Carriages and litters had moved out dock, and yet an old lady kept st a younger, who was dressed in the parel commonly adopted by the l devoted themselves at that time to there came up dowl

saif on a crutch, and had his left arm in a side of his bed, and it seemed something like sling. The young lady touches the arm of a consimulate of his feversh aberration the senior, and drew her veil over her face. The officer looked round, but no preparation the volumes sine chose were Orme's History had been made for his conveyance. No of Hindostan, and the Lie of Warren Hastory of the properties with a resulting with any hourt firm, and the Lie of Warren Hastory of the fit with her setting and the story of the fit with her setting and the story of the fit with her setting and the story of the fit with her setting and the story of the fit with her setting and the story of the fit with her setting and the story of the fit with her setting and the story of the setting and the setting an and been made for his conveyance. No mother was in waiting with easy-hung coach. "Get a cab there for Major Donnington!" cried a rough voice from the pablic-box: but the old lady stepped forward, and said to the almost fainting soldier, "Deed Major Donnington, ye il hae nee cab, and gang to me hotel. Ye'll just come to our branch o' the Crimean Hospital, and ye'll no want for nurses or ony care that a mother want for nurses or ony care that a mother could gie ye.

The wounded man considered that this as a piece of careful sympathy from an was a piece active and paternal administration, and submitted to his fate with resignation. Accordingly he was installed in a carriage standing bear the gate, and driven off—and off, through streets, and out among trees, till he entered a moderate sized avenue and pulled up at the door of a pretty looking villa about two miles from the town upon the shore of Southumpton Water. There he was soon shown into his apartment by the ladies, who had followed in another conveyance; and as medical assistance was kept in waiting, the extent of his wounds was ascertained and a speedy recovery promised. A bayonet stab in the left shoulder, and a bullet in the knew were the manuarials he carried away of the were the memorials he carried away of the "Soldier's Victory." But a grateful country was ready to pour balm in his wounds. "Soldier's Victory." But a grateful country was ready to pour balm in his wounds. Wasn't he in a charming hospital, with a beautiful view from the window, the nicest, cleanest curtains for his bed, the best doctor in the county of Hants to attend to his recovery, and nurses so kind, so obliging, so sweet-toned and tender-hunded, that it was a positive gratification to be ill! His servant arrived a short time after him with his luggage; his things were put away in convenient drawers, book-shelves in the neighbouring chamber, to which he was to be removed when well enough to sit up, were filled with when well enough to sit up, were filled with pleasant volumes; and in a room beyond, he occasionally in the absence of the younger muse, heard a clear beautiful voice accompanied by a piano. But in spite of all this care of a watchful government the young man felt deprest at the thought that he was causing so much trouble to two amiable ladies upon whom individually he had no claim. He was anxious to make all manner of inquiries, and was profuse in his acknowof inquiries, and was profuse in his acknow-ledgment for all their care. And at first, tout withstanding the doctor's prognostic, their care seemed of no avail. A fever supervened, during which fancy played its usual tricks, and arrayed itself in the lost robes of memory; and in his wanderings there was a curious mixing up of Indian recollections and the scenes he had had in Scotland with his mother. When he recovered sufficiently to be read to, the younger attendant sat at the the volumes she chose were Orme's History of Himboston, and the Lie of Warren Hastings, and the stery of the Blackhole.

"Mrs. M'Vi ar," said the soldier, after one

"Mrs. M'Vi ar," said the soldier, after one of these readings, "will you answer me a question or two? And first, do you think I

am perfectly recovered from delicium ?"
"Ye'll maybe be the hest judge o' that, yersel," was the cautious answer of the elder nurse.

The young man paused and seemed engaged over my bed, and reads in auch mesical accepts that I cometimes even now doubt whether she isn't altogether an angel?

"Her name is Mass Preedy—an English sister of charity, and I'm a mither o' the same."

"And does she always wenr a veil over the upper part of her face ?"
"Oh, no."

"She doesn't squint, does she?" inquired the Major, as a horrible snapicion crossed his mind that this might be the reason of the

concealment of brow and eyes.

"I daursay, ye'll see and judge for yersel in that too," replied Mrs. M'Vicar; "but I suppose you'll soon be thinking of leaving the hospital. You must be anxious to get

home. The officer sighed sadly. "The fact is," he said, "I have no home—I lost my mother nine or ten years ago, and have been in India ever since, till we were sent out to the Crunea. I have no home." It seemed so Crimen. I have no home. It seemed so medancholy a confession that they were both silent for a time,—"But I hope to get well again soon," he added, "and go out to join my regiment. What does the doctor say my regiment.

The doctor's report was hopeful. In a week he sat up, in a fortught he entered the little apartment next his bed-room, and in three weeks he was invited to the drawing-room. It was gratitude, probably, that made him think Miss Preedy so wonderfully beautiful. Light hair and dark blue eyes, a clear complexion, and the finest carved features with the sweetest smilling mouth, were enough to the sweetest smiling mouth, were enough to justify his admiration; but when he united to this amount of loveliness all her kindness, the care she had bestowed on his comforts, the hours she had devoted in the half-darkened room, to his amusement, there is no wonder that his feelings of gratitude took a far warmer shape, and, in short, that he was in love; mally, desperately. Yes, desperately, for how would it look to the amouncement, that a wounded officer had married the hospital attendant l and would a real sector of charity descend from the postic dignity of her great and generous work to bestow her hand upon a patient? Besides, there are

always plenty of other reasons in the mind of a man with nothing but his commission; for how could be expose so delicate, so refined, so lady-like a being to the discomforts of his narrow means? How wisely people resolve when the object of their admiration is at a little distance, say a mile or two, or in the little distance, say a mile or two, or in the neighbouring parish, or in another street,—or even, as in this case, in a different room! For when he saw Miss Preedy, when he heard her speak, there was no farther use of argument. He determined to plead his cause with the utmost ardour, and with that view addressed Mrs. M'Vicar when he had an

opportunity.

"My dear friend," he said, "I have something very important to say to you. Was Miss Preedy ever in Bengal !"

"Then I can't imagine where I can have seen her, or some person so amazingly like her that I am quite confused when I look at her, and listen to her voice. Of course she was never at Balaclava?"

No.

"Has she father and mother alive?"
"I don't think she has a living relation in

all the world."

"I'm glad to hear it. Nor I. We are quite unincumbered in that respect. Ah! Mrs. M'Vicar, I wish I were as rich as Crossus, whoever that fortunate gentleman nmy have been; but the truth is I am one of hmy have been; but the truth is I am one of the most ostentatious persons in the Queen's dominious, and wear all the gold I possess upon my shoulders in the shape of epaulettes; but if a true heart—if a devoted love—if years of—. She's very poor, I hope," he said, suddenly interrupting himself, afraid that his intentions might be misunderstood.

"Her faither was the last partner of the great house in London of Blogg and Preedy. You've may be heard of it, in the sugar line, and she was heiress to a' the wealth o' the firm."

Major Donnington looked and felt as if another bayonet was entering his shoulder, another bullet ledging in his knee. He did not answer for a long time. At last he said, "One only favour, my excellent friend; keep this a secret. It was a delusion,—it shall not last. Take my thanks for all you have done; tell her how deeply grateful I am: I will leave this hospital to-day." will leave this hospital to-day."

"This is Miss Freedy's villa, and a bonny little mansion it is; but it's me hospital, unless for yoursel that has no home to go to." The young man was overwhelmed more

and more.

"Ye'll say farewell to her ere ye gang?" inquired Mrs. M'Vicar.

The interview took place; and some curious things occurred preparatory to it which puzzled Major Donnington almost as much as the

assist his walk to the drawing-room. looked at the stick. It was a long gold-headed staff, of a very peculiar wood, and on the top was an inscription. It was a name:
"Elizabeth Donnington." He passed his hand rapidly across his eyes as he looked at the words, and continued his course. When he entered the drawing-room Miss Preedy was sitting in an arm-chair with the back to was string in an arm-chair with the lines to him. She wore a shawl—a rich-patterned, gorgeous-coloured, tasteful-bordered Indian shawl. She wore a black silk gown, with a particular stripe in the watering, which riveted his eyes. He advanced slowly towards the sitting figure, and saw her hand negli-gently spread on the arm of the chair. He looked at her hand—small, white, beautiful and on her finger discovered a ring; it was an amethyst, surrounded with small pearls. There could be no mistake; the young man knelt and took her hand; it wasn't drawn away. He kissed the ring. Had he not a right to do so? It had been his mother's,

and was once his own!

And all that blessed month of April the spring sun had been shining on the steep roofs and proud turrets of baisy Hoye. Paxton had sent down a man to lay out a grand old Scottish garden, with broad grees walks, and a stone sun-dial in the middle, walks, and a stone sun-dial in the middle,—and the place was now almost perfect,—and when furniture began to arrive the lucubrations of the inhabitants of Bank Row took higher flights than ever. Then came waggonloads from Stirling. There was a resewood table for the drawing-room, with a noble velvet cover to it on which was embroidered in gold thread, an impossible griffin; there was a fur rug for the hearth; and some chairs with the same heraldic blazonry as the table-cloth; and speculations were rife as to when the new proprietors would come down to take the new proprietors would come down to take

possession.

possession.

One day in July the landlady of the Wallace Arms ushered into the bar, where I we sitting at lunch, and said "Oh, Mr. Jocktiletit's a' come out! They're up stairs in the besaloon—the three o' them! And wha d'we think they are? There's Bessy Miller, who took the name of Preedy after the hat dementit haveril that adopted her, because she was so like her dochter; and there she was so like her dochter; and there has M'Vicar, the widow o' the gude ault minister that recommended her to the placeshe's had her for governante and companies. she's had her for governante and companies ever since Mrs. Preedy died; and it gentleman is Walter Donnington, the so' the grand auld leddy that was Andro-Miller's lodger; and he's married to Balliler—and, oh! man, what a bonny cretishe is! and they're a' going to live at Dalhope—Mrs. M'Vicar tauld me so herselable could keen the scoret, we become things occurred preparatory to it which puz-zled Major Donnington almost as much as the discovery of Miss Preedy's wealth. In the go! what a handsome couple!—a wee cripping first place, as his knee continued a little stiff, maybe, the man, but tall and strong!—as he found a cane placed beside his chair to wheesht! that's Bessy Miller—they're in

alking down to the Hope to see if the furture's all right, and they'll tak' possession the end of the week."

THE TWO INTERPRETERS.

"THE clouds are fleeting by, father, The clouds are fleeing by, father,
Look in the shining west,
The great white clouds sail onward
('pon the sky's blue breast.
Look at a snowy eagle,
His wings are tinged with red,
And a giant dolphin follows him,
With a crown upon his head!"

The father spake no word, but watch'd The drifting clouds roll by; He traced a misty vision too

Upon the shining sky: A shadowy form, with well-known grace

Of weary love and care, Above the smiling child she held, Shook down her floating hair.

"The clouds are changing now, father, Mountains rue high and higher! And see where red and purple ships Sail in a sea of fire! 17 The father press'd the little hand More closely in his own, And watch'd a cloud-dream in the sky

That he could see alone.

Bright angels carrying for away
A white form, cold and dead,
Two held the fees, and two bore up
The flower-crown'd drooping head.

See, father, see! a glory floods
The sky, and all is bright,
And clouds of every bue and shade
Burn in the gelden light.
And now, above an azure lake

Rise battlements and towers, Where knights and ladies climb the heights, All bearing purple flowers."

The father look'd, and, with a pang

The father look'd, and, with a pang
Of love and strange alarm,
Drew close the little eager child
Within his sheltering arm;
From out the clouds the mother looks
With wistful glance below,
She secure to seek the treasure left

On earth so long ago;
She holds her arms out to her child,
His cradle-song she sings;
The last rays of the sunset gleam
Upon her outspread wings.

Calm twilight veils the summer sky,

The shining clouds are gon

In vain the merry laughing child Stril gaily prattles on; In vain the bright stars, one by one,

On the blue silence start, A dreary shadow rests to-night Upon the father's heart.

THE GOLDEN MEAN.

THERE is a golden mean, doubtless-a right odnen between two extremes—a middle odnen between two extremes—a middle on the from which divergence is peril—in ct, a Juste Milieu. From the days of Phacton our own, medio totissimus ibis has been ound advice; whether as to physical or moral

progression. The man who can be generous without prodigality, and thrifty without avarice; brave without rushness and cautious without fear; tender without weakness and firm without severity; trusting without blindness and vigilant without suspicion, is a being so common in fiction and so rare in life, as to prove the value we set upon the Golden Mean as an idea, and also the difficulty of realizing it. Here, dearly, the of realising it. How deeply the human mind is possessed by this grand abstraction we may further learn from our ready acceptance of its counterfeits—counterfeits, indeed, which are far more popular than the

reality could hope to be.

We call the Golden Mean, advisedly, a grand abstraction. It charms us in romance or in history, but, alas, only there. Brought into the sphere of actual life, amid our personal interests, keen competitions, and class sympathies, it shall have sorry welcome. It finds pathies, it shall have sorry welcome. It finds the world split into cliques, with some good in all—all good in none. Let Hoskins, in an election speech, denounce Sir Mark Obsolete as a ruthless vampire, nourished by the blood of the poor: Golden Mean rises to remind the orator of the percentage which, in hard times, Sir Mark returned upon his rents, and of the beef and flannel which Lady Obsolete so liberally dispenses at Christmas. If, however, Sir Mark, mistaking his defender for an ally, should urge him in the name of the constitution to put down popular incendiaries, it is likely enough that Golden Mean will advise the repeal of some glaring abuse, and suggest that one good method of abating fire is to withhold the fuel.

It is thus to the end of the chapter. Golden

It is thus to the end of the chapter. Golden Mean has the vexatious peculiarity of agreeing with most men to some extent, and thoroughly with very few. I have known him so repel a narrow creed, as to ravish a German prefessor enamoured of a paramount nothing, and rebuke with equal emphasis the ancers of that luminary at the faculty of belief. I have heard him plead with a mill owner that some leisure for thought and innagination is the due of all whom God had endowed with souls, and I have heard him sternly enforce on a morbid poetaster the moral benefit accruing from a severe course of manual labour. Now, what fate can reasonably be predicted for poor Golden Mean? What party can befriend him who will devote himself to none? He loves freedom too well to fawn upon authority, and order It is thus to the end of the chapter. Golden too well to fawn upon authority, and order too well to flatter licence; he is too charitable for the bigot and too reverend for the scoffer; too poetical to think man a mere machine, too practical to think him a mere rhapsodist. What can be his fate, except to be rejected by the sects which chiefly make up the world? Let us grant, however, that the picture has its bright side. Like all good and brave men, our hero draws round him a circle of believing hearts. He inspires thinkers who will, in

time, mapire mankind. Perhags, even in this age, he may come to be revered; in the next

The distinction between the genuine Golden Mean, and the alloyed kind may be stated thus. The one is the harmony which subsists between a man's virtues; the other is the compromise between his virtues and his interest. The personification of this latter class is generally an individual in whom the comprometric energy of the states and a second but the class is generally an individual in whom the class is generally and the class is generally an individual in whom the class is generally and the class is generally an individual in whom the class is generally and the class is generally an individual in whom the class is generally an individual in whom the class is generally an individual in whom the class is generally and the class is generally an individual in whom the class is generally and the class is fair amount of good nature and susceptibility are combined with a strong attachment to Number One, and a marvellous instinct in purveying comforts for that unit. perous friend Wetherby is an average example of the species. In youth, good animal spirits, the novelty of life, a mind and senses tolerably open to pleasant impressions, and that amiability which takes its rise from good humour and good digestion, betrayed him occasionally into adventure and sentiment, and could be always have remained young, I have doubts whether he would have fallen into the ranks of the spurious Golden Mean. In his early days he has been known to absent himself from the counting-house for weeks together; to take his five-barred gate, hodge, and ditch in rapid succession, and, in the evening to accompany Miss Belinda Thwaites or her sisters on his flote with very creditable taste. In the Thwaites family is still able taste. able taste. In the Thwaites family is still preserved, on a faded page of Belinda's album, that record of love and despair with a dim normation of suicide, which Wetherby penned one fine morning thrry years ago before putting on his shooting jacket. It is true that his stanzas are headed, To —, and signed Ignotus; but I do not agree with those who suggest that the omission of real names was intentional, and that it was designed to protect him from the legal consequences of an offer of marriage. I am of opinion that he was really attached to the lady; and that, in spite of her small dowry, as one of seven sisters, he was melined to propose. By some chance, however, the rash propose. By some chance, however, the rash word was nover spoken. The young mer-chant was found more frequently at his desk, omant was found more frequently at his dest, and more rarely at the meet. By degrees he cassed to quote Byren and L. E. L.; and eventually, when I touched delicately upon the subject of his penchant, he replied, that love was an excellent thing; but that it might be carried too far. I saw at once that his course was taken, and that he had enlisted for life under the hander of the work. enlisted for life under the banner of the mock

Golden Mean.

The doctrine which he then announced, has ever since been the motto of his life. He has ever since been the motto of his life. He ascents in theory to liberal and humanising views; but warns you that they may be carried too far. He is a friend to progress, but averse to rash charge. He accepts premises on the distinct understanding that they shall not lead to conclusions, and his respect for an abstract pumerple is only equalled by his fear that it should take effect.

Yet he believes in the fact accomplished, upholds all reforms that have become of history. Shrewd and not ungenial, of history. descent over his walnuts with raillery upon the abuses and superst Inquisition, and thinks that the old flations were unjustifiably harsh to wards vassals. He is bappy that that system is away with, and that we live in days of and religious liberty. He looks enlight pinion personated as heutters this sen His ample chest is gently dilated with emotion, and his bald polished for brightens beneath the dining room delier. Yet, if you suggest to him that delier. Yet, if you suggest to him that are other persecutors beside Inquisitors Grand Seigneurs, and instance A, who ce to deal with B on account of an electron or C, who cuts D for an adverse the objinion, —Wetherby will observe, that are right in the main, but that, on the objinion are not a suggestion of the control hand, property and sound views should a legitimate influence. He has no doubt William Tell was a patriot, but I quest, he would think so of his double were he to arise somewhere abroad. He is aware that the true claim to disting mere: but, if you arge that proposition be awarded solely upon that ground not sure that the time is ripe for it. however, the period of maturity arrive is to say, when the views which pioneers have maintained through sti sacrifice have won general consent-will certainly find that these very along corresponded with his privat tions. It is one of the deverest Wetherby's intellect that he alway the odium of a prospective change nouncing it unseasonable, while he g credit of it when schieved, because always sympathised with it as an idea Wetherby, who has never been in the great minorities of the world; w risked no capital of popularity, yet a received the dividends of public app and shared the prize money of our Opinion without once engaging battles!

The popularity of this gentleman is thing less than amazing. The most opp parties meet at his board; the one assethat Wetherby is with it in principle, other satisfied that Wetherby is with practice. In the days of the Anti-Corn-league, I have seen him supported on right by a veteran in powdered hair and boots from Norfolk, and on the left by a and alderman. His neighbour with the waving hair and lip compressed-because the alderman has just trodden on his cornand who edges back his chair with a slight cough of aristocratic distaste, is an established poet, This poet's presence, you see, is another instance of Wetherby's skill in maintaining the Golden Mean.

May I confess, without forfeiting my moral status, that I am sometimes bered and irritated by this excellent man? Will any lenient tated by this excellent man? Will any lenient reader do me the favour to receive this avowal, without thinking that it implies gross depravity? Does not even the monotony of beauty pall upon us? Would not a cloud, or even a drizzling mist, be an acceptable relief in the long splendour of an Andalusian summer? Has the limpid flow of Italian inclody never made you long for gutturals and consonants? Can you not imagine a man becoming tired of ortolans? Let it not then be imputed to unusual obduracy on not then be imputed to unusual obduracy on my part, but rather to that thirst for change inherent in our nature, that I have frequently felt a certain disrelish for Wetherby satisty of a person so uniformly right, and a keen appetite for some one who could be unmistakeably wrong. Sir Mark Obsolete, of whom I have before spoken, satisfies this hunger of mine to the fullest extent. I this hunger of mine to the fullest extent. I have never heard a same opinion from his lips during an acquaintance of twenty years. He still labours under the conviction, that a bold peasantry, its country's pride, is destroyed the moment you educate it. Biography, history, science, poetry, and politics, when accessible to the million, are, in his esteom, so many wants mined under the constitution, in which unscrupulous Papists are still depositing gunpowder. He is sure the constitution will some day he blown up by these agencies. gunpowder. He is sure the constitution will some day be blown up by these agencies— that is, unless it fall to pieces beforehand in consequence of a certain chancery judgment that enforced a public right of way through his estates. The late venerable Lord Eldon, he tells you, would have foreseen the results which such a decree involved to the results which such a decree involved to the throne and the altar; but all subsequent occupants of the woolsack have been blind or unprincipled. He is pretty sure that in his own case the chancellor was bribed by the Jeauits, who. Sir Mark persists, are in league with all produttionary activators. If you count with all revolutionary agitators. If you point out that the disciples of Loyola have hitherto out that the disciples of Loyola have hitherto been inimical to liberal ideas, Sir Mark views moment a remarkably shabby lad by the that as a master instance of their craft, and collar, and while giving him sundry vigorous contends that their views must be republican shakes and cuffs, exclaimed, "Yo daft, feeknow, because they were despotic before. Such is this very ancient gentleman, in whom to mind than to spulzie a' decent bodies class motion, speech, and all other functions of that gae by !"

The lad looked up in his face astonished, and said, "Naething ava, sir."

"Naething!— naething! "said the old gentleman; "come to me the morn's morn, and he cleaves to it. He knows that he excites ridicule, and he braves it. He is gie ye some wark, ye gilpie, ye."

The next day the lad was busy with a clean

windmills; and right loyal to his ideal Dul-cineas, although they are not generally captivating. He is kind to his tenants and strunch to his dogmas; he has little brain, but he has a heart and a faith. I have grown bolder since I first touched upon this subject; and I don't care if you tell all the world, that I respect Sir Mark Obsolete more than Mr. Golden Mean Wetherby.

THE OLD AND NEW SQUATTERS.

THE NEW SQUATTER.

In the Gallowgate of Glasgow many years ago, a crowd one evening was collected round the entrance to a narrow wynd, at which stood a shabby sort of hired carriage, to which was harnessed a lean, bow-kneed, spavined jade of poorest and dirtiest portion of the very poorest and dirtiest portion of the very poorest and dirtiest of "the auld town " po-The occasion which had drawn this respectable assembly to that spot, at that nour of six o'clock, was no other than hour of six o'clock, was no other than a wedding, the amiable actors in which public spectacle had to issue from that little smutty passage. What circumstances beyond the perpetual and universal interest which attaches to such an event, drew this crowd, and riveted its eyes in evident intensity on that murky outlet, it never was our felicity to learn, for there were certain influential characters on the outskirts of throng who maintained a most effecential effectual throng who maintained a most effectual guard against any curious intrusion by people in clean linen. These were a squad of lively urchins, who with bandy sticks were amusing themselves in a sham game by striking up the styx-black fluid of the open kennel against the members of the expectant mass, which was too deeply absorbed in watching for the advent of the happy couple, to notice the sable and odoriferous sprinkling, or too indifferent to regard it.

But not so indifferent was a rosy, full-bodied, and apparently choleric old gentle-man, who while carefully endeavouring to escape any share in this Stygian baptism, by taking a considerable circuit round the mob, received a flying and liberal salute on his cheek, his snow-white cravat, and his sleek and velvety broad-cloth. With a sudden clutch velvety broad-cloth. With a sudden clutch and flaming visage he had seized in the next

white apron before him, sweeping out the shop of the eminent grocer and baillie, San-Ghs, and grinding at the pepper-Anon, he was behind the counter, anon, deman mill. Anon, he was behind the counter, anon, mounted upon a high stool in the counting house behind the shop, and five years afterwards was out of his apprenticeship, and off to London with a letter of recommendation to an eminent Scotch house in the sugar-trade in Eastcheap. David Macleod, for it was no other, was one of those corks, that if you will only fling them into the world's waters anywhere will float away to the world's end. No storm can sink them for more than a minute; they are sure to bob up again, and go swimming and dimpling forward, through go swimming and dimpling forward, through fair and foul.

David did not stay long in London. Some brilliant chance, as he thought, lured him out to the Cape; from the Cape to Sydney, from Sydney to Van Diemen's Land, and, from Sydney to Van Diemen's Land, and, finally, he turned up in the right nick of time in Little Bourke Street, Melbourne, as a small grocer and dealer in sundries. Here David plodded on, as it appeared for David plodded on, as it appeared for some time in profound obscurity. Nobody seemed to know nor cared to know the rather uncouth, slow, Scotch bodie, that hung cocoa-nut mats at his door, and tied up old-fashioned conical pounds of sugar, at a very small counter, in a very small shop, elbowed up by all sorts of miscellaneous articles—soap, all sorts of miscellaneous articles—soap, candles, besoms, bags of very brown sugar, drums of figs, and Bath bricks. But David's drums of figs, and Bath bricks. But David's obscurity was like the mole's, though little observed, it was onwards, and people were presently astonished by David's purchasing a great warehouse in Market Square, and standing forth in great prominence in the wholesale line. Many a heavy-loaded bullock-dray was seen to leave his ample warehouse door and direct its course up the lock-dray was seen to leave his ample ware-house door, and direct its course up the country. As time advanced, many a squatter stood deep in David's books, and when the evil day came that shook the colony to its yet but loosely-laid foundations, many were the wonderings and the queries how it could stand with the man whose beginnings were remembered to have been a few years ago so little and obscure. little and obscure.

But David was one of those men who, in building the fabrics of their fortune, knock their bricks well down into their mortar, and make every nail and serew fast as they go on. Squatters fell before the blast, and owed David large sums, but he was found to have taken secure liens on their stock and stations, and cork-like, he floated on even more buoy-autly than before. True, David pulled a fearful long face, shook portentously his head, Good!" And then all the cattle and hurse and hemoaned himself delefully, as the most unfortunate of men. All these dead, useless, worthless properties falling upon his hands! David had much ado to force down the winder was to become of him? The colony mighty exultation, and keep it out of sunt ruined, ruined for ever, gone out and out, Keep it down in the lowest course of his and past redemption; his money all gone; heart, and keep down the corners of his money.

his good hard-earned money, and what to show for it? Heaps of good-for-nothing sheep that would not pay for shepherds at twenty pounds a-year each, and rations, tea, and sugar, and flour,—heaven help us! and wool just no price at all! And the flocks all eaten up with seab, and foot-not, and catarrh! was he to run from Dan to Beershela, from Gippsland to the Wimmera, after them, to see them dressed, and washed, and clipped, or to trust them to overseers, expensive fellows at forty pounds a-year, and their fellows at forty pounds a year, and their keep? Goodness guide us! it was enough to craze the strongest head in Christendom. Was he to be the Atlas of the South, and carry the whole country on his back t Was one man to bear up under a pile of burdens, each single one of which had sunk its man, and all better men than himself.

Yet David did manage to bear up under it all; to bear up, ny, and to float gallantly enward too, bobbing and nodding, though solemnly, to all that passed him on the stream. David knew very well that it was one thing for a man to be crushed that was one thing for a man to be crushed that was already struggling under a burden of years, and under the high pressure of sixteen and twenty per cent.; and another for a substantial man to "wait a wee." for better times, with flocks and herds grazing by thousands on lands that paid a mere nominal rent. That what was obtained for almost nothing could not well get less. Nay, David had most comfortable inward inklings that things were very likely to grow rather than to diminish. He had profound faith in the old saw that when things are come to the worst, they begin to mend. And now at the worst, they begin to mend. And now at the worst, they has uredly were,—so this was the turning point; the cold hour before dawn. Come the worst that might, his statuents, and herds and flocks would balance the meet with his ledger, at least half the cent. In terest. Come good times and David was a millionnaire! millionnaire!

And very soon the soundness of David's reasonings began to show themselves. was evidently on the advance in the market and Australian wool growing in favour Next came a wonderful rumour of a med Next came a wonderful rumour of a mel of turning the overgrown flocks into tallos by which sheep bought at one shilling wous realise ten! David sat down and calculate and rose up and rubbed his hands. "A right!" said David, when he had shut the door. "Thirty thousand sheep at a shilling—fifteen hundred pounds; thirty thousan at ten shillings,—fifteen thousand pounds (Good!" And then all the extle and hurses and the good-will of the stations and he can be the said the

with their established demure melancholy. Several of the squatters who had thought themselves ruined came, and suggested that David should now amply repay himself out of their flocks, and restore the overplus to them. But David stood astonished at such ingratitude. "What! when he had so nobly stepped in to save them! when he had relieved them from all their embarrassments,—rescued them from bankruptcy, snatched them from the jaws of ruin, and left them to begin the world anew; he could not have thought human nature half so bad. But they were not children,—these matters were too serious for child's play." In fact, David had made all fast, and he bowed them out. Where would be speculation, indeed,—of what benefit carefulness and higher sugacity, if men were thus to be expected to give up their just rewards?

So, as we have said, David continued to rake amongst the ruins of the Melbourne of eighteen hundred and forty-two, and many a weighty find and precious jewel he dragged up from the mud and débris of the desoluting torrent that had passed through it. Many a house, many a piece of land, many a heap of goods did he secure at nominal prices, which anon became literally worth their weight in gold. All these matters comfortably arranged, David set out on a tour of discovery amongst the various stations which had fallen into his hands, and which he averred pulled so heavily at his heartstrings. We shall not follow him in his travels, not having the same interest in the matter. We shall allow him to gloat inwardly and shake his head outwardly at the deep grassy meadows, and luxuriant swamps of Gippsland, where he found hundreds and thousands of splendid cattle feeding and flourishing for his benefit. At the far-stretching plains, and beautiful uplands of the west, where his tens of thousands of sheep grazed at the foot of the picturesque Pyrenees, and clear, dashing streams came down from the hills, reminding him of those which he had been used to see on his journeys of business for the worthy Baillie Ghas, in Perthshire, or Ayr. But, as we have sympathised in the fallen fortunes of Tom Scott, we shall just follow the unfortunate David Macleod to the Loddon, to see what sort of a burden that luckless fellow had left upon his hands there.

As David journeyed up the country in a stout-built gig, accompanied by a stout serving man, he internally gladdened his heart at the sight of the rich plains, the green valleys, the wooded hills, and the velvet slopes studded with noble, but thinly-scattered trees. As he rolled along over the hard, solid ground of low hilly ranges which gave him the varied view of forest, glen, and winding stream, with here and there smoke rising up from the chunney of some solitary station, or more solitary stockman's hut, he could not help snying in his heart of hearts—

"Fine country! plenty of room for squatters! Plenty of squatters, plenty of squatter's accounts." And then he would fall into a calculation, how many goods each station would need in the year, how many hundred pounds these would cost, and what would be the average profit upon them. Next, he speculated on the weight of wool, and the probable proceeds. All this was so agreeable, that he must have sung, in the private parlour of his soul, had he known the stauza:—

O, pleasant are the green woods,
Where there's neither suit nor plea,
But only the wild creatures,
And many a spreading tree,

But then would come a shock from the wheel against a stump, which would nearly precipitate him over the splash-board, or a plunge into a morass, that would threaten to swallow him up bodily, and on all these occasions he did not keep his feelings to himself, as he did his more agreeable calculations and cognisances. He would denounce bitterly and cruelly the whole country, its bogs, its barren flats, its more sterile hills, its stony tracks, its yawning, precipitous gullies. Was this a country for a Christian! Was this a place for a decent man to waste his years in, looking after the effects of broken-down settlers! Was this howling wilderness a country into which a quiet, religious character like himself, should have to come, struggling after the wreck of his fortune, trusted, O! thoughtless, too soft-hearted David! to spendthrifts and ne'er-do-weels. An unco' place. Where there was neither church nor chapel, neither prayer nor praise; but swearing bullock-drivers and heathen blacks? A godless country, "Perdy," turning to his man, "an awfu', godless country. Would thou and I were well out of it, and treading the fair payements of bonny Glasga!"

David had made good use of his squatter's map, and duly each evening, he contrived to turn off the track to some comfortable station, where he was hospitably received, and made himself pleasant over a mutton chop, a panikin of bush tea, and a comforting glass of toddy. Before he turned into bed, he had taken care to speer significantly after the growth of the flocks, the prospects of the wool crop, and before he left next morning, he would contrive to have a peep into the squatter's store-room, where his practised eye ran within telegraphic rapidity over the various articles which are to be found in that indispensable apartment of a station. Over the stock of shoes, boots, wide-awakes, rendymade clothes of all kinds, sugars, teas, flour, salt, tobacco, rice, spirits, bridles, saddles and crockery. He would cast a glance at the number and extent of the buildings, and suggest to himself whether he might not calculate on an extensive order for Tasmanian shingles. How the squatter was off for drays, or bullock-yokes, chains, or hobbles. What

sort of a wool-press he was in possession of.' Whether he had one of the newest construc-tion, or still continued to fill his bags by tion, or still continued to fill his bags by means of the old contrivance of a huge beam balanced on a jost, and weighted at the condensing end with a huge piece of rock. Nothing escaped the lynx eye and the capacious soul of David the deeply cogitating; and thus he went on his way most profitably observant, with a grumble, ever and anon, for the cur of Perdy, and a Eureka! to himself

As he drew near his own station, the station of the unquhile Tom Scott, his heart beat stronger and more pleasurably, for the country grew ever more and more delectable. The valleys were as rich as those of the Land of Goshen, most charming slopes and swells descended from the woods, which would have fiscemated the eye of a painter, and were most agreeable to that of David, because they grow delicious grass. Now, they ascended hills covered with giant trees, and fragrant with the blossom of shrubs; now they descended from the silent and stony regions of the forest, and saw around them bills and the torest, and saw around them thus and rocks thrown up in all the predigal wild beauty of Nature's most original moments. Here the poet's eye would have seen the future shaping itself with cottages and granges, with all their hanging gardens, and vineyards, their crofts and orchards about then. Cows, and gosts, and fowls, appearing on the soft meadow flats, or clambering to the most airy punneles of cliff. I own they went and issued into a valley which made David Macleod rise in the carriage, and appead out his bands in rapture. "Eh, sirs! spread out his bands in repture. "Eh, sirs! and whaten a place for the bulls of Bashan, and the cattle on a thousand hills!"

In truth, human eye seldom luxuriated on a more superb scene. A magnificent valley extended up and down far as the eye could see, deep in grass, yellow with the golden flowers of early summer, in which large herds of cattle were grazing, of a beauty never surpassed, in its free grace and untamed spirit, on the meads of Trimerra or on the Pampus of Brazil. On either side rose wooded hills of manifold heights and forms, whose blut's and spurs towered breezily in the upper air, or descended, studded with the verdant gracile forms of the shiock and the olive-like lightwood, into the luxuriant vale.

The travellers took a side-way, which led them between these Arcadian declivities and a fair, winding river, from which rose, in vast clouds and with a wild clangour, thousands of wild fowl, which made hasty flight to a distance. Anon they saw the snoke of habitations, and as they drew near, by degrees revealed themselves a variety of wooden buildings. This was the station. It was sected on a mount occupying a natural little amphitheatre midway in the hills, to which they ascended by an easy winding road. Arrived on the mount, even David melon. Never was a dinner more Macleod, whose soul dwelt so saug and taste of hungry traveller,—never did

satisfied in the profitables, could not hel

The mount seemed to have been formed the old plastic ages, by some huge land Above it impended hills and rocks gas with deep ravines, and scooped out in a and in many cases far-projecting nouthe stringy-bank and iron bank Down one of these came dashing and foun a little stream, which collected itself centre of the mount into a large nati basin, between which and the hitle stend cluster of wooden buildings which constituthe station. Near to the little lake, facing it, stood ferward the chief but; re and left and behind stood others, incluand left and behind stood others, inclustables, cow-sheds, kitchen, and stocken huts. Around the lake the grass was seen and green as on an English lawn, and on sides of the mount lay gardens and vyards, presenting a most vividly light; greentrast to the native foliags around, youd the broad valley rose again to masses of woods; beyond these stretch the unbroken surface of internumable forces. over which looked distant ranges of one chain showing over the other, -tlest dark with clothing woods, the farthest th ing with the azure distance.

It was a seat fit for an emperor. So though the delighted David; so before him to thought the unfortunate Tom Scott. It was the discovery, his the building of the dwellings, the planting out of these gards and the fencing in of ample paddocks corn and hay, and the security of hos and milch kine, in the sheltered hang

below.

An active young countryman, his overwas ready to receive the great man bush home. Donald Ferguson had be the look-out for him for some days, and a table spread ready for the hongry on which the utensils were humble, but fare was substantial. A haunch of kanga more delicious than any hare, su takangaron-soup, that would have designif furnished the palate of a Lovel May furnished new topics to the appetion. A Miss Acton. Wild turkey, black-duc the river, bronze-winged pigeon (a lu substitute for partridge, patties of marmalade, preserved peaches and followed in a succession which speckered enlogiums for the cook; and a dish of figs, the first produce of the summer, the rear with a bottle of port, who enraptured squatter declared could a matched in Melbourne, nor searce (liasga. We say nothing of varieties), and the bush,—greens; pean, a plantiful and produce the produce of the pean of the p

convincingly proclaim a land of plenty and of

dainty delights.

"Where in the world, Donald, did ye discover this paragaun of a cook?" cried the transported squatter.

"He discovered himself," replied Donald.

"He walked in one day as we were at our wit's end for some one to cook our damper and fry our chops.

And noo ye live like the Heir o' Lynn ! I'll fear me, thoo, that the chap 'ull be rayther

extravagant."
"O, no!" replied Donald; "we keep him close to the chop and the cake when we're alone."

"Aweel! this is an orra time, I recken. But dinna ye ken where the chiel comes frae! Nane but a lord could want the like o' him."

"I believe," said Donald, "he was head cook to some great man, and was just sent over to the other side on a suspicion of poisoning him."

"Poisoning! poisoning his ain maister!

An ye tuk him in, and dar to cat and drink
of his devil's bannoks and bree? Uot wi

him! oot wi'him! or we are a' dead men!"
"Not a bit of it," said Donald, smiling;
"don't be alarmed; there's no danger. He has cooked for us these two years, and an honester fellow does not live. In fact, he says, and I think so too, the cook that pointed the great arms was his own account. soned the great man was his own gorman-dising and boozing; for he was regularly carried to bed dead drunk every night of his

life."
"Weel, weel," said the startled squatter, "there may be something in that; but to me it seems naething mair nor less

the seems harming mair nor less than a tempting o' Providence."

"We get used to such things here," said Donald; "we can get no women-servants up here, and not easily men; and half our workmen and shepherds, and I must say the best half, are notorious transported thieves and burrolars." and burglars.
"An' ye d

"An' ye dar to gang through the woods with these gallows-birds all alone wi' ye, an' mae Christian creature within miles o' ye?"

"Just 80," added Donald, coolly; "we

can't help ourselves, and nothing happens."

The great squatter had begun to think the bush not half so pleasant as it appeared over the roast turkey and the port; and his alarm was the more increased when, on going to his bed-room, he found neither lock nor latch to his door, and the moon shining through vacancies between the slabs of which it was built, large enough to put a hand through, much mere the nuzzle of a gun. "Donald, my man! Donald!" he shouted, "hoo's this! Nac lock, nac latch, nac

man clapping the only thing like a table in the room against the door, and showing to heavy box against that, resolved to make short work of it in the bush. But, presently, the habitual shrewdness of the man begin to operate, and suggesting to him that the inhabitants of the bush knew best, and that all was right, he dropped asleep, and awoke in the beaming morning cured of all his fears, and more delighted with the scene than ever

The hut in which he lived was but a wooden hut, with a mud floor, and a huge open chimney on the hearth of which burned and nothing more; but on the break ast-table appeared, with the tea and coffee, the ps, steaks, roasted wattle-birds, quails, and other

dainties.

dainties.

After breakfast Donald Ferguson rode out with Squatter to show him something of the run and its stock. But this was no work of a morning like the riding over an English farm. Seven flocks were tended upon it by soven shepherds, each with his different hut and district of pasturage, and to reach these, they had to ascend lofty hills, thread deep and hidden glens, cross streams, and ride on through woods that appeared endless. Then, again, they came appeared endless. Then, again, they came out on plains, or high and extensive downs, where was descried the immense flock rolling along, as it were, over the grassy level like a cloud, or a low fog before the shep-herd, always on the move, and grazing as they went. There is something pasturally grand in the idea of these numerous flocks, ull daily radiating from one central circle of homesteads, and grazing in profound calm through the silent and boundless waste, returning at evening to their resting-place, and so on from day to day, and from year to year, swelling screnely into living expanses affluence

David Macleod soon found that it would require weeks to take a survey of his pos-sessions, and he contented himself with find-ing the fragment explored all orderly and prosperous. Strychnine had now decimated the dingoes, or wild dogs, the squatters had driven back the natives, and a profound peace brooded over these wild realins of pastural riches. Readers, lift up your imaginations; spread them out on their broadest pinions, and conceive the Squatter occupying the county of Kent, or Squatter occupying the county of Ren, or Surrey for his run, at a rate, including licence-fee, and head-money, of some fitty pounds a-year, and you form a tolerable idea of the Squatter's domain; a domain which this country has so bountifully consigned to him, and perceive why he should so fer-vently desire to hold it for ever.

"Oh, no," said Donald, "we don't want! Ever and anon, as he followed the indefathem; there is nothing but a latch to the tigable Donald, through far-off valleys, where front door." it would require a compass to direct the This was worse and worse, and the great stranger, a troop of beautiful horses would

turn, gaze at them for a moment, and then with flying tails and manes, and snorting nostriis, bound away with a grace of motion, a conscious enthusiasm of freedom and strength, that the steed of the wilderness

strength, that the steel only displays.

"Whose are these fine horses?" would ask David, and "Yours, sir," was Donald's reply. Ever and anon, a huge herd of wild cattle would run startled at their approach, and, led by a number of stupendous bulls, dash with crashing fury and thundering hoofs through the dark bush of wattle, or the green hopserub, and away in the limitless woods. "Whose are these, Donald?" "Your's, sir." Ever and anon, on some lonely upland, a

Ever and anon, on some lonely upland, a flock of kangaroos would turn their tall heads, gaze silently a moment, and leap rapidly away. Anou, thousands of wild fowl rose with a stunning rush and thunder, from a rarely-visited swamp, and myriads of parrots, wild pigeons, and other birds, glanced in the tree-tops, or saluted you with their quaint cries. To David's wondering mind, it appeared like some chapter of response, like some like some chapter of romance, like some like some chapter of romance, like some hidden kingdom reserved for some great prince, and stocked with everything that could enrich the table, fill the purse, and supply the most boundless passion for the chace. He returned to his station an immensely greater man, in his own estimation, than he even was before.

Here, one of these days he would come and build a castle befitting his own importance, a very palace of the wilderness. Around him he found at some twenty or thurty miles distance, other aristocrats of the

thurty miles distance, other aristocrats of wild. These were, most of them, half-pay officers, medical men, or lawyers, who had found it slow work in Europe, and had just been drawn to Victoria by fame, in the very nick of time, when the crisis had swept away the original race of squatters—the veritable pioneers of the wilderness—and left them their pioneers of the wilderness-and left them their places on the ensiest possible terms. These gentlemen's hope and expectation had been, not the achievement of great fortunes, but that of an easy and care-free life, a rural peace plenty, and a wider horizon for their lren. But a more wondrous fate was in tree for them. They thought they had children. But a more reserve for them. bought merely an old lamp, but it was the genuine miracle-machine of Aladdin. They dreamed only of being gentlemen graziers, and they sprung up at once, the lords and princes of a new empire.

Several of these had made a morning ride of thirty or fifty miles to call on their new neighbour; and David felt that they were of a caste, an education, an intelligence, beyond his own homespun actuality. How was he to put himself upon a due footing with them? The upshot of his reflections was, what it only could be—a big, fine house,

and a gorgeous equipage.

It was while meditating deeply on these future glories one summer's forenoon, alone

in the inner apartment of the but, raising his eyes, he saw a stronge startling figure standing motionless him. He had heard some one enter, but posing it the cook, had not even given glance. The man, if man it were, store gaunt, and clad in a rude, coarse, green ja ragged and soiled. A belt round his showed a brace of large pistols, his left held upright as a support a long pair, his head was a slouching brown wide-av-and an enormous beard burned the lower his face. It was a face that seemed to inspire horror; long, bony, and with r-tanned by sun and breeze into a man g tanned by sun and breeze into a nith gas hue, and from the deep sunken sorker. It eyes gleamed fiery, yet still and fixed with spectral expression on the squatter.

"Who are you?" exclaimed David, "an what is your business?"

"Justice!" and the man, with a singular

emphasis.

Justice! And why came you here? Whi

has wronged you?"
"You!" retorted the man, and the first gleamed more fiercely in his eyes, but

"Me! Now, Heaven help me! I never saw you before," said the evidently alarmed David. He looked hastily round, as if he assistance; but Donald Ferguson was out in the words and the rock was in the distance. in the woods, and the cook was in the dista kitchen; if he shouted he would never he him. He glanced out of the front word-all was silent and basking without. The blazed and glanced on the little lake, and out at the side window near him. He cast a less out at the side window near him. He cast a less of the woods: but all was motionless as soundless as at midnight. A feeling of fair ness and desperation came over him; he we have shouted, but the fear of the man entrarms kept him silent.

"You never saw me before to couth and gloomy figure. "No! this myou never saw. This blasted, withered, curse and deformed frame you never saw. It is before the thunder-bolt had fallen on me before the scourge of misery had consume, and the vengeance of blood and massing the saw me, then—young, strong, full of head with the saw me, then—young, strong, full of head with the saw me, then—young, strong, full of head with the saw me, then—young, strong, full of head with the saw me, then—young, strong, full of head with the saw me, then—young, strong, full of head with the saw me, then—young, strong, full of head with the saw me, then—young, strong, full of head with the saw me, then—young, strong, full of head with the saw me, then when the saw me, the s You never saw me before?" said the u saw me, then—young, strong, full of happy, though fighting with the frightful of life, because there stood precious one side me to cheer me on. Then you saw In side me to cheer me on. Seett."

"Tom Scott!"

"Yes; Tom Scott. Listen! I am a b" and blasted tree. In all the world of a for thousands of leagues round a stands no such spectro of the woods as a here. On me there remains no leaf, where veins circulates no sap of life. I am i branchless, heartless, and yet I live, what? To slay, as mine were slain, t as mine were crushed; to burn, as mine

burnt; and to give a loose to vengeance, because it is the only thing which has flourished with me. I once had kindly-O! most kindly with me. I once had kindly—O! most kindly—feelings; tears, prayers, and deeds of eager devotion for the suffering. I thought that I was born to win my way to success. I believed that a high heart and a clean hand could and would snatch a blessing. But men and a froward luck dragged me down. Except from two honest rude creatures, out of my own family I never received aid or kindness. The world would have me a devil, and it is done. But David Maclead what are you? done. But David Macleod what are you? Men say you are religious? Is it religion to take a man's all for a few hundred pounds, when that all may shortly become a prince's when that all may shortly become a heritage? Look round on this lordly scene.
Who made this place?"
"God Almighty," said the confounded

Squatter.

Squatter. "God and Tom Scott," said the stranger. "God Almighty raised these hills, spread these valleys, planted these everlasting forests, vaulted over them you glittering sky; and, wherefore? That a canting hypocrite; a craven, demure, and ruthless oppressor might revel in them, and vaunt himself in them? Tom Scott built these houses, planted these gardens, enclosed these pastures, and raised these flocks and herds from a mere handful to ten thousand, and was that, think you, of no more value than the deficient balance of a paltry hundred or two of pounds?"

no more value than the deficient matance of a paltry hundred or two of pounds 1"

The man raised slowly and steadily the long gun from the ground, and lowering its muzzle towards the stupified Squatter, said, "David Macleod, one little crooking of my forman and you are in eternity. In vain fore-finger, and you are in eternity. In vain will then be all your scraped-up riches, in vain all these lordly woods and hills, in vain all your flocks and herds, your houses, and your parchments. But I lower once my piece, give one more moment, and say-

Justice!"

"As God lives, Tom Scott," cried the ter rifiel man, his eyes almost starting from his head, and his band put out as if to avert the threatened deed, "I will do all.—Help! help! in God's name, help! Murder!" shouted the, suddenly from the side-window descrying three horaemen approaching the house; and, darting to the window, which was open, gave one more frantic cry, and sank senseless on

When the Squatter came to himself again, he cried, "Stop him! hold him! for worlds, don't let him escape!"

don't let him escape!"

"Let who escape!" asked two or three voices, amongst which was that of the cook.

"Who! why, Ton Scott, to be sure. He was here this minute; where is he?" and he rushed out to see. Nobody had seen Tom Scott. Since the day that he disappeared, he had never been seen here nor anywhere near here. His fame as a merciless pursuer. near here. His fune, as a merciless pursuer of the matices, was unrivalled; but no one coder my that he had seen mu anywhere,

David Macleod returned hastily to town. The glory and beauty of his giant estate had departed. The image of Tom Scott reigned there in intensest horror. East and west, throughout the colony, millions of acres spread their bosoms to the sun, with all their hills, woods, waters, and living things, which owned him for master, but David Macleod never approached them; for Tom Scott might be there.

Years went on; wealth rolled in upon him torrents; and, as if fortune would visit in torrents; and, as if fortune would visit him and his brethren of squatterdom with him and his brethren of squatterdom with her wildest wonders, it was discovered that the colony was one great region of gold. Gold was everywhere. Its earth, its rocks, its rivers, were all teening with gold! Thou-sands upon thousands rushed from all the ends of the earth to suatch a share in the marvellous booty; and suddenly the value of the squatters' possessions jumped up five and tenfold in value. No longer were beiling-down establishments requisite to keen down down establishments requisite to keep down the astonishing increase of the flocks, and yield some tolerable return from them. No yield some tolerable return from them. No longer bubbled those huge cauldrons into which the mangled limbs of whole hecatembs of sheep were thrown daily and hourly, and seethed down for their fat. There were hundreds of thousands of hungry mouths in the colony, ready to consume, and of hands full of strangely-gathered gold to pay liberally for them.

These wanted, moreover, bullocks and horses to draw up provisions to the swarming diggings, and carry down the gold,—to prosecute the incessant traffic in the towns, and the speeding of escorts and eager pas-sengers. Sheep advanced from five shillings sengers. Sheep advanced from five shillings to twenty-five per head; oxen from twenty shillings to twenty pounds; horses from five pounds to seventy and a hundred. The amazed squatters stood astonished at their own affluence. Theirs, indeed, was the Midns touch which turned all to gold, without its ancient penalty. David Macleod calculated up his gains. He was now, in one quarter or another, master of fifty thousand sheep, ten thousand cattle, and two thousand horses. In stock on his stations he was actually worth more than a quarter of a million! What a metamorphosis! Can that great senator ever have been the little dirty million! What a metamorphosis! Can that great senator ever have been the little dirty boy of the Gallowgate kennel i Never in the world's history had there been so fabulous a period, out-fabling all fable. The great patriarchs roaming on the vast plains of Mesopotamia, with their immense flocks, multiplied and prospered by the express favour of heaven, can present no parallel of fortune with the squatters of Victoria; for they had no diggings to consume their mutton at sixpence per pound. Each party held their estates on equally cheap tenare, that is, just about for nothing; but the balance of profit was infinitely in favour of the patriarchs of the antipodes.

Job had seven thousand sheep, and three thousand cancels, and five hundred voke of ozen, and five hundred she-asses, and was a marvel of wealth amongst the ovine and bovine unagnates of the east; but Job himself would have cut but a sorry figure amongst the wouldrous men of the south. Arabin Felix to Australia Felix —a sandbank to a paradise! Never since the world began—under no régime of a most propitions Providence—had mortal men been without any merit or demerit, forethought or sagacity of their own, so blessed and pressed, loaded and bedded, rained on in deluges, and belstered with bugs of riches. Never again till the world winds up its motley accounts of bankruptores and beggaries, monied plethora and coffers of Creaus, destitution and surfeit, will any nation continue to pitchfork such piles of gold-sacks upon a knot of good honest men, astounded at their own greatness.

But no state has its entire exemptions from the shadow with the sun-the Bubbly Joek with the grandeur. As Tom Scott, with his one stern word—Justice! stood suddenly before the startled David Macleod, so with the in-rushing multitude which bought the squatters' mutton, came a new cry for the squatters' land. Those who had gold wanted homes; those who had homes wanted farms. The cry was - Land! land! and the squatters recoiled in terror before it. What! those estates, those woods, and mountains, and charming valleys all their own ? and charming varies and their own those lands yielding millions of sheep at sixpence a-pound, and paddocks yielding hay at sixty and one hundred and twenty pounds a-ton? Give them up, or any part of them? Reader, if government gave you the run of the Isle of Thanet to-morrow, would you like to restore it the next day, or next year, or next hundred years? How much less, then, the whole County of York? Believe me, you would cling to it as to dear life. No man could renounce, without a pang, and a bitter one, so glorious a domain, so vast and fascinating

Therefore the squatters hurried into the legislative council, and, in a serried phalanx of anxiety and indignation, denounced the unreasonable demands of multitudes clamorous for land. There was raised a wild cry of the hated squatters, the injured squatters, There was raised a wild cry of the equatters who had raised the flag of enterprise, built the metropolis of Melbourne, flag of created the enormous wool-trade, suffered unheard-of miseries in the bush, driven out the natives, annihilated the dogs, and sold mutton to tribes of famishing men." In vain! From the inexorable Fawkner and O'Shaughnessey came the ominous and re-practed echoes of-Tom Scott!

They stripped from the unfortunate squatters the glorious coats of other men's merits, in which they had so comfortably wrapped themselves. True, there had not been many actual Tom Scotts, the story had been more commonplace, but not the loss real. James Montgomery says of the Enformation

Luther, like Phosphor, led the comparing day, His meek forerunners wanted and passed away

So the early squatters, the real proncers an sufficient, had, for the most part, passed and and the present generation were, in a structure, the casy sons of a most won true fortune, who reaped where other mer has sowed. Gentlemen amiable, and hospital and accomplished, numbers of them, but will verify they have had their reward. Whethey talk of compensation for the loss of land, Fawkner asks, Whose land? The fatter of their fortunes? For their improvements, O'Shaugh nassey reminds them that their tenurs tork tion's ? For their improvements, O'Shaugi nassey reminds them, that their tenure forb them to make any, except on the homesical which they are allowed to purchase, at a pro-portionate price. When they talk of the which they are anower to the training of the injured squatters, the Argus points to their enormous wealth, and to the injured public. When they bemoon themselves as the poor squatters, all the world langle, and the july

squatters, all the world lander, and the jolly regues laugh in their own sleves.

These are your new squatters, the autocrats of boundless wilds, the most favoured of all Fortune's sons. May they have a thousand years! But may it be still following their flocks in the van of settlement and civilisation. With the sound of advancing millions behaviour the slouttle and the relieved above. militions behind them, with the plough, the hammer, the shuttle, and the railroad, a hum of human activity and happiness, and before them the pleasant wilderness, the calmiy-pasturing flock, the wild majestic herd, and the neighing troop of unlimited steeds, till the great continent of Australia shall be the England of the south, traversed by the arm, surrounded by busy fleets—vast, populous nighty, and at peace.

mighty, and at peace.

A GERMAN TABLE D'HÔTE

Our table d'hôte at the Golden Plough a ot an imposing one. The Chatlana itself to not an imposing one. not an important hostelry. It is un Rhine, but does not form part of the works of any of the large and fashio Rhenish cities, which appear at first sibe composed entirely of hotels: neither name painted in enormous characters all its exterior, in various languages, f behoof of tourists. In the Rhein Str our quiet town, at which the steamer on its way up or down the leautiful on its way up or down the beautiful the weary traveller—who perhaps has tearing through Belgium via Ostend, am to do that country, the Rhine, Switzer and perhaps Italy, in the similarity amount of time—will, as he steps from steamer, discover the modest portate above inn, and perchance, if it be late, the night there. I am not, however, a to speak of its sleeping accommission of the mid-day meal, to which I sales a small sum monthly; and of the co

or rather ellipse of human kind, which daily congregates round that festive board.

The inn is kept by an elderly woman, w bas been for many years just in a state of widowhood. She is of a pleasant and jocose disposition, albeit her voice is occasionally to be heard in a loud key proceeding from the kitchen, especially when an unduo delay occurs in the serving of the dinner. She is seconded by her niece, a very pretty little specimen of German womankind; who, with two handmaids (there are no waiters) and an odd man, who combines the duties of butler, boots, and ostler, form all the visible esta-blishment. There are, to be sure, one or two hangers-on, whose duty does not seem to be clearly defined. They are chiefly employed in transporting your luggage from the steamer to the inn, or vice versa, and hanging about the stables, making themselves generally

The Speise-Saal, or dining and coffee-room, fronts the street, and does not present any particularly distinctive features from that of any other small German inc. It is ornamented, amongst other things, with a picture of Cologno Cathedral, the effect of which is alightly marred by a clock dial of large dimensions being placed exactly in the middle of the painting. A strong ofour of stale tobacco snoke and soup pervades the apart-ment; a supply of the former being kept up with great assiduity by the majority of the

The company does not much resemble that which is to be found at the great tables d'hôte of the principal Rhine hotels. Comparatively few English, armed to the teeth with Murray's Hand-books, Panoramas of the Rhine, Sketch and Conversation Books, uglies, and—by the fair much loved—mushroom hats of portentous dimensions, make their appearance in this place. The greater part of the society is formed of inhibitout. part of the society is formed of in-habitants of the town, some of whom have dined at the Golden Plough regularly for twenty years past. Occasional travellers, mostly natives, join the circle, which is not unfrequently brightened by a military uniform

About one o'clock (the hour of dinner) the habities are to be seen strolling in, singly, or by twos and threes; if it be fine, sitting on the benches which, according to old custom, are place! by the door; or if the weather be bad, standing round the stove, for the most part simple sheet newspaper. The greater number of these individuals have been getting an appetite by consuming divers glasses of

in the course of an evening, apparently with-

out much difficulty.

In the course of events the soup has made its appearance, and we are scated. At the head of the table has sat from time immemorial an old gentleman of great importance, Chamberlain to the Durchlaucht, or Serene High-ness, in whose principality the town is situated. The Herr Cammerade is a very Lord Chesterfield and Brummel combined, in point of ceremony and deportment. He is not, however, I grieve to say, invariably treated with that reverence and respect which are due to his years and position by certain of the younger branches of the society; nay, he is occasionally made the butt, or vehicle for the "chaff" of a ponderous and Germanic character, of certain members of the legal profession, who are among the constant frequenters of mine hostess's board. Next to the Chamberlain sits the Herr Doctor Stolberg Lozengefels, who has practised medicine in the town with good repute for many years past. This per-sonage is invariably the first to arrive at the Golden Plough, and the last to depart. He is of a taciturn mood, and when not engaged at dinner, is always to be seen in a tavourite chair in the corner, reading the paper. On the other side, the Herr Cammerade is su-ported by a gentleman who holds the impor-tant position of district judge. His personal appearance always reminds me of an elephant. He has large ears and small grey eyes; a slow or solemn manner of moving himself, and a massive proboscidiform character of month, which is heightened by a pair of large prominent moustachies, by no means impressing the judicial character on English eyes. The judge, moreover, affects a gudant de-meanour towards the fair sex, and especially the pretty niece before - mentioned. other important member of the Tufel is the Captain von Donnerblitz, a retired un-wounded officer of the Prussian service. The captain is tremendously perpendicular in his carriage, and employs his lessure, when not talking very loud, chiefly in twirling his moustache, which is strongly developed. contrast with this militaire is an old major, on half-pay, lame from a wound received on hair-pay, tame from a wound received at Ligny: a mild, quiet, and amiable gentleman. I ought to have given him precedence in the list, but his more obtrusive brother officer first forced himself on my recollection. Then comes a knot of the aforesaid avoents, as they are called. These are remarkable for chinging together with great pertinacity; they are always to be seen in a cluster, either heaven distance or support in the least content. before dinner or supper, in the beer-houses or beer at the various Biarwirthschatts in the town. By the way, the amount of small boor (all malt liquor is small here) some (formans manage to imbibe, is calculated to improve a stranger with considerable natonishment. Some of the Bonn students have been known to swallow two or three gallons the cost of about a shming; he were spectacles, studied a great deal, was addicted to salad, and did not smoke—a rare and remarkable exception amongst the habitués of the Golden Plough. The Count, however, was occasionally to be seen driving about in a sublish of an appropriate of the county o vehicle of an unpretending nature-strongly resembling, in fact, a Margate fly which had been discarded as past service—but which, as it chased the silence from our quiet streets never failed to arrest the attention of the rare passer-by, who stopped to gaze upon it as an equipage of importance.

At the lower end of the table are to be

found the occasional arrivals; notably a venerable Herr Geheimrath, who makes his appearance about twice a-week on some business, drinks a bottle of wine at dinner, takes a cup of coffee immediately afterwards, and departs by the next steamer. Should he, meanwhile, be so fortunate as to get hold of a new-comer, he never fails to inflict upon him his standard ancedote of the circumstances under which he had once been addressed by

Napoleon the First, when that potentate appeared at Dusseldorff.

We have reason to believe, where we sit (and indeed the avocat Spitznase once elicited) as much), that the Emperor's manner was not altogether flattering to Herr Geheimrath; but that makes no kind of difference in the story. Stray Englishmen drop in, and generally make a point of ordering expensive wines for dinner—a great mistake when the table wine is of drinkable quality. He usually finds the chief difference to be in the price and name, and our ordinary Rhine wine was of the characteristic good vintage of the district. I remember one of my dear countrymen, wishing to study the variety of wines at call, taking up, as he supposed, the Wein karte; but, after puzzling for a long time amongst an but, after puzzling for a long time amongst an inexplicable list of names, it was explained to him that the said carte was nothing but the almanack, which being a Catholic one, had a long row of saints' names written in the German character, and appearing to this thirsty connoisseur to be a catalogue of things vinous rather than spiritual.

The calling out of the militia of the district causes dire confusion at the Gast-haus, sudden increase of cares to the hostess, dismay to the cook, and perplexity, not unrealised by passages of excitement, to the Hebes of the establishment. Besides the regular table d'hôte, there is now another long table, occupied by the mass of these defenders of their country. The irruption of the said sons of Mars is not altogether agreeable, even to the members of our usually quet coterie; not but what the warriors are of a polite and amiable nature; nevertheless, the undue number of diners in the room, tends somewhat to render it close and sufformation with the delay of the control of the co cating, besides causing considerable delay in the serving of the viands: the funes of tobacco assume the density of a London fog, and once emergence to a purer atmosphere is delayed by the missing of hat and a from the accustomed peg, and their disc after toilsome search, buried under a helmets, foraging-caps, swords, belts,

and other military appurtenances.

Although I was far from being prejudin favour of home-habits, and soon reconciled to many of the customs of country, I never could divest myself of conviction that it would not be arrises if were to change one's kuife and fork or proceedings of the dinner-table. I learnt to appreciate the flavour which a fork gives to blanc-mange, for example: true German would use his knife under circumstances.

I must not omit to mention the performances with which we are not quently favoured. Soon after the lego dinner, unearthly sounds make then heard outside the door, which gravesolve themselves into some waitz or or the sounds. selections performed by a harp, clarior bassoon; the bassoon usually having bassoon; the bassoon usually having all own way. Sometimes also we are favour with the presence of a youth who carries accordion of portentous dimensions, out which proceeds, a vague and asthmatic himony; one is expected generally to reathese performances with a small donation six pfennigs, or one halfpenny.

The music being ended, and the selecthery boiled beef, fried potatoes, live melted-butter, herring-cutteds, sour-keamot to be thought of without a shuffly pudding, roast fowl, roast mutton are cheese, and fruit, having been severally

cheese, and fruit, having been severa posed of, we successively, or, as is the with the avocats, simultaneously, rithe table. Cigars are produced on all I—the black coffee is sipped at sade table settees, or we wend our way home to

it there.

I pass the window about an hour wards; Doctor Stollierg Lozengefols us in his favourite corner, quietly perusa Kölner Zeitung; the elephantine jo Kölner Zeitung; the elephantine justinosing a long pipe with a porcelain and between the puts is plaguage penderous badinage the pretty niece.

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CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 300.

SATURDAY, DECEMBER 22, 1855.

Fices 2d,

DISPUTED IDENTITY.

When I was a loy, I lived with my father and mother, in a little cottage, in a village in Warwickshire. He was a farm labourer, my mother had enough to do with her family: but at harvest and hay-time she worked in the fields, and what she carned was a great help. She had a good many children; but one way or other, they all died except me and my brother. I think I should have gone like the rest, it it had not been for a neighbour's son, named George, who was most uncommon kind to me, he helped my mother nurse me when I was ill of a fever, and he was good to me ever after. He was some years older than me, and what made him take to me, I am sure I cannot tell; but that I should love him in return is no wonder at all. I worsure I cannot tell; but that I should love him in return is no wonder at all. I worshipped him, and that is the only word to use for it. He used to tell me no end of atories about robbers and wild beasts; but above all about battles. He used to make me windmills, and boats, and kites, and gave me endless balls of string and knives; but what I cared for most of all, was, that he let me follow him about wherever he went, and take his dinner to him out in the fields. and take his dinner to him out in the fields, and sent me on all his errands. I felt very and take his dinner to him out in the fields, and sent me on all his errands. I felt very proud to go; for I would have laid myself down under his feet if he had wanted me. Though I was quite a little chap, he used to tak to me as if I were his equal. He told me how he hated a dull country life, and how he longed to go away, and to seek his fortune in distant parts. He would have enlisted for a soldier, if it had not been for his mother, who would have broken her heart. She was most good wayman who had been tyrannised n meek good woman, who had been tyrannised over by a brutal husband, who had been groom to a gentleman. He broke his neek, trying to break in a vicious horse. Although, groom to a gentleman. He broke his neck, trying to break in a vicious horse. Although, being drank at the time, it was his own fault, the gentleman pensioned the widow; so that George had all the money he earned for himself. He did not take after his father; but held himself aloof from the other fellows in the village, and never set foot in an ale-house—not from pride, but because he took pleasure in other things. He was always studying at one thing or other every leisure moment, especially he the charge of his dog, too—a knowing example of the was always studying at one thing or other every leisure moment, especially he the charge of his dog, too—a knowing example of the was always example.

tried to pick up all he could about battles, and he used to draw plans of battles upon no old slate.

old slate.

At last a change came over him—a sort of fever—and he grew desponding and unhappy. He used to talk to me a great deal, but I could only feel very sorry for him, I could say nothing to comfort him. His mother, poor body, saw that all was not right, and feared he would take after his father, she used to preach to him out of the excechism, and tell him, it was his duty to be content in the state of life to which he was born; it was all very good, but not suitable to his case. He hated his occupation, and yet, oddly enough, it was his occupation, and yet, oddly enough, it was only in his work he seemed to find any relief. He did as much as three men, and then asked

Well, the truth must come out at last —George turned poacher. Poaching is a breach of the law of the land. I say no more about that; but I believe myself, that gentlemen who have a regular licence to shoot, and who preserve their own game, have not half the enjoyment in a whole senson's shooting, that there is in one night's good poaching. However, you see poaching has this drawback; —the fellows who take to poaching, leave off honest hard work; they slink out of daylight, and haunt public-houses, and take to low idle habits of every kind. The love of adventura kills the habit of steady-going industry. They would do capitally out in the Australian bush, or at the diggings; but they plague the life out of churchwardens, overseers, constables, and squires. So they make a mess of it, and get into trouble which is a pity, for you would not believe what line, likely young fellows many of them are to begin with.

George, for his part, was too proud, and remeated himself too much to fell into days and remeated himself too much to fell into days and remeated himself too much to fell into days and remeated himself too much to fell into days and remeated himself too much to fell into days and remeated himself too much to fell into days and remeated himself too much to fell into days and remeated himself too much to fell into days and remeated himself too much to fell into days and the second selections and the second selection of th Well, the truth must come out at last

George, for his part, was too proud, and respected himself too much, to fall into disrepu-

sable baute, who loved the sport as much as him marter; he was a strong lean yellow cross-band dog, with long hair and a feather tail, he knew as well as we did that he must tail, he knew as well as we dot that he has keep quiet during the day; and, though I sometimes dol my best to 'ties him, I could never prevail upon him to have a game of play. As soon as he had eaten his dinner, he would carl himself up, with his nose under his tail, and go off to aleep as sensible as a Christian; he knew that his master would give him exercise enough at night. We had Christan; he knew that his master would give him exercise enough at night. We had made a place for him to live in under the bushes close by where the tackle was kept, and we knew that nobody could moddle with

it so long as he was there.

Things went on in this way for some months. George's mother, who had always been ailing, fell into a kind of waste, and the doctors said she could not last long. George was nivays a good son, and he was hed and waited on his mother like a like and waited on his mother like a like and waited on his mother like. woman. He would not have had her know worthing of his going out at nights for the world; and, though it was well known in the village, the neighbours had too much good feeling to tell her. George was greatly out up by his nother's illness, but he told me that wien she was taken he would not stay in the above a day but would go for a soldier. in the place a day, but would go for a soldier. ucarly broke my heart when he said this, but he comforted me by saying, that he would send for me, and we should share our fortune to-gether. But this was not to be.

One night a party of men asked George to head them on an expedition into the woods of Lord Capelourry, where there was to be a battue the next day. Of course all the keepers were the next day. Of course all the keepers were on the next, but that was a temptation rather than not. George asked me to be with his mother for that evening, and to read to her to keep her from asking questions. I consented, though I would much

rather have gone with the party.

I saw George go away, and then went to the cottage of his mother, to whom I told a matural stery to account for his absence. a natural story to account for his absence. She soon grew weary of the reading, and talked and maundered on about former days, before she was married, and about her first meeting with her husband, and how much he was in love with her, and what a good husband he had been before he was led astray by bad company. I was thinking of George; but I was a good listener, and remained with her till she went to bed, and then I went home. Early the next morning I was awakened by bad news: there had been a desperate affray with the poachers the ing I was awakened by bad news: there had been a desperate affray with the poachers the night before; one of Lord Capelcurry's keep is was killed, and another seriously wounded. All the poachers had made their escape except George, who had been taken, and was dreadfully hurt. The news apread the wildfire; the constables were abroad; three of the poachers were secured, but the others managed to find safe hiding. It was

impossible to keep the news from George's mother, and you may fancy the misery at caused. I was nearly france, and walls d all the way to the gool in the next town, which was fifteen miles off, in the hopes of seeing George. Of course I was not admitted, but I tecorge. Of course I was not admirted, but he learned that he was in the infirmary, and his wounds were doing well. I was nearly mad. I could have heaten down the gates to got at him; and when I was turned away. I thought I would set the town on fire to revenge him. Some friends of the other men who had been taken were very kind to me, and kept me from doing mischief to myself or any one

There lived in the town a very elever man, who was looked up to as a sort of prisoner's friend; for if a man got into trouble, Mr. Messent was always ready to trouble, Mr. Messent was always ready to take his part; and he often got a presoner off, when there had not seemed a chance in the world for him. We all went to him and told him our case. He spoke kindly, and seemed to be very sorry about George and the other men. He talked of the game laws in a way that was a real comfort to us, and we went home in better heart. All the village joined to help to pay the money for the defence. After Mr. Messent had been admitted to see the prisoners, he drove over to our village to collect evidence and examine vitnesses. He called to see George's mather. nesses. He called to see George's mother. He brought her a message from her son. He brought me a kind word from him too Altogether he kept up our spirits wonder

Milly.

When, at last, the assizes came on George was recovered enough to take his trial. All the prisoners were found guity and George was declared to be the on who fired the shot that had been the actual the management of the management of the shot that had been the actual of the management of the shot that had been the actual of the management of the shot that had been the actual of the shot that had been the shot that had cause of the gamekeeper's death. The just in his address, declared it to be one of a most aggravated cases he had ever trained of the control and called upon the prisoners to rejoice the lenity of the sentence, which was, the George was to be transported for the term his natural life, and all the others for fourt years. I saw George once—for one mon-I, and the friends of the other prisoners allowed to stand in the yard as they conveyed to the van. I sprang forwards grasped one of his hands : he said cheeri-Good bye, old fellow; we will meet again

George's mother never looked up as she died before the week was out. gang of ponchers was entirely broken and Lord Capelcurry and his keepers broken and Lord Capeleurry and his keepers their hares and partridges in peace. keepers had killed George's dog; but I thered together all the odd matters had belonged to him, and which noboly puted with me. I then turned my upon the place where I had hved, and

to seek for work elsewhere.

I might have been then about six
The gardener at Squire Munsford's had

ried my mother's sister; at I went there first, to see if he could give me a place. It was ten miles on the other side of the villings where all these things had taken place. Both he and my aunt received me very kindly. I was made under gardener and helper to my uncle it was a good place, and I nived there for five years. My uncle was a Scotchman, and he took plans with my learning; for he was a man of some education himself. At the end of that time he went to be head-gardener to Sir Kobert Palmer, and I was promoted by Squire Munsford to his place. This was considered a great piece of good luck, and so it was, but you see, I only cared for one thing in this world, and that was, to save money enough to be able to join George across the water. I went home sometimes to see my lather and mother at the old place. My brother—I told you I had one—did not turn out comfortably, and ended by running away to sea; so I had to help the old people, which kept me from saving so much as I anght otherwise have done. One time, when I was down there, I heard a runour that George had escaped from the gang of converts, and had got clear off along with two others, after killing the overseer. This statement had made the round of the news-papers; yet, Betany Bay was so far off, no two others, after killing the overseer. This statement had made the round of the newspapers: yet, Botany Bay was so far off, no one could rightly tell whether to believe this or not: but everybody who had known him wished George well; and, after I had been gardener it might be about ten years, Madam Munsferd died, and the Squire broke up his attributed went to live it prostore perfectly the second went to live in another contraction. establishment and went to live in another part of England.

of England.

I was left in charge of the place with a man under me, to keep the grounds in order; and an old servant was left in the house. After Squire Munsford's death—which followed that of his wife in a couple of years—the place came into the market to be sold; and the estate was divided into lots, some of which went with the house, and others separate. A good many parties came to view the house; but for some it was too large and for house; but for some it was too large and for others too small, and from one cause or other it remained a couple of years unlet. One morning as I was mowing the lawn, I saw a grand travelling carriage atop before the gate. A gentleman who was inside beckened me to come to him. I went; but when I reached the window I nearly dropped

when I reached the window I nearly dropped down with surprise, for 1 surely believed it was George himself I saw before me.

The gentlemantook nonotice of my looks, but quiety asked, if he could be shown over the bouse?—he had a card to view it. He alighted, and I walked behind him like a person in a dream: the more I looked at the stranger the more perplexed I was with the resemblance. He was evidently a military man, and had the mark of a sabre-cut across his forehead. He addressed me as a perfect stranger, and asked many questions which I

answered without well knowing what I said. answered without wer knowing what I said, that George should have been me a gentle man and ride in his carriage was quite likely though; but I felt and that, however grand he might become, he would never change towards me. At hist he drove away, and I did not know whether to feel glad or

A few days afterwards he returned, accompanied by a man of business; and, after much panied by a man of bosiness; and, after much examination of documents, and comparing of deeds. Mojor Rutherford (as George's Double was called), became the owner of the house and certain lots of land lying around; a nice compact little property if was. The furniture was old-fashioned, and would have fetched nothing at a sale; but it suited the bouse, and was convenient as well as appropriate. This was taken at a small exhaptor house, and was convenient as well as appropriate. This was taken at a small valuation, and thus, at a stroke, Major Rutherford took his place am agest the county gentry. Before they acparted, I was cathed into the room and received the offer to become Major Rutherford's bailiff. The lawyer—who had been squire Munsford's man of business—sail he had recommended me; but I did not think that had anything to do with my appointment. Ever since I had heard of George's escape, I had felt unsettled in my grand purpose; and now, though I could not make the Major out to my satisfaction, I felt quite content to stop with him.

Major out to my satisfaction, I tent quite content to stop with him.

If I had expected the Major to be like what I recollected of George, I was much mistaken; he was like George certainly; butit was George passessed by a devil; all the gloomy, moody discontent, which had overshadowed him in the latter days of our intercourse, seemed to be hardened and exaggerated in the Major and a bitter granding sense of wrong and be hardened and exaggerated in the Major mto a bitter granding sense of wrong and injustice. He had evidently lived a storny adventurous life; and, although he had conquered fortune and position, yet he was scornful and contemptuous—unthank if one might say—for all the conforts and advantages the had won in his battle of life. It was understood that he was a continuous life. advantages he had won in his battle of the It was understood that he was a gentleman by birth, of good though decayed family; that he had entered the East India Company's service when very young, and had wen his promotion by heading more than one forturn hope. The means by which he had obtained his fortune was not exactly known; but men in those days always made their fortunes in his fortune was not exactly known; but men in those days always made their fortunes in the East. The neighbouring gentlemen all called upon him; but his opinions and theirs clashed at all points: they were all good steady church and king men, tories of the old school. The Majorhad brought home with him startling political notions about reform in parlament, and extension of the suffrage, which he propounded with a reckless audicity that nearly sent some of his most respectable visitors into title of anomery. He also took the earliest tits of apoplexy. He also took the earliest apportunity of quarrelling with the rector of the parish, who was a magistrate as well as a clergyman; and, in that capacity, had committed three men for some trifling trespass upon his own property. The Major declared that this was a most unchristian proceeding, and refused to attend church; the large family pew in the pretty village church con-sequently remained untenanted Sunday after Sunday, to the intense disgust of the rector, and the great scandal of the county-side. But the crowning act of his unpopularity was, that the crowning act of his unicopularity was, that, at a supper which he gave to the terants and farmers on his estate, he announced his intention of not preserving his game, and gave them all free permission to kill what-ever they found on their own land.

This proceeding was in such direct opposition to the customs of the county, that the gentry looked upon it as a reflection upon them, and looked upon it as a reflection upon them, and resented it accordingly. They all cut the major, and spoke of him as an infidel, a Jacobite, and a revolutionary democrat. The Major took all this with great indifference, and seemed, indeed, to enjoy exasperating their prejudices. To his own tenants he made a kind but strictly just landlord,—all the fences, farm-houses, and buildings were kept in perfect repair, the cottages of the labourer to make the condition of all who demended on to make the condition of all who depended on him as good as possible; but, in spite of the substantial benefits he conferred, he was anything but popular: he was too much of a reformer, and made no allowance for the natural unwillingness of men to walk in new ways. He liked to be in the opposition, and would any day have preferred to tight for his own way, rather than obtain it uncon-

tested As for myself, I was much attached to him, partly for his own sake, and partly for the sake of old times, which he so strangely brought back to me, though he never, by the most trivial word or deed recognised any former state of intercourse. A year passed on without any remarkable occurrence; but then, there befel a curious adventure. The Major and I went to attend an agricultural dinner that took place in the next town, which dinner that took place in the next town, which is a cathedral town. As we returned home, it was a bright moonlight night. The streets were deserted; everybody was in bed; but, as we drove past the enthedral, I distinctly saw a figure at one of the lower windows, fluttering a handkerchief, and I fancied I heard a faint voice cry, "Help!" I do not believe in ghosts but I confess my heart land. lieve in ghosts, but I confess my heart beat

thick.

"Good heaven!" said the Major, "some one has been buried alive, and is trying to escape!"

"More likely some poor mad creature who has escaped from confinement, and has hidden

herself there.

Again we heard the cry of "Help!"

The Major sprang from the gig. I did not like him to go alone, but the horse was young and spirited, and could not be left.

The Major soon returned. "We must find

out the sexton," said he, hastly; "it is a poor young woman who has been locked as by accident. She seems to be nearly made with fear." with fear.

There was not a soul to be seen about We did not the least in the world know where the keys were kept; but we were obliged to do something. After knock my apseveral wrong people, who did not bestow blessings upon us for our prins, we at length discovered the clerk, and with some difficulty and blin and his lantern into the street. blessings upon us for our pains, we at length discovered the clerk, and with some difficulty got him and his lantern into the street. The Major and he went together to the cuthedral and I remained with the gig. They some returned, carrying between them a young girl, who seemed to be dead. They took her into the house, and the clerk's wife came down-stairs; lights appeared in the various houses, whose inmates we had disturbed, and night-capped heads were papearl out of the windows to see what had happened. One or two, more curious than the rest, came into the street, to learn the 12ths of the case. As soon as the poor girl, was sufficiently recovered to be able to speak, the told us that she had come from Sutton-Costy that day with a party of friends for a day's shopping, and to see the monuments in the cathedral While she was looking at one of the tomb, her party passed on; and, when she turned round, she saw them leaving the building. She called, but no one heard: in her haste, her foot slipped, and she fell down against a pillar, and cut her hrow,—before she could rise, she heard the ponderous doors clang together, and the key turn in the lack At first she thought they would miss her and return; but time passed on, and they did not clang together, and the key lurn in the lack. At first she thought they would miss her and return; but time passed on, and they did not come. She beat against the door, but could make no one hear. Evening closed in, she grew desperate at the prospect of remaining there all night. The last thing she recollected was climbing to a window and breaking the glass to attract attention. Pour thing it was no woulder she were frightered. thing, it was no wender she was frightened at the prospect of remaining in that great dark lonely place full of graves! I shou!

at the prospect of remaining in that great dark lonely place full of graves! I should not have liked it myself.

The Major decided that we would driet her home, late as it was, to save her friend further anxiety. She was well wrapped up and we took her between us in the gig.

She lived about five miles across the country, in an old monted furnishouse that had been once a manor house. It was now

country, in an old monted farmhouse that had been once a manor house. It was now a dim ghostly-looking place, built of grastone, and half unoccupied. As we directly the lane that led to the house, we saw a number of persons moving about in group excitement. The sound of our vehicle called some persons to the door. Foremost among them was the farmer holding a candle arrow his head, and his other hand shading his cyst. behind him were the maintenance. I could be poor girl shrink closer to us when feel the poor girl shrink closer to us when he appeared.
"We have brought back your daughter

Mr. Byrne," said the Major, speaking first-"We have been so fortunate as to rescue her from a very unpleasant situation."

"Where hast thou been to, wench?" asked the father, sternly. "Go to bed with you, huzzy,—a presty disgrace you are to your founds! And who may you gentlemen be?" said he, turning upon us. "How do I know that you have not made, up a throw and they that you have not made up a story amongst you, to get me to receive the girl back when she may deserve no better than to be thrown out of the window !"

The Major was struck domb at such an address; but I, to whom the brutal violent character of Farmer Byrne was well known, knew better how to deal with him. In a few words I made him understand that this sort of thing would not answer. He subsided into a surly civility, and gave us grudging thanks, that seemed to choke him in the utterance. On our road home I told Major Rutherford what I knew about the farmer,—he was a savage brite, who had broken the heart of his wife by ill-usage, and was bidding fair to do as much for his daughter—a good, gentle, well-conducted girl: a good daughter to an ill much for his daughter—a good, gentle, well-conducted girl; a good daughter to an ill-father. I spoke warmly in her praise; for I felt very sorry for the poor thing when I thought of the beating she would be sure to get as soon as our backs were turned; but I was not prepared for the effect my words were to take. Before a month was over the Major came to me one day, and told me that he was going to be married to Farmer Byrne's daughter. Without saving a word to me, he had made inquiries about her; had seen her trequently, and partly from compassion, and partly from love, he had gone the length of proposing to her, and had been accepted.

I was surprised, and not altogether pleased. He was so mixed up in my mind with George that I could not separate the two, and I could not bear to have any change in our relationship. He saw I was not pleased, and took some trouble to reconcile me to it. course, nothing that I could say would alter the matter; so I held my tongue, and they were married very quietly at the parish church by the obnoxious rector. One good result followed this marriage; she persuaded her husband to begin to go to church again, and be friends with the rector. I was very glad of this; for their feud had been one cause hat the neighbourhood held about from the Major, and I wanted to see him take his rightful position. His wife's influence, too, had a happy effect upon his tomper and dis-She softened his bitter contradictory spirit, and showed so much good sense in her new position, that I ended by thinking that the Major had done the wisest act in his

life when he married her.

As to the poor girl herself, she brightened up under the influence of happiness, and looked quite a new creature. It was the first little: glimpae of sunshine she had sver known,

She was far too humble to fret herself because the neighbouring ladies did not receiv her into their ranks, and was far too much in love with her husband to care for any-thing else. They lived quite privately and quietly; and, at the end of eighteen months a little son was born, who filled up the measure of their content.

One morning I had been to wait on the Major, to ask directions about the drainings of an outlying meadow. He agreed to ride over with me to see what was doing, and we went out together at the back of the house, to go to the stables. As we were crossing the yard we saw a wild, athletic man, half gipsy. half tinker, standing ready to beg or to steal, as the occasion offered. The Major had a horror of vagrants and beggars, and never showed them any mercy. All the penalties the law allows were always enforced; though no man had a kinder heart to all honest and deserving poor than he. I had seen this tinker hanging about, the day before, in the village, and had warned him off. I was surprised to and had warned him on. I was surplished see him here, for the boldest beggars never ventured near the house. The Major roughly dusired him to go away. The man looked at him with impudent, malicious eyes; and, coming nearer, said something in a low tone that I did not hear. To this, the Major only replied by threatening him with the rading whip he held in his hand; the man replied insolently, and the blow descended 227088 his face. Staggering and blinded, the man shook his fists at the Major, and said:

"I know you, George Marston; and I will do for you yet."

do for you yet.

I started, as though a pistol had been dis-larged in my car. I looked at the Major; charged in my ear. I looked at the Major; our eyes met; my glance fell beneath his, and I turned away. We neither of us made any I turned away. We neither of us made any remark; we might not have heard, for any sign we gave. The Major mounted his pony, and rode alone to the field; where he remained superintending the workmen till dinner-time.

I was waiting for him when he returned.

"Has any one been to ask for me?" said

he, as he dismounted.

No, sir," replied the servant.

"No, sir," replied the servant.

"Stay and dine with us, Benson," said the Major, turning to me; and we went into the dining-room together. Mrs. Rutherford and the baby were there. The Major talked to his wife, played with his child, and cat his dinner like a man who enjoyed it. I sat stupified, and wondering what was to come next. After dinner, the Major proposed to drive his wife and the baby in a little forest carriage kept entirely for her use. She was carriage kept entirely for her use. She was delighted; and, as she took her place, I thought she looked prettier than I had ever seen her. she looked prettier than I had ever seen lor. She always had an innecent look, and a little air of rusticity that became her well. The Major's great calmiess and indifference stage gered me, and did more to make me doubt my own convictions than a dozen denials.

About an hour after the Major had goue

out, two men drave to the door in a postchaise, and inquired for him. They were strangers, but I knew they were constables. I ordered them refreshments in the Major's I ordered them refreshments in the Major's room; and, having seen them seated before the bread and choose, I went out to await the Major at a turn of the road. I told him, as unfiferently as I could, not to alarm his write, and asked whether he would choose to avoid them. His check flushed as I spoke, and a look, like one I well remembered of old, came into his face, as he said. "No; let them do their worst." And then, touching the pony with the whip, he drove on as calmly as though I had asked him what was to be done with a heap of stones. The constables came out at the sound of wheels, and with official with a heap of stones. The constables came out at the sound of wheels, and with official stendity presented their warrant. The Major glanced at the paper; and, shrugging his shoulders, said he was quite ready to go with them. His wife looked anxiously from one party to the other.

"It is a summons to appear immediately before the magistrates in the next town, to

before the magistrates in the next town, to give evidence in a case of disputed identity. Get my carpet-bag packed directly, there's a good little woman; I shall not be home tonight."

She left the room, and he made no attempt

to follow her,

"I am obliged to accompany these persons
to the next town," said the major to me.

"They are "constables, come to take me on the pleasant; for innocent men have been hanged for their likeness to other people before now. However, I hope to establish my identity; I have a few marks to help me."

He spoke in a hard, dry, distinct voice, as

though every word were attered with effort.

I could not speak.

"I expect to return to-morrow," continued he; "but if I am detained, I will write to you. Keep Mrs. Rutherford from feeling uneasy, and use your own judgment in all things."

His wife entered, looking tearful and agitated. She had a presentiment of evil. His lip quivered, as he bade her farewell; he grasped my hand, and sprang hastily into

The Major did not return home the next day, or the next after that; for he was committed to the county gaol to take his trial at the next assizes. At first, the magistrates were extremely unwilling to entertain the charge; and they would have dismissed it, if, unluckily for the Major, Sir Gervaise Skinner had not been on the bench. He was a staunch Tory, and had been terribly scandalised the Major's liberal politics. No crime could, in his opinion, be too dreadful for such a man to commit; and this accusation seemed one an natural explanation of the Major's character. He insisted that the accused should be remanded, to give time to impulse further into the matter. The Major himself

did not furnish so prompt an exculpation as might have been expected he did not were to have any friends to whose testimony is could appeal. After two remainles, he would committed to take his trial, and I had break the matter to his wife, who took to with a composure that surpresed mr. slot thought her husband a persecuted man, i. at her faith in his innocence did not waver for an instant.

All that followed may be read in the ewspapers of the time. It remains on se newspapers of the time. It remous on record as one of the most celebrated on the ever tried; and, although it was certainly decided by judge and pury, yet public open on was much divided, and even I have my do thus still about the matter. You shall judge for

yourself.

The old tinker, rascal as he was, told a He had been sentenced to seven years transportation at the same as we that saw George Marston sentenced for life. This part of his story was proved. He had goue in the same convict ship, and had seen through every day during the voyage. George was put in some sort of authority over him, and excited his ill-will. When they lamind, he worked in the same gang with George. He gave minute details of theorge's except and of the savage onslaught upon the oversor, which resulted in death. A body was histovered some time after, in a state of decomposition, which was supposed to be that of George Marston, the escaped convict, but he, the tinker, had reasons of his wu for not believing it to be George Marston. body. He swore positively that the Maor and George Marston were one and the same person. Two other persons, contribusame person. Two other persons, corvice who had served their time, and who had seen and conversed with George Marston before he effected his escape, were positive as to his identity with the Major. Several porcess from the village where he was born, and I ved before he was transported, recognised has the moment they saw him. The surge on who had dressed the wounds received in the fital affray with the keepers, identified him. were wounds also on the person of the Maj were wounds also on the person of the Majeorresponding with those recorded in the person entry, and in the surgeon's ownerivate journal. Mr. Messeut, the heavy who had defended him, now a very old in a but in perfect possession of his facultar, a cognised him as his old cleant. I was the called upon to give my evidence. I was the collection have here Groppe's friend, and a street to have been George's friend, and a sed deal was expected from me; but I deli the strong resemblance; but, living besides on many years, I had also perceived differentiable the strong resemblance; as, after a great of browbeating and cross examination I del not a was allowed to depart. I had at least the old upon the case.

The story the Major told about himself,

in his defence, was ingenious and romantc. He produced a certificated extract of birth and baptism from the parish register of a small market town in a remote part of Wales; and called as evidence an old man and woman, who had kept the only inn in the place. They declared that in such a year, corresponding with the date of the extract a lady and gentleman, unaccompanied by any servants, arrived at the Golden Lion. They were evidently rich, and belonged to what the old man called Real Quality. The lady was contined of a son a few days after her arrival; and the child was baptised Andrew, and registered as the child of Thomas and Mary Rutherford. When the lady was sufficiently recovered, they departed, taking with them a Welsh nurse for the baby. The with them a Welsh nurse for the baby. The nurse returned in a few weeks, saying that the lady and gentleman were gone abroad, taking the child with them; but she showed a great reserve and unwillingness to speak of the matter. This young woman died shortly afterwards. There was great difficulty in taking the evidence of these old people, who were very deaf, and spoke only Welsh. The Major then declared that he lived with his parents both in America and also in France, until he entered the East India Company's service at the age of nineteen: but that portion of his narrative was contradictory and confused. The begin-ning of his career in the Indian army was also obscure. He could call no witnesses who knew anything about him until many years subseanything about him until many years subsequently—until, indeed, the year after George had made his escape—and then he was not an officer, but a private soldier. That point made against him. The very next year he was in another regiment as Lieutenant Rutherford, with papers and certificates of service, with the subre-cut upon his head, the mark of which was visible enough, and also of the other wounds which actually were upon his person. From this point his were upon his person. From this point his case was clear; he distinguished himself in various engagements; displayed not only courage, but high military talent; and how, asked he, was it possible that an escaped couriet, a man of no education, should suddenly find himself endowed with military knowledge sufficient to till a highly response. great effect upon the whole court. I confess I because some imagine that a million francs, or forty thousand pounds of capital francs, or forty thousand pounds of a million francs, or forty thousand pounds of a milli

The whole defence was eloquent and claborate—too elaborate and too ingenious. The judge, in summing up, polled it all to pieces; dwelling particularly on the fact, that the accused could give no account of the most important events that had happened in his important events that had happened in his family. He knew evidently authing of either France or America. His experiences a India were contradictory and confused, up to the year following that in which he was accused of making his escape from transportation. All this, and a great deal more that I cannot now remember, the judge brought out. The defence was not coherent, and the jury, without retiring, returned a verdict of guilty; but strongly recommended the prisoner to mercy. the prisoner to mercy.

The Major heard the verdict with haughty

indifference; and, on being asked in the usual form, why sentence should not be pronounced against him, replied; "Because I am not the man who has incurred the penalty." He uttered these words in a ranging, sonorous voice; and this simple affirmation took more effect than all his defence put together.

effect than all his defence put together.

The judge passed sentence, and he was removed from the dock. The interest excited by his case was intense; petitions and memorials on his behalf were got up all over the country, and backed by highly influential persons. What effect they might have had it is hard to say; but they were rendered superfluous by the fact that the Major effected his own escape in a masterly fashion unwaralleled in the annals of prison-breaking. unparalleled in the annals of prison-breaking. I was not surprised. I had heard him say, that the prison was not built that could keep him inside if he chose to go out. He got clear off, and reached the continent in safety. He was afterwards joined by his wife. They are both still alive. Government declined to confiscate his property: the sou inherited it. I was made trustee and guardian, and have administered the affairs

CHIP.

MILLIONNAIRES AND MEASURES

In the article on Decimal Money, French millionnaires are spoken of as the accumula-tors of a million france. But the doubting query has been put: Is it certain that millionnaire means the possessor of a million

and he goes to the Chaussée d'Antin (where Measures. While supposing the decimalisa the rich and hadionable of the new school tion of weights and measures to take preside), in search after some marketable endonce of that of come, I was more banker's sister. While the wife-hunt is summing up the opinions of the Come

paragraphs as the following: "Monsieur A. Dumas, Junior, is giving the finishing-touch to a five-act comedy, intended for the Thefitre Française. It will be entitled, His Highness, Money. We are informed, on the other hand, that the Vaudeville has accepted from M. Louis Lurine, a piece which will be called His Majesty Million. Authors have often devoted their talents to the Golden Calf, but devoted their talents to the Golden Call, but it will be found that the subject has never presented itself with greater actuality. Again, it is positively asserted that Dr. Véron is preparing for publication a novel in two volumes, the title of which is suggestive of Mr. Warren's Ten Thousand a Year; for it is to be called A Hundred Thousand Francs a-Year. However, it is mostly the continuation of the Memoirs Thousand Francs a-Year. However, it is merely the continuation of the Memoirs of a Bourgeois of Paris. These satirical shafts are shot principally in a backward and retrospective direction:—on the reign of Louis Philippe. On the contriver of Spanish marriages, future history will probably fix the most sordid phase of French morality."

To be quite sure about the millionnaire, on consulting my French banker, he intermed me, in the first place, that I myself am not a millionnaire, either in one sense or the other of the word; although he acknowledged I had made the first step towards it by the small balance left untouched in his hands, for balance left untouched in his hands, for which he pays me four per cent. interest.
"But, Monsieur," he added, smiling, as though the idea amused him as something funny; "if you had a million francs of capital you would certainly be a millionnaire in France." I therefore am inclined to "But, Monsieur," he added, smiling, as though the idea amused him as something funny; "if you had a million frances of capital you would certainly be a millionnaire in France." I therefore am inclined to adhere to my previous estimate, in spite of the doubts of a learned and valued correspondent.

The same authority has a word or two to say also on our paper on Decimal

the rich and fashionable of the new school reside), in search after some marketable banker's sister. While the wife-hunt is still going on, a wealthy uncle dies, and then, and not till then, the mercentry Lothario exclaims, "Je suis millionnaire!"

—I am a millionnaire! and shifts his ground to the quarter of the old nobility — Fanbourg Saint Germain — to catch a countess.

Millionnaire does not mean the very wealthiest of the land. Of persons with a million frames a-year, there are not fifty, perhaps not five and twenty, in all France. To denote such men as Rothschild, for instance, something much more speculative than millionnaire is required. He is styled the Banker King, the Monsieur Gros Sou, Prince Le Sac or Prince Purse, and so on. The Jupiters of the money-market are aimed at with more or less precision, in such words as Toussenel's, "the Jews, the Kinga of the Epoch;" and in such newspaper paragraphs as the following: "Monsieur A. Dumas, Junior, is giving the finishing-touch to a five-neise. It will be entitled His Highness. forms being effected simultaneously, admit of no positive necessity that they shall be made unexpectedly, and without due netre. While there are national, parish, uncon, and infant schools, not to speak of seminaries, and genteel establishments for young ladies and gentlemen, a Decimal system need not fall. like a thunderbolt, on the heads of the rising generation. Preparation may be made be-forehand, by the publication of simple trea-tises, explanations, tables, and rules (as was done in France) of the new weights and coins. as soon as they shall have been determined by Act of Parliament. Standard specimens of the moneys and measures may be publicly exhibited a month of two previously. And the able amateur lecturers who take a pleasure in holding forth to the community, will find in the innovation proposed a subject replete with instruction, utility, and amusement. Why not form classes to play the game of buying and selling in Decimals? exhibited a month or two previously.

After thinking till every hair of my head, which has not tallen off with the effort, is turned silver-grey, I hold to the persuasion, that we had best retain a national docimal coinage founded on the sovere n; and that we should adopt the French metrical system of weights and measures, as deserving to be made cosmopolite.

In the article on Decimal Measures, at page

measures, and coins in France) are expressed by numerals derived from the Greck; thus, a kilomètre is a thousand mêtres."

AN ENGLISH WIFE

Without the ship goes emitly rushing Through the feaming sheets of spray, I will answer you that question You propounded yesterday.

"Wherefore is it"—thus you ask'd me—
"That when all on hoard are glad
To approach our merry England,
You alone look pale and sad?"

Whilst the feating waves are anger'd By the tempest's businessus warls Sit you here, old man, beside me — Sit, and listen to my tale.

It was the time of summer roses, lo the morning of my life, That with loving heart and trustful, I, alis, became a wife.

Stately was he, handsome, winning, Highly horn; for he could trace, Bock beyond the Norman Conquest, Gallant soldiers of his race.

Ghal I was, a'erjoy'd and happy; Never girl affection felt Tract, stronger, or more tender Than within my bosom dwelt,

How I loved him! It was suffit Thus a mortal to adole; Thus wit in an entitly cosket Every hope and with to store,

⁴ In awhile we cross'd the ocean; For broad lands there were of mine In that rile warrace we have parted, Where the blue skies cloudless shine.

But its earlight soon look'd gloomy, And its green hills dull to u.e. For my soul felt tick and fainting With a dread anxiety:

To and ito, a spectral shadow—
Horrible, without a name,
Frighting from my heart the life-blood—
Ever and anon there came.

Then the gorgeous flowers look'd faded,
And the palm no beauty were,
And the stars that shone upon me
Were not radiant as before.

Thus, that dark and shadowy spectro Near and paintable became; While in hollow tones it whisper'd, "Him thou lov'st is not the same.

Mark," it said, " the golden idol
Thou so wershippest, is dross;
And the love that then hast lavished
Shall become though life thy cross."

To such words I would not listen;
I et their cold breath made me qualt;
My denoing step grew slow and heavy.
And my checks grew wan and pale.

Then he left me. He, my husband;
And my infant yet unborn
Though his worns were kind at parting.
Need I say I felt forlorn?

O those months! Sick, and in sociow, Sailly, heavily they past; Till to my bosom, aching, yearning, A lovely babe I prest at last.

Then came a letter; kind and lossing— Calling me to him again; So the indeous spectre vanish'd; Joyful, I recross'd the main.

Well, he met us. O that meeting '
Its remembrance brings a grean.
Though between me and that augusti
Twenty summers' suns have flown.

Then I knew what I had dreaded; Knew that I alone must mee: Life upon the hill of battle, With scarr'd breast and bleeding feet.

And I lived? They say, old soldier, That in Spain one vintage morn, Thou, straight through a nery hail-group, Leddest on the hope forlorn;

And they tell, with head claft open, And with sharter'd limbs you lay Where the bullets down had struck you: Yet thou has survived that day.

So I lived; and, for a season, Row'd my head and bore my part; Hiding like the youthful Sparian, The fierce wolf which guaw'd my heart.

For awhile then colder, harder, Pierced the tron in my soul; Outraged, scorn'd, my infine hate! The pent waters mock'd control.

Who hath tra-ed its secret pach? I erewhile the meckest, gentlest,
Rose a lioness in wrath. —

Par away in Western India, When the burning wind has past Scorching every tree and flower With its flery furnace-blast;

When the strong plants all lie wither'd, Blasted every blade of green; Shining midst the desolution, Is a pure whate hily seen:

Thus, and the blacken'd ruin Which alone remain'd for me, Like that bud of Western Indus, My most precious child was she-

Yet, for snother left, abandon'd, Pennicse. It my distress, I, in England's laws sought refuge; Only to be scorn'd redress.

Then his rage became demoniac, And he took an oath that day, That my only consolation Should from me be torn away

^{*} The Mababuleshwur Lily Literally, the Power of the Great God

That my quotien little danghter, M. white homb, my pretty flower, so mald be placed - would food permit it s-ln a wicked wanton's power.

Ficen the spirit which upheld me Sank, uccomb'd, for I foresaw That he could take her; for—I know it— Such was merry England's law.

But the God who saved his servants In the furnace fiery breath, Saved me and my little daughter From this avil, worse than death.

Tidings to a friend of childhood Of me, desoluted, sped, Gold he sent, so I and baby, Unknown to my tyrant fied.

We were shelter'd, welcomed, cared for, In that idland of the sea; And soft peace, like morning sunahine, Kiss'd away the tears from me.

Look around! behold the waters! Clear thou know at cash drop to be; Yet the expanse how dark appearing— Dark from its profundity.

Thus the ways of God to fathom, Are on earth to man demed; We shall know and praise hereafter: Old man,-my dear baby died.

And, since that, up life's steep mountain On sharp stones the way has been, Often stumbling, failing, fainting, But upraised by the Unseen.

I've endured humiliation, Toking for my daily bread; that bondage -" task delightful "-One who never tried it, said.

Of my husband! Once in sickuess, Faint, upon my bed I lay; Hoping every earthly sorrow Would, ere long, depart away.

Thus, I wrote,-" From one another, We through life must sunder'd be; Yet, once so beloved, my husband, I would die at peace with thee.

"Thou hast my existence cover'd With a black functeal pall, But, adored of life's fresh memory, Freely I forgive thee all.

"All the scorn, injustice, anguish, Press'd so sore into my heart, I targate—completely, freely Be there peace ere I depart?"

This was sent, and, in due season, Came his answer o'er the main, From my hed I had uprisen; But it amore me down again.

Cruel was it P harsh, remorseless Wine dutill'd from grapes of gall; Oh for Lethe's fabled waters! Drinking to forget, t all.

Therefore is it, brave old soldier, That, when a l on board ore good To approach our merry England, I alone am pale and sad

THE CRUISE OF THE TOMTIT.

"At any other time of the year and for a shorter croise, I should be delighted to join you. But as I prefer dying a dry death, I must decline accompanying you all the way to the Scilly Islands in a little pleasure boat of thirteen tons, just at the time of the autumnal equinox. You may meet with a gale that will blow you out of the water. You are running a rick, in my opinion, of the most senseless kind—and, if I thought my advice had any weight with you, I should say most earnestly, be warned in time, and give up the trip."—Extract from the letter of A Printent Friend.

"It I were only a single man, there is nothing I should like better than to join you. But I have a wife oud faturly, and I can't reconcile it to my conscience to tisk being drowned. —Report from the Parenell Speech of A Prudent Friend.

"I loud come back bottom upwards." Condenses tion of the Valedictory Blessings of secretal Pradent Priends.

Friends.

We received the enlivening expressions of opinion quoted above, with the perfect political ness which distinguishes us both. At the same time, with the firm resolution which forms another marked trait in our respective characters, we held to our original determination, engaged the boat and the crew, and put to sea on our appointed day, in the teeth of the wind and of our friends' objections. But before I float the present narrative into blue water, I have certain indispensable formalities to accomplish which will keep me and my readers for a little while yet on dry land. First of all, let me introduce our boat, our crew, and ourselves. ourselves.

Our boat is named the Tomtit. She is cutter-rigged. Her utmost length from stem to stem is thirty-six feet, and her greatest breadth on deck is ten feet. As her size does breadth on deck is ten feet. As her size does not admit of bulwarks, her deck, between the cabin-hatch and the stern, dips into a kind of well, with seats round three sides of it, which we call the Cockpit. Here we can stand up in rough weather without any danger of being rolled overboard; elsewhere, the sides of the vessel do not rise more than a few inches above the deck. The cabin of the Tomiti is twelve feet long, eight feet wide, and five feet six inches deep. It has room, lockers, and a snug little fireplace, and it and five feet six inches deep. It has room; lockers, and a sing little fireplace, and it leads into two recesses forward, which make capital storerooms for water, coals, firewood and so forth. When I have added that the Tomtit has a bright red bottom, continued, as to colour, up her sides to a little above the water-mark; and when I have further stated that she is a fast sailer, and that she proved herself on our cruise to be a capital little carboat, I have said all that is needful at present on the subject of our yacht, and may get on to our crew and ourselves.

Our crew is composed of three brothers: Sam Dobbs, Dick Dobbs, and Bob Dobbs; all active scamen, and as worthy and hearty fellows as any man in the world could wish to sail with. My friend's name is Mr. Migott, and mine is Mr. Jollins. Thus, we are five and mine is Mr. Jollins. Thus, we are non-board altegether. As for our characters, I shall leave them to come out as they may in the course of this narrative. I am going the course of this parrative. What some people call smart writing, comic colouring, and graphic describing, are departments of authorship at which I snap my fingers in

contempt. The port we sailed from was a famous watering-place on the western coast, called Mangerton-on-the-Mud; and our intention, as intimated in the letter of our prudent friend, wastogo even further than the Land's End, and to reach those last bits of English ground called the Seilly Islands. But if the reader thinks he is now to get atlant at once, he is grievously mistaken. One very important and interesting part of our voyage was entirely comprised the preparations that we made for it. wholly devote myself in the first instance. On paper, or off it, neither Mr. Migott nor myself are men to be harried.

We left Lendon with nothing but our

We left Lendon with nothing but our clothes, our wrappers, some tobacco, some French novels, and some Egyptian cigars. Everything that was to be bought for the vovage was to be procured at Bristol. Everything that could be extracted from private benevolence was to be taken in unlimited quantities from hospitable friends living more or less in the neighbourhood of our place of embarkation. At Bristol we plunged over head and cars in naval business immeover head and ears in naval business minediately. After ordering a ham, and a tongue, materialade, lemons, anchovy paste, and general groceries, we set forth to the quay to emip ourselves and our vessel. We began thing directions and a compass; with charts, sailing directions, and a compass; we got on to a hammock a-piece and a flag; and we rose to a nautical climax by buying tarpaulin-coats, leggings, and a m'-westers, at a sailors' public-house. With these sea-stores, and with a noble loaf of home made (the offering of private benevolence) we left Bristol to scour the friendly country beyond, in search of further contributions to the larder of the Tomtit.

The first scene of our ravages was a large country-house, surrounded by the most charming grounds. From the moment when we and on multifarious packages poured tunultuous into the hall, to the moment when we From the moment when we and the said packages poured out of it again into a carriage and a cart, I have no recol-

able and catable that we wanted in it. The mexhaustible hospitality of our hostess was proof against all the inroads that we could make on it. The priceiess gift of packing perishable commodities securely in small spaces possessed by a buly living in the house and placed perpetually at our disposal, encouraged our propensities for unlimited accumulation. We ravaged the kitchen accumulation. We ravaged the kitchen garden and the fruit-garden; we rushed into the awful presence of the cook (with our ham and tongue from Bristol as an excuse) and ranged predatory over the lower regions. We scaled back-staircases, and tramped along remote corridors, and burst into remote corrupts, and ourst into secluded lumber-rooms, with accompaninent of shout-ing from the boys, and of operatic humming from Mr. Migott and myself, who happen, among other social accompaishments, to be both of us musical in a free-and easy way. We turned out, in these same lumber-rooms, plans of estates from their neat tin cases, and put in lemons and loaf-sugar instead. Mr. Migott pounced upon a stray telescope, and strapped it over my shoulders forthwith. The two boys found two japanned boxes, with the epaulettes and shoke of an exmilitary member of the family inside military member of the family inside, which articles of martial equipment (though these articles of martial equipment (though these are war-times, and nothing is meritorious or respectable now but tighting) I, with my own irreverent hands, shook out on the floor; and straightway conveyed the empty cases down-stairs to be profuned by tea, sugar, Harvey's sauce, pickles, pepper, and other products of the arts of peace. In a word, and not to dwell too long on the purely piratical part of our preparations for the voyage, we doubled the number of our packages at this hospitable country-house, before we left it for Mangerton-on-the-Mud, and the dangers of the sea that lay beyond. beyond.

At Mangerton we made a second piratical at mangerion we made a second piratean sweep upon another long-suffering friend, the resident doctor. We let this gentleman off, however, very easily, only lightening him of a lauthorn, and two milk-cans to hold our fresh-water. We felt strongly inclined to the him parameter come a very light above. fresh-water. We felt strongly inclined to take his warmest cape away from him also; but Mr. Migott leaned towards the side of mercy, and Mr. Jollins was, as usual, only too ready to sacrifice himself on the altar of friendship, so the doctor kept his cape, after all. Not so fortunate was our next victim, Mr. Purler, the Port Admiral of Mangerton-on-the-Mud, and the convival host of the Metropolitan Inn. Wisely entering his house empty-handed, we left it with sheets, blankets, mattresses, pillows, table-cloths, napkins, knives, forks, spoons, crockery, a frying-pan, a gradiron, and a same-pan. lection excepting meal-times and bedtome of leaving been still for an instant. Escarted beauty where by two handsome, high-sparited boys, in a wild state of excitement about our rotage, we ranged the house from top to bottom, and laid hands on everything portvoyagers, additions to the eating and drinking department in the shape of a cold curry in a jar, a piece of spiced beef, a side of bacon, and a liberal supply of wine, spirits, and beer, nobody can be surprised to hear that we found some difficulty in making only one cart-load of our whole collection of stores. The packing process was, in fact, not accom-The packing process was, in fact, not accom-plished till after dark. The tide was then flow-ing; we were to sail the next morning; and it was necessary to get everything put on hoard that night, while there was water enough for Tomtit to be moored close to the jetty.

This jetty, it must be acknowledged, nothing but a narrow stone causeway, sloping down from the land into the sea. Imagine our cart, loaded with breakable things, at the high end of the jetty, and the Tomtit waiting to receive the contents of the cart at the low end, in the water. Imagine no moon, no stars, no lamp of any kind on ahore; imagine one small lanthorn on board the yeasel, which inst showed how dark it. shore; imagine one small lanthorn on board the vessel, which just showed how dark it was, and did nothing more; imagine the doctor, and the doctor's friend, and the doctor's two dogs, and Mr. Migott and Mr. Jollins, all huddled together in a fussy state of expectation, midway on the jetty, seeing nothing, doing nothing, and being very much in the way. Imagine all these things, and then wonder, as we wondered, at the marrow vellous dexterity of our three valiant sailors, who actually succeeded in transporting pieces. who actually succeeded in transporting piece meal the crockery, cookery, and general contents of the cart into the vessel, on that pitchy night, without breaking, spilling, drop-ping, bumping, or forgetting anything. When ping, bumping, or forgetting anything. When I hear of professional conjurors performing remarkable feats, I think of the brothers Dobbs, and the loading of the Tomtit in the darkness; and I ask myself if any handsman's mechanical legerdemain can be more extraordinary than the natural neat-handedness of a sailor ?

The next morning the sky was black, the wind was blowing hard against us, and the waves were showing their white frills angrily in the offing. A double row of spectators had assembled at the jetty, to see us beat out of the bay. If they had come to see us hanged, their grim faces could not have expressed greater commiseration. Our only cheerful farewell came from the doctor and his friend and the two dogs. The remainder of the spectators evidently felt that they his friend and the two dogs. The remainder of the spectators evidently felt that they were having a last long stare at us, and that it would be indecent and unfeeling, under the circumstances, to look happy. Give me a respectable inhabitant of au English country town, and I will match him, in the matter of stolid and silent staring, against any other man, civilised or savage, over the whole surface of the globe.

If we had felt any doubts of the sea-going qualities of the Tomtit, they would have been solved when we "went about," for the first time, after leaving the jetty. A livelier, time, after leaving the jetty.

stiffer, and drier little vessel of her size never was built. She jumped over the waves, as if the sea was a great play-ground, and the game for the morning Leap-Freg. Though game for the morning Leap-Freg. Though the wind was so high that we were obliged to lower our foresail, and to double-reef the to lower our foresail, and to double-reef the mainsail, the only water we got on board was the spray that was blown over us from the tops of the waves. In the state of the weather, getting down Channel was out of the question. We were obliged to be contented, on this first day of our voyage, with running across to the Welsh coast, and there sheltering ourselves—amid a perfect feet of outward-bound merchantmen driven back by the wind—in a anual roadstead, for the afterthe wind-in a snug roadstead, for the after-

noon and the night.

This delay, which might have been disagreeable enough later in our voyage, gave us just the time we wanted for setting things to rights on board. Our little twelve-feet cabin, it must be remembered, was bedroom. sitting-room, dining-room, store-room, and kitchen, all in one. Everything we wanted for sleeping, reading, eating, and drinking, had to be arranged in its proper place. The butter and candles, the soap and choese, the salt and sugar, the bread and onions, the oil-buttle and the breadand plattle and the breadand country. bottle and the brandy bottle, for example, had to be put in places where the motion of the vessel could not roll them together, and where, also, we could any of us find them at a moment's notice. Other things, not of the eatable sort, we gave up all idea of separateatable sort, we gave up all idea of superating. Mr. Migott and I mingled our stock of shirts as we mangled our sympathies, our flottunes, and our flowing punch-bowl after dinner. We both of us have our faults; but incapability of adapting ourselves cheerfully to circumstances is not among them. Mr. Migott, especially, is one of those rare men who could due politely off blubber in the company of Esquinaux, and discover the latent social advantages of his position if he was lost in the darkness of the Noveth Patron. latent social advantages of his position if he was lost in the darkness of the North Pole.

After the arrangement of goods and chattels, came dinner (the curry warmed up with a second course of fried onious), then the slinging of our hammocks by the next hands of the Brothers Dobbs, and then the practice of how to get into the hammocks, by Mester Migott and Jollins. No landsman who has and tried the experiment can form the fainteen notion of the luxury of the sailor's sailurgaded, or of the extraordinary difficulty getting into it for the first time. The pro-minary action is to stand with your back against the middle of your hammock, and to hold by the edge of the canvas on orther side. hold by the edge of the canvas on either sale. You then duck your head down, throw your heels up, turn round on your back, and let go with your hands, all at the same moment. If you succeed in doing this, you are in the most luxurious bed that the ingenuity of man has ever invented. If you fail, you measure your length on the floor. So much for hammocks. After learning how to get into bed, the

writer of the present narrative tried his hand inward the winding shore, so clear, so fresh, on the composition of whiskey punch, and so divinely tender in its blue and purple hoes succeeded—which has always been his modest that it was the most inexhaustible of luxuand through life—in imparting satisfaction to his fellow-creatures. When the punch and the pipes accompanying the same had come to an end, a pilot-boat anchored alongside of us for the night. Once embarked on our own for the night. Once embarked on our own element, we old sea-dogs, are, after all, a polite race of men. We asked the pilot where he had come from—and he asked us. We asked the pilot where he was bound to, to-morrow morning-and he asked us. asked the pilot whether he would like a drop of rum—and the pilot, loth to discourage us, said Yes. After that there was a little pause; and then the pilot asked us, whether we would come on board his boat—and we, loth to discourage the pilot, said Yes, and did go, and came back, and asked the pilot whether he would come on board our boatand he said Yes, and did come on board, and drank another drop of rum. Thus in the practice of the social virtues did we wile away the hours-six jelly tars in a twelve-foot cabin-till it was past eleven o'clock, and time, as we say at sea, to tumble in, or tumble out, as the case may be, when a jolly tar wants practice in the art of getting into his hammoek.

The wind blew itself out in the night. The wind blew itself out in the night. As the morning got on, it fell almost to a calm; and the merchantmen about us began weighing anchor, to drop down Channel with the tide. The Tomtit, it is unnecessary to say, scorned to be left behind, and hoisted her sails with the best of them. Favoured by the lightness of the wind, we sailed past every vessel proceeding in our direction. Barques, brigs, and schooners, French luggers and Dutch galliots, we showed our stern to and Datch galliots, we showed our stern to all of them; and when the weather cleared, and the breeze freshened towards the after-noon, the little Tomtit was heading the whole fleet. In the evening we brought up whole fleet. In the evening we brought up close to the high coast of Somersetshire, to wait for the tide. Weighed again, at ten at might, and sailed for litracombe. Got becalmed towards morning, but managed to reach our port at ten, with the help of the aweeps, or long oars. Went ashore for more bread, beer, and fresh water; feeling so, mantical by this time, that the earth was difficult to walk upon; and all the people we difficult to walk upon; and all the people we had dealings with presented themselves to us in the guise of unmitigated land-sharks. O, my dear eyes! what a relief it was to Mr. Migott and myself to find ourselves in our floating eastle, boxing the compass. lancing the hornpape, and sphering the main-brace freely in our ocean-home.

About noon we sailed for Clovelly. emouth passage revess the magnificent Bay of Bel-ford is the recollection of our happy

so divinely tender in its blue and purple hues, ries only to look at it. Over the watery horizon, to the right, the autumn sun hong grandly, with the fire path below, heaving on a sea of lustrous darkest blue. Flocks of wild birds, at rest, floated, chirping on the water all around. The fragrant, stendy breeze was just enough to fill our sails. On and on we went, with the bubbling seasong at our bows to soothe us; on and on, till the blue lustre of the ocean grew darker. till the sun sank redly towards the far water line, till the sacred evening stillness crept over the sweet air, and hushed it with a foretaste of the coming night. What sight of mystery and enchantment rises before us now ! Steep, solemn cliffs, bare in some places—where the dark-red rock has been rent away, and the winding chasms open grimly to the view—but clothed for the most part with trees, which soften their summits into the sky, and sweep all down them, in glorious masses of wood, to the very water's edge. Climbing from the beach, up the pre-cipitous face of the cliff, a little fishing village coyly shows itself. The small white cottages coyly shows itself. rise one above another, now perching on a bit of rock, now peeping out of a clump of trees; sometimes two or three together; sometimes one standing alone; here, placed sideways to the sea, there, fronting it,—but rising always one above another, as if, instead of being founded on the earth, they were hung from the trees on the top of the cliff. Over all this lovely seene the evening -hadows are stealing. The last rays of the sun dows are stealing. just tinge the quiet water, and touch the white walls of the cottages. From out at sea comes the sound of a horn, blown from the nearest fishing-vessel, as a signal to the rest to follow her to shore. From the land, the voices of children at play, and the still, faint fall of the small waves on the beach are the only audible sounds. This is Clovelly. If we had travelled a thousand miles to see it, we should have said that our journey had not been taken in vain.

On getting to shore, we found the one street of Clovelly nothing but a succession of irregular steps, from the beginning at the beach, to the end, half-way up the cuts. It was like climbing to the top of an old castle, instead of walking through a village. When instead of walking through a village. When we reached the summit of the cliff, it was we reached the summit of the chin, it was getting too dark to see much of the country. We strayed away, however, to look for the church, and found ourselves, at twilight, near some ghastly deserted out-houses, approached by a half-ruinous gate-way, and a damp dark avenue of trees. The church was near, but Our avenue of trees. The church was near Bid-ford is the recollection of our happy living creature appeared; not even a dog voyage which I find myself looking back on barked at us. We were surrounded by most lovingly while I now write. No cloud silence, solitude, darkness and desolation; was in the sky. Far away, on the left, sloped and it struck us both forcibly, that the best thing we could do was to give up the church, duce the best imitation of and get back to humanity with all convenient speed. The descent of the High Street of lovelly, at might, turned out to be a matter more difficulty than we had anticipated There was no such thing as a lamp in the whole village: and we had to grope our way in the duckness down steps of irregular sizes and heights, paver with slippery pebbles, and ornamented with nothing in the shape of a bannister, even at the most dan-gerous places. Half-way down, my friend and I had an argument in the dark—standing with our noses against a wall, and with nothing visible on either side—as to which way we should turn next. I guessed to the way we should turn next. I guessed to the left, and he guessed to the right; and I, being the most obstinate of the two, we ended in following my route, and at last stumbled our way down to the pier. Looking at the place the next morning, we found that the steps to the right led through a bit of cottage-garden to a snug little precipice, over which inquisi-tive tourists might pitch quietly, without let or hindrance. Talk of the perils of the deep! what are they in comparison with the perils the shore?

The adventures of the night were not hausted, so far as I was concerned, even when we got back to our vessel. I have already informed the reader that the cabin of the Toutit was twelve feet long by eight feet wide—a snug apartment, but scarcely big enough, as it struck me, for five men to sleep in comfortably. Nevertheless, the expersiment was to be tried in Clovelly har-bour. I bargained, at the outset, for one thing—that the cabin hatch should be kept raused at least a foot all night. This ven-tilatory condition being complied with. I tumbled into my hammock, Mr. Migott rolled into his, and Sam Dobbs, Dick Dobbs, and Bob Dobbs, cast themselves down pro-miscrously on the floor and the lockers under us. Out went the lights; and off west my friend and the Brothers Dobbs into the most intolerable concert of snoring that it is possible to imagine. I lay awake listening, and studying the character of the snore in each of the four sleeping individuals. The snore of Mr. Migott I found to be superior to the rest in point of amiability, softness, and regularity—it was a kind of softness, and regularity—it was a kind of oily, long-sustained purr, amusing and not uninusical for the first five minutes. Next in point of merit to Mr. Migott. came Bob Dobbs. His note was several octaves lower than my friend's, and his tone was a grunt—but I will do him justice: I will not scraple to admit that the sounds he produced were regular as clockwork. Very interior was the performance of Sam Dobbs, who, as owner of the boat, ought, I think, to have set a good example. If an idle carpenter obtained a beard very quickly at one time, and very slowly at another, and if he mouned at intervals over his work, he would pro-

duce the best imitation of Samistyle of snoring that I can think and worst of all, came Dick I was afflicted with a cold, and who consisted of a succession of hougasps, and puffs, all contending to it appeared to me, which should him somest. There I lay, we leave fering under the awful tase-choir I have attempted to describe, for a hour. It was a dark ment these hour. It was a dark night, the wind, and very little air. Horr about the suffice acy of our ventil to beset me. Reminiscences of eing on the subject of the Black Calcutta came back vividly to m I thought of the twelve feet by which we were all huddled togeth and indirection of the twelve. and indignation overp wered meroared for a light, before the cabin Tomtit became too menhitic tor any kind to exist in it. Urrese my Merry Merry Men, beauth grumbling, to grope for the mass has was found, the lanthorn was let. Mr. Migott appeared sero any over of his hammock, and the voice of Mr. sweetly and sleepily inquired what was I matter? The Black Hole at Calenta is if

matter, Poisonous, gaseous extraint in a matter! Outrageous, ungentler.maily an is the matter! Give me my bodd 12, 55. is the matter! Give me my bedder, and drop of brandy, and my pipe, and let go on deck. Let me be a Challean herd, and contemplate the stars. Let be the careful watch who patrola the and guards the ship from fores and what me be anything but the companient, who shore like the fathous fore the old Greek play." While I am vertically indignation, and collecting my bedding smiling and sleepy face of Mr Miggar appears slowly from the side of the land—and before I am on deck, I hear the purronee more, just as amiable, zoft, regular as ever.

regular as ever. What a relief it was to have the look up at, the fresh night air to breated quiet murmur of the sea to listen to rolled myself up in my blankets, and aught I know to the contrary, was soon ing on deek as in-dustriously as my com-were snoring below. The first soon were snoring below. The first some woke me in the morning were produ-the tongues of the natives of these sembled on the pier, staring down on my nest of blankets, and other incessantly. I assumed that the making fun of the interesting stretched in repose on the deck of the Lassumed that the but I could not understand one the levenshire language in which whatever they said of me, I for however, in consideration of their fresh herrings. Our breakfast of the hatch in Clovelly harbour, after a app

sea, is a remembrance of gustatory bliss which I gratefully cherish. When we had reduced the herrings to skeletons, and the cream-pot to a whited sepulchire of emptiness we slipped from our moorings, and sailed away from the lovely little village with real regret. By noon we were off Hartland Point.

Point.

We had now arrived at the important part of our voyage—the part at which it was necessary to decide, once for all, on our future destination. Mr. Migott and I took counsel together solemnly, unrolled the charts, and then astonished our trusty erew by announcing that the end of the voyage was to be the Scilly Islands. Up to this time the Brothers Dolbs had been inclined to laugh at the notion of getting so far in so small a boat. But they began to look grave now, and to hint at cautious objections. The small a beat. But they began to look grave now, and to hint at cautious objections. The weather was certainly beautiful; but then the wind was dead against us. Our little vessel was stiff and sturdy enough for any service, but nobody on board knew the strange waters into which we were going—and, as for the charts, could any one of us study them with a proper knowledge of the study them with a proper knowledge of the science of navigation? Would it not be better, to take a little cruise to Lundy Island, away there on the starboard bow? And another little cruise about the Welsh coast, where the Dobbses had been before? To these cautious questions we replied by rash and peremptory negatives; and the Brothers, thereupon, abandoned their view of the case, thereupon, abandoned their view of the case, and accepted ours with great resignation. For the Scilly Islands, therefore, we shaped our course, alternately standing out to sea, and running in for the land, so as to get down ultimately to the Land's End, against the wind, in a series of long zig-zaga, now in a westerly and now in an easterly direction. Our first tack from Hartland Point was a sail of six hours out to sea. At susset, the little Tomtit had lost sight of land for the first time since she was launched, and was rising and falling gently on the long swells of the Atlantie. It was a deliciously calm, clear evening, with every promise of the fine weather lasting. The spirits of the Brothers Dobba, when they found themselves at last in the blue water, rose amazingly.

the blue water, rose amazingly.
"Only give us decent weather, sir." said
Bob Dobbs, cheerfully smacking the tiller of
the Tomit, "and we'll find our way to Scilly

the Tomtit, "and we'll find our way to Seil somehow, in spite of the wind."

We were now fairly at sea, keeping regular watch on deck at night, and never the search of th running nearer the Cornish coast than was necessary to enable us to compare the great hands with the markson our chart. Under headlands with the markson enrethart. Under present circumstances, no more than three of us could sleep in the cabin at one time—the combined powers of the snoring party were thus weakened, and the ventilation below could be preserved in a satisfactory state. Instead of chronicling our slow zig-zag pro-

gress to the Land's End, which is unlikely to interest anybody not familiar with Cornish names and mutical phrases, I will try to describe the manner in which we passed the day on board the Tomtit, now that we were away from land events and anusements. If there was to be any such thing as an alloy of dulness in our cruise, this was assuredly the part of it in which Time and the Hour were likely to run slowest through the day.

In the first place, let me record with just pride, that we have solved the difficult problem of a pure republic in our modest little craft. No man in particular among us is master—no man in particular is servant. The man who No man in particular among us is master—no man in particular is servant. The man who can do at the right time, and in the best way, the thing that is most wanted, is always the hero of the situation among us. When Dick Dobbs is frying the onions for dinner, he is the person most respected in the ship, and Mr. Migott and myself are his faithful and expectant subjects. When grog is to be made, or sauces are to be prepared, Mr. Jollins becomes in his turn, the monarch of all he surveys. When musical entertainments are in veys. When musical entertainments are in progress, Mr. Migott is vocal king, and sole conductor of band and chorus. When nautical talk and sea-stories rule the hour, Bob Dobbs, who has voyaged in various merchantmen all over the world, and is every inch of him a thorough sailor, becomes the best man of the company. When any affairs connected with the internal management of the vessel are the internal management of the vessel are under consideration, Sam Dobbs is Chairman of the Committee in the Cockpit. So we sail along; and such is the perfect constitution of society at which we mariners of Eugland have been able to prince the constitution of society at which we mariners of Eugland have been able to prince the constitution of society at which we marine the constitution of society at which we can also so the constitution of society at which we can also so the constitution of society at which we can also so the constitution of society at which we can also so the constitution of society at which we can also so the constitution of society at which we can also so the constitution of society at which we can also so the constitution of society at which we can also so the constitution of society at which we can also so the constitution of society at which we can also so the constitution of society at which we can also so the constitution of society at which we can also so the constitution of society at which we can also so the constitution of society at which we can also so the constitution of society at which we can also so

land have been able to arrive.

Our freedom extends to the smallest details. We have no stated hours, and we are well ahead of all rules and regulations. We have no breakfast hour, no dinner hour, no time for rising, or for going to bed. We have no particular eatables at particular meals. We don't know the day of the month, or the day of the week; and never look at our watches, except when we wind them up. Our watches, except when we wind them up. Our voice is frequently the voice of the sluggard; but we never complain, because nobody ever wakes us too soon, or thinks of interfering with our slumbering again. We wear each other's coats, smoke each other's pipes, poach on each other's victuals. We are a happy, dawdling, undisciplined, slovenly lot. We have no principles, no respectability, no busihave no principles, no respectability, no business, no stake in the country, no knowledge of Mrs. Grundy. We are a parcel of Lotos-Eaters; and we know nothing, except that

we are poking our way along anyhow to the Selly Islands in the Tomtit. We rise when we have had sleep enough any time you like between seven and ten.

If I happen to be on deck first, I begin by hearing the news of the weather and the wind from Sam, Dick, or Bob at the helm.

Soon the face of Mr. Migott, rosy with recent snoring, rises from the cabin, and his body

follows it slowly, clad in the blue Jersey frock, which he persists in wearing night and day in the heat of mon as in the cool of evening. He cannot be prevailed upon to give any reason for his violent attachment to this garment—only wagging his head and smilit g mysteriously when we ask why, sleeping or waking, he never parts with it. Well, being up, the next thing is to make the toilette. We keep our fresh water, for minor ablutions, in an old wine cask from Bristol. The colour of the liquid is a tawoy yellow; it is, in fact, weak sherry and water. For the major ablutions, we have the ship's bucket and the sea, and a good stock of rough towels to finish with. The next thing is breakfast on deek. When we can eatch fish (which is very seldem, though we are well provided with lines and bait) we fall upon the spoil immediately. At other times we range through our sea stores, eating anything we like, cooked anyhow we like. After breakfast we have two words to say to our box of peaches, nectarines, and grapes, from the hospitable country-house. Then the bedding is brought up to air; the deck is cleaned; the breakfast things are taken away; the pipes, cigars, and French novels are produced from the cabin; Mr. Migott coils himself up in a corner of the cockpit, and I perch upon the taffrail; and the studies of the morning begin. They end invariably in small-talk, beer, and sleep. So the time slips away cosily till it is necessary to think about dinner.

Now all is activity on board the Tomtit. Except the man at the helm, everyone is occupied with preparations for the banquet of the day. The potatoes, onions, and celery form one department; the fire and solid cookery another; the washing of plates and dishes, knives and forks, a third; the laying of the cloth on deck a fourth; the concoction of sauces and production of bottles from the cellar a fifth. No man has any particular department assigned to him; the most active republican of the community for the time being, plunges into the most active work, and the others follow as they please. The exercise we get is principally at this period of the day, and consists in incessant dropping down from the deck to the cabin, and incessant scrambling up from the cabin, and incessant scrambling up from the cabin to the deck. The dinner is a long business; but what do we care for that? We have no appointments to keep, no visitors to interrupt us, and nothing at the world to do but to tickle our palates, wet our whistles, and amuse ourselves in any way we please. Dinner at last over, it is superfluous to say, that the pipes become visible again, and this helm

the man at the helm.

As for tea-time, it is entirely regulated by the wants and wakefulness of Mr. Migott, who, since the death of Doctor Johnson, is

the most desperate drinker of tea in all her land. When the cups and second is are clear away, a conversazione is beld in the company; Dick Dobbs, who has been a yacht man, is the jester; Bob Dobbs, the mercant sailor, is the teller of adventures, and artificed and I keep the ball going smaltly alsorts of ways, till it gets dark, and a credrought falls upon the members of the aversazione. Then, if the members of the aversazione. Then, if the members of the aversazione which tell of sacrifice to Barrians a may hear, shortly afterwards, the mass song invoked by cheerful topers. Thus the dark hours roll on joyah till the soft of ences of sleep descend upon the table choir, and the cabin receives its longers of the night.

This is the general rule of life on board the Tomtit. Exceptional incodents of an kinds—saving sea-stekness to which ask he on board is liable—are never wanter; that it pleasantly from day to day. Sometime Mr. Migott gets on from taking a liable having a dream, and records the fact his screech of terror, which maps through the vessel and wakes the sleeper himself, who always asks, "What's that, chil"—near believes that the screech has not come to assomebody else—never knows what he has been dreaming of—and never facts to the sleep again before the rest of the day's pany have half done expostulation; with appears among us, by way of charge I allows, for example (who is as believe a didian nabob) is seen to turn yellow at a ladian nabob) is seen to turn yellow at a ladian nabob) is seen to turn yellow at a ladian nabob it seems to turn yellow at the matter—replies that has "the boil terrible bad on his atomical instantly treated by Jollins (M.I.) as filled. Two tea spoonsful of essence of ginger dessert spoonsful of strong tea. Pour the patient's throat very hot, and suntil black smartly to promote the aperator the draught. What follows? The sure Dick. How simple is medicine when duced to its first principles!

Another source of amusement is provided.

Another source of amusement is proceed by the ships we meet with. When it get near enough, we hail the larger chantenen in the most peremptory take as coolly as if we had three Good at no band an admiral on board. The large for the most part paralysed by our largely meekly. Sometimes we meet foreigner, and get answered by many yelling or disrespectful grins. The large taken our dignity unimpaired all focal to Channel. Then, again, when no shall have the consulting our charts and wondering of we are. Every man of us had a fitteery on this subject every time he can

the chart; but no man rudely thrusts his theory on another, or aspires to govern the obstinacy in backing his own opinion. D.d. I not assert a little while since that we were a pure republic? And is not this yet another

and a striking proof of it?
In such pursuits and diversions as I have endeavoured to describe, the time passes quickly, happily, and adventurously, until we ultimately succeed, at four in the morning on in timately succeed, at four in the morning on the sixth day of our cruise, in discovering the light of the Langship's Lighthouse, which we know to be situated off the Land's End. We are new only some seven-and-twenty miles from the Soilly Islands, and the discovery of the lighthouse enables us to set our course by the compass cleverly enough. The wind which has thus far always re-mained against us, falls, on the afternoon of this sixth day, to a dead calm, but springs up again in another and a favourable quarter up again in another and a lavorable quarter at eleven o'clock at night. By daybreak we are all on the watch for the Scilly Islands. Not a sign of them. The sun rises; it is a magnificent morning; the favourable a magnificent morning; the favourable breeze still holds; we have been bowling along before it since cleven the previous night; and ought to have sighted the islands long since. But we sight nothing : no land anywhere all round the horizon. Where are we? Have we overshot Seilly!—and is the next land we are likely to see Ushant or Finisterre? Nobody knows. The faces of the Brothers Dobbs darken; and they recal to each other how they deprecated from the first this rash venturing into unknown waters. We hail two ships piteonsly, to ask our way. The two ships can't tell us. We unroll the charts, and differ in opinion over them more remarkably than ever. The Dobbses grimly opine that it is no use looking at charts, when have not got a pair of parallels to measure by, and are all ignorant of the scientific parts of navigation. Mr. Migott and I manfully cheer the drooping spirits of the crew with Gunness's stout, and put a smiling face upon it. But in our innermost hearts, we think

Columbus, and feel for him. The last resource is to post a man at the mast-head (if so lofty an expression may be allowed in reference to so little a vessel as the Tomtit), to keep a look-out. Up the rigging swarms Dick the Bilious, in the lowest spirits—strains his eyes over the waters, and suddenly hails the gaping deck with a joyous shout. The runaway islands are counted at last, he can thus a head of with a joyous shout. The runaway islands are caught at last—he sees them a head of us -he has no objection to make to the course we are steering-nothing particular to say but "Crack on "-and nothing in the world to do but slide down the rigging again. The islands seem, at a rough glance, to Contentaient beams once more on the faces of San. Dick, and Bob. Mr. Migott and I a kind of lagoon of s.a. communicating by various channels with the main ocean all a smile of triumph. We remember the injurious doubts of the crew when the charts the group is, as we heard, not more than

were last unrolled, and think of Columbus again, and feel for him more than ever.

Soon the islands are visible from the deck,

Soon the islands are and by noon we have run in as near them as and by noon we have run in as near them as them as we dare without local guidance. They are low-lying, and picturesque in an artistic point of view; but treacherous-looking and full of peril to the wary nantical eye. Horrible jagged rocks, and sinister swirlings and foamings of the sea, seem to forbid the approach to them. The Tomtit is hove to—our proach to them. The Tomtit is hove to our ensign is run up half-mast high and we fire our double-barrelled gun fiercely for a pitot. He arrives in a long, serviceable-looking boat, with a wild, handsome, dark-haired sen, and a silent, solemn old man, for his crew. He himself is leau, wrinkled, hungry-looking; his eyes are restless with excitement, and his tongue overwhelms us with a torrent of words, spoken in a strange accent, but singularly free from provincialisms and had grammar. He informs us that we must have been set to the northward in the night by a current, and goes on to acquaint us with so many other things, with such a fidgetty sparkling of the eyes and such a ceaseless patter of of the eyes and such a ceaseless patter of the tongue, that he fairly drives me to the fore part of the vessel out of his way. Smoothly we glide along, parallel with the jagged rocks and the swirling eddies, till we come to a channel between two islands; and, sailing through that, make for a sandy isthmus, where we see some houses and a little harbour. This is Hugh Town, the chief place in St. Mary's, which is the largest island of the Scilly group. We jump ashore in high glee, feeling that we have succeeded in carrying feeling that we have succeeded in carrying out the purpose of our voyage in defiance of the prognostications of all our prudent friends. How sweet is triumph, even in the smallest things!

Bating the one fact of the wind having Bating the one fact of the wind having blown from an unfavourable quarter, unvarying good fortune had, thus far, accompanied our crusse, and our luck did not desert us when we got on shore at St. Mary's. We went, happily for our own comfort, to the hotel kept by the master of the sailing-packet plying between Hugh Town and Penzance. By our landlord and his pleasant, coronal wife and family we were received with such kindand family we were received with such kindness and treated with such care, that we feit really and truly at home before we had been half an hour in the house. And, by way of farther familiarising us with Sculy at first sight, who should the resident medical man turn out to be but a gentleman whom I knew. These were certainly fortunate auspices under which to begin our short sojourn in one of m one of the remotest and wildest places in the Queen's dominions.

thirteen unles. Five of the islands are inhabited, the rest may be generally described as masses of rock, wonderfully varied in as masses of rock, oxie bur squife Inland, in the larger islands, the earth, where it is not planted or sown, is covered with heather and with the most beautiful ferus. Potatoes used to be the main product of Scilly; but the disease has appeared lately in the idand crops, and the potatoes have suffered so severely that, when we filled our sack for the return voyage, we were obliged to allow for two thirds of our supply proving unfit for use. The views inland are chiefly remarkable as natural inland are chiefly remarkable as natural panoramas of land and sea-the two always presenting themselves intermixed in the loveliest varieties of form and colour. On the coast, the granite rocks, though not notably high, take the most wildly and magniticently picturesque shapes. They are rent into the strangest chasms and piled up in the into the strangest chasms and piece up in our grandest confusion; and they look down, every here and there, on the loveliest little sandy bays, where the sea, in calm weather, is as tenderly blue and as limpid in its clear-mass as the Mediterranean itself. The softties as the Mediterranean itself. The soft-ness and purity of the climate may be imagined, when I state that last winter none of the fresh-water pools were strongly enough frezen to hear being skated on. The balmy sea air blows over each little island as freely

as it might blow over the deck of a ship.

The people have the great merit of good manners. We two strangers were so little strend at the property of the strangers were so little strend at the property of the strangers. stared at as we walked about, that it was almost like being on the Continent. The pilot who had taken us into Hugh Town harbour we found to be a fair specimen, as regarded his excessive talkativeness and the purity of his English, of the islanders generally. The longest tellers of very long stories, so far as my experience goes, are to be found Ask the people the commonest in Scilly. question, and their answer generally exhausts the whole subject before you can say another word. Their anxiety, whenever we had occasion to enquire our way to guard us from the remotest chance of missing it, and the houest pride with which they told us all about local pride with which they tom us an average sights and marvels, formed a very pleasant in the gamesal character. Strangely sights and marvels, formed a very pleasant trait in the general character. Strangely enough, in this softest and healthiest of climates consumption is a prevalent disease among the people. If I may venture on an opinion, after a very short observation of their habits, I should say that distrust of fresh air and unwillingness to take exercise were the chief causes of consumptive maladies among the islanders. I longed to break among the islanders. I longed to break windows in the main street of Hugh Town as never longed to break them anywhere else. One lovely afternoon I went out for the purpose of seeing how many of the inhabitants of the place had a notice of airing their bedrooms. I found two houses with open windows - all the rest were fast closed from top to rooms. bottem, as if a pestilence was abroad instead

of the softest, purest, heavenliest see that ever blew. Then, again, as to the people ask you seriously when a quire your way on foot, whether aware that the destination you arrive at is three miles off. As for train excursion round the largest is encuit of thirteen miles—when we to performing that feat in the hearing respectable inhabitant, he laughed idea as incredulously as if we had presswanting match to the Cornish coast people will not give themselves the grehance of breathing healthily and foften as they can, who can wonder the sumption should be common among the

In addition to our other pieces of getune, we were enabled to profit by kind invitation from the gentleman to the islands belong, to stay with him house, built on the site of an ancient and surrounded by gardens of the unquisite beauty. To the wise, firm, and volent rule of the present propries Scilly, the islanders are indebted for the specify which they now enjoy It with least pleasant part of a very decivist, to observe for ourselves, undehost's guidance, all that he had done, as doing for the welfare and the happiness people committed to his charge. From we had heard, and from what we had ously observed for ourselves, we had the most agreeable impressions of the condition of the islanders; and affound the best of these impressions than contirmed. When the preasuration that came among his tenafound them living miserably and ign life has succoured, reformed, and them; and those is now, probably, in England where the direr hand poverty are so little known as in the Islands.

I might write more particularly topic; but I am unwilling to run the saying more on the subject of the deeds than the good-doer himself sanction. And besides, I must retain the object of this narrative is to a holiday-cruisa, and not to enter into on the subject of Sc.lly; details while already been put into print by previouslers. Let me only add then, that our in the islands terminated with the cour stay in the house of our kind enter it had been blowing a gale of wind a lays before our departure; and we put with a double-rected mainsail, and will doubts than we liked to confess other, about the prospects of the your?

However, lucky we had been hither lucky we were to continue to the end, we end been long at sea, the w.ud by get capricious; then to diminish almoralm; then, tovards evening, to blow

of the Brothers Dobbs, as we were making things snug for the night, "we shall be back again at Mangerton letore we have had time to get half through our victuals and drink.' It did hold, and more than hold: and the Tomtit flew, in consequence, as if she was going to give up the sea altogether, and take to the sky for a change. Our homeward run was the most perfect contrast to our out-ward voyage. No tacking, no need to study the charts, no laggard luxurious dining on the cabin hatch. It was too rough for anything but picnicking in the cockpit, jammed into a corner, with our plates on our knees I had to make the grog with one hand, and cintch fast by the nearest rope with the other—Mr. Migott holding the bowl while I mixed, and the man at the helm holding Mr. Mogott. As for reading, it was hopeless to try it, for there was breeze enough to blow the leaves out of the book and singing was not to be so much as thought of; for the moment you opened your mouth the wind filled it directly, and there was an end of you. The nearer we got to Mangerton the faster we flew. My hast recollection of the sea, dates at the ghostly time of midnight. The wind had been increasing and increasing, since sunset, till it contemptuously blew out our fire in the cabin, as if the stove with its artful revolving chimney had been nothing but a farthing rushlight. I climbed on deck, and found that we were already in the Bristol bunnel. Ragged black clouds were flying like spectres all over the sky; the moonlight streaming fitful behind them. One great slep, shadowy and mysterious, was pitching heavily towards us from the land. Backward out at sea, streamed the red gleam from the lighthouse on Lundy Island; and marching after us grandly, to the music of the howling and, came the great rollers from the Atlan-Lundy, turning over and over in long black hills of water, with the seething spray at their tops sparkling in the moonshine. It was a e breathless sensation to feel our sturdy little vessel tearing along through this beavy sea-jumping stern up, as the great waves to the too much or too little of discipline caught her—dashing the water gaily from they were permitted to say many very her bows, at the return dip—and holding on sharp things with impunity; but it they her way as bravely and surely as the biggest yacht that ever was built. After a long look the sublime view around us, my friend and I went below again; and in spite of the noise of the wind and sea managed to fall saleep. The next event was a call from asleep. The next event was a said of the deck at half-past six in the morning, information Bay. ing as that we were entering Mangerton Bay. By seven o'clock we were alongside the jetty again, after a run of only torty-three hours

steadily and strongly, from the very quarter lively Tomtit! Tiny home of joyous days, of all others most havourable to our return may thy sea fortunes be happy, and thy trim voyage. "If this holds," was the sentiment sails be set prosperously, for many a year was the sentiment sails be set prosperously, for many a year s we were making still to the favouring breeze! And fare-vewell heartily, honest sailor-brothers, whose helping hands never once failed us—whose zeal in our service never once stackened whose close companionship from the day of setting out to the day of return, has left us no recollections but such as we can now recal and talk over with unmixed pleasure

SCROORY

Our of Scrooby came the greatness of Ame-

on the borders of Yorkshire and Notting hamshire there is a market-town, called Bawtry. A mile and a half from Bawtry, on the Nottinghamshire side, is Scrooly, a village that was once one of the six-and-twenty English post-towns on the great north road. A mile and a half from Bawtry, on the Yorkshire side, is the poor vilage of Austerfield. If two villages can make a cradle, here we have the cradle of one of the greatest people in the world. Obscure men—Brown, Smith, and Robinson—first set the cradle into motion. Scrooly was the acorn to the oak, at which we marvel now; Brown, Smith, and Robinson so many germinating points.

Brown—Robert Brown—was a divine, from

whose teaching the term Brownist was applied to congregations that desired to separate themselves from all ecclesiastical control. In the establishment of the Church of England, the attempt was made by a tolerant spirit to bring into harmonious travel, upon one broad road, men differing concerning many points of detail in the outward practice of religion. Church forms were, as far as it could innocently be done, adapted to the humour of those who had been long accustomed to a ceremonial spirit; and an eccle-siastical system was established which sufficed for the majority, but was too lax and hereti-cal in the eyes of the Romanist, too unscrip-tural in the eyes of the strict Puritan. As long as dissatisfied people carried on within the pale of the establishment their opposition to the too much or too little of discipline sharp things with impunity; but if they seeded into active opposition, liberty of speech and conscience were decied them. Thus, from the extreme ranks alike of Romanist and Puritan, men were raised to the dignity of martyrs. Robert Brown, in the time of the civil wars, preached, as a strict. Puritan, the duty of separation from the rational church, and the erection of separate or independent congregations—so many churches of their own, then churches of their own, upon a Scripture model. The men who acted upon his advice from the Saily Islands.

Here our cruise ended, and here my nar- were called indifferently Brownists, Separative closes with it. Fare-thee-well, thou ratists, Congregationalists, or Independents.

At first, there were a few such churches of ship of the Gospel, to walk in all his wars puritan Separatists formed in London, almost made known, or to be made known, unto them, according to their best content ours. Puritan Separatists formed in London, almost none in the country. The founders of New Plymouth, the pilgrim fathers, began as one of the very few such churches maintained in a cural district, far away from London. They belonged to the Nottinghamshire village or mean townlet in the hundred of Easset Lawe; they were, in fact, the ! hurch of Scroony

In the country surrounding Scrooby there are many recently extinct religious estab-In the country surrounding Serooby there were many recently extinct religious establishments belonging to the Roman Catholies; and it may possibly by, in some measure, on account of an antagonism se created that the pulpits of these parts were held by a great number of men with strong Puritan tendencies. Those, often cleaving to their livings cleare by so doing, to the right of speaktendencies. These, after cleaving to their liv-ings, cleve, by so doing, to the right of speak-ing boldly, and could kneed much of the strict ing boldly, and could kneed much of the strict Puritan apirit into the minds of the common people. One among this people, who lived afterwards to supply the business head to an emigrant church, expresses the growth of feeling, and the manner of its growth, in these characteristic words: "When by the and diligence of some godly preachers, and God's blessing travail and diligence of zealous preachers, and God's blessing on their labours, as in other places of the land, so in the north part, many became enlightened by the Word of God, and had their ignorance and sins discovered by the Word of God's grace, and began, by this grace, to reform their lives, and make conscience of their ways, the work of God was no somer manifest in them, but presently they were both scoffed and scorned by the profine multitude, and the ministers urged with the yoke of subscription, or else must be silenced; and the poor people were so urged with apparithe poor people were so urged with apparitors, and pursuivants, and the commission of courts, as truly their affliction was not small, which notwicostunding, they bare sundry years with manly patience, until they were occasioned, by the continuance and increase occasioned, by the continuance and increase of these troubles, and other means which the Lord raised up in those days, to see further into these things by the light of the Word of God, how that not only those base, beggarly seremonies were unlawful, but also that the lordly tyrannous power of the prelates ought not to be submitted to, which those, contrary to the freedom of the Gospel, would load and bucken men's consciences with, and, by their compulsive power, make a profane mixture of compulsive power, make a protane mixture of persons and things in the worship of God; and that their offices and callings, courts, and canons, &c., were unlawful and anti-Christian. canous, &c., were unlawful and anti-Christian, being such as have no warrant in the Word of tiod, but the same that were used in Popery, and s'ill retained. . . . So many, therefore, of those professors who saw the evil of these things, in these parts, and whose hearts the Lord had touched with heavenly seal for his truth, they shook off this yoke of anti-Christian bondage, and, as the Lord's little Church to which he gave uniof the people, joined themselves by a covenant own roof a local habitation. He professors the Lord into a church estate, in the fellow-liberally also, at his own charge, for

them, according to their best can whatsoever it should cost them." The spirit of this is in striking correspond with the spirit shown in France at also same time, by those who sero ied to Huguenot churches in provincial to Every word here quoted might have written by Bernard Palassy oncernin reformed church in his town of Sainter

Now there was at Scrooby an epis manor-house given by Sandys, Archbeck York, to his eblest son, and Isaacl gentleman named Wilhon Brewster, had spent some little time at Cambridge. subsequently served under Davien when he was Secretary of State. After the 6th of Davison, Mr. William Brewster received the appointment of Postmister at Secondary, which place, it has been said, was one of the twenty-six English post-stations on the great North Road. The master of a past-station was, in those times, generally a man of good or lition, who was tolaridly well peel for important services. It was requisite that he should maintain a stud of post-bases for the onward despated of mails the ride of oreinment conviers and persons rolong post. It was requisite also, that he should have premises capable of providing the accounter to him. Thus a traveller from York to London is found to have recorded that, in Brewster time, he paid the post at Secondar for a care vevance and guide to Taxford, ten slithing and for a candle, supper and breakfast, seve shullings and response. subsequently served under Davion when shillings and tenpence. On his retur-paid eight shillings for conveyance to caster, then reckoned seven miles; shillings for burnt sack, bread, beer, sugar to wine, with three-pence to the The government salary of the Scrooler master was two shillings a day, so that sidering the value of money in and above year sixteen hundred, even if he had private means, William Brewster was tregarded as a man of substance. The new spacious premises by the postmenter of for his occupation of the Scrooby Ma Seruolay Ma great house standing within a most, to and all builded of timber, saving the fr the house that is of brick." The ascent front was by a stone fight of steps.

bodily sustenance and comfort of the brethren (many of them coming in from the surre anding villages), by whom his dwelling was

frequented.

The paster of this little flock of Separatists was John Robinson, of whom it seems to have been said with truth, that he was the most learned, polished, and modest spirat

Scrooby alone was a place too small to yield many to the fold; but country people, as we have said, journeyed thither from all places within walking distance; and among those who so came was a young man, be-tween fifteen and eighteen years of age, the same person whose account of the growth of same person whose account of the growth of religious teching we were lately quoting. This was William Bradford, a youth maintained under the care of his uncles at Austerfield, a village on the Yorkshire side of Bawtry, distant from Scrooby perhaps some three miles. Austerfield is a village that consisted and consists of a few farm-labourers' cottages and a small antique chapel.

William Bradford is one of the most important persons in the little story lately brought to light by the antiquarian skill of the Rev. J. Hunter, which tells of the Pilgrim Fathers in the days before they set out on

The rev. J. Hunter, which tells of the Pugrint Fathers in the days before they set out on their pitgrimage. His grandfather and ano-ther man were, in fifteen hundred and seventy-five, the only persons in the town-ship assessed to the subsidy. William himself lost his father when he was only a year and a half old, and his mother married again about two years afterwards. Charge of the boy was taken by his grandmother and uncles, and a note or two from the will of one of these uncles will give some idea of the social position of the family to which belonged the leader of the pilgroms. This uncle Robert bequeathed to his son Robert his best ironbequeathed to his son Robert his best iron-bound wain, the cupboard in the house-place, one long table with a frame, and one long form, with his best yoke of oxen; also "the counter whereon the evidences are." The same Bradford had received, during his life-time, the bequest of a deceased friend's grey suit of apparel, while his son obtained as a legacy one fustian doublet and one pair of hose. Many bequests were liberal in those does which may now excite a smile. in those days which may now excite a smile.

A learned divine, by whose books young
William Eradford may have profited when
books were dear and scarce, gave at his death
to the poor scholars of the Grammar-school at Rossington, his Cooper's Dictionary, to be chained to a stall in the church, and used

by them as long as it would last.

The young and earnest mind of William Bradford was aroused first by the repute of the ministry of Richard Clifton, a grave the ministry of Riebard Clifton, a grave Paritan divine, who held the rectory of Bab-worth, near Scrooby, and in the Church at Babworth preached what he held to be pure doctrine so forcibly that he was at last

eilenced by authority.

While Clifton preached in Babworth Church, Bradford waiked punctually chither to receive instruction from him. When Clifton was silenced the young man burned with a spirit of reseatment against church oppression; and, in spite of all temporal risk, declared himself a Separatist and attached himself to the congregation meeting in the manor-house at Serooby. His natural ability and force of character there soon approved themselves,—he became the prompter and the guide of the little church as to all temporal matters, and when it severed itself from its native country, and the laws of England, he became in the natural course of things—its civil head. He was at New Plynth 1 themselfed. mouth Governor Bradford.

The separation, not from the church only but from the state, arose out of the burst of persecution with which the state was supporting all church claums. As after the revocation of the Edict of Nantes, French Huguenots came in bands to England and established colocame in bands to England and established colonies in sundry places, Spitalfields for one; so the proceedings of English Ecclesiastical Commissioners, in the beginning of the seventeenth century, drove little bands of English fluguenots to that country in Europe which alone allowed them liberty of conscience; that is to say, to Holland.

of conscience; that is to say, to Holland. But the Scrooby church was not the first to emigrate. John Smith, the paster of an adjacent flock, at Gainsborough, had gone before to Amsterdam, whither he had been preceded by his tutor, Mr. Johnson. Mr. Smith was a man difficult of temper, and between Smith and Johnson bickerings arose by which the Separatist church was damaged. The Huguenuts of Scrooby, under Robinson The Huguenots of Scrooby, under Robinson and Clifton (then a venerable man with a white beard), the older Brewster and young Bradford prepared to follow in considerable numbers, some leaving by Boston, others by the Humber.

In each case the Dutch captains who were to have conveyed them played them false. One delivered them into the hands of the civil power; the othersailed away when halt his passengers had been embarked, and left his passengers had been embarked, and left a crowd of helpless women and children half distracted on the shore. Many of the brethren were by checks like these disheartened, but at the end of the year one thousand six hundred and eight, all the stronger spirits had contrived to find their way to Amsterdam. There the church under Robinson was pestered by the Smith and Johnson discords. After a year's trial, the carnest men of Scrooby saw no farther hope of peace, and went accordsaw no farther hope of peace, and went accordingly out of the way of quarreiling from Amsterdam to Leyden. They remained elevon years at Leyden under Robinson their justor.

At the end of that time the promoters At the end of that time the premoters of the Virginia company, who were beating up and down for colonists, tempted them with the hope of a free soil, on which they might live socially as Englishauen, and not as subjects of the Dutch, though still without suffering coercion in their consciences. Sir Edwin, one of the sons of archbishop Sandys, happened to be the treasurer, and afterwards the governor of the Virginia Company, and with Sir Samuel, his brother, the Separatist Elder, Erewster, in his postmaster days, had been connected as a tenant of estate, the Seroolly manor being property diverted from the use of the church to its own use by the family of Sandys. The suggestion of a voyage to the new country thus naturally came from family of Sandys. The suggestion of a voyage to the new country thus naturally come from without to the Scrooby Puritans. It seemed good in their eyes. They sailed, a bundred strong as Pilgrim Fathers, from So (thampton, in the Mayflower, and they took, as the event would seem to prove a blessing with them.

So it is that we find in Brother Jonathan—

in the New Englander, or true Yankee—a Scrooby man, and even in the name donathan a token of his Puritan descent. The separated church abhorring samts' days and refusing saints' names to their children, because almost every person named in the New Testament was canonised, were driven to make pious use of Christian gitts, as Faith, Hope, Grace, or had resort to the Old Testament, and gave their sums such names as Jonathan and Zachary. We may add that the name Yankee declares him an Englishman, the word having arisen during the colonial wars, as a corruption of the French l'Anglais, by Indians unable to

pronounce the letter l

pronounce the letter I.

The English part of the history of the first colonists of New England, the founders of New Plymouth, as here narrated, was discovered only a few years ago by Mr. Hunter, in the manner following:—It had been said by Governor Bradford, that the Separatists in England were of several towns and villages, and in Nattinghamilian same in Limpoling. some in Nottinghamshire, some in Lincoln-shire, and some in Yorkshire, where they bordered nearest together. Of the members of his own church he writes elsewhere, that they ordinarily met at William Brewster's house, which was a manor of the bishop's. Patting these statements together, Mr. Hunter made research, and found that there was only a single episcopal manor near the borders of the three counties named, Scrooby to wit, amment possession of the Archbishop of York. So far good.

Then, because it was known that Brewster held among government appropriate that

held some government appointment, and that Serooby was a post-town, Mr Hunter belook himself to the accounts of the postmaster-general, in hope of discovering some mention of Brewster as living at Serooby, in further corroboration of his theory. The result was general, in hope of discovering some mention of Brewster as living at Scrooby, in further corroboration of his theory. The result was a discovery corroborative in the fullest sense of the whole fact, and at the same time for the juiciest bits. So they set on the tending to throw a flood of new light on its details,—it was found that William busy. I noticed that every man wore the office of postmaster. To pursue the office of postmaster. To pursue the office of postmaster. To pursue the discover more corroborative and though one would not have throught it. I watched them till they had another illustrative details now became easy, and in

this way, the whole of the first chapter story of the Pilgrim Fathers,—even to connection between Scrool y men and Virginia Company established next through the family of Sandys—a narragreat historical importance was be great historical importance was suddenly to light. The whole story ably shows how, by the study of tribes, antiquarians may find their hidden treasure.

THE ROVING ENGLISHMAN

THE navigation of the Danube is difficult; but, when the waters are low difficult; but, when the waters are low dangerous: so we ran aground for the time in the neighbourhool of a small Au military station in the Banat of Terms valanded. It was well to do so, for there landed. It was well to do so, for there village in the world so desolate and teresting that an observer may not

something there.

It was a savage little place at the foot grand range of hills, but semicircled meadows and rich lowlands towards the g meadows and rich lowlands towards the gaide. I entered one of the peacents' huts, was built of clay, and roofed with wood on the form of tiles. It was composed of a sirroom, with a large stone block in the car Upon this block burned, smootherm, half of a tree in one huge log first for There was no chimney, so that the component of the fire half component of the fire half component of the hut, and i quite black. For furniture was a three brone cooking-not of an uncouth shape. and a little tin oil-lamp hung against wall. At the doorway, for there was no a man sat on the uprooted stump of a larding and combing his hair. He was particular about it, and it was easy to gain a fount to the country of the country of a larding and combing his hair. ceive, from the expression of his count that he enjoyed a deep-scated satisfact his personal appearance. After som he rose, shook himself into trim arr loose clothes required no other arrang loose clothes required no other arrange entered the hut, and taking the three pot off the fire, marched with it in a stitury way to a barn, where some meawaited him. In this barn was pit large quantity of Indian corn in such for market. And the quaint-shaped legged pot contained the dinner of the coxcomb and his friends. It was a pork and a savoury miscellary of vegethiefly unions. The party required dishes nor plates, but, seating these

ment, and then followed the most promising booking of the party, for the purpose of holding a short conversation with him. He was a piensant open-faced little fellow when you got close to him, and of the same healthy brown colour as most wild animals. His conversation had a fine game flavour in it, too, which I liked amazingly. For a dress, he appeared simply to have cut off the legs of a sheep, and to have got into its skin. His primitive garment was tied at the threat with thougs of roughly-knotted hide. "I am fourteen years old," says the wild

little man (he was, probably, eight-and-thirty), "and I am, of course, a private in one of the Austro-Wallachian frontier regiments. There oighty thousand of us altogether employed this service. We serve on military duty one week in four, and we each receive a florin a month for pay. The rest of our time we devote to our own affairs. I am married. I have eight children, ten pigs, and two cows. I and my friend" (a long man of the same species, who sat smoking on a sack of Indian corn) "have also some sheep between us. We have not like subticining but no money. We do not like soldiering, but we must like it." Here he grins slyly, and I take the opportunity of observing that his legs are bound up with dingy twisted woollen rags, about the size and colour of haybands. Lowering still further the glance of observa-tion, I become aware that his feet are shod with undressed sheepskin, a kind of sundal. While my new acquaintance was reposing smilingly after this brief discourse, a woman came out of a neighbouring hovel and strode with a firm free step towards us. She was a splentid gipsy-faced dame, with bright black eyes, deep set and full of meaning; they glowed with a far-away and mystic fire quite plowed with a far-away and mystic fire quite bewildering. Her hair, the glossy blue-black of the raven's-wing, shaded a complexion rich with the warm hues of health and exercise. There was something striking in her beauty, and her carriage was graceful and stately as a stag's. Nature seemed to have created her a huntress queen—fate had made her a peasant girl. The wild little man told me with a familiar nod of intelligence that the was the wife of his long friend on that she was the wife of his long friend on the corn sack ; and, emboldened by this introduction, I tried to engage her in conversa-tion, mustering all my Wallachian for the occasion; but she only showed a dazzling set of teeth, and squeezed my hand in a half-shy and remonstrative, half-patronising way. Then, mounting a little springless waggen, to which two wiry ponies were already harnessed, she struck her husband laughingly over the head with a pig-whip, and called out with a short, good-humoured, but impeious exclamation of command to his partner. Both grunned from ear to ear. My little acquaintaince cast a sort of apologetic glance at me, as much as to say, "You see there is no resisting this bewitching vixen;" and I am bound in candour to confess that he was

right. So they climbed up into the waggon, and stuck their wooden pipes, about a foot long, to repose in safety, in the bandages round the calves of their legs. The short man seized a pair of rope reins, and away they rattled. The dame kept the pig-whip, and, by a smart use of it, judiciously distributed among the ponies and the scaims, the little waggon was soon whirling away at a brisk gallop. It was quite surprising to see like the members of an experimental government, in perfect independence of the rest. I watched it appearing and desuppearing among rut- and hillocks, like a boat in a wintry sea, and I was serry when a turn in the road hid it finally from my view.

Wamlering onwards, I soon came to the Austrian corps-de-garde. The officer on Austran corps-desgarde, The other on duty was an intelligent, gentlemanly young man. He said he was very busy (how, I did not inquire), and that he had neither time nor inclination to go after the game in the neighbourhood, though it abounded with wild boar and waterfowl, and there were even some deer. His dinner, he told me—a simple meal—cost him two shillings a day. It was prepared at the village inn. He might have had a better in London for half the price. So much for cheap living in these

countries.

As we were talking, a cart, with a decent, orderly company of country-tolk in holiday-clothes, came slowly along. They were a wedding-party—bride, bridegroom, and the old folk on both sides. The Austrian officer, who was at liberty to go where he pleased, followed them home, and he was so obliging as to permit me to accompany him.

The bride was a stout square-built country lass, with a short neck, splay feet and broad hands. Her complexion was pale broad hands. Her complexion was purely and sodden. Her eyes were small and dull; and slightly inwards. broad hands. Her complexion was pale and sodden. Her eyes were small and dull; moreover, they turned slightly inwards. Her mouth was fat and white; yet the local peculiarities of race were as marked and evident in her, as in the gay, dashing, gipsy termagant who had just flaunted by; only this poor bride was probably reared in some damp, unwholesome, marshy district, and hore the twices of it in every shapeless and passionless feature. For a bridal costume she were a red handkerchief folded into a narrow band, and ensireling her head like a coronet. Her hair (of a rusty brown) had a few flowers stuck awkwardly into it, and they drooped as if rusty brown) had a few flowers stuck awkwardly into it, and they drooped as if awkwardly into it, and they drooped as if ashamed to be there. She had on a short sheopskin jacket, with the wool turned inwards. It was embroidered with a rude device in coloured wool. A girdle of untanued leather was round her wast, and to this was suspended a pouch, which hung down behind, like the sabietash of a huzzar. It was bordered with a long particoloured woollen fringe. The petticout and chemise

a silver ring, a necklace of coins and blue beads glittered round her throat, and blue glass car-rings adorned her cars.

The bridegroom, a shy, abashed bumpkin, washed for the occasion, wore a high, black, peakless, sheepskin cap, embroidered woodlen leggings, a dirty calico tunic, or petticoat, descending below the knee, and a brown frieze jacket, with rows of little brass buttons, intended for ornament, not for use. His long, stranght hair, which had never felt the scissors, descended to his shoulders. His small twinkling eyes were deep set, and had a puzzled expression. Though young, his skin was wrinkled quite in plaits, like the front of a shirt. He was shaven, save for a ragged monstache clipped close to the lip, but descending in long uneven locks at the ends. He was very thin. He talked readily, though he was somewhat confused and flustered with the events of the day. He told me that when I had first seen him, he was returning from the chief station, whither he had been obliged to go with his bride to ask permission to marry of his commanding officer. The compulsory attendance of the lady on these occasions, he added, often caused hot blood among the peasantry. His commandon these occasions, he added, often caused hot blood among the peasantry. His commanding officer was a captain and a count. He had four subalterns also young men, serving under him, and twenty-four privates. They were stationed at a small village about a league away

league away.

Leaving the wedding party, after a time, to finish their rustic merrymaking undisturbed by the presence of a stranger, I wandered forwards among the rich pastures of the river-side, and at last lay down a musing by the troubled restless waters of the mighty Danube. At a little distance from me were a herd of some two hundred swine. They lay chumping their food and fattening in the mild grey air of the tance from me were a herd of some two hundred swine. They lay chumping their food and fattening in the mild grey air of the November noon. They were strange pigs, with woolly coats, long tails, long heads, and monstrous tasks. Two swineherds tended them. One carried a rude musical instrument, onde of a reed, and played on it, from time to time, some plantive and monotonous airs, not unmusical. The other leaned on a stout staff (it was a peeled sapling newly cut) and listened silently. When the music ceased they spoke together in drowsy murmurs. There was a world of untold poetry in the little group, a poetry of which the dwellers in cities little dream. But I could hear their low voices mingling with the ceaseless flow of that haunted river, and they seemed to me very cloquent.

seemed to me very cloquent.
Of such a race as these poor youths was the last Prince of Servia,—a swincherd, who

of undressed linen were profusely studded with little spots of red and blue embroidery, diamond-shaped. On one of her fingers was a silver ring, a necklace of coins and blue beads glittered round her throat, and blue glass car-rings adorned her ears.

The bridgegroup a shy abaded buarding the profuse of human affairs are such rate cesses, gleaning only to lead astray and on young ambition unto scoru!

So I mused on. From a little came, at intervals, the listless tinicle round the necks of grazing cows. geese walked in grave dignity are reeds and stubble further a-field. sighed like the voice of human sorrow gentle in its solemn depths, and speke message to the leaves, in a voice how ing, and full of pity. The rich times drous autumn are departing fast. The kings upon the opposite hells put of glorious panoply of state with where welcomed in the new born menth, and welcomed in the new born meanth, an ingly prepare for their winter sheep, tary wayfarer goes singing about a and smiting the stones with his statehoes of his strokes ring coar and. Their clank startles the partridge a he the wild duck flies with transious and a short fearful quack as he craw the frog dives, with a gurgling creak, the marsh weeds; and the deer goes ingrover the thicket on the builds. the marsh weeds; and the deer assing over the thicket on the heights other side, where our ship has craps broken paddles, stretch the tall paway by the dusty road. They away by the dusty road. They are the spirits of the departed heroes patriot band who have fallen in by whose souls have passed into tall the pare sighing over the rain of the more sighing over the ruin of the according to the mournful tradition willows nod in clusters of two as entwined together by the waters, like at the fountain; and afair off stands oak-tree, majestic and alone. I great thoughtful when the closing evening ally drew her veil over a sylvan enchanting as that which brooded or charmed glades.

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TRAVELLERS' CONTRIVANCES.

THE art of travel, wherever gold and silver The art of travel, wherever gold and silver are current coin, consists chiefly in having plenty of both. With these, and the small change of a civil tongue, a skin indifferent to entomological attacks, a spare shirt, and a cube of soap, a man may travel comfortably for thousands of miles, buying his experience and his baggage as he goes along; here laying in a cold fowl and bread for a Spanish expedition; there purchasing a sheepskin cloak, or a thin pair of breeches, according to the climate; but the moment that the traveller, more adventurous, turns his steps into those more adventified, turns his steps into those savage regions where towns, roads, banks, pumps, and butchers' shops are unknown, he must prepare to uncivilise himself, and relearn the arts of his ancestors before they were corrupted into living in houses, and spinning the wool of innocent sheep into broad-cloth. The difference between civilised and savage

life is between dependence and independence Civilisation grows and expands by wants. The savage wants nothing: he can find for himself; and therefore cares nothing for nobody; and, of course, does nothing beyond the wants of the hour. As he owns nothing he improves nothing; he cats when he is hungry, or when he is not hungry, because he can't always make sure of a meal; drinks when he is dry; and goes to sleep when he has nothing else to do, without waiting for

bed-time.

The more civilised we become, the more we rely on acciety to help us to our wants. We do not study landmarks; because roads and sign-posts save us the trouble of thinking. We do not know how to cook, or to make candles, or tan hides, or carve wooden bowls and hom spoons, because candles, shoes, creekery, and metal spoons can be bought cheaper than they can be made at home. When the savage walks out, there is one book he is always reading; and therefore he reads it flurally, for his existence depends upon it: he is always reading; and therefore he reads it fluently, for his existence depends upon it; the book of Nature. His eyes are constantly upon the ground; his nose saids the air, and ditacts the haunts of various animals; his ears are creet to catch the faintest sound. "There went a deer," he says to himself, "but a long time since. There went a bear; and he's not long gone. That grey tuft, afar off

on the plain, is a sleeping fox." His living depends, not on his purse, but his personal acuteness of eye, and ear, and smell. Without the full use of these organs he may soon starve, as old people actually do among many savage tribes. The white man relies on the water company, or, at any rate, on a well with a bucket, for drink, if out of reach of beer, mead, quass, wine, or brandy. He goes to the butcher for his joint, to the tailor for his jacket; and rather disdains the pothunter, who makes sure of hare with a cunning greyhound and a pointer, for the sake of

ning greyhound and a pointer, for the sake of a roast or a jug.

But the white man's faculties are only dormant, not dead. White children brought up in the bush, or on the prartie, are quite as sharp as savages. Even full-grown men attain by practice the power of performing many of the feats that astonish us so much among Indian and negro tribes. London pickpockets, before horses were common in New South Wales, ran down eattle, and flung them with a dexterious twitch of the tail. American backwoodsmen and Australian bushmen make their way through forests, lian bushmen make their way through forests, and even deserts, trace cattle by their foot-prints, and find fire, and shelter, and game in a manner almost worthy of brown aborigine; while in feats of strength, in fleetness of foot, and sureness of aim, white hunters, well trained, are usually superior to savages.

Some critics and statesmen who ought to know better attribute the winter sufferings of our soldiers in the Crimea to the helpless character of the modern Englishman. It would seem that they had citter never read, or have forgotten, the adventures and letters of our emigrants and travellers. The English soldier is taught—disciplined—to be helpless; but the English emigrant has proved humself, in every climate, equal to the situation. In the backwoods of America, the bush of Australia, and among the Klots of South Africa, he has settled and housed himself, and found means to live and thrive in spite of climate fingid or tropierd, savages and wild beasts, without shops or police. As for English travellers, for en-Some critics and statesmen who ought to tropieal, savages and wild beasts, we hout shops or pelice. As for English travellers, for endurance, patience, acuteness, resources under difficulties, and general ability to do the best under the most adverse circumstances, such men as Pallisser, Mansfield Parkyns, Lieutenant Burton, the English Hady, Francis

Galton, and Gordon Cumming, may be half from the barrel, so as in some or matched against the hunters and travellers protect the staves from wear and tear plan is recommended to soldiers we

Francis Galton—the son, if we mistake not, of a respectable Birmingham banker of Quebec descent, after having rendered valuable services to geographical study by his explorations of an unknown region of Africa, in which he commenced from love of sport, but prosecuted for the benefit of science—has published the results of his experience and notes from his commonplace booking. The Art of Traval in Wild Countries, for in The Art of Travel in Wild Countries, for the benefit of emigrants, missionaries, soldiers, and all who have to rough it. In these times, when one half our adventurous young men are soldiers and the other half sailors or emigrants, it may be useful to give an idea of its contents, with a few additional hints from other travellers and our own experience in

savage lands.

Water is one of the great wants in travelling, and water is scarce in every hot country where wells have not been made. Sometimes it must be dug for, sometimes gathered from the cup-like leaves of great gathered from the cup-like leaves of great plants. To find streams and pools, birds are the best guides, especially towards evening. Parrots are never far from water in hours of drought. Bathing in brackish or even salt-water will tend to allay thirst, and if a thunder-shower comes on it will be well to follow the plan of the West Indian negroes,— strip to the skin, by which the benefit of a refreshing shower-bath is obtained, while the clothes, rolled up tight, are dry and ready to put on when the shower cesses, and, as is not unfrequent in tropical countries, a cold breeze comes on. This was the plan of Mansfield Parkyns, a modern traveller in Abyssinia. In South Africa, after a long cha the hunters will cut open the stomach of the white rhinoceros, and some other animals, and drink the store of water there to be found. Put the traveller must beware of the black rhinoceres, which, like King Mithridates, according to classic stories, feeds and thrives on the poisonous acacia leaves. A bucket of turbid water may be cleared by three thimblefuls of alum, and a filter may be thimblefuls of alum, and a filter may be made impromptu of moss, grass, and gravel, if there be no charcoal at hand, but a few pounds of charcoal will filter a great deal of water. Mr. thalton gives useful advice for digging wells, for watering cattle, and for carrying water in kegs or leather bottles. For getting water out of a river or pool, with steep banks, we have found a barrel, strongly become intend with an axis and size of the strong of the strong water and size of the strong of hooped, fitted with an axle and rings, ex-tremely useful. The harrel, with long traces attached, is sunk in the river; when filled the bung is driven in, then one or more oxen attached to the traces, and, the harrel being attached to the traces, and, the barrel being wind: follow her example. A man round, rolls easily up a steep bank along the down is but a small object; and a ground, however rough, to the camp. Two eighteen inches high will guard him of the hoops should project an inch and a from the strength of a storm. A tro

from a river. The Arabs carry their le

from a river. The Arabs carry their leaths water flacks on the shady side of the care. Fire is as almost essential to the count of a traveller as water even in tropical courses. The morning is usually interactly exhefore daybreak. Nothing can be relied on a flint and steel, and a burning-glass. The invalable lucifer may be lost, spoilt, or used up, how learn from Galton, that the wax-lu-ob are the best; with these there should be tin-saucer, or some other simple, and corrivance for shading from the wind, is a portant. A dozen other modes of getting trivance for shading from the wind, portant. A dozen other modes of get light are enumerated. The crystallin of a dead animal's eye has been as fully used as a burning-glass. Fire lighted by friction are used by as but we never heard of a European acquired the knack. Tinder may be of cotton or linen rags. Animalinguagus from trees dried, sliced, and take sultpetre. The ashes of a cigar, or well powder, rubbed into paper will canro into touch-paper. To keep anything or light either a fire or a pipe, is very light either a fire or a pipe. Scotch shepherd taught us to the packet of tinder under the armpit durainy season in the bush. This is the Highland drovers coming south. a spark into flame our plan was to ready a handful of dry grass, wasp it is round the tinder, and then, taking it is hand, whirl it round and round at the length of the arm—first alowly and republy—windmill-fashion, until it into a flame; this is a surer plan than ing with the breath. Firewood shou looked for under bushes. Dry manure the world. The Canadams call it vache. Bones make a good fire. Falkland Islands they cook a bull wown bones and a little turf or tuescal. Travellers in the east carry prepared coal slung in the form of large last ten necklace. Mr. Galton's golden rais. Always manage to have, if pumible, a fire towards morning.

To bivounce, or camp out, Bushmen say, is a great art. 6 S form of a hare," says tratton. flattest and most uncompromising the creature will have availed herself of little hollow to the be of an insign tuft of grass, and there she will have and fidgeted about till she has made a significant. round grassy bed, compact and fitted shape, where she may card herself store cower down below the level of the

a roof, not a wall. What dense low screen, perfectly What is wanted is a wind-tight, as high up as the knee above the ground. if a traveller has to encamp on a bare turf plain, he need only turn up a sod seven feet long, by two feet wide; and if he aucceeds in propping it up on its edge, it will form a sufficient shield against the wind."

The near neighbourhood of water is objectionable for a sleeping camp in hot climates. One resource is to bury oneself in sand, all but the head. "In this way in sand, all but the head. "In this way Moffat the South African missionary passed a comfortable night when it was bitterly cold. The Laplanders carry bags of reindeer skin, into which they creep, and allow them-Some friends of selves to la buried in snow. ours, including ladies, on a visit to the North Cape, passed twenty-four hours under the snow, enveloped like ferrets, without any serious inconvenience, and they all felt much warmer than when travelling, "In "In making bed on the ground, Mr. Galton remarks, "the underside is as important or even more important than the covering. A mattress is useful not only for softness butfor warmth. The earth is generally cold and often damp; therefore a strip of mackintosh and a large blanket or plaid are indispensable for camping out. Even in the dry climate of Australia, rheumatism punishes those who sleep out without great precautions for being warm the might through. Leaves, fern, heather, reeds, bundles of fag-gots, or even two trunks of trees rolled close angether, are worth the trouble of collecting and arranging, rather than trusting to mother trying weather, work hard at making his sleeping place perfectly comfortable; he should not cease until he is convinced that it will withstand the chill of the early morn-ing; when the heat of the last sun is exhansted, and that of the new sun has not begun to be felt. It is wretebed beyond expression for a man to lie shivering, to feel the night air becoming hourly more raw, while the life-blood has less power to with-stand it, and to think, self-reproachfully, how different would have been his situation if he had simply had forethought enough to out and draw twice the quantity of wood, and spend another half-hour in making a snugger both. The omission once made becomes irreputable; for, in the dark and cold of a

pitiless night he lacks stamma, and has no means of coping with his difficulties."

Mansfield Parkyns says: "Some will ask, how did you manage to sleep on the sloppy to some of stammars of wood our manage of them. how did you manage to sleep on the sloppy but on booking round the sky, I perceived bosom of a bog l. Every night we made ourselves mattresses of pieces of wood large of an hour above the horizon. Gradually stones, ite, haid together until of a theight to keep us well out of the wet. A and the sun rose in full splendous."

tanned spread upon this formed our bed; and, when it came on to rain, our covering also. It is not altogether luxurious until you are used to it. it requires a little until you are used to it. It requires a little knack and turning round like a dog, to adapt the risings and hollows of your body to those of the bed; but with patience, a little management, and a hard day's work, a good night's rest is not a difficult thing to obtain any circumstances." A large dog in under a cold country forms at once a companion by day and a blanket by night. had his "maychal Boggo," a m a mastiff with long thick course hair; and Pallesser had his beautiful Ishmah, who drew a small sledge, with food and clothes, all day, and saved his master from being frozen to death at night.

The aboriginal natives of New South Walso, as well as the certification of

Wales, as well as the cattle that room at large in its woods, invariably choose the top of a moderately-elevated hill to sleep on during the winter months; the hills of that country being always warmer than the valleys at that time of year, while in summer valleys are sought both by men and nals. "I have often been surprised," animals. says a travoller, "at feeling a warm of air on the top of a range of hills after ascending from valleys where the breeze was chilling. These breezes blow from the northchilling. west.

As to tents, a circular tent is the worst of all, and a three-poled tent the easiest to improvise, with two stakes driven into the ground and a third, or a rope, at the top. A sheet, a lot of blankets, or a mackintoch thrown across, form no despicable tent for the want of a better. Always get off the earth." A blanket made into a bag large enough the want of a better. Always get off the to hold you may also contain in the day a ground a few inches if you can, to avoid cold, leather, or, still better, a mackintosh sheet, damp, or a snake for a bedfellow. Gordon the most valuable of bivouacking inventious. Cumming in South Africa once, neglecting "Let the traveller (or soldier), when out in this precaution, slept in the hole of a cohra, trying weather, work hard at making his and Mansfield Parkyns in Abyssinia in that of a deadly adder. Hints, in tent pitching, to obtain the morning sun or to seeme the most shade may be gathered from gipsies: it is quite an art. If you are likely to make a rade hut, it is well to have a bag with mails, hooks, and strips of cloth or leather to put round the walls to hang on or stick in anything you like, to be harely.

To sleep on horseback is not difficult if you

are well packed with blankets or skins, rolled before and behind a saddle. "About midbefore and behind a saddle, "About midnight," says Mansfield Parkyns, "I thought night," says Mansfield Parkyon, I would take a nap, and so rested my hands, one on each side of the saddle, monkeythem after what appeared to me a five minutes doze, I found the caravan proceed-ing precisely in the same order as before some talking, some nothing, some singing;

The importance of dress depends on the climate and the man. Galton lays stress on flamel next the skin—that is to say, flamel shirts for damp, windy, cold weather, and coarse calico shirts for fine hot dry weather. A poncho is a very useful garment—better for horseback than a plaid. A blanket with a hole in it makes a good pancho. A sheet of a hole in it makes a good poncho. A sheet of calico saturated in oil makes a waterproof poncho. Galton and Pallisser agree that a shooting costume of thick Tweed is the best for all except tropical countries. Leather. both breeches and coat, answers well except in wet climates. Leather overalls, with a spring to fasten them at one motion, are better than jack boots, because they may be un-fastened and hung to the saddle when the traveller wants to run on foot. Galton strongly recommends braces; why, we don't know; they are not agreeable in hunting. About stockings and shoes, Galton and Mansfield Parkyns differ entirely. Galton recommends thick woollen socks, and thinks nothing equal to European shoes, while Parkyns is all for bare feet; but all must depend upon the nature of the country to be trodden. Gordon Cumming wore a wide-awake hat, secured under his chin, a coarse linen shirt, sometimes a kilt, sometimes a pair of lambskin breeches and Cape farmers' made shoes. He discarded coat, waistcoat, and neckcloth, and always hunted with bare Galton wore leather breeches, jack and a hunting cap. The late General Sir Charles Napier wore a white hunting cap, with muslin twisted turban-fashion to keep off the sun in Scinde. Mansfield Parkyns weut even more bare than Gordon Cumming; and Parkyns, we must remember, is a Nottinghamshire gentleman and a Cantab, therefore early accustomed to comfort. The following is his own conception of life in the Abyssinian bush:

"I have more than once," he says, "started

off on an expedition into the wild woods without even saying where I was going, or even knowing myself. My dress on these occasions consisted of a short kilt of nicelyoccasions consisted of a short kill of meety-tanned antelope's hide, a piece of coarse cotton cloth wrapped round my waist as a belt by day, and a covering by night, and a small skin (a wild cat's or jackal's) thrown over my left shoulder. Add to these a kid's-akin filled with flour, a little horn of Cayenne and salt mixed and a small rices of pepper and salt mixed, and a small piece of thin leather for a bed, and you have all necessary for a fortnight's outlying in Abys necessary for a fortnight's outlying in Abys-sinula of a frontier man. A flint and steel, slow-match, an awl, nippers for extracting thoms, a rifle and animunition! If a man cannot be happy in a dry climate, what would he wish for? Even if you have no sport with game, there are always small birds, snakes, fish, lizards, &c., to be had; so that you need never want."

As to fret-coverings, he observed.

to feet-coverings, he observes : "In a country abounding in rocks (like Abyssinia)

it would be dangerous to attempt to too many places excepting barefoot. I went years barefoot, and know that it is by more comfortable to go without shoes, these climates is always a good thing, often necessary. During my long permisemi-starvation, I never felt lighter in life. Wounds of all kinds healed like to Once, in running down a sliney and amprecipitous path, I struck my bare to against the edge of a rock as sharp a razor, and a bit of flesh, with the whole razor, and a bit of fiesh, with the whole the nail of my little toe except the root, cut off. I could not stop longer that polish off the bit that was hanging he skin, for we were in close of a party of I who had cut the throats of three of friends the night before, but was obliged to friends the night before, but was obliged to on running for about twenty miles that discussion, the greater part of the way up to an ankles in burning sand. I scatted some from it at all; the next day I forgot to the day after, the nail grew again. Another day, in running after an autology. I had wounded, in my eagerness, I jump it that they had one splinter, of about the thackers is a tencency-mail, entered the hall of my lost tenpenny-nail, entered the ball of my lost passed so far through, that the point appeared like a black spot under the third and bourd toes, towards the instep, and then redshort off. I got my many out it was short off. I got my game, cut it up, correit home, some two miles, and then sires the splinter with a unil-wrench. My foot lied good deal; but with the exception of a litt-stiffness for a day or two, which in newso prevented my walking, I suffered no poin at all. Under European diet in Europe I all. Under European diet in English should have been laid up with a bad fort for at least a fortnight."

Parkyns seems to have always take, atter of dress very easy. When he dematter of dress very easy. When he dead on returning to civilised life, he says. My first efforts towards establishing a ward or consisted in the purchase of a few yards coarse calieo, which I obtained of an heavy and another who was good enough to the purchase of the p pediar, who was good enough to show how he cut them into shirts, and we have days' employment in stitching them. I of our party were very good with an art cobbling did not much assist us in heart whits. Our friend the heart was in heart shints. Our friend the hawker, in Trut for my doctoring him, gave me a w'i. cap, and I set about having my head cap, and I set about naving my how with our knives, without soap. A hour and a-half's exquisite torrare, the closed with one-third unshorn, the patches, bleeding from nine ten wonds. Not being presentable in the made myself a turn of a pair of different the next morning the contents. But the next morning the cowner neighbouring coffee-house bounglet up a who owned an old, country-made, now and soon finished me off. Two Al-irregulars, learning my want of contrame that the wardrobe of one of their comrades by anction. shillings and ninepence), a greasy red-cloth wastcoat, a striped cotton ditto, and the remains of a red-and-yellow cotton sash, with a red cap, nearly black from age, knocked down at fourteen plastres; so, at a cheap rate, I was equipped like a Turkish soldier who had not received his pay for eighteen months."

And at another time in the desert, he says: was dressed in the light costume of the Arabs: a pair of drawers, a ferda thrown over my shoulders, a heavy two-edged sword hung over my lett arm, to which were also bound a heap of amulets and a knife. In dress I was a nigger; in colour, a Turk."

After this, those who can follow our traveller may despise and abandon port-

After this, those traveller may despise manteaus for the East.

For sporting excursions in cold climates, part of the hunting costume in use on the Carpathian Mountains is worth attention. Warm knitted stockings; and, over them, a pair of soft Russian leather boots, which can be turned down in folds below the knee, or, if needful, pulled up to the hip. To keep the in needful, pulled up to the hip. To keep the hands warm in severe weather, so as to be able to handle the gun, in addition to thin gloves, a small fur mulf may be slung from the neck, in which the hands may rest until wanted. The metal parts of the gun in hard frosts which the hands are likely to touch, should be bound with leather.

A good saddle is indispensable. Calternal

should be bound with leather.

A good saddle is indispensable. Galton and Pallisser both agree that there is nothing like an English hunting-saddle, and Galton found it as useful with an ox as with a horse. Saddles for foreign use must be much more stuffed than in England, as all half-wild horses 'are smaller, and often carry the saddle badly for want of fine shoulders. We consider the Yorkshire hunting saddle, with plan unstuffed flaps, the best for wear, as it is not spoilt by heavy rain. A blanket rolled and strapped over ing saddle, with plan unstuffed flaps, the best for wear, as it is not spoilt by heavy rain. A blanket rolled and strapped over the penmel, in the Australian fashion, is handy when you camp, and forms a better support for the knees, in going down steep hills, or with a breaking half-broken brute, than stuffed flaps. In posting on horseback in France twenty years ago, we used to keep, expressly for the purpose, a demi-pique saddle, made wide between the cantle and the pummel, with a well-stuffed seat—one could sleep in it. But in wild countries, with strange horses, especially in chasing deer or boar, your mag is sure to fall occasionally. A fall at a fast pace on a hunting-saddle, flat hefore and behind, is nothing to a good horseman, for he rolls out of the way; but stuck fast in a high-piqued military saddle, its very dangerous, as you are sure to be crushed to believe that a saddle invanted by the late Captain Nolan, described in his Cavatry, makes a good frying-pau. We have known

Tactics, is much the best for travelling or hunting, if altered a little from its military shape. This saddle, instead of stuffing pada, shape. This saddle, instead of stuffing pads, has a cover of serge into which three or more slips of felt are put, according to the size of the horse's back; if on a journey, he falls off in condition, an extra slip of felt makes it fit, and prevents a sore back. There are no leather flaps, but instead, a saddle-cloth of felt an inch thick. Such a saddle is as strong and much lighter than an ordinary saddle, and will fit any horse. You can saddle a restive horse with greater facility; while the seat of the rider is more firm, and while the seat of the rider is more firm, and the control more complete, in consequence of his legs pressing again the horses' side without a slippery leather flap between—this is an especial advantage after riding all day in the rain. A bridle should be made that it may also be used as a headstall, with links and hooks, or that the bit can be slipped out of the lorge's mouth for the purpose of feeding the horse's mouth for the purpose of feeding without taking the bridle off his head. By number of hooks (D) strongly having a great sewn to a travelling saddle, anything required can be fastened on with strings or straps. Cruppers we don't use in England, but they are essential for safety abroad as well as

breastplates.
Food and cookery must be considered together. Galton advises the traveller to study the crops of birds in order to learn whether the berries or leaves of the country he is in are poisonous or not. This rule has exceptions, but is the only guide that can be suggested. Rank birds should be skinned, as the rankness generally lies in the skin. On the sea-coast cooks baste sea-birds, skinned, with salt water, on the probably correct idea, that it diminishes the fishy flavour. For kinds of food we refer to Galton. In Java they cook trout by wrapping them in rice-straw, and setting it on fire, when the straw is lurned the fish is cooked. Scotchmen say that the fish is turned into a capital imitation of a Loch

an instance of a kettle for ten with a wooden bottom doing duty in the bush. The plan was to bury it in the earth, and make the fire round it.

Galton gives an excellent chapter on gons, but we prefer quoting from Pallisser. Galton's plan for carrying a gun on horseback is the best that has ever been suggested. He says:

"Make a canvas or leathern bag large

"Make a canvas or leathern bag large enough to admit the but: of the gun pretty freely, the straps that apportit buckle through a ring in the pommel. The gun is perfectly safe, never comes below the armpit; even in taking a leap, it is pulled out in an instant by bringing the elbow in front of the gun and close to the side, so as to throw the gun outside of the arm; then lowering the hand, the gun is caught up—any sized gun can be earried in this fashion." Any plan for carrying a loaded gun muzzle downward is dangerous, as the ball is likely to slip down away from the charge and burst the gun when fired. A house may soon be taught to stand still while the rider dismounts and fires, by peging the bridle thrown over his head to the ground, firing, returning and rewarding him; eventually he will fancy that he is pegged fast whenever the bridle is thrown loose.

A double-barrelled riffe is invaluable for deer shooting, but you must not recken on accuracy of execution beyond one hundred and fitty yards equal to a single barrel. As to calibre, I prefer from twenty-four to sixteen to the pound. The larger the ball the greater the necessity for superior powder. Gunpowder, says Pallisser, should be kept in air-tight packages. The best knife for hunting purposes is a good plain woodenhandled butcher's knife, the handle long, the blade thin—thick bladed illuminated knives of the German Jäger rashion are only fit to hang over a chimneypiece—a knife stuck in a sheath below the knee is handier than claewhere. Do not, burthen yourself by trying to forestall a thousand imaginary necessities. Beyond your guns, good horses, with their appurtenances, you will require nothing on the prairie but your knife, flint and steel, pipe, an iron ladle for melting lend, a tin mug, and two iron kettles—the covers will do to fry in."

We shall not quote any more from Galton, because it is a cheap little book, and those who want to study the art of travel can buy it; but shall conclude with a few notices on this inexhaustible subject by returning to our own experience, and to the book of the Abyssinian denizer.

To cross rivers, you may make a raft, or swim. The Abyssinian way is to pack your watch and other small perishable things, and a few arfields of clothing, into a gontskin bag, blow it out, secure the mouth with a string, and tie one end to the fagget; then mount on the faggets astride, and be towed across. But the best and simplest contrivance for swimming across broad dangerous water, or

for teaching any one to awim, is the following, which we cut out of a country new appear twenty years ago, and have tried and recommended since with the greatest outcome to both sexes. By this plan, in a fortnoich, a timid lady became an excellent assument. Cut two pieces of cork into an available, the length of the points of your aboutdoes, poin the two pieces together with a hinge of leather or gutta-percha on one side and strings on the other; cut a hole in the central argo enough for your neek, but too small for your head to pass through. When put on, it should rest longwise on your shoulders, und project four or five inches before and behind your head. This cork collar will easy two persons easily; it leaves the arms quite free, does not raise you too high out of the water, or obstruct you in swimming; and when taken off, can be doubled and carried can on the head or back. It will also make, it needed, a very good trimmer for fishing; and a pillow at night. By the help of the slope of cork (which is not liable to be pursured like a Mackintosh belt) we have considered hivers holding a gun over our lat, with powder in the hat; in fishing, by the amendas, we have carried a dry shirt, at the cork collar saved us.

But more important than outfit or arma, to carry a man through savage lands, are courage, temper, and tact, with a contented cheerful spirit. Of these qualities we have never met with better examples than in the travels of our Notts Cantabridgian Alessinian. He recommends, above all thingacivility. There is nothing like a civil torigize and quiet unpretending manners, to get and under nearly every emergency. "Many travellers," says Mansfield Parkyne, "taxe a soldier with them from the chief or king of the country, where they may be travellers, and many affect a harsh demeanour to an natives, demanding lodging, food, &c, is tamost peremptory manner. This is a planted at all to be recommended, it often leader to quarrel, and is not likely to obtain for the traveller, what he ought so much to court, if he wishes to study the manners and cathod of the people—their good-will and continue. Here I should very much dislike any serior in the manner of the people of 'Do unto others as pounded they should do unto you." In would they should do unto you." It is nearly arrived in a village, I have found the better plant to do as the native to the better plant to do as the native to the better plant to do as the native to the better plant to do as the native to the better plant to do as the native to the better plant of as the native to the better plant of as the native to the present remarks; though, generally, they are very civil. Answer their questions good-naturedly, take pleasure in making

yourself agreeable, you will find it will become a habit, and you will be welcome everywhere. I hope future travellers may agree with me, that it is not absolutely necessary to enter forcibly into other people's houses, or to demand as a right the supper which one ought to receive with thanks, if voluntarily For instance, on one occasion he was given. taken prisoner by mistake, and the next day-

" I woke up quite in my usual state of philosophy, highly amused at my situation. The addiers collected in numbers, to amuse themselves at my expense. After some little 'chaffing,' they began to dance about, going through their doundatu or war-board, slipping through their doundatu or war-board, slipping their lances at me, and catching them by the butt when the point was within an inch or two of my body. I knew I was in no danger, if I only kept my temper. So when the first man had performed his part, I took a piece of straw and gave it him, telling him that was the sword he needed. This raised a laugh against him, and entering into the spirit of the thing, we went on famously. I acted the part of a chief: gave one man a straw coronet, to another a bracelet, to a third an imaginary mule, and so on; while to make the matter more real, I invested a dullar habily hidden more real, I invested a dollar, luckily hidden in the corner of my belt, in some drink, and each bringing his share of dinner, we had a grand carnivorous feast. Thus, by a little management, I became a great favourite with the soldiery, instead of being bullied by them. Let this be a warning to hot-headed travel-lers. My greatest discomfort arose from my complaint. But this only served to draw our the good qualities of my comrades, who con-trived for me all sorts of little necessary concines. They procured me a pungent root, which did me so much good, that on the third day of my imprisonment I was quite well!"

We think, that while England, Scotland, and Ireland can produce such specimens of tra-vellers as those we have quoted, no one need dread the enervation of our modern gentlemen, as long as they escape the influence of Generals Pipeclay, Martinet, and Routine.

CHRISTMAS IN SOUTHERN ITALY.

"Come along with me to church," said a Neapolitan friend, last year, when the bells were chiming more merrily than usual, as if they themselves had their part in the fun of the season; "there are beautiful things to be heard and seen." So off I set to the be heard and seen." So off I set to the parish church of a village not far from Naples. The high altar was blazing with light. On the right lay the presept (the manger), and on the left stood erect the Madonna; whilst round that impersonation clustered the young damsels of the country. The Madonna looked as benignant as wax could look. A magnificent flaxen wig flowed over her thoulders, whilst a splendid white

satin dress attracted many eyes; but the manger was, on this occasion, the great object of attention; and it had been expanded, I found, into a marvellous large town, into which was crowded almost every known animal. The Bethlehem of the artist was a wonderfully hilly district, in which houses hung on at every conceivable angle. Trees and flowers every conceivable angle. Trees and flowers bloomed all a ound, without regard to climate or season. N r was the star forgotten; which, painted in crelets of red, blue, and green, was attached to the end of a pole, that protruded from what might have been the market-place of the city. Its light had apparently already led the shepherds to the holy spot, who, dressed in Calabrian hats and Spanish clasks, and hearing small burder. spot, who, dressed in Camerian small hurdy-Spanish cloaks, and bearing small hurdy-gurdys in their hands, were supposed to be

col-brating the auspicious event. The manger itself was empty, as the placing of the hambino (the infant) within it is a solemn ceremony, reserved for early Christmas morning. There is no more distinctive feature in the Christmas of Southern Italy than the manger; and therefore I have adverted to it first. The erecting of it, whether in the church or a private house, excites a vast amount of interest. It is a sign of approaching festivity, equivalent to our hanging up the mistletoe, or decking our windows with holly; and, in a country village, there are as many small sensations as there are presepes erected. Reports are constantly circulating as to the progress which each is making, and comparisons are drawn which stimulate their respective proprietors to make greater efforts to beautify them. The village carpenter is in great requisition; and I shall never forget this vast importance, inasmuch as I was the sufferer for it during the last Nevana. is in great requisition; and I shall never forget his vast importance, inasmuch as I was the sufferer for it, during the last Novena. My doors were gaping, so as to admit every breath of wind that blew, and my windows had been beaten in by a storm; but prayers and remonstrances were of no avail to move Maestro Raffacle. He had to finish the presepe of the church, and another for Don Carb, and another for Don Giuseppe, and others for a whole host of dons; so that I was compelled to wait with as much complements and whole host of dous; so that I was com-pelled to wait with as much complacency and patience as I could muster. In fact, what could I do otherwise? It would not have been Christmas without the presepe; and I would have slept without any door or win-dow rether than decrease the appropriate of dow rather than destroy the associations of such a season. Indeed, I am glad now to think that not one moment of Maestro Raffaele's invaluable time was occupied by me.

As soon as the presepes are finished, all the

come to gaze, and perhaps kneel and pray, there is an excellent opportunity of observing what is shut up during the whole of the rest of the year, and of collecting copious material for gossip. A new life is infinal into our village, and the animation scarcely flags till Easter comes with a new

Still there is an incompleteness in the arrangements; and there is a pause of expectation until the Zampognari arrive. Now there are no persons considered so essential to the constitution of Christmas in the South of Italy as these men; and their arrival is always welcomed with corresponding demonstrative. always welcomed with corresponding demonstrations of respect and joy. Where they come from, the public mind cannot well decide. Some, I verily believe, are persuaded that they are angels under the form of men; some certainly think that they are lineal descendants of the shepherds who fed their flocks on the plains of Bethlehem. "Why, there are the self-same figures in the manger in the church," observes the village barber; and, as he is a great authority, the Zampognari are looked upon by the wondering peasants with immense veneration. Historic truth obliges us to say, however, that they sants with immense veneration. Historic truth obliges us to say, however, that they are shepherds from the Abruzzi, who annually perambulate certain districts with their baupipes under their arms, and not unfrequently make a good speculation of the simple devotion of the country people. Their dress is more picturesque than I can well describe. Any one who has been to Rome will have seen it on the models who leak in have seen it on the models who bask in Spagna; or yearly it may be seen in some of the pictures in our Water Colour Exhibition. Their legs are enveloped in a coarse worstedwork, encircled with I know not how many bands of rope. This delicate hosiery is surguented by breeches made of goetskin; the mounted by breeches made of goatskin; the vest is of the same material, or there may be, at times, red; whilst over all is thrown a brown, well-patched, Spanish cloak, cut short to the knee, and as particoloured, if not quite so brilliant, as was that of Ben-jamin. On the top of this singular-looking figure rises the conical Calabrian hat, adorned with a pencock's feather, and several bows of

What a sensation does the arrival of the Zampoguaro create! He blows up his bagpipes, and straightway they discourse their peculiar music, whilst his companion alter-nately sings and plays his pipe. The first occupation of the Zampognari on their arrival, is to go from house to house and ascertain who means to observe the Novena. I have often received a visit from these picturesque beings; and have as often made an engagement with them to play daily at my house; always receiving two wooden spoons as an assurance of the bargain. These spoons are rule specimens of the workmanship of the shepherds in their idle hours on the mountains. One only is generally left; but, by virtue of being a foreigner, I have always received two.

virtue of being a foreigner, I have always received two.

Everything being arranged, the Zampognari enter on the active duties of the Novema From early morn to late at night are they blowing and singing. Not a Madaman at the street-corner, or in the open shop, remains unsaluted. Not a house which had the wooden spoon is passed by. Everywhere are they honoured guests, and counted and crammed like Norfolk turkeys, they not unfrequently leave the country districts which they have charmed with a full purse, as well as a full skin. I had requested that they would visit my house towards the even fig. in order that I might have the advantage of their music during my supper; thus attempting to reconcile and gratify a certain regard to devotion, to antiquity, and a taste for a rude species of music. As some sounded music are, however, improved by distance, if suggested that a distant room might is tread up. Accordingly, my servant had empended the whole with a natural framework of holly, bright with berries and flower in termixed. That was his presepe, and gratify was it admired. The head Zampogno had succeeded to the patrimonial powers of the family on the denise of his father, who had come to tune his pipes in this out-of the way place for full forty years. The attendant was as yet only a candidate for distinction. By the time they arrived at my house, both were come to tune his pipes in this out-of-the-way place for full forty years. The attendant was as yet only a candidate for distinction. By the time they arrived at my house, both were suffering from their gratified and prospective ambition; for, after having visited several hundred houses, it may readily be concernitately had blown nearly all the breach out of their bodies. Yet, heaving and panting as they were, it was wonderful to as what new life was infused into them. Fixing their eyes intently on the Madonna, we formed the most prominent objects in my vant's room (where the performance to place), their cheeks expanded, and issued the wild carol. All this time stood around them, a group composed of people of the house, and partly of who had followed them; for on who had followed them; for on occasions there is a free entry to all is a characteristic of Italian fittes and omonies, that the greatest publicity actuate to them; and whether it be the last upon to them; and whether it be the last unot or a funeral, a marriage or a birth. a Zipoguaro's devotion, or a New Year's festivities, in rush the people, to shriek to laugh, or to crack a joke, or to prain the character of the fete miss between the master Zampoguaro ceased his pipes, his assistant took up the music times with his voice, sometimes with single pipe. The words which he same rude enough; but as they may be veneral for their antiquity, and certainly exercises great influence over both performers a

audience, we give them in this rough translation:

For ever ballow'd be
The night when Christ was born,
For den the saints did see
The holy star of mon.
St. Arestasius and St. Joseph old
They did that blessed sight behold.

The night of the Nativity
It is a holy night,
When Father, Son, and Holy Ghost unito
That man may saved be.

The music ceases; and, for a moment a dead silence reigns throughout the little group; then Complimenti are produced for the principal personages: a glass of wine, a little fruit, and sometimes more substantial fare; and so the performances of the day conclude. For eight days and nights (the Novem) are

For eight days and nights (the Novem) are these ceremoties continued; the ninth is Christmas Day; and though the Zampognaro continues his rounds, the material and earthly seem to have taken place of the heavenly. And now Christmas assumes another phase. The whole day the people have been fasting to be better prepared for a feast—though the Church calls it a fast—at night. For twenty-four hours they will not touch either meat or animal fat; yet they sell the very bods on which they sleep to have their favourite and canonical dish of capitone—a kind of conger-eel, in great vogue at Christmas. At two o'clock the log is ignited; for the tradition is, that at about that hour the Madonia had need of a comforting blaze. As the day advances, whether in town or country, or at Rome or Neces, or any of the neighbouring villages, silence creeps grandly over every place. The solitary pedestrian hurries along in his best coat, as if all too late for his engagement. The merry voice of children is no longer heard in the Piazza. Every sound which speaks of labour is stilled. Where is all this busy, noisy population which were so recently shouting and singing? Look up to every sincking roof, and there you have to every smoking roof, and there you have your answer; for in a quiet Italian village, where, from choice or necessity, the food of the people is oftener cold than warm, the smoking chimney is one of the most remarkable phenomena on the approach of a fête. It strikes one, too, much more in the clear crystal atmosphere of these latitudes, where every mote is visible. Looking back on the little village which slept in one of the population had sunk, and why I remained the last man.

the last man.

The preparations are rude, it is true, for an Englishman, but there is good feeling, and good temper, and plenty of merriment in the rustic group; and this blinds one to a thousand defects. First, there is the eternal dish of maccaroni, dressed with oil instead of fat.

Then comes the capitone, and the salt fish, and fish broiled, and fried, and boiled, and in solud and polpetti, until every sort of fish in the ocean is exhausted. Some of these dishes are dressed with immense ingenuity, and tolerable success in imitation of meat. For these pious frauds the nuns are responsible; much of their holy retirement being spent in devising modes of diminishing the rigours of fasting, and in preparing sweets and confectionary, with which the table of my host is groaning. The feast concluded, the friends dispose themselves for the amusements of the evening. I never observed that dancing forms one of them; indeed, it does not seem to harmonise with the religious sentiment which prevails on such an occasion. People seem more disposed to group together, and to be cozy, confidential, and loving; and the only game that I had witnessed amongst these poor villagers is one which seats them round a table close enough to touch one another, and look kindly into each other's eyes. Every one has a heap of nuts before him, and contributes a number to the common pool, and then the lot decides who is to begin. The great art is to take away as many nuts as possible without moving the rest. An error incurs a forfeit, and the chance passes on to the next. Immense anxiety is felt by the youngsters of the party, and peals of laughter great every failure, Others, of a more roving and lively character, adjourn to the streets and chaint the whole night away. Many are popping off fireworks. The more devourt spend the night by the presese in the church; but, at two or three o'clock in the morning all adjourn to the parish church, which is brilliantly illuminated on the occasion. The offices of the church are chanted; and a grand procession, headed by the priests and all that is distinguished in the little village, makes the round of the building, and the new-born babe is deposited in the manger.

The great event is now accomplished which gives its name to the season, and Christmas is fairly ushered in, or, as some would here say, is finished.

BLOBBS OF WADHAM.

My name is Withers—Richard Withers, of Jermyn Street, London, ostensibly an importer of foreign wines. I don't mention it by way of advertisement, but that I may not be introduced to the public under false pretences. I am not Blobbs of Wadham; that is what I wish to be understood clearly. In the year eighteen hundred and ten, or thereabouts, the great firm of Nature and Company falling short, I suppose, in their original material, issued a couple of duplicates—facsimiles—and I had the misfortune to be one of them. We were not twins: there was no mystic sympathy of being between us to

whisper each to each, "Thou hast adouble;" observed a gruff voice, lower down. "For no cuticle, or smallest superfluity of skin, as a man who drinks habitually. I must see had been granted to the Siamese, to hint I don't know worse wine that vours "Don't you mind what Savage says." and Experience, our only common mother, was the sub, gently; "you know his straing left to teach us this; and in my advention ways." that there was a ditto somewhere. Long Experience, our only common mother, was left to teach us this; and in my education, at least, that lady has proved herself a

My first introduction to a knowledge of the other lusus was not till some few years ago. As I was walking along Fleet Street, on my way into the City on business, I was saluted from behind with a most tremendous thwack across the shoulders. I turned round between purple and white; for, angry as I was, a little reminiscence flashed across me of a certain bill transaction—a thing that will mix itself up somehow with the wine trade—and I thought it just possible that this assault had arisen from some unprofessional view of that matter. but an utter stranger, with outstretched hand and beam-

"How is the woife and the piccanninues?"

"Sir," I replied, rubbing my back as well as I was able, "I am a bachelor."

"D'ye mane to say ye are not Blobba?"

unid he

"Certainly I do, sir," answered I, with

warmth.
"Well, then, it's nothing more nor less
than a coincidence," said he.
"Sir," said I, "it is a blister." And it was

a blister.

The very next day, and almost in the same place, across the shoulders, I received two thwacks from that identical cane, and in the same unmistakeable Hibernian accents, I heard it shouted; "I took another man for you yesterday, Blobbs; but, bedad, I've got you to day."

I happened to have a nephew at Wadham College, Oxford, at that time; and, not without an eye to business, I went down to stay there for a week. I had heard a good deal before of the hospitality of the University but the weeklike weeklikes. sity, but the cordial manner of those Fellows

did surprise me.

"Well, how are you, old boy? So, you are come down to see us at last," exclaimed one, at the very gate, as he shook my hand most heartily. "But you're getting bald, my friend—henpecked about the crown—eh. ch? And you're stouter than you were, too,

a good deal."

"Really, sir," I began, "these familiar remarks"—but my nephew came up just at that moment, and prevented any explanation. In the combination room, after dinner, I sat next to the sub-warden, and was treated with all imaginable kindness. "I have some wine of this character," I was casually re-marking, as I held the glass up against a candle, "that has been with me this twenty marking, as I held the glass up against a candle, "that has been with me this twonty years."

"Then I don't know where you put it to,"

"Then I don't know where you put it to,"

ways."

"But I do mind what Savage says, sir," I replied; "and I dou't know his ways. I are not going to sit here, and hear my wine rundown by Savage, or any other man."

"Why, Blobs, Blobs, you did not use to be so touchy as that up here," interposed the dean; "bad at chapels, bad at feetures shocking bad at knocking-in, but always good-tempered and ready to take a joke."

"Gentlemen" exclaimed I, "once for all

"Gentlemen," exclaimed I, "once for all, I am not Blobbs!"

am not Blobbs!"
Alas! it was but little good for me to "once for all;" I went out to breakfast another college, and was purposely introducto everybody as Richard Withers; but tassociation of ideas proved almost as but the confusion of persons, and I was all about six times whether I knew Blobbs Wadham. I got quite to know who coming, by the way in which the mite would survey my features, give a hu at the absurd likeness, and begin his with "Mr. Withers?" to prevent with "Mr. Withers?" to prevent from addressing me by the wrong astonished one of these persons a g when he had got thus far by anticipatie rest, and saying"No; I don't know Blobbs at all," which

rather terrified him.

The disadvantages of my resemblance this person have been counterbalanced by benefits; nobody has ever paid me mor Blobbs, or asked me to dinner, or given much as a lift in his carriage; no charyoung oreature has ever embraced mustake, as being the wife or sister of Withers. On the contrary, Mrs. Blobb been presented to me, more than once, in form of a Nemesis, or avenging female, the casinos and the like, for instance, wh I solumnly assert I only visit as the has in which sundry young gentlemen, with w to be found, it has been often whisnered

"Lucky Mrs. Blobbs don't see you night, my boy;" and, on one occasion, don't lend me that fifty we were s about, as sure as you live I'll tell your should not wonder if some domestic nations took place somewhere in consequent of my firm refusal; I believe and hope Blobbs is not altogether exempt from results of our similated; that the results of our double has befallen him

After a few score of these mistak I should say, "that's all." The former, indeed, is not unlikely, for he is a very fast character, or, at all events, has lots of half-mad friends; just before the pillars were taken away from the Regent's Quadrant, I had a proof of this. I was coming from the Piccadilly end, at my ordinary quiet pace (for I am very respectable, and not thin), when I was violently seized by the shoulders, and threaded—run in and out—through each of the pillars, all the way to the top. It was in the mid afternoon, and the proceeding attracted every eye; but what did I care? What was the use of caring? "It is some friend of Blobba's of Wadham, having his lark," I said to myself; "and he will be very much astonished when he comes to find out that he has got hold of the wrong man!" as soon as I could get my breath again, I gave Blobbs's friend in charge to a policeman, and he paid five pounds for that little run of his; it would have been cheaper for him to have taken a cab.

I never saw this parody upon me in all my life, but I have been very near seeing him; I got into a coach at Dorchester, one night, to go to Weymouth, and had to pay about forty miles' fare further back—from Honiton, I think. The guard, and the coachman, and the insides, all swore to my having travelled that distance, and I was obliged to give the money—I have no doubt for Blobbs.

And yet it was better so, perhaps, than to have met him; what horror to have awoke suddenly, and beheld oneself sitting opposite in the dim obscure! Echoing, perhaps, one's cry of terror, wearing his hair after the same porcupine fashion, and with cheeks of the like fear-stricken hue!

What a shocking business it will be when one of us two dies! Perhaps, we shall expire simultaneously. Otherwise, when an enfranchised-looking female, in a widow's cap, comes auddenly upon me in the street, and faints, I shall then know that Blobbs is dead.

THE TOMB IN GHENT.

A switting look she had, a figure slight,
With cheerful air, and stop both quick and light,
A strange and foreign look the maden bore.
That inited the quaint Bolgian dross she were;
Yet the blue fearless eyes in her fair face,
And her soft wore told her of English race;
And over, as she flitted to and fro,
She sang (or murmur'd, rather), soft and low,
Statches of anig, as if she did not know
That she was singing, but the happy load
Of dream and thought thus from her heart o'erflow'd:
And white on household cares she pass'd along.
The air would beat me fragments of her song;
Not such as vidage madens sing, and few
The framers of her changing music knew;
Chante such as heaven and carth firs; knew of when
Aberri and Marcelio field the pen.
But I with new had often than'd the page,
Yellow with time, and half detacted by age.
And beten'd, with an ear not quito unshill'd,
While heart and soul to the grand cebe thrill'd;

And much I murvell'd, as her cadence fell from the Landate, that I knew to well, Into Scarlatte's minor fugue, how she Had learn'd such deep and solemn harmony. But what she told I set in shyune, as meet To shrontle the influence, dim and sweet, 'Neath which her young and innecest life had grown to would that my words were assume as her own.

But what she told I set in thyme, as meet To chronele the influence, dim and sweet, Neath which her young and innocent life had grown to Would that my words were simple as her own.

Many years since, an English workman went Over the seas, to seek a home in Ghent,
Where English skill was prized, nor toil'd in vain;
Small, yet enough, his hard-carn'd dorly gain.

He dwelt alone—in sorrow or in pride.

He mix'd not with the workers by his side;
He reem'd to case but for one present 19y—
To tend, to watch, to teach his sickly boy.

Severe to all beside, yet for the child

He soften'd his rough speech to soothings mild;
For him he smiled, with him each day he walk'd

Through the dark gloomy streets; to him he talk'd

Of home, of England, and atrange stones told

Of English heroes in the days of old;
And (when the sunset gilded roof and spire).

The marvellom tale which never seem'd to tire:

How the gilt dragon, glaring fletcing down

From the great belfry, watching all the town,

Was brought, a trophy of the wars divine,
By a Crusader from far Palestine,
And given to Bruges; and how Ghent arose,
And how they struggled long as deadly foes.

Till Ghont, one night, by a brave soldier's skill,

Stole the great dragon, and she keeps it still.

One day the dragon—so 'us asad—wil rise,
Sprad his bright wings, and glitter in the skies,
And over desert lands and azure seas,

Mill seek his home 'mid palm and cedar-trees.

So, as he pass'd the belify every day.

The boy would look if it were flown away:

Each day surprised to find it watching there,
Above him, as he cross'd the anceet: square,
To seek the great cathedral, that had grown
A home for him—mysterious and his own.

Dim with dark shadows of the ages past, St. Bavon stands, solemn and rich and vast; The slender pillars in long vistas spread, Like forest arches meet and close o'erhead Saligh, that like a weak and doubting prayer, Ere it can float to the carved angels there. The rilver clouded incense faints in air; Only the organ's voice, with peal on peal, Can mount to where those far-off angels knowl. Here the pale boy, beneath a low side-arch, Would listen to its solemn chant or march; Folding his little hands, his simple prayer Melted in childrah dreums, and both in air; While the great organ over all would roll, Speaking strange secrets to his spotless soul, Bearing on eagle-wings the great desire Of all the kneeling throng, and pierring higher Than aught but love and prayer can reach, until Only the silence seem'd to inten still; Or gathering hike a sea still more and more, Break in merodrous waves at heaven's door. And then fall, slow and soft, in tender rain, Upon the pleading longing hearts again. Then he would want he rosy sunlight glow. That crept along the marble floot below, Passong, as his does, with the passing hours, Now on the brazen setters of a temb, Inen, leaving it again to shade and glooth, And creeping on, to show, distinct and quaint, The kneeling figure of some marble seen:

Or lighting up the carvings strange and mre, That told of patient toll and reverent care; lvy that trembled on the spray, and care Of heavy corn, and slender bulrush spears, And all the thousand tangled weeds that grow In summer, where the silver rivers flow : And demon-heads grotesque, that seem'd to glare In impotent wrath on all the beauty there, Then the gold rays up pillar'd shaft would climb, And so be drawn to heaven, at evening time. And deeper silence, darker shadows flow'd And deeper senee, darker shadows now at On all around, only the windows glow'd With blazon'd glory, like the shedds of light Archangels bear, who, arm'd with love and might, Watch upon heaven's battlements at night. Then all was shade, the silver lamps that gleam'd, Lost in the daylight, in the darkness seem'd Like sparks of fire in the dim a sice to shine. Or trembling stars before each separate shrine. Grown half afraid, the child would leave them there, And come out, blinded by the noisy glare That burst upon him from the busy square. The church was thus his home for rest or play; The church was thus his home for rest or play;
And as he came and went again each day,
The pictured faces that he knew so well.
Seem'd to smile on him welcome and farewell.
But hoher, and dearer far than all,
One sacred spot his own he loved to call;
Save at mid-day, half-hidden by the gloom,
The people call it The White Maden's Tomb:
For there she stands; her folded hands are press'd
Together, and land softly on her breast;
As if she waited but a word to rise.
From the dull carth, and mass to the blue skies; From the dull earth, and pass to the blue skies; Her lips expectant part, she holds her breath, As listening for the angel voice of death. None know how many years have seen her so,
Or what the name of her who sleeps below.

And here the child would come, and strive to trace,
Through the dim twilight, the pure gentle face, Through the dam twilight, the pure gentle face, He loved so well, and here he oft would bring Some violet blossom of the early spring; And climbing softly by the fretted stand, Not to disturb her, lay it in her hand; Or whispering a soft loving message, sweet, Would stoop and kins the little marble feet, So, when the organ's pealing music rang, He thought amid the gloom the mislen sang; With reverent simple faith by her he knelt, And listen'd what she thought, and what she felt; "Glory to God," re-echoed from her votes, And then his little sprint would rejoice; And then his little spirit would rejoice;
Or when the Requient sold'd upon the air,
His baby-tears dropp'd with her mountful prayer.
So years fled on, while childish fancies past,
The childish love and simple faith could last.

So years fled on, while childish fances past,
The artist-soul awoke in him, the flame
Of genius, like the light of Heaven, came
Upon his brain, and (as it will, if true)
It touch'd his heart and lit his apire, too,
His father saw, and with a proud content
Let him forsake the toil where he had spent
His youth's first years, and on one happy day
Of pude, before the old man pass'd away,
He stood with quivering lips, and the big tears
Upon his check, and heard the dream of years
Living and speaking to his very heart,—
The low hush'd murmur at the wondrous art
Of him, who with young trembling fingers made
The great church-organ answer as he play'd;
And, as the uncertain sound grew full and strong,
Bush with harmomous spuit-wings along,
And thrill with master power the breethless throng.

The old man died, and years passed on, and still The young musician bent his heart and will. To his dear toil. St. Bavon now had grown More dear to him, and even more his own; And as he left it every night he prayed. A moment by the archway in the stade. Kneeling once more within the accred gloom. Where the White Manden watch'd upon hee tomb. His hopes of travel and a world-wide fame. Gold Time had sober'd, and his fragile fazzne; Content at last only in dreams to roam, Away from the tranquillity of home; Content that the poor dwellers by his side. Saw in him but the gentle friend and guide, The patient counsellor in the poor strife. And petty details of their common life,—Who comforted where woe and grief might fall, Nor stighted any pain or want as small. But whose great heart took in and felt for all. Still he grew famous,—many came to be His pupils in the art of harmony. One day a voice floated so pure and free Above his music, that he turn'd to see What angel sang, and saw before his eyes, What neade his heart leap with a strange ascence. His own White Maiden, calm, and pure, as I mid, As in his childish dreams she sang and accies, Her eyes raised up to Heaven, her hips paper. And music overflowing from her heart. But the faint blush that tinged her check leave? I have marble statue, but a living maid.

Perplex'd and startled at his wondering look, Her rustling score of Mozart's Sanctus shoot; The uncertain notes, like birds within a snary. Flutter'd and died upon the trembling air.

They pass'd, each morning saw the manifum stand, Her eyes cast down, her lesson in her hand,

Her eyes cast down, her lesson in her hand, Eager to study, never weary, while Repaid by the approving word or smile. Of her kind master; days and months fied on; One day the pupil from the choir was gone; Gene to take light, and joy, and youth once more, Within the poor musician's humble door; And to repay, with gentle happy art, The debt so many owed his generous heart. And now, indeed, was one who knew and felt. That a great gift of God within him dwelt; One who could listen, who could understand, Whose idle work dropp'd from her sha ken'd land, Whole with wet eyes entranced she stood, nor answell how the melodious winged hours flew; Who loved his art as none had loved before, Yet prized the noble tender spirit more. Who the great organ brought from far and near Lovers of harmony to praise and hear. Unmark'd by aught save what fill'd every day. Duty, and toil, and rest, years passed away: And now by the low archway in the shade. Beside her mother kinelt a little maid. Who, through the great cathedral learn'd to room. Climb to the choir and bring her father home; And stand, demure and solemn by his aide, Patient till the last cho softly died. Then place her little hand in his, and go Down the dark winding that to where below. The mother knelt, within the pathering gluorn. Waiting and praying by the maiden's comb. So their life went, until one winter's day, Father and child came there alone to pray. Their life was alter'd now, and yet the child. Forgot her passionate grief in time, and similar, Malf-woudering why, when spring's fresh breazes comb.

And summer flowers, he was not the same. Half guessing at the shadow of his part, And then contented if he sunfed again, A sad cold smile, that pass'd in teurs away, As re-assured she can once more to play. And now each year that added grace to grace, Fresh bloom and saushine to the young girl's face, Brought a strange light in the musician's eyes, As if he saw some starry hope acise, Breaking upon the midnight of sad skies; It might be so: more feeble year by year, The wanderer to his resting-place drew near. One day the Gloria he could play no more,
Echoed its grand rejoicing as of yore.

His hands were claspd, his weavy head was laid,
Up on the tomb where the White Maiden piny'd;
Where the child's love first dawn'd, his soul first spoke The old man's heart there throbb'd its last and broke, The old man's heart there throbb'd its last and broke The grave catuedral that had nursed his youth, Had helped his dreaming, and had taught him truth, Had seen his boyish grief and baby tears, And watch'd the sorrows and the joys of years, Had hi his fame and hope with sacred rays, And consecrated sad and happy days,— Had bless'd his happiness, and southed his pain, Now rook her faithful servant home again. He rests in peace, some travellers mention yet An organist whose name they all forget : He has a holier and a nobler fame By poor men's hearths, who love and bless the name By poor mon's hearths, who love and bless the most a kind friend; and in low tones to-day, Speak tenderly of him who pass'd away. Too poor to help the daughter of their friend, They grieved to see the little pittance end; To see her toil and strive with choerful heart, To bear the lonely orphan's stringgling part; They grieved to see her go at last alone To English kinsmen she had never known; And here she came; the foreign girl soon found Welcome, and love, and plenty all around, And here she pays it back with carnest will. By well-taught housewife watchfulness and skill, Deep in her heart she holds her father's name, Deep in her heart she holds her father's name, And tenderly and proudly keeps his fame; And while she works with thrifty Belgian care, Past dreams of childhood float upon the au ; Some strange old chant, or solemn Latin hyuna That eclosed through the old cathedral dim, When as a little child each day see went To kneel and pray by an old tomb in Ghent.

THE ROAD IN INDIA.

Dashing up to the station in a Hansom, and incling oneself safe in a first-class rail-way carriage, after a brief mandate to a porter and a policeman on the subject of luggage, and receiving some change and a piece of card through a hmited pigeon-hole, are very different transactions to those imposed on a traveller before he starts on a journey in India. In the first place, he must inquire whether he can go at all; and the affirmative being ascertained, he must make comprehensive arrangements to be as comfortable as possible. I, who have made two journeys from Calcutta to the Upper Provinces, without counting occasional jaunts of two or three hundred miles in deviating directions, have learned that art of taking care

of oneself, which is the first thing to be learnt in India, and am competent

some use to society by imparting it.

The commencement of the process is this.

After becoming quite tired of Calcutta—
which happens in a very little time—you
inquire at one of the two principal Dak
Companies, when you can manage to get
away. This depends upon the number of away. This depends upon the number of candidates, and their proportion to the number of carriages and horses along the road. It is Monday, let us say, and you find that on Tuesday Ensign Grift and Lieutenant Green are going up a long way to join their respective regiments (which the Eusign has not yet joined at all) at some place the name of which probably ends in "bad." On the next day a judge, who has just returned. the next day, a judge, who has just returned from England, where he has spent two years in abusing the climate, is also to go up the country, with the determination to abuse its climate still more. On the day following, seven young ladies, who have all come out to be married, by the last mail, are all travelling in the same direction, under the care of seven ayahs (female natives of the lady's-maid persussion), and have of course engrossed all the unavailable horses on the route. On Thursday, accommodation is graciously vonchsafed, and the payment of one hundred and fifty or one hundred and sixty rupees, if one is going about as far as Agra (some eight hundred about as far as Agra (some eight hundred miles) settles the rest. Of course we—I am not writing editorially, but really mean that I am not alone—of course we do not start until night—nobody does; and of course we make the starting as pleasant as possible. We are dining out, probably, the same evening, and the people of the house do their less to make us confortable. Have we everything that we want? to make us comfortable. Have we every-thing that we want ! Are we warm enough ! Oh, yes. We have a hamper, packed under the licence of a very general order by Spence's people (Spence's is the great hotel). Spence's people (Spence's is the great hore). It is supposed to contain sherry and beer; pale ale, of course; a little brandy; potted meats, such as those which are so ideasantly described in the Lancet; a tin case of biscuits, another of tea, another of sugar, and rachus some concentrated soap. We and perhaps some concentrated soap. We have plates and knives and forks; for in these respects it is far better not to trust to the chances of the road. As for warmth, there is the resai a padded counter-pane, with an exterior of soft crimson silk. Still we must have something, and we contrive to accommodate the people to accommodate the people of the house by accepting a corkscrew-which we have forgotten, owing to our reminiscences of English pie-nics—and a tumbler or two, which have been also omitted in the arrangements.

The carriage is asquare contrivance, painted

green or brown outside, according to the prejudices of the respective companies. It is on four wheels, and evinces other symptons of sanity, though in the article of springs I must say it is singularly deticient. Inside it is probably lined or probably not starting. The real difficulty of starting lined—it is certainly not padded. It has two in all probability, commences, though it sents, and the space between the two is horse is generally a very favouraide usually occupied by luggage, the top being covered by a cushion; so that the traveller road.

The horse generally commences his entire journey, and has just room to lie at full length if he feels so disposed. The well, as we should call it in respect to an Irish car, is usually devoted to the provisions; and the top of the gharree (this is the local name for a carrage), is piled with trunks, or as many of them as one is not obliged to send by another conveyance—by a stray servant or two, it may be, and by the coachman. But the loading of the outside is not half so important a matter as the fitting up of the inside. On each portion of the walls of the gharree not occupied by the windows, there are pockets, where those articles are stowed which are in most constant requisition. which are in most constant requisition. Some soda-water is a very desirable article, as the water on the road, especially if brought at night, may not be clean; and even if it is clean, one prefers not to take it from a brass chillumchee, which is usually devoted to lavatory purposes. Some brandy or sherry is also a desirable thing to place in one of the pockets, and the corkscrew should always be deposited in one of the near ones, although the point is apt to cut through its covering and run into your through its covering, and run into your shoulder. In the corresponding pocket to that of the corkscrew, I would recommend that you place your Colt's revolver, a precau-tion which many Indian travellers neglect. Since the Santal rebellion, however, I fancy that few will be so unwise as to do so. biscuits should also be in an accessible place; and if you are travelling alone, or with a companion of your own sex, you must have a five hundred box of Manillas (I recommend number two) placed at your feet, in that little economical space which is saved under the seat of the driver; but you need not kick this about too much in your sleep. If you are travelling up with the object of your matrimonial affections, I reason-unless she does-why you should not have the same box, because there are many opportunities when you may make it mutually agreeable for you to sit up with the caselman, and improve your mind and Hin-dostance by converse with that not always uninteresting individual.

But all this time we are forgetting to start.

The coachman is quite accustomed to wait! hour after hour for his passengers; and, if the first starthey chose to delay, would, I teel assured, arrived at a wait at least a fortuight, occasionally smoking his hookah, and once a-day asking to go off to his kham (dinner) without manifesting any symptom of impatience. But the period having arrived, and the horse—to whom your delay has been so much distinct gain—having been put in, there is no which a chance stranger—native and nonger any excuse, in anybody's case, for not —gets you, after a great deal of frances

formances in the following he won't go-and the uninitiated begins to think that the authorizinade a mistake, and that the made a mistake, and that the horse has been put into the place. A sumple inquiry, howeve apates this delusion; and it is that not to go at first is the regular. The traveller accordingly sinks back up pallows which he has excefully stow his shoulders, and surrenders him ellold friend Circumstances, over which no control. The principal circumst question—that is, the horse—having that he won't go in the beginning, is posed to change his mind in a hurr backs inevitably, rears probably, snor tingently, and evinees other symphating a will of his own, and not be posed to add a codicil to it. The drivis now fairly launched into the demanda crisis, twitches at the remain as uncertainty. manlike a style as is demanded by t unprofessional conduct of the numal ing away with a leather-thonged accompanying its conduct with vocal strances. He is reinforced by a dozen who seize the wheels, two or three each, while others push on from with a chorus of guttural exclamat tended partly as a private gratification as an encouragement to the Circu He owns no medium. When he does he moves with a vengeauce. He con madgallop, which swings the gharter to side, the traveller's apprehension drowned by the notes of a demoniscal which the driver considers it his dutupon all great occasions. A mile is a versed in this manner, and then the stance shows itself amenable to human and gets into his ordinary pace, which this, is not too quick to be alarming.

And now comes on the dead ni the desolation of the journey. tently at nothing for a little time, thr windows listening to the rattle of the which becomes tamiliar to our ears, make a start on a sudden, and find been to sleep. It is the stopping vehicle which wakes us. We have the first stage—only six miles—and arrived at a "chokee" station. He

poking about, a light for the chevoot which you are sure to want by this time. As the horse which has brought you over the stage is being led up and down to cool, you think that you never saw a more wretchedlooking little beast: but you change your mind on seeing the animal which is to draw you on. He is a little worse, though it is evident from the way in which he kicks at the shafts while being harnessed. kicks at the shafts while being harnessed, that he has some strength and go in him. He is in all probability young, and his chief defects arise from being almost unbroken when first called upon to make a figure in the world. It is very likely that the starting will be attended by as great difficulties as before; but of course this does not uniformly happen; some of the horses culties as before; but of course this does not uniformly happen; some of the horses vary the proceeding by starting well, and so beguiling the traveller into a false confidence, which is dissipated when he finds himselflying in a ditch at the side of the road, the gharree smashed, and the horse lying motionless among the broken shafts. This happened to the present narrator during a very early period of his travelling experience, and the same misadventure occurs to most persons who trust themselves often on the road. There is only one course to take; to set the gharree upon its legs as well as you can, and be drawn in by bearers to the nearest station, where, if everybody is as fortunate as myself, they will be able to borrow another vehicle from the Dak Company's agent. It is a very inglorious mode of transit—being drawn in by a dozen men, any number of whom are always to be found in India to do the work of horses-all howling a monotonous chant.

After these incidents of travel, you become callous, and make yourself as comfortable as may be, with the aid of a book, and those other resources for which you have made the gharree eminent among its kind. Reading, however, can of course be indulged in only by day. During the night there is nothing for it, but to wrap yourself is, if you do not feel inclined to stay at a Dak bungalow, which one is very ant to spurn Dak bungalow, which one is very apt to spurn first setting forth, and take advantage of afterwards in a mean-spirited manner. afterwards in a mean-spirited manner. The great trial of sleeping in the gharree is in the very early morning from two or three until four or five o'clock, when for a great part of the year it is piercing cold—a cold which makes the cheroot doubly dear, and anything else detestable. There is no doubt that it is trying, and you determine to stand it no longer. You will stop and breakfast. You have tried brandy-and-water and it is of no mer some but tea and water, and it is of no use; some hot tea will be just the thing. You accordingly push your legs out of the gharree, getting duly rasped by the wheel in the process, and call out to the driver to know how far off the next Dak bungalow is. The answer is very artisfactory. The nearest is two miles

behind you; you have passed it in your sleep. What is to be done? To turn back would be children, but the next bungdow is fourteen miles further on. Still it would be children to turn back, so you go on. In about three hours the coachman blows on his posthorn the announcement that you have arrived at a bungalow. It is carefully closed up at at a bungalow. It is carefully closed up at all points, and presents the appearance of the family being absent on a foreign tour. The jalousies, which reach to the ground are elaborately dusty, and make no sign. The house has apparently not been entered for ages, and, as far as the last fortnight is concerned, this is no doubt strictly true. There is no sign of is no doubt strictly true. There is no sign of life in the vicinity, but this it is, of course, the business of the traveller to create. Standing upon the versuclah in his slippers, Standing upon the vermidah in his elippers, in a dressing gown and nightcap, his cheek pale, and his eyes hollow, the bungalow authority calls out "Qui hai?"—an equivalent for "Who's there?" Presently a man with a large beard emerges from some inserutable out-building, who calls someholy else to his assistance, and then makes his else to his assistance, and then makes his else to his assistance, and then make obeisance to the traveller. The somebody who does not seem to like it, somehow The some body else, into the house, and opens the principal doors, and the traveller is made free of the desolate dwelling.

The momentous question comes next. What can he have for breakfast? The man with the beard, who is the khausamah, or major-domo, goes through the usual formulæ of people of his kind—talks of mutton chops, of iron-y-stew (by which links stew is understood), and of curry, but dishes to be had, grilled moorge, or fowl, and unda, or eggs, boiled or roasted at pleasure. The traveller yields to these delicacies, and agrees to spend the time employed in their preparation at his tellette. ployed in their preparation, at his toilette. Fortuntely, there is always a bathing-room adjoining, and plenty of cold water; for the rest, the traveller's own resources are sufficient. In the intervals of dressing he strays out into the verandah, and has a pleasing view of the khausamah, who has been for some twenty minutes occupied in chasing the promised breakfast round the house. It is an old bird, and is not to be caught by the kind of chaff which is proffered; but, in the end, his head is chopped off, after the Mahommedan fashion, with sufficient want of resignation to acquit him of any charge of hypocrasy in meeting his death. This spectacle is not cheering, and, the traveller, being by this time dressed, a change to the interior has its advantages. The room is of moderate size, and is not beset with too much furniture. In the intervals of dressing he strays out into advantages. The room is of moderate size, and is not beset with too much furniture.

of them pasted outside. The notice heading the list informs us, that they are deposited by a Tract Society for the benefit of travel-We of course overhaul them. is a History of Rome, written from a serious point of view; a History of Greece, written from a serious point of view; a Life of Alfred the Great, written from a serious point of view (with a parable made somehous of the order story), and a Life of Dynamic of the order story), and a Life of Dynamic of the order story). out of the cake story); and a Life of Dr. Dodd, written from a particularly serious point of view, the moral being that it is a great pity that such pious persons as he, should come to be hanged.

On the wall he finds suspended a notice informing him that travellers occupying the bungalow for less than three hours, will be charged eight annas, or one shillwill be charged eight annas, or one shilling; for more than that time, and less than twenty-four hours, one rupee; that travellers must not stay too long, to the inconvenience of later arrivals, and that they must complain of any deficiencies to the postmuster of the district. Under the last announcement will be generally found a comic style of note in pencil, such as "You don't say so!" or, "What's the use of that?" and other satirical manifestations. Occasionally other satirical manifestations. Occasionally, one sees something a little more eloquent scrawled upon the walls. In a bungalow near Shergotty I saw last year a drawing of a rural collage, with a garden, and a stream running through it, on the bank of which a gentleman was represented landing a trout nearly as big as himself, in that triumphant manner so peculiar to sporting pictures. Underneath was written the name of some place in Perthebire, and some lines of Briant's description of the pleasures of home and a country life. Some homesick traveller had written this while lying on the bed during an afternoon reverie. Poor fellow! he told his tale plainly enough; and a very common tale

tale plainty enough; and a "Yes, it is in India.

"Yes, it comes at last!" Not so bad, after all. The fowl is certainty more resigned to his fate than he was half-an-hour ago; and the eggs have the merit of being still in the freshness of their youth. The ten is not so good as in England; but we are too near China to expect that; besides, it is made with lukewarm water, after the favourite fashion of Indian servants. The sugar, too, looks as if Indian servants. The sugar, too, looks as if it had been brought promiseuously from the desert; but this, again, is an article of local produce, and is, therefore, sure to be bad. There is no bread, too; but the native chuppathe, though not good, nevertheless can be eaten. The absence of butter is not a very severe infliction, considering that the cook will very likely bring some red-currant jelly in a little bottle that has formerly contained paramale for the hair.

performed. He must enter his name, starting place, destination, and the hour of his arri and departure, in the travellers' book, which he may make remarks upon the ject of his accommodation. As these is contain many records of the kind, are perhaps the most amusing species literature procurable in the Dik bungah hiterature procurable in the Dak oungains and are eagerly gloated over by travellers the look-out for any names that they me know. Here the different characteristics the Indian community freely develope the selves. Some of the entries are forms many facetious; some flippant; others seven The following is a fair specimen of the specimen of the entries:

Mr. Jos. Sedley, C.l., and family, from Calcain a Bogglewallah. Stayed two hours Breaktasi god Khitmatgar attentive. Pard two rupces.

That is the formal style. The facetions something like the following:

Lieutenant Bolt and Ensign Scomper (funny generally give wrong names, on ank-neare for prostoking. Came last night. Going presently. P. 2 two rupees. Breakfast beatily. No beer Hanl to kick the Khitmatgar for net understanding English.
Why doesn't the fellow get his heat on?

This sort of entry is illustrated occasionally by a sketch of the traveller being sick, as a sarcasm upon the refreshment, or the partrait of the commanding officer of the travellers' regiment (if he be unpopular) I arging on a gallows, and smoking a short pure. This is succeeded, probably, by something like the following:

like the following:

Mrs. Major - General Muggins, CB, and feed daughters. Arrived at three in the afternoon, in stayed to tea. Bungalow very clean. Everyther very nice. Servants attentive.

Underneath an announcement of the bad we saw written by a mail wag:

All rot. Everything disgusting. And only to chairs in the place. Where dul four of the Me Mugginsca perch themselves?

Of course the crusty British traveller, no complains of everything, comes out atm upon these occasions :

Curry detestable. Khausamah filthy. No Harvey's sauce not to be had. Disgraceful authorities,

The servant always receives back the with a humble salaam, and, as he cannot Fuglish, tries to discover by the look of traveller whether something to his advanor the reverse, has been recorded generally looks mystified at the illustre and, I believe, considers them as signa traveller belonging to some secret societ exclusive caste.

will very likely bring some red-currant jelly in a little bottle that has formerly contained pomade for the hair.

The meal over, and the traveller in that well known condition which would permit a child to play with hum, he prepares to start; horses. At the latter, a European is statut there is an important ceremony to be object of special currosity, to judy br

way in which men and children—the latter very pot-bellied, and without any clothing—stare in at the windows; without counting the cripples and idiots, of whom there are generally two or three, who hop about and whine for pice. They are disgusting exhibitions, and may be advantageously bought off.

But of late a new feature has introduced itself into travelling in the north-western provinces; turnpikes—an innovation which has excited the greatest disgust. Very different are these from the jovial pike of the British highway. There is a bar stretching across the road, and a big bungalow on one side. Here the toll-keeper may be generally seen seated at a table in the verandah, with his books, and all the official et esterns about him. Sometimes he is a native; but if a European, he is sure to have a very large family, as the holders of all small appointments in India have. His is perhaps, the only house for miles and miles round, and a lonely life it must be for him. In England, turnpike-men are said to be misanthropical; in India, they are said, by way of distinction, and generally wish you good morning, or good evening, with a resigned air, and always look as if they wished they were going on with you. In the mean time, the traveller proceeds on his way, considering himself very hardly used because he is made to pay a shilling, and must pass another night or two on the road, before he can be once more among his friends.

Let me hope that in a few years longer, railroads in India will render this description a curiosity, and that they will convert it into history.

COLOURS AND EYES.

In the eighth volume of this journal, and the one hundred and nineteenth number, we gave a sketch of what was then known upon the subject of colour-blindness, or, as it is still called frequently, after the most distinguished subject of this curious state of deprivation—Dattonism: John Dalton having been, like M. Sismondi, and Professor Dugald Stewart, mable to distinguish between colours. Dr. George Wilson, who was our principal authority for what was before said, has diligently prosecuted his researches, and as the defect, however seldom noticed, is to an astonishing degree provalent, Dr. Wilson, who has had the field of research in this country almost to himself, has been able to accumulate and publish a great deal of fresh information.*

For our own parts, we certainly were not prepared to learn (and the more inquiry is extended, the more certain it seems to become) that among males the proportion of persons who are, in some degree, wrong as to their perceptions of colour, is not less than

one in twenty, and that colour-blindness of a striking character—such as a liability to mistake red for green, brown, or black—occurs, on an average, in one person out of every fifty. This refers only to males. In women the sense of colour is more fully cultivated, and any defect of it, when it occurs, is much more carefully concealed than among men. Very few women are known to be colour-blind, and it is probable that they are all, in a much less degree than men, subject to the infirmity in question. We may here say, that in our former summary of the subject, the reverse was stated, by an error of the pen, the correction of which was perhaps sufficiently supplied by the character of the succeeding sentence.

All classes appear to be pretty equally subject to this curious infirmity. Of a hundred gentlemen sitting together in the House of Lords, or of a hundred members of a mechanics' benefit society sitting together at their inn, it is equally likely that two are colour-blind enough to match a red coat with green trousers under the belief that they are purchasing a suit of sober black or drab, and that three more if they were asked to match a few delicate shades of worsted for their wives or sisters would startle them by their accounts of a match. In every large congregation it is almost certain that there are a few men liable to make the mistake into which a colour-blind nobleman once fell, who, meeting a lady of his familiar acquaintance dressed in green silk, asked, with much concern, for whom she was in mourning. In the same assembly there would probably be dozens who would be much puzzled to see the difference between pink and pale blue, these being colours confounded frequently by persons otherwise not subject to confusion.

In the more marked cases of colour-blindness, sometimes the majority of colours are distinctly appreciated, but there are at least two, as red and green, or generally four, as red, green, olive, and brown, that are not distinguished from each other. Of the three primary colours, yellow is the one which least frequently escapes perception. Most colour-blind persons see it perfectly. A pure blue, well illuminated, is in the next degree least likely to pass unperceived; some colour-blind persons pronounce it to be the colour of which they have the most vivid perception. On the other hand, combine yellow and blue into green, and you have the greatest of all stumbling-blocks. Green is, by the colour-blind, mistaken commonly for red, often, though not so commonly, for blue, and now and then for yellow. Of the three primary colours red is the distracting one. The colour-blind identify it very frequently with green, sometimes with perfect black. The red in purple not being perceived, that colour counts with them as blue. The red in owange being undetected, that colour counts with

[·] Researches on Colour-Blinduess. Edinburgh, Sutherland and Knox.

them as yellow. Red and green, then, are the two colours which the colour-blind are least able to appreciate. It is one of the most ordinary cases in connection with colourblindness, that A or B, seeing a scarlet verbenn in full blossom, can detect, at a little distance, no difference in colour between leaves and flowers, or can perceive no con-trast of colour in ripe cherries and the foliage of the cherry-tree. Yet it so happens that red of the cherry-tree. Yet it so happens that red and green are the two colours commonly employed in railway and ship signalling! course there is no folly or ignorance imputable to anybody in the matter. The colours contrast vividly to ordinary eyes, and when the signals were established little was known of colour-blindness, nothing of the extraordinary frequency of its occurrence. It simply happens to be an odd coincidence, that, considering the matter from this point of precisely the wrong colours have been chosen. One great railway company, having been made acquainted with the nature and extent colour-blindness, has already felt it to be of colour-blindness, has already felt it to be necessary to admit no person to the post of guard or signal-man until his sense of colour has been tested by a regular examination. The difficulty may be tolerably well overcome by the use of this precaution, but, as we shall presently point out, in adopting Dr. George Wilson's suggestions, there may possibly be better ways of overcoming it.

We will first draw upon Dr. Wilson's ex-

better ways of overcoming it.

We will first draw upon Dr. Wilson's experience for a few illustrations of the subject. In one of his cases, a gentleman (Mr. A.) studying medicine at Edinburgh, was baulked in his love of chemistry by an inability to decide upon the colour of precipitates, and among other points mentioned by this gentle-man was the following. Before studying medicine he had, for some years, followed the profession of a civil engineer. When acting profession of a civil engineer. as assistant to the engineer of the Granton railway he frequently returned in the evening from Granton to Edinburgh on one of the engines, taking no part in its management. On these occasions he observed that, although his undivided attention was directed toward the signal lamps, the light of which was visible to him a long way off, he could not, till he was close upon them, distinguish whether they were red or green. He felt certain that he could have distinguished between a blue and a red light at a distance which made red and green appear the same.

Another gentleman, Mr. B., sees in the rainbow no colours but blue and yellow; red on the lips and cheeks appears as blue to on the lips and cheeks appears as blue to him; and yet, when once asked to represent with colour from a paint-box his notion of the colour of the lips, he chose an earthy green to do it with. This gentleman, when requested to collect together all the greens that he found in a heap of variously-coloured glass, put, side by side, green, red, brown, yellow, claret, and pink; when further asked to state which green appeared to him the

purest, he at once chose the claret-o

In this case, as in most others, it woobserved that a great part of the disappeared if the colours were obegaslight. Mr. C., who cannot tell a grown a geranum leaf by daytime, de the sight of a conservatory lighted and the agnt of a conservatory agreed because he then appreciates with the contrasts of the colours. To within Dr. Wilson's experience, draper, who, being colour-blind, a his shop into a gas-lighted room wishes to perceive the colour of his Mr. E. says:—"I am an engra

strange as it may appear, my deter-is, to a certain extent, a useful an-quality. Thus: an engraver has to colours to deal with—i.e., white Now, when I look at a picture. I in white and black, or light and de-artists term it, the effect. I sail many of my brother engravers in a to translate certain advance. to translate certain colours of peri-to me, are matters of decided or ease. Thus, to me, it is valuable."

Mr. F., an artist who, in the considers that his crayon drawing for his colour-blindness, has, when have been displaced, represented to their foliage in red chalks, and put put to the waves of the sea. When aut he has been unable to distinguish scarlet coats and black ones—a difwhich one or two other colour-bu hunters have already confessed.

Admiral G. once bought a pair trousers, thinking they were brown, opinion, as a naval officer, that the alone of flags can never be relie aufficient to distinguish them. "not," he says, dispense with color narticular lights it assists the average of the color of the says, dispense with color narticular lights it assists the average. particular lights it assists the eye shape, especially when flags do no or are fluttering in the breeze. Po other hand, when transparent bunt has become worn, is seen against darker colours are often each other, and therefore it is is the practice in the navy, to see ferent colours in different pats each tint is connected with a

Professor H. has sketched a believing that it was separa. I buys coloured articles except with friend, and says, having often obe way signal-light, seen from my convinced that its colours would me, nor dare I trust to their flags J. writes: "I am sure that I she dangerous railway signal-man, a tainly would not know a red green one."

Mr. K., an artist, had a pure released from his engagement that he copied a brown horse up

painted the sky rose-colour, and roses blue

painted the sky rose-colour, and roses one. Mr. L., a bookseller, had a boy who matched pale green with pink, and brought him into frequent trouble by binding books in wrong colours. Mr. M., who is a good draughtsman, painted a face muddy green; and Mr. M.'s brother cannot distinguish by gaslight becomes tween the various brightly-coloured bottles

in a chemist's window.
Of the family of N., six members—uncles, nephews, and cousins—are to a remarkable extent colour-blind. They are Quakers. Our them desiring a brown cost, bought himself a bottle-green one; and intending to purchase for his wife a quiet, dark dress, bought chase for his wife a quiet, dark dress, bought her a scarlet merino. Another, who is an upholsterer, cannot tell scarlet from drab, and upon all natters of colour consults persons in his employment. Mr. O. is a minister in the Society of Friends, who selected scarlet cloth as suitable material for

his Sunday coat. is a tailor's foreman, who knew Mr. P. nothing of his colour-blindness till, after excelling as a cutter, he had been promoted to his present post. He then had to match colours for the journeymen, and his distresses began. The scarlet back of a livery coat was provided with green strings to match. A purchaser was informed that a red and blue stripe on a piece of trouser cloth was all blue; and in general, greens were confounded with reds and browns, crimson with blue. He would give any reasonable sum to be cured of his defect; but his defect is one that appears to be in all cases incurable, and capable of alleviation by the use of coloured ctacles only to a very limited extent indeed

The Countess of Q., describing her case in October, says, that the yellow tints now seen on the trees appear to me exactly the same as those of their spring shades; indeed, I cannot conceive the possibility of any one seeing them to be different." Here the term vellow includes all the autumnal tints, and they are regarded as identical with the bright n of spring.

It was observed of Miss Q., in a drawing-class, that she was obliged to help her discriminution of the colours, when not marked with their names, by placing them upon her tongue, and that when she had tints to com-

wheely to the help afforded by her teacher.

Mr. R., a surgeon, thrown from his horse, suffered concussion of the brain. In consequence of this, he became to a marked degree olour-blind, and still recals the shock experienced on first entering his garden after his recovery, at finding that a favourite lamask rose had become in all its parts—petals, leaves, and etem—of one quiform dull colour. Add to this the case of a gentleman to whom, while he was suffering some hours from a sense of gibliness, the whole population in the struct seemed to be dressed in green.

S. was an artillery soldier at Leith Fort. who, being shown a square of chrome yellow paper, at once declared it to be purple. This is a rare kind of error. The same soldier, when asked to select the purple-skeins from a large bundle of coloured wools, began with the chrome yellow, and held that in his hand as his best guide, while matching it successively with orange, pink, crimson, red-purple, and purple-brown, as if feeling his way from yellow to purple, which, however, at the last he did not reach. He stopped at the purple-brown, and continued, without saving a word. to retain the yellow skein in his hand, as it it

came the nearest to his view of purple.

Mr. T., mietaking red flakes of paint upon the pavement for soot, remarked to a companion with whom he walked, that a chimney must have been on fire. He has also supposed a lady to have gone into mourning who put on a crimson velvet bonnet.

Mr. U., a clerk in the Edinburgh post-office, has sometimes surprised his superiors by signing official papers in red ink, this having happened when he has neglected to distinguish between red ink and black in the

only way possible to him, by the smell.
Mr. V., a banker near London, frequently Mr. V., a banker near London, trequency annoyed by the results of his own inability to distinguish by the colour between black ink and red, had each ink put into a bottle different in shape, in order to insure himself against farther mistakes.

against further mistakes.

Mr. W., in early life, was apprenticed to an undertaker, and being sent to buy some black cloth for a coffin, he brought scarlet. Add to this the case of a young surgeon, who, before sealing a letter, had to ask which was the red and which the mourning wax.

X., a tailor's journeyman, having received a young gentleman's dark blue coat for immediate repair, very much surprised the mother of the youth by taking it home with a scarlet patch let in at the elbow. This person made many similar mistakes, whenever by chance left to his own judgment of colours.

Captain Y., an officer in the navy, purased a blue uniform coat and waistcout,

chased a blue uniform conwith red breeches to match.

Finally Z., who shall be Dalton himself, writes thus: "All crimsons appear to me to writes thus: "All crimsons appear to many of dark writes thus: "All crimsons appear to me to consist chiefly of dark blue; but many of them seem to have a strong tinge of dark brown. I have seen specimens of crimson, chiret, and mud, which were very nearly alike. Crimson has a grave appearance, being the reverse of every showy and splendid colour. Woollen yarn, dyed crimson or dark blue, is the same to me." Again. "The colour of a florid complexion appears to me that of a dull, opaque, blackish blue, upon a white ground. Dilute black ink upon white paper, gives a colour much resembling that of a florid complexion."

Here is an alphabet of colour-blindness, which any person may extend out of his own

experience. Companies of soldiers, persons collected in asylums, students in a class, patients in a hospital, private friends, have been submitted by Dr. Wilson to the test; and by adding to his researches those of others, it is made to appear that, on an average, one man out of fifty is as distinctly colour-blind as any of the more marked cases here recited, and that one man in twenty will err in distinguishing at least among some of the lighter shades of the mixed colours. With a bundle of Berlin woods containing two of every tint, a double series of the test papers, or an assorted collection of small pieces of coloured glass, any one may cause his own eyes to be tested, or may bring the eyes of his companions to the test. Common as colour-blindness proves to be, coulists in large practice very rarely see a case. Hundreds are unacquainted with their own infirmity; many know it, but pay little heed to it; others conecal it; others, not caring to talk about it, quietly take measures to guard against the errors into which they have found that they are liable to fall.

Our purpose in again calling attention to the subject is to point out—it cannot be requisite to urge—the obvious utility of some adaptation of the practice of railway and ship-signalling, to the knowledge we now have of the direction in which eye-service may so often fail. The eye blind to colour is even preternaturally sharp as a distinguisher of form. To the majority of eyes colour gives the distinctest help, but if there were allied with every different colour used in signalling also a different form, common eyes would be doubly warned, and colour-blind eyes, quick to observe form, would be nearly, or quite as serviceable as the rest. A change in the cobours used—which are now green and red by land and sea-might also be found advisable. The position of unsymmetrical vanes, as battle-axes, fishes, broad-feathered arrows, would be more distinctly read by daytime than symmetrical signals; and by night, if the white light were single, the green double, the red triple, errors of perception would be difficult. A steam-vessel at sea carries a white light on the foremast head, a green light on the starboard side, a red light on the port side; and any vessel that approaches is warned by the colour of the light as to the direction in which this vessel is steaming. A colour-blind pilot would not know with certainty whether a red or a green light crossed his bows. Place two red lights on the port side in a horizontal line, and two green lights on the starboard side, one under the other, and the chance of false perception, on the score of permanent or temporary colour-blimbness, is removed.

These particular suggestions we give, not larger stature, and evidently a made degmatically, but by way of very simple muscular strength. They attraible station. The difficulty against which attention; though it was afterware provision has to be made being once granted, bered that they remarked to Mr and the requisite inquiry instituted, it will landlord, that they had just arr

Companies of soldiers, persons in asylums, students in a class, a hospital, private friends, have litted by Dr. Wilson to the test; ding to his researches those of is made to appear that, on an ise man out of fifty is as distinctly I as any of the more marked cases d, and that one man in twenty in distinguishing at least among he lighter shades of the mixed With a bundle of Berlin woels confer every tint, a double series of ers, or an assorted collection of ers, or an assorted collection of railway and ship-signals now in use, for purpose of correcting every one that apply colour only.

DR GRAVES OF WARWICK STRE

PARK LANE—or that part of Park Lan which the Three Crowns Tavern was sized —was not, a hundred years ago, the festions quarter which it now is. It was consister the mountainous cinder-heaps we dustmen, who had settled there from us times, had accumulated in waste the roadside. It was a wild, regregion, into which few persons averable habitants of mean houses in the brickmakersor dustmen who livei hovels in the fields, would like tafter dark. But the Three Cross good house. It was both a coffee. a tavern, with a bowling-green, and quented much by military men, some net there regularly at night. The patrol, who accompanied visitors at their way from Marylebone Gard quently stopped for refreshment the left one or two of the convey to a company—fellows who liked to had night's amusement with a bowl at They had sometimes, perhales, less visitors—for the Three Crowns more into its customers' affairs t taverns. The man in the laced jaunty three-cornered hat, who played with any one who would, mi terror of the western roads - may Daily Postboy, which some neight read to hun aloud. When his and his foot in the stirrup, usith Crowns nor its company troubled the any further about him.

one evening—it was in the winter to there came into the Three Green strangers of respectable appearance desired to stay there for the interest was a man of about forty years of a short, strong-built figure; he carried to arm in a sling. The other was other to larger stature, and evidently a muscular strength. They attracts attention; though it was afterwarders bered that they remarked to Mr B of landlord, that they had just arrived

Richmond, and that having business in London, 'drove up to the door of the watch-house in they intended to remain there for a day or two The elder one wrote some letters, about which they appeared to consult together sitting at a little table apart. Their manner, as far as could be called to mind, was easy and cheerful; they partook of supper; and the younger one, remarking that it was yet only nine by the great clock that stood in the room, proposed to take a short walk, as he said he was in the habit of doing after supper. They accordingly went out, and it was subsequently observed in confirmation of the truth of that were both intention, that although they booted and spurred, they left their horses in the stables. How long they were absent become afterwards, for reasons which will be mentioned, a question of dispute. Some thought the time must have been near an hour; but it was stated and confirmed by two persons that a short time after they came in, it was noticed by some one to be exactly half-past nine, by the same clock which had marked the time of their going out.

That night was committed one of the most singular and terrible murders ever remembered in the metropolis. Before showing how suspicion fell in some degree on these two men, it is necessary to relate the circumstances

exactly as they occurred.

There resided at that time, in Warwick Street, Charing Cross, a physician, whose name was Graves. He was a man in the prime of life, in good practice, and, though reputed to be of a somewhat stern character, well known for a man of perfect honour well known for a man of perfect honour and integrity. Late on the evening of the arrival of the two strangers at the Three Crowns, a man with a whip in his hand, and carrying a horn lantern, presented himself at the physician's house, and requested a woman servant to convey to her master a note that he had brought with him. The contents of the test were not known nor did the servent the note were not known, nor did the servant observe the handwriting. Mr. Graves, on reading it, immediately rose from his book, and desiring his servant to keep burning the fire in his study until he should return, ordered his great-coat and hat, and went out with the messenger. It was a black and bitter cold night, a keen wind sweeping the atrects and carrying in their faces a cloud of shap dust from the frozen ground. A male servant of Dr. Graves, as he was coming home, met his master and the man in the street, and he had observed a hackney-coach standing at the corner of Warwick-street, in Cock-par street. The doctor stopped him to give some trithing direction, and passed on; and a moment after the man heard the hackney-coach drive away, from which he concluded that his master had hired it to

visit some pritient.

The household of Dr. Graves sat up for him that might; but he did not return, and no tistings came of him for several hours. Some time after he had left home, there

Bishopsgate Street a backney-coach, the driver of which, who appeared to be in great terror, informed the watch that he had found in his vehicle the body of a gentleman, apparently dead. He stated that he had been hired about nine o'clock that evening in the Haymarket by a gentleman, who ordered him to drive to the corner of Warwick Street. He then bade him leave his coach there, and take a letter to one Dr. Graves in that street, who would, he said, come back with him.
When he returned with the doctor, the same man was standing in the doorway of the coach. He made some observation to the Doctor, who entered and desired the driver to go to Barnard's Inn, in Holborn. On the way, the man who had hired him looked out of the window, and requested him lookly and angrily to hasten, and continued in that position for some time, urging him to speed on the account of the importance of their business.

At Barnard's Inn, his two passengers alighted; and the one who had hired him giving him three shillings for his fare to that place, and thence to Camomile Street in the city, hade him proceed to a certain number in the latter street, where he was told that a gentleman would be ready to come away with him as before. They then went in at the gate of Earnard's Inn, and the driver left them; but when he came to Camomile Street, he could not find the house to which he had been directed, and therefore took his place at a spot in that neighbourhood, where chairs and coaches stood for hire. But some time afterwards, happening to look into his vehicle for a new candle for his lantern, which he kept in a box beneath the seat, he found a man still sitting in the corner, and apparently reclining against the back of the coach. Much astonished to find any one there so long after his two passengers had gone, he called to him, but received no answer; whereupon he shook him and called to him; but finding him still silent, and feeling that his arm was heavy, he raised his lantern, the light of which was flickering out, and recognised the features of the Doctor to whom he had conveyed the note. His eyes were fixed and staring, his tongue protruding, and his coun-tenance livid, like that of one who had tenance livid, like that of one who had suffered strangulation. A subsequent examination showed the lips were swelled, and one of the nostrils acratched, as if violence had been used to prevent his uttering any noise; his wrists also were marked as though they had been grasped tightly. The manner of the murder was immediately discovered. A thick cotton handkerchief was found round his neck, still tight and twisted, as if a stick had been inserted in a loop, and turned violently; and between the neck and the handkerchief was discovered a small block of a hard kind of wood, little bigger than a marble, which the murderer had inserted for

the purpose of pressing harder upon the Springett and Samuel Bate, winnippe, and had apparently forgotten to rest that night, after playing remove. A purse of gold was found in one cards, at the same time as the of his pockets; but another pocket was found hanging out, and it was conjectured that a pocket-book had been stolen.

The conchman maintained the truth of his statements before a magistrate, insisting that only two persons had rode with him, and that he had distinctly seen two persons leave the vehicle at Barnard's Inn. Nothing was known at the physician's house of the nature of his errand, or of the contents of the note; nor could the note itself be found; from which it was imagined that he had east it, after reading it, into the fire. There being no evidence against the coachman, and no reason to doubt the honesty of his statements, he was discharged; and although he was privately watched by the authorities, nothing suspicious was discovered in his conduct.

Considerable excitement was caused by the intelligence of the murder, and many theories started to explain the extraordinary state-ments of the coachman. What could have been the nature of the message which was brought to the Doctor, and which induced him at a late hour on a wintry night to leave his study, and direct the man to drive to Harnard's Inn! Inquiries were made there; but it could not be discovered that any peron in that quarter had known, or had any dealings with the murdered Doctor, though said to be somewhat harsh in his manners, as men of his profession frequently are, was known to be at bottom a good-hearted man, and had few enemies. He was a tall man, and a man of great strength, whereas, by the coachman's description, the stranger who had hired him was a short man, and in all probability much inferior to him in that respect. How, then, could be have obtained such a mastery over him as to have been able to strangle him without attracting the attention of the driver? There was, it is true, the statement of the man, that two persons had left his vehicle; but few doubted that the darkness of the street, and his own intural presumption that as two persons were within, two must have alighted, had deceived him, and prevented his observing the roal fact. As to the direction to drive to Camonile Street, no one believed that this was any other than a trick to gain time, and to delay the discovery of the murder. the mystery remained unsolved, and public curiosity looked eagerly for the aunouncement that some person had been fixed

but the house being then full, th placed in the room generally or let the head warter, in which had been placed for the occasion, at the ordinary breakfast hour i ing, and went out; and about noon sented themselves at the door of the Dr. Graves in Warwick Street, a to speak with him. Ou being a was dead, they expressed and said that they had not observe shutters were closed. They int shutters were closed. shutters were closed. They infor servants that they had written to the only the night before, appointing him at twelve we lock that day on so ness connected with a trusteeship. indeed, had arrived there that morning effect stated, which had been op-on-Its contents were sim police. but where nothing is known, any fact

Some inquiries were made, and the ing, both Springett and Bate were arrested at the Three Crowns that Doctor Graves was the sole trustee of a settlement made upon of Springett on her first marriage by the terms of that settlement, become trustee on his decease, found that Bate and Springett intimate, and that the wife of Springett been once or twice in London with month, to have an interview with Graves, as it was supposed, upon of his trust. Mrs. Springett admitthe object of her visits was to ende Mrs. Springett admit induce the Doctor to allow her hu establishing a business in London, the Doctor had resolutely refusivhat he declared would be contra duty. The two men maintained journey to Loudon had no other c to endeavour to induce the deceased ply with their request, by offer indemnity from Bate against any he might suffer in consequence. absence from the tavern on the nig murder, they said that they had fur as a hosier's shop at the corn Bond Street, Piccadilly, where posted a letter for Bichmond, as for Doctor Graves, which was received on the following morning it was admitted that their albeen too short to allow the post their having been engaged in the nonneument that some person had been axed upon as the perpetrator of the crime.

We shad now see in what way the two strangers who arrived on the night of the marder at the firee Crowns were found to be sufficiently connected with the murdered arm in a sling, as Springett dad, man to direct attention to the question of bow they had employed themselves on bow they had employed themselves on that evening. Their names were Jonathan previously. His voice, moreover, we

that of Springett, being hoarse and deep, like one who was suffering from a cold. It was argued, also, by the prisoners that it would have been impossible for them to induce Doctor Graves to accompany either of them in the way described, as he did not know anything of the second marriage of Mrs. Springett, he had always endeavoured to avoid her husband, and had never communicated with him, save by letter. These facts afforded so strong a presumption of the innocence of the prisoners, that, although it was suspected that they had reason to be glad of the Doctor's death, they were discharged; after having been frequently remanded and kept

in prison during hearly two months.

Full a year after these events, when the subject of the murder had ecased to be talked about at the Three Crowns, there arrived at that house one night, a tall, elderly man, attired like a clergyman, and wearing an old-fishioned, full-bottomedwig, who brought with him some trunks, and stated that he had just come by couch from the West of England, having business connected with a lawsuit in London. He desired to be accommodated with a sleeping-room, saying that he should probably remain there some time. Mallet, the waiter, showed him a room which was vacant; but he made some objection to it, and inquired if they had no other. The waiter then showed him another room, which he also found fault with, on account of its being near the top of the house—he being, as he said, naturally afraid of fire; but being informed that they had then no other bedroom unoccupied, he at length consented to aleep in the room which he had first seen.

His objections to the sleeping-rooms were

His objections to the sleeping-rooms were regarded as the whims of a naturally prim and fastidious man; but there was a strangeness in his manner which attracted the attention of Mallet. He wore at all times a part of spectacles with broad black rima, and had several patches upon his face; and his clothes were large and ill-fitting. He absented himself during the day-time, and when there at night, he invariably sat apart from the rest of the company, and appeared to be deeply engaged in the perusal of an ancient volume, which he carried with him. He seldom spoke, and his voice was singularly harsh and disagreeable; but Mallet was several times struck with the idea that he had heard a voice somewhat like it before. He watched him, and one evening, when he supposed that he had retired to rest, he met him up-strurs in a passage that bad no connection with his own room. He was so near the door of the chamber in which Mallet hunself slept, that he could not divest himself slept, that he could not divest himself slept, that he had intended to enter there, but had found the door fastened. He excused himself by saying that he was about to descend, and had missed his way; but Mallet, though unwilling to communicate

his suspicions to any one, resolved from that time to watch him more closely.

Mallet's bedroom had a long window opening on to the leaded roof of a building which formed part of the tavera. It was the very room in which the two men had slept who had been suspected of the murder of Dr. Graves. One night, being unable to sleep, and having his eye fixed upon this window, he suddenly perceived the figure of some person who appeared to be intently examining the room through the glass. The bed was in a dark recess at the other side of the apartment; so that he knew that no one at that distance could see whether he was awake or sleeping. Mallet, therefore, stretched out his hand, and taking a loaded pistol which he had placed by the bedside since the night when he had met their singular guest in the passage, he continued to watch the figure in silence. He was a courageous man, and was determined to ascertain what the object of his visitor was, before giving any alarm.

A moment after, he perceived that the window, which reached to the ground, and was divided lengthways, slowly opened, and he heard the footfall of a man cautiously stepping into the room. The intruder closed the window gently behind him, and then stopped a moment to listen. Mallet breathed loudly, to convey the impression that he was asleep; and expecting that he intended to do him some injury, or perhaps to endeavour to possess himself of the contents of a box in which some persons might know that the waiter kept money, he determined to spring upon him the moment he approached the bed. But, after remaining motionless for some moments, he perceived to his surprise that the man went directly to the fire-place, and groping about there, seemed to have discovered that it was closed up by a wind-board. He forced the board in, apparently by pressing it at the edges; and having thus made a slight noise, he paused to listen again. Finding that the inmate of the chamber was still breathing deeply, he appeared to grope for a while inside the lower part of the chimney; after which, having gently replaced the wind-board, he walked noiselessly again towards the window.

noiselessly again towards the window.

At this moment Mullet sprang from the hed, seized the stranger, and demanded his business there. The man made no answer, but struck him several violent blows in the face, hoping to overcome him and make ma escape. Mullet, however, grappied with him, and determined not to quit his nobl. He was himself of strong make; but the intruder was a man of extraordinary muscular power. He pressed his antagonist heavily against the wall; and, seizing his neckcloth with one hand, endeavoured to throttle him. Mullet had been unwilling to fire his pistol, but in the struggle it was accidentally discharged, the bullet passing through the pane of glass without injury to either; and the noise of

this quickly brought assistance. Long before this time, Mallet had discovered in him the this time, Mallet had discovered in him the pretended elergyman in the full-bottomed wig; but on lights being brought, he being then without his disguises, he recognised him immediately as the man Bate, who had slept there a twelvementh before, and had been suspected, with his companion, of the murder of Dr. Graves.

of Dr. Graves.

His object in entering the room at night was soon surmised. In his possession were found a pecket book and a silver-gilt snuff-box, both of which were subsequently found to have belonged to Dr. Graves. They were to have belonged to Dr. Graves. They were begrimed with smoke and soot, and had evidently been just removed by him from a ledge in the chimney, where he had, no doubt, secreted them a twelvementh before. But a stronger avidance of with stronger evidence of guilt was discovered against him in the fact that, in one compartment of the pocket-book was found the very letter which had induced the doctor to leave his house on the night of the murder. It pur-ported to come from an acquaintance of a woman whom the doctor once befriended, and who was stated to be then lying dangerously ill at a house in Barnard's lun, whither it was requested that he would come immediately in a coach which would be waiting for him. Though signed in a fictitious name, and in a disguised hand, it was clearly recognised for the writing of Bate, and it was conjectured that, having removed the pocketjectured that, having removed the pocket-book and box from the body of the murdered book and box from the body of the murdered uses while his companion was busier arging the conchinant to drive quickly, and having determined to keep them himself, and conceal the fact from his partner in the crime, he had hidden them in the chimney before he had found an opportunity to examine them; and, being suddenly apprehended, had been prevented from taking them away. The length of time which he had suffered to escape was explained by the natural appropriation that, although anxions to

suffered to escape was explained by the natural supposition that, although anxious to remove evidences of his guilt, he had not dared to appear again at the Three Crowns until the events we have related might be supposed to be almost forgotten.

Springett was immediately after apprehended, and hoping, perhaps, for some favour, by throwing the guilt more completely on his associate, he confessed his participation in the crime. It was he who had hired the coach; and Bate, being a tall man, very much of the doctor's figure, it had been resolved that he should get into the coach while the driver was gone with the letter; so that, although was gone with the letter; so that, although the dester would find two men there, a cir-cumstance which they explained to him by saying that they also had been sent for by the sick woman, being relatives of her's, the driver would be ignorant of the fact, and would naturally suppose, when they alighted

in the dark, that Doctor Graves and had both left the vehicle. Spring ted that his arm was not so week tended, and that he had rebefore hiring the coach and to disguise his voice, l to disguise his voice, but in a had actually assisted in the wring he said, had suddenly attracted when he (Springett) was urging to hasten; but he could not denhad both expected to derive the latte doctor's death, and that to obtained full control over the t which they had since employed in gambling-house in Leicester Field time of their absence from the tax time of their absence from the ta-gett acknowledged that before ca tention of several persons to the time return, he had taken an oppor-putting back the hands of the clear

Bate, on the other hand, ring denial was useless, and being a conduct of Springett, declared to who had obtained the parties who had obtained the par-doctor's friendship for the w conceived the idea of pretend-come to live in Barnard's Inn-side the state of sick there, which story he felt be sufficient to entrap Dr. Gr snare. As to the murder, its that Spungett had grasped wrists, and otherwise assisted he had only looked out of the endeavoured to distract the au-driver, when their victim was weak to make further resistance gained nothing by his accusation soon afterwards execute but Pate was found one morni previously, self-strangled by a which he had found means of ol

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THE SISTERS.

IN FOUR CHAPTERS. No one would have believed them to be sisters—yet sisters they were: loving each other with more possion than calm affection; for they had passed no great part of their lives together. They were at their window, watching the fiery glow of the sunset, burning it elf upon the golden limes and copperced ared becches on the other side of the road, an Istruggling through the blackness of a great

and struggling through the blackness of a greatyew overstandowing one half their garden.

Hildred, the elder, stood erect; the rich light falling full upon her broad brow and dark eyes. Those eyes did not flinch or seek to veil themselves from the radiance; rather, they seemed to dilate, as if endeavouring to receive all the glory. Against Hildred, a slighter figure leant; a fair head lay upon her shoulder, somewhat hidden by the black tresses that, though looped up behind, fell loosely and low down upon each side of a stately throat. It was some time since either had spoken, when Hildred said:

"So you think he loves you, Millie?"

A smile that had had a dash of disdain in it, grew wholly tender as she glanced down

A smile that had had a dash of disdain in it, grew wholly tender as she glanced down up in the delicate face, and saw how the drooping evelals drooped yet more, and the faint colour flushed roster as she spoke. She threw herself into a great chair that steed near. Millie slipped down, on to a cushion at her feet, having given no answer. Hardened repeated her question, passing her hard careesingly over the beautifully-shaped and bead resting against her, as she did so. hand caressingly over the beautifully-shaped oval head resting against her, as she did so. No word yet; but, bending forward, she caught the last flicker of a smile dying from off the rosy mouth, and took that for a sufficient reply.

"Ah, child!" she said, "no need for further answer. God bless you!" Then she idded, "I am very glad!" Millie's soft little hand stole up into Hildred's. She did not cry out, though her sister's fervent clasp pamed her.

"I should not have liked to speak of this

"I should not have liked to speak of this yet," the eider went on, glancing at the mouraing they both wore; "but it is needful I should know. I have to plan for the intere. We stand alone now—you have only me to take care of you at present."

"But Hildred," Millie said, "we need not do anything different, need we! We may live together now! You will stay with nee always, won't you!"

"That is impossible, Millie," was said very deed hills.

decidedly.

"Why impossible!" Millie asked, earnestly.

"Why impossible!" Millie asked, earnestly.

"Indeed, I can't do without you."

"You soon will learn to do without me, child. Never fear! I shall not leave you till there is a dearer someone else to care for you.

there is a dearer some one else to care for you. You are one of these who ought always to have strong arms round you, Millie."

"But why leave me? You say you love me very much. If you think I could be happy knowing you left alone, it is not kind of you to judge use so. You ought not to be proud to me, Hildred, although I am nich!"

"Eravely said, Millie mine; but listen. You think this pretty place yours—left you by your uncle—"

"Our uncle—"

"

you won't come with me.

you won't come with me."

"I say your uncle, Millie. He did not hold me as his niece; he had heard how like I am to my father!"

"If he had only known you, sister, he would have loved you in spite—"

"Would I be loved in spite of what I glory in?" Hildred said, vehemently. "No, child. We must not stop to quarrel, for I have something to tell you:—Millie, you are not rich. You know uncle died suddenly; he was always irresolute, processituating. he was always irresolute, procrastinating, weak—a good man, though, for loving you so well as he did. He had made no will when he die l, and an heir-at-law has turned

up."
Millie raised her head, and looked up at Hildred inquiringly. Hildred went on "I should have enjoyed the excitement of disputing his claim; but it would be of no use. I should not like to be beaten; so you must give up to him quietly."

"Then the dear old place is not mine! I can not give it you!" Millie said, in pained surprise.

"I should not, could not have taken it, dear one. I must and will be independent. No, child, nothing—at least, almost nothing—is yours. You are mine, and I am glad—"

"Of what, Hildred?"

"That we are free of all obligations. It is glorious to be free—free!"

Hildred repeated the word, glancing out with a fierce look in her eyes that told of her

with a fierce look in her eyes that told of her having known some kind of slavery.

"I was getting sick of life," she went on; "it was not life, it was only living death I had with my aunt—great-aunt, as she was, but would not be called great-aunt. Every day I grew more wicked, Millie. I liked better to be feared—hated—than loved by them. Now I am free, I will live a glorious, battling life! Much as I love you, I should have been miserable again if, to take care of you, I had had to share your fortune and life in respectable idleness."

"But, Hildred, if we are poor, what shall we do? You will have to go back again; and hadn't I better go out as a gover-

"I go back again? Never! I should be an idjot to do so. And you! You do not think your being poor will make any difference to that lover of yours, do you? If you do, you—we—will starve, before you shall marry him. But there will be no need to starve, or even to want: I shall work, as I have always longed to do."

Millie latted up her even and said quietly.

Millie Lited up her eyes, and said quietly: "O Hildred! I did not mean that, But I should not like-he's not rich-and-

"I see. But you are not penniless even now: you shall still be a bit of an heiress." And Hildred then first conceived a resolu-tion she afterwards acted out.

"But, Hildred, was not your aunt kind? O, if I had but known you were not happy!"
Millie spoke so carnestly that tears came into her eyes. "Why didn't you write?"

"Do you think I was going to tell you all my wild troubles, child? I bore them, and they did not break my spirit. Indeed, if I had been a meek, mean, hypocritical creature, I might have been very comfortable."

With what scorn she said the last word!

"If I wanted to go back ever so much."

"If I wanted to go back ever so much," she added, "I could not. I lost all chance she added, "I could not. I lost all chance of reinstatement by coming to you. Mine was too good a place to be empty long. I had a spiteful letter from the old lady this morning, bidding me an affecting farewell, and telling me of an amiable and accomplished cousin of mine who is filling my place to the old lady's entire satisfaction. remineing me, too, that I could not live on the miserable pittance left me by my father!"

"You had other letters, hadn't you, Hildred!"

" One from this same heir in answer to an epistle of mine. His is so polite that I feel mine was unnecessarily bitter. He talks about duty to those nearest him compelling tun to do what is painful, and such stuff as that. Perhaps he satisfies his own conscience,

"Your other letter!" Hildred looked fearlessly

inquiring eyes; but a richer colour into her cheeks as she answered:

"An enclosure in my auu" A letter," she went on dreamily; "pleases me well enough. Truly it ha somewhat long in reaching me-months—well! thank you, aunt, sent it at all, though it wasn't out of you did so. I shall see now there is in some of these fine words are true, why then, the 'world is us bitter but a smile may make it exect's somebody. But tell me, Millie, ch.d. I true that men are deceivers ever! Do expect to find any man constant leving for oneself alone?"

"I would I were dead if not," Miles

swered faintly.
"Is it so, Millie?" Hildred said, swered failing.

"Is it so, Millie!" Hildred said, startled at the fervency of that low a Stooping down, she pressed a keep of girl's forehead, saying, "That is real thorough in all your life."

"Dear Hildred, some of us have to the complete who does have

no one suffers thoroughly who does to

patiently.

"Suffer! You shall not know much suffering if I can help it. Now. to friend of yours, whose name I have not you name yet—when does he return?
"Very soon—any day. O He

when you see him, you will think it that he cares for such a girl as I am. could fancy it true, that he liked me m —till I was in great trouble, and then so tender— But I don't like talk ng this, even to you, for he has never and plainly that..."

That he loves you: wishes to m

"So I don't feel as if it were right to about it."

"Ah! when he comes back

care much about poor Hildred any m
"I shall, Hildred, you know I sha
not fickle, I never forget. But it is He did not even know I had a sist few days before he left. You see, He did not even know I had a sister of few days before he left. You see, I do know you well, didn't love you, or I shave spoken about you. When I the upyou, Illidred, it used always to be with "Why, silly one?"

"I don't know; I had heard you wer

proud—and so you are. I thought despise poor me, but you don't right in picturing you in other though. When I crept into the reset you came, and, before you come, saw you standing creet by the window, looking so ga splendid dress (you have not had its l knew directly that you were my sister, Hildred.)

"And what did Queen Hildred do, child

arms. Was I'

"Not one whit. I expected to find a fret-ful, spoilt girl; helpless, and rather heart-

"Why did you come; if you did not think

"Hecause you were my mother's child. I knew you were in trouble, and thought you might want my strong arm to protect you."

"You did not know a barry and the protect you."

"You did not know about there being no will?"

"No; but I expected it might be so when I heard how sudden my uncle's death was. If I had found you a rich, well-befriended young lady, Millie, I should not have stayed with you long—But, now, no more pleasant twinght talk. We must have candles, shut out the beautiful night and go right earnestly to business.'

"Business! how funuy, we two girls."

"Very funny, but no farce with me,

And so it seemed. The room shut up and lights brought, Hildred settled herself at the table, and was soon absorbed in looking over sundry old papers; in looking over sundry old papers; some her uncle's, some relating entirely to Millie's affairs. A lawyer was coming to-morrow; but Hildred would not be content morrow; but Hildred would not be content ignorantly and passively to leave all in his hands; although Millie advised her to do so, saying that surely no one would cheat two orphan girls. Hildred's dark look of bitter pride came back as she answered that she did not know; that, at any rate, she preferred knowing a little into the matter herself. So she sat for hours puzzling out yery complicated and irregular accounts, and ery complicated and irregular accounts, and Millie stayed by her, giving her what assistance she could, till Hildred marked the pale weariness on her face, and sent her to bed.

It was long past midnight when Hildred reelf finally raised her head with the herself finally raised her head with the triumphant look of one who has mastered a She locked up the now methodidifficulty. cally arranged papers; paced the room some time, looking rather wild with her hair pushed back from her flushed face, and her dark brows knit in eager thought; and then went up-stairs; knelt—no nightly form with her—by the win low looking up at the stars, and prayed fervently for two most dear to her; undressed in the dark, and laid herself

down softly beside her sleeping sister.

CHAPTER II.

NEXT morning, as they sat at breakfast, the sisters were gayer than they had yet been. Milhe's mood was sobered and chastened by remembrance that one who had loved her well lay in the churchyard; yet her face was full of a tender hope that, in its calmness, seemed more like certainty—content. Hill-

"Turned, looked, smiled, and took poor mannerrather absent; herface fixed by resolute little trembling, crying me into her dear purpose, which her keen eyes, looking onward, arms. Was I like what you fancied me, appeared to see already fulfilling. Millie was appeared to see already fulfilling. Millie was relieved from a great dread when her sister told her, that she need not yet leave the house she so much leved; that they might stay in it, at least, till after Christmas—only paying rent for living in what Millie had thought her own property, which was stronge. In that time, Hilling said, though Christmas was not far off, much might happen, and they could settle plans for their future. Bildred had many schemes for herself—glancing all of them at a possibility, but falling off from it shily, and then growing confused in all but one central idea, that she would be independent, and would make herself famous; for Millie she had but one plan, fixed and constant.

The day was one of those serenely beautiful days we often get in late autumn : the sky

days we often get in late autumn: the sky cloudless, the arr fresh yet soft, the whole earth dazzlingly bright-vestured.

"A holiday morning, Millie!" Hildred exclaimed, as they stoo! in the sun on the doorstep. "Let us be children now: this afternoon I shall put on my woman of business and of the world aspect. You shall take me one of your favourite rambles. We will go one of your favourite rambles. We will go blackberrying, if any berries are left for us." Hildred and Millie went out together and

spent the whole bright morning in aim-less wandering, and gay hopeful talk. The expression of Hildred's face softened, and grew sweeter with every hour she spent with Millie; she did not often startle the girl now by the vehemence of her demonstrations of affection, or by the abruptness of her manners, as she had constantly done at first; but still Millie's fear returned a little now and then.

Millie was very pretty: so Hildred told her as they sat on the hill-side, overlooking their house and the valley beneath it. She watched the colour deepen on the soft, clear watched the colour deepen on the soft, clear cheek, and the beautiful light sparkle in the dove-like eyes that generally shone with a meck, calm lustre. When Millie answered simply: "I am very glad!" her sister knew of what she was glad, and of whom she thought most. Then, Hillred's passionate heart beat high, full of love, longing, unrest, jealousy; and her eager eyes looked out into her own future somewhat fiercely.

Lying on the turf beside Millie, she

Lying on the turf beside Millie, she stretched out her right arm appealingly, not heeding that she threw her hand violently upon a short tuft of prickly gorse, she was thinking too absorbedly to feel the pain. It was not till Millie exclaimed—"O Hildred! your poor hand!" that her attention was drawn to it. Hildred's were beautiful, though that year small hands; well-formed and are not very small hands; well-formed, and as white as Millie's own. She was sorry the right hand was scratched, for it looked ugly, and she took delight in having everything belonging to her admirable—not that she cared dred's gaiety was somewhat forced, and her for admiration, save such as inqueent Millie's;

for, often in her short life she had turned crossed quietly upon her breast from it with disclain; but that it seemed to her right and fitting that she should be handsome, proper that she should be proud. Hiblied gloried in all consciousness of power, —and beauty was a power. She had never wished to be deformed, or ugly; although often she had disliked to read in people's looks that they saw her beautiful. Hildred was sorry, therefore, that she had disfi-gured her hand; but she liked to feel Millie's sort, caressing touch as she bound up the wounds. Yet, when patched-up, it looked very ugly, and Hildred transferred the two or three splendid rings she always were on it to her other, that the wounded one might not be so conspicuous.

It was growing afternoon, and clouding over drearily; Millie looked chill. Hildred proposed that they should go home, and they would their way down the hill-side. Daylight was fading when the expected

lawyer came. Hildred had fancied that Millie looked a shade paler than usual, and seemed weary after the morning's ramble. She said, she would not have her pretty head troubled about business, and left her lying on the sofa in the fire-lighted drawing-room.

For the first time since his death the uncle's study was lighted up, and Hildred sat there with the man of law

As Millie lay thinking how sweet it was to have a sister so strong, so wise, to take care of her; wondering if it were sweeter yet to have a mother, and then, perchance, pondering deeply how it would be to have a husband -her thinking, after awhile, became dreaming; she did not stir when some one opened the house-door, as if with a privileged hand; when a firm step came through the hall; and, after a moment's pause, into the very room. The study was at the back of the house; Hildred sitting there, bringing the whole power of her intellect, concentrating her attention upon the matter before her, heard nothing external to that study, apart from that matter. She had some trouble in persuading Mr. Blankurdt that it was any use for him to go over the business with her; more-for he was a sensible, conscientions, practical man-in making him understand, that she had fully determined, and that it was no use to oppose her, upon a course of action he could not ap-prove, and from which he tried to disauade her; most of all, in extracting from him a promise that (as she would have her own way), he would take the necessary steps for her when she sent him her final command to do so . all this took time, energy, and what was far more difficult to Hildred, patience.

Meanwhile, what was passing in the draw-

ing-room ?

That some one who had entered so unceremoniously, came softly up to where the bright fire-light played upon a fair, young head, thrown back upon a crimson sofa-cushion, as Millie lay dreaming with her hands folded, |

one was a large man, and be looked in the dim, uncertain light; yet walked quite noiselessly up the re bent down over the sweet, calm face, even an eyelash stirred. He bent veand a heavy lock of his strong hair across a pale cheek; then Millie aw tunniltuous fright, conscious of But when she sat up, and could be quit that she was not still dreaming, no or near her; only a tall, dark figure stood fire, a grave face was looking into it, its upon a noble brow, and ster

Millie uttered a name with such accent of simple glad surprise, that its owns quickly at her side. He not only her hands, both of them, but he drew her

his arms, saying—
"You are mine, sweet Millie, is it so !"

She auswered only " Yes."

"And you love me-very much !" he c

Vaguely thinking that he, perhaps, also first say that to her. Millie . constand "Millie! my Millie!" he went on

tone she could not resist. I love you? proud and cold with me. you are gentle, meek, infinitely sweet. your love to southe me, to give me re have had much pain and trouble, Made Her little fingers tightened their gi the great hand that held both her-

might have been answer cuon in surely, he was not satisfied, for he raided—
"So, Midle, you must say, "I do love

very much, dear Erle."

A low tremulous voice repeated—
"I do! indeed, I do! I love you very

dear Erle! "That is are you ! I right, sweet Millie.

are you! Have you been greeving mechild! Have you been alone all the days since I left you!" At a be down foully upon her.

"No! My sister came! O Mr. I love her dearly!" Millie began. "Silly child! I am not Mr Lyn you any more, and I do not care much you love anybody but me

"And don't you love anyboty Millie asked, lifting up her head, "wise-innocent" eyes on his. Ba answer, only kissed her eyes gravely,

" How pretty you are, Millie, my M then he drew her down to him ago

sighed.

After a little he asked Millie wh for he felt warm tears drop does hand, and when she breathed wrapped her round closer yet, and a revenently, "God keep you so!" There was very little said during the

or more, that Millie and Erle Lyneward sat

or more, that fillie and Eric Lyneward sat together. He had never talked to her much, and she—her little heart was too fud!

At last Millie said, "That man is gone now, and I must go to my sister."

Millie said "my sister," with a strange pride in the words. She could only say them speaking of one person in the wide world. She felt sure that the law yer was gone, for she had heard the hustle of departure. for she had heard the bustle of departure, some time since, and wondered, uneasily, why Hildred did not come in. But when she rose, Mr. Lyneward drew her back. He did not choose to spare her yet; there would be plenty of time for sisters and explanations

to-morrow, he said.

Neither of them had heard the door softly opened a little while before; nor seen a tall figure stand at it a moment; a bewildered face grow conscious of misery. Neither could be conscious of the agony of a passionate heart, that believed itself breaking.

Hildred had come to the door; and, seeing a bright light at room product a seeing to be a see

no bright light stream from underneath it, had opened it very gently, expecting to find Mulic asleep. What had she seen so horrible

Mulie asleep. in that room ?

The gloomy afternoon had wildened into a weird, wet night; a few moments before, she had been hospitably sorry to allow Mr. Elank-ardt to go out into it, well defended as he was; now she rushed out with uncovered head, up the steep garden, up on to the bleak bare top of the hill. It was blackly dark. The darkness seemed to touch her on all sides, to press round her, to crush against her strained eyeballs, to madden her. She shricked—no eveballs, to madden her. She shricked-no one could hear-and she shricked out that Erle Lyneward was a traiter. She had almost cursed Millie's innocent sweet face.

She had thrown herself on the ground. After lying there half-stupefied awhile, she tose; the proud, strong heart called up all its strength. She even smiled to herself, saving that she could bear it—ay, and more

a thousand times.

There was one bitter consolation: her pride was wounded in nowise. She was not deserted; this man had never known that she loved him. She had treated him like a dog when he had dared speak to her of love, as she did all who so spoke in that past that seemed many a life-time ago; for her wild heart had been driven to desperation by its early sulightenment of the world's hollow-ness. She had spurned all men. He, like

hess. She had spurned all men. He, like the rest, she thought then, woold the heiress, Hiddred Vynern; not the woman, who had a heart richer than much fine gold.

It was long months since he had written her that letter—his indignantly passionate appeal—the last, as he told her, he would ever mase. It had never been answered. Who thicked Vynern; not the woman, who had a heart richer than much fine gold.

It was long months since he had written her that letter—his indignantly passionate appeal—the last, as he told her, he would ever mase. It had never been answered. Who was guilty, then? No trust had been being Mr. Lyneward. She shrunk back, shrouded in darkness, had almost felt him touch her, trayed, if she had placed none. Ay! but as he went away down the garden. Millie! What had she not learned to be-must she do?

What hopes had she cherished? lieve ?

What wild way her love had made!

Some one must be deeply guilty, or whence this racking misery! Then she thought of the false old woman who had kept that letter back from her so long—sent to the false of the fals kept that letter back from her so long—sent it at last in mockery, to show that she no longer cared if niece Hildred hanged herself, or married a Lyneward—one of a race she hated. As Hildred thought, she put up her two strong hands, and with them clasped her brow tightly, as if she felt that, indeed, the hornible pain there might split it. She sat a long time in that posture, the wind raving

long time in that posture, the wind raving roundher, driving the rain against her insheets. Upon the stormy troubled sea of her thoughts Millie's face soon shone down, sur-rounded by a halo; no sin, no serrow, must tarnish the effulgence of that encircling ra-

diance.

For awhile this was the one distinct thought—all else was surging pain and scorn—scorn, infinite scorn, of a man who could love here and love there (if, indeed, he had ever loved her)—for whom one love, even if unreturned, could not suffice for a life-timewho, disappointed in his first few feeble attempts to win a response to his passion, turned to love elsewhere, instead of either putting love out of his life, or consecrating and concentrating all power he had to the gaining of what he had first wanted. One of these two things Hildred felt she would have done had she been such a man as she was WOMAH.

woman.

After all, was it possible that Erle Lyneward should lore Millie Grey? Millie was fair, sweet and good; but could a man whose heart and mind had so vast an emptiness to be filled, rest satisfied with shrining there the little child Millie? No! If not, what danger was there for Millie from her? Hildred was conscious of power—of power over Erle Lyneward such as no one else had ever possessed. What should she do?—how shield Millie? She had judged her sister's character well enough to feel sure that if ever the love that had been between Hildred and Erle Lyneward came to her knowledge, she— Erle Lyneward came to her knowledge, she-Erle Lyneward came to her knowledge, she-child as she was—was capable of resolutely saerificing herself to make two she loved be-yord all the world happy. Millie must dis-cover nothing. There was safety for Millie, as well as consolation for Hildred, in the one thing: Erle Lyneward did not suspect that proud Hildred Vynern had ever loved him. This knowledge must be kept from him for ever. What a weary, dreary, heart-sieken-ing future!

She had torn off her wet dress, hidden it, wrapped her dressing-gown round her, and shaken some of the cold rain from her hair, when Mille knocked at the door. Hil-dred opened it, but turned quickly from her 's gaze

"How pale you are, Hildred!" the girl exclaimed.

"And cold and tired. I've been at work,

"And cold and tired. I've been at work, you know. I'm going to bed now. It is late, isn't it!" Hildred said, hurriedly.

"Not much past nine, and tea is waiting for you; and, O Hildred! I have so much to talk to you about," Millie exclaimed.

"Have some mercy, child! I am utterly weary. Erle Lyneward has been here! You see. I know already."

"Hildred how, did you bearn his name?"

"Hidred, how did you learn his name? I never mentioned it, because—"

" Pecause it is an enemy's name.

"You are not angry, dear Hildred—"
"No. No. Toll me all to-morrow. Put out your light. My head is bad, and it hurts me."

"O dear Miblred, forgive me! How selfish I am! You have been tiring yourself for me. Lie down quickly dear, and I will bring you up some tea. It will do your head

good," Millie pleaded, tearfully.

"I will lie down (that I might never wake! was in her heart); but no tea, I cannot be troubled. Don't think me unkind, or angry; but you had better let me aleep alone to-night."

"If you wish it, you shall."
"I do wish it. Good-night. I shall lock my door, and then throw myself, straight, upon my bed." upon my

Mulie went away, feeling as if she had acted very selfishly; and as if Hillred were only too good not to sould her. Hildred did throw herself upon her bed; but she did not

sleep the night through. How should she? CHAPTER III.

Somering had come between them both hen they met next morning. Hildred was when they met next morning. Hildred was calm and kind, but cold, Millie thought. Indeed, Hildred did not dare to be tender she could not afford it: she needed all her strength only to keep firm, resolute. Her face looked like sculptured marble in its fixedness; but her eyes gleamed strangely.
Millie's face changed every moment, as she told Hildred all that had passed between herself and Mr. Lyneward the night before.

It still blew and rained.

Did Millie expect Mr. Lyneward that morning! Hildred asked. When Millie answered, perhaps he would not come, as the weather was so bad, Hildred smiled scornfully; thinking how much better she knew him and that the wild weather was one sure inducement to bring him out. She followed up her question by asking Millie, where he lived: about what time he generally came, and whether walking or riding? Then she —but I will not detain you. I mere

took up her station at the window who overlooked the road, and sat there

Millie was unhappy; she was sure Hild was ill; thought she was angry, or sorry, All sorts of miseries entered head bent down assiduously over some

Hildred (who never shammed fildred (who never shammed except gain some great end) made no pretene-reading, or working, but act idle; less back in the great chair Millie had ne-her take, her cold hands lying listler on her lap, her eyes glittering, and inten-watching. At last she saw Erle Lynn-coming; he was along way off, but she kn him

She turned her rigid face round to M

and said;
"Millie, your lover is coming—I wast speak to him alone. Go into the state speak to him alone. Go into the rain a little; there is a fire there. Yeo arafraid," she added, seeing that M largered, "not afraid that I shall steal has it

you, are you !"

It did not occur to Millie, to wonder it was that Ifildred knew him.

"Not afraid of that!" Millie said; and came to Hildred's side, knelt be be twining her arms round her wan, looking up beseechingly into her san dark eyes: but Hildred knew that Mr L ward was almost at the house-door. Millie from the room. When she has safe in the study, she kissed her—b. derly, but hercely—and went away, le Millie full of tearful wonder.

She got back into the drawing-room Mr. Lyneward had entered the house stood awaiting him, her face turned the light. She heard him stride nero hall. He had opened the door—was room; he stood still. His face grantlend room; he stood still. His face gravildered and deeply troubled, as he at her. She spoke first. Coldly grain, she pointed to the chair he was a opposite to her. He obeyed her gesture, and she condescended to explain a millie's sister, Mr. Lyneward are surprised to see me here? "Miss Vynern—Hildred Vynern; said, pepplexedly."

"I have cast off that name—my agest me adopt it. I have left her. I am II Grey. I hear," she went on, steadily, you are my sister's accepted lover, her elde, sister and self-constituted

"Hildred Vynern, Millie's sister?"
"Even so. What do you find so at that?" Hildred asked.

"Much," Mr. Lyneward replied,
"Is it not very strange that me sweet, loving, Milhe Grey—show ungentle and haughty a woman for

to see you alone that you might be prepared—that, before Millie, you might not show surprise at seeing me. She does not know that we have ever met before."

"You are kind, Miss Vynern—considerate, But I think you have taken an unnecessary precaution. I have a great man to Mr. Lyneward said. I have a great deal of self-com-

Hildred bit her lip, and an angry flush crossed her face; but she said coldly; "I acted only for Millie's sake. I have no more

to sav. She rose, and so did Mr. Lyneward : but, instead of letting her go as she had intended, he stopped her, laid his hand upon her arm, and cast a haggard look into her face. She noticed, then, how many of the lines about that face had deepened since she had last seen him. Feeling as if her heart would break, she shook off his hand—indeed, she could not bear it there; it seemed to burn her to the bone—and proudly returned his gaze.

He resented her haughty gesture, and spoke

with a voice thick with passion:
"I owe it to myself to say that I will not be scorned by any man or woman—you, least of all. Hildred Vynern, your pride has blinded you; you have dashed back the love be scorned by of the only man who ever did, or will, love you worthily. You dared confound me with the rest; dared to believe I paid my homage to your expected fortune. Had you not been rest: dared to believe I paid my homage to your expected fortune. Had you not been utterly blind, you might have seen that could not be. Would Mrs. Vynern have given you one penny if you had married me—a Lyneward? Did she not hate me? Didn't I know she hated me? I condescended to entreat, to explain, to offer you my love a second time, because I thought your heart a rich great treasure. I was wrong. It is dross; it is eaten up with pride. You left unanswered that last letter I wrote you unanswered that last letter I wrote youridiculed me and it.

"That is slander. I only,"-she stopped remembering that must not be said — I received it only two days ago," she had been

about to say.

He did not heed, but went on: "And you think me light and fickle, and smile con-temptuously at my former protestations to yourself. I will keep my Millie's name holy -will not speak of her now, save to say, that only when she was alone, friendless, poor, and when I had learnt how incapable you were of truly loving, did I first think of making her my wife."

"When I found she loved me," he might

have said.

Hildred did not speak. She stood opposite to him, erect; her marble-white hands drooped among the folds of her black drooped dress; her dark eyes dilated; he thought with pride and anger. The wild longing of her heart was to throw herself at his feet, say once that she loved him, and—die. But Millie! She kept firm. His next words sounded almost like a curse:— "Hildred, as you are a woman, one day you will love, and then you will suffer. O Heaven! how fiercely! Only one right worthy love comes to the life-portion of any man or woman. You have rejected that. When you suffer, remember me!"

He moved towards the door. Possessed by a vague idea that they could not part thus—even for Millie's sake—Hildred said:

"Mr. Lyneward, you speak harshly—only

"Mr. Lyneward, you speak harshly—only for Millie's sake"—He started at the tenderness with which those haughty lips uttered those three words——"for Millie's sake, we must try to be -friends. You have made me respect you. Some day, perhaps, you may respect me."

She offered him her hand, but he would

not take it

"And, Millie?" she said, as he was going. Had he forgotten Millie? He stopped, and then said hastily:

Tell her-anything "I cannot see her now. Tell her—anything you please. I am not fit for her innocent eyes to look upon. There is something black, fierce

to look upon. There is something black, fierce and wild in my heart—hate, perhaps."

He was gone. She turned to the window and watched him, sure that he would not look round; he did not. What should she

She walked to a mirror, and looked into it. She walked to a mirror, and looked into it. The shining of such lustrous eyes in that white face looked unearthly, and startled even herself. But she admired and commended her own behaviour, muttering that she had acted well; had begun her farce or tragedy, whichever it was, bravely; bade herself take courage, and be assured that she would be a grand actress in time.

Just then Millio came in full of wonder

grand actress in time.

Just then Millie came in, full of wonder and fear. She had seen Mr. Lyneward go away, and dreaded that he and her sister had convrelled. "Was anything wrong?" she quarrelled. "Was anything wrong?

asked, tremblingly.

"Not much," Hildred answered. "We have been angry. But never mind, love, we shall be good enough friends in time. My future brother-in-law is a proud man. Have a care how you anger him, Millie. But I forgot," she added, smiling, "you never anger anyone, do you!"

Hildred stayed a little to talk to her

sister, particularly impressing upon her that

the marriage must be soon.
"Is that Mr. Lyneward's wish?" Millie

Hildred laughed, and answered that of course it was.

Millie began to feel reassured, and to think that, after all, she had been foolishly feerful— that all would be well; that though Hildred at first felt grieved and vexed that she must call a Lyneward brother, she would soon

Then Hildred said she should go out.
Millie tried to dissuade her, saying it was dreadful weather, raining and blowing and very cold; but Hildred answered, that it was

just the weather for her, in her present mood. After sitting down a moment, and dashing off a business-letter—so she called it—in less time than Milhe would have taken to write the three first words, Hildred set off to the lost, nodding gaily to Mille as she went down the garden. This letter contained her final command to Mr. Blankardt to have her own little property settled on Millie. After posting her letter, and being clear of the village, she went on at a wild rate. Fighting her way against the howling wind, splashing on through the mud and marsh, she made a circuit of some eight or ten miles home, crossing the bleakest country in all the neighbourhood. It was dark when she returned. Millie had been getting anxious, and came running into the hall to meet and question her. But Hildred parried Ler questions, and seemed in such high spirits, that her gentle sister only wondered, and was content.

Hildred chose to spend that evening alone; finding one excuse or another, or proudly withholding any. She generally did so for that time. Eile Lyneward was there to enter tain Millie. Hildred had seen him as she stood inside the house-door shaking the rain from her cloak-had seen him standing looking meadily into the fire, instead of meeting her as her future brother might have done. Lyneward, weary from the emotion and pasf the morning, turned to Millie for he felt her gentle ways infinitely ng. He was more tender and devoted sion of soothing. He was more tender and devoted that evening than she hadever known him. He too told her that their marriage must be soon -very soon. Christmas was not far off, and, early in the next year, before the snow-drops were out in his old gardens, he must have his Millie home, he said, to make his desolate house cheery. With all his tenderness, he seemed so strangely said, that pure, unselfish though reluctant to assume so suddenly this great responsibility, could not find in her heart to say, No. So it was a settled thing that early in the ensuing January, Millie was to be made a wife.

CHAPTER IV.

Millie was not at ease in the time that intervened; simple, sweet Millie was troubled and perplexed. In the world, she loved only two persons entirely, and she could not make them love one another. Hildred acted well, too, all that torture time; daring to leave nothing to the impulse of a moment. Each morning she planned what her conduct through all the probable events of the day should be.

time; daring to leave nothing to the impulse of a moment. Each morning she planned what her conduct through all the probable events of the day should be.

Mr. Lyneward was too proud to act, too bitter against her to try to seem brotherly; and loving and unconscious Milie often made him wince by expressing her regret that he would not be kind to her sister. Hildred was cold, even in her manner to Millie herself, and uncertain in

her temper. She dared not be affectionate if the spring of passionate tenderness in a heart once thawed, she feared it mis he or leap all restraints. She saw that Molles a uneasy—as unhappy as it was possible for young girl who loves and is loved to be a she stood proud and secure in the greaterities she was conscious of making. She could not stoop to care about the lesser of and hourly sacrifices. She said to her that all would be well soon for them a would be married, and she would go not and be forgotten.

and be forgotten.

At first Eile Lyneward always state
Millie when she began to talk of Hiller but that was not easy to do; and, start
while, he rather liked to listen. In time to
the truth.

Hildred was to pass through the fertrial of another temptation before the exsummation of the sacrifice.

Only the day before Christmas Day, H. dred sat alone and tille, musing by the drawing room fire. Millie was gone and to destribute some Christmas charities to properly to whom she had been a constant friend.

Hildred had many associations of part and pleasure with that day—some two of three of the latter calculated to soften be heart infinitely. She felt now that the bact of her tragedy was almost played or that her unnatural strength need or that her unnatural strength need or but little longer; so, as she sat alone, we suffered her heart to soften, and let the total fall slowly and unheeded a-down upon

Suddenly Erle Lyneward stood before She was startled, confused, unnerved, glance at her softened face, her tearling the tremulous hand, made him forget at this old love for her. Pefore she recover the cold composure with which always met him, he had taken her and and was pouring out a strong passed burning love, and wild sorrow.

Hildred dared not hear him out. One of ment's irresolution and all would be let She had not time to weigh, or choses would She thought only of Millie. Her answer as fiercely indignant—full of vehement resort ment. He was hambled this time the let of pride and power. Once and for ever an fate was decided.

fate was minimed this that of pride and power. Once and for over the fate was decided.

Was it, after all, so great a accrete Loving Millie as she did, was she tot contract that she did not voluntarily give up has that she did not voluntarily give up has a expense was simply impossible. If the had deemed Millie's nature one the forget and love again, after as would long since have was red in the pose; but she knew the girl's were strue when she said she "da, not force." Stell that she was as firm as she was she had read a world of unchanged one.

dove-like eves.

Yes, the sacrifice was great, appalling. Above with her own heart that night Hildred quailed. She suffered most pain from a keen sense of the cruelty of the position in which she had found herself.

The dawn of Christmas morning shone upon a wildly haggard face gazing out upon its Hildred's brightness from an ivied-window. eves had not closed in sleep that night. Vivid pictures, devil suggested of things that might have been, presented themselves to her fancy. She had seen herself acting out, seene after seene, a proudly-happy life, as Erle Lyne-ward's wife; and she had felt no power to hid the tempter got behind her. It seemed the tempter get behind her. as if her all of strength had been exhausted in that final master-stroke put to her own dark destiny; as if she now lay weak and weary and utterly defenceless at the mercy of all evil suggestions. Happily her bitter words of indignant upbraiding had firmly closed the door of that proud heart against herself.

The dawn grew into bright day; the twittered busdy among the scarlet berries of holly without; and soon she heard Millie singing a quaint, pathetic, scrap of old Christmas-song, as she waited below for her sister's coming. The whole world then, like sister's coming. The whole world then, like Midde's hynn, was rejoicing in peace and good-will! She only was torn by inward strife, and utterly abandoned, even by her own poor pride.

But there was something yet to be borned done! Had she come so far and could and done ! she not drag herself one step further, before see lay down, finally, to die! It was yet possible to madden Erle and to make Millio integrable, though it was too late to help her-See 1 Should she spoil all now, at the last

honr ? No! She found strength enough to battle on a little longer. She dressed hastily, but neatly; dashed ice-cold water into her face and dried it so roughly that the delicate skin glowed again; and, before that glow had time to tade, or a practised smile to die away from her mouth, she had joined Millie; had given her all fair good wishes of the season, borne the mockery of having them returned

to her with many a soft kiss and fond word.
"And now to breakfast," Hildred said; 'fer it is late, and Erle will be here directly to take you to church."

"And you will come with us?" Millie

"No! I shall spend this happy Christmas morning alone. I am not well." Hildred as assemid,

came down! Let me stay with you? " And yet you had such a colour when you

"Cartainly not; there's no occasion. Millie, have you not found out yet, child, that I

and remembrance in the depth of Millie's love my own company better than even

Hildred harried back to berown room before Lyneward came to tetch Millie. could not have met him caluly. But whe they were gone, he and Make, and the servants; when all the country people. churchward bound, had passed along the road, Hildred felt that she could not bear the great quiet that fell upon the house. silent shining-in of the sun; the way it lay still and serene upon all it touched, even upon her, was madiening. She could not bear to remain there, alone. She woul-go to church, too. It was a sudden resolve, suddenly executed. A frenzied fear of being too late appeared to seize her. She did not mean to go to the village-church, where Millie and Erle, and many people who knew her, were; but to a little old church on the other side of the hill, to which but very few ever went.

She reached it at last, with difficulty; for she found herself very weak, and her trem-bling eagerness defeated itself. She made her way into a curtained pew, once a long dead-and-dust squire's. It was musty, dusty. and deserted. She crouched down in a corner where no one could see her.

where no one could see her.

During the hour that Hildred passed in that old faded pew, listening, hardly conscious that she did listen, to holy words often heard before, a new chord was struck within her. Some will call this unnatural, improbable; I say it is not so; but simply and could manufacture. It was safely one of God's only mysterious. It was solely one of God's providences (of which so many talk, in which so few firmly believe); an instance of his infinite mercy in providing for a soul in sore and utmost need.

Millie's words came back to Hildred's mind. She remembered Millie's saying, that those do not suffer thoroughly who do not suffer patiently. After tanking of this, Hildred did not know distinctly what she heard. The service was over,—the few worshippers gone home to happy firesides and Christmas mirth,-yet she sat still, unconscious that not another human being was in the little church, and that the old door was shut upon her.

Hildred was glad when she found that she was alone. She came out of her corner, went up the aide, to the cammanon-table, kneit

there, and opened the great Bible.

She found grand, great, grorious words—
words that filled her excited mind with awful joy-appealing to her glowing imagination and her power of heroic self-sacrince.

sun descended lower in the heavens, slanted in at a little stained west window, and threw hues of soft amethyst and of golden glory upon the time dark head bent low in reverent worship. Then it tasked out altogether. Still Hildred knelt on. The church grew dam and dasky—sho could read no longer, but she prayes.

the sexton -an old, lame man-was coming in with a lantern to put away the books and to with a lantern to put away the books and lock it up; a task neglected till then for his Ci.cistmas dinner. He drew back aghast as Hildred gently lade him good-night, and looked with awe after the tall figure that soon disappeared in the darkness. He hurried over his duties and hobbled back to his fireside; where, no doubt, he told a grim ghost-story; of having seen, and been spoken to by, the long-deceased lady of a long-deceased squire, in the church-porch, after dark, to very credulous listeners.

Eile and Millie had been anxiously expecting her for a long time—Millie had even urged Erle to go and seek her—but he, saying that most likely she had only gone for one of her mad rambles, excused himself from doing so. And, as they waited and the night tell, Erle Lyneward had made a short humiliating confession of his weakness and sinfulness. And Millie! She pitied him, smiled upon him and forgave him, quite content with his assurance that now he loved her only. Erle did not tell Millie who had been the object of his fierce love, and she did not ask; he had spoken too bitterly and harshly of Hildred. Neither ever alluded to that subject again; neither ever knew of Hildred's devo-

Mr. Lyneward's manner that evening when he first met Hildred was full of troubled conwith them all the time, because it was the evening of Christmas day, and because her heart was at once softened and strengthened. She was loving to Millie, and so friendly to Erle that Millie's sweet face brightened into pure unalloyed gladness

The marriage took place a few days after. To the last, Hildred was full of motherly affectionateness to motherless Millie. She made Erle Lyneward feel that she accepted him as a brother; forgiving him his sin against her sister, and asking forgiveness herself only for the harsh way in which she had rejected and upbraided him then.

It was a very hard time, but Hildred got through it. She filled Millie's cup of joy as full as she could-made her sacrifice as plete as she was able, for she made it cheerfully, and suffered its cost patiently. Suffered was suffering rather. It is a slow It is a slow fire, from which women-martyrs step forth pure and white-robed—a fire that offtimes burns life-long.

Wlen all was done, Hildred went away. She breathed more freely the further behind her she left the scene of her fiery ordeal. She thought the new air would at once give her strength. But she fell ill among strangers: sick unto death, but she did not die,

Her strength, and with it the consciousness of power, returned—as there was need they should in the life she hall chosen.

No matter what that life was. Hildred

As she passed out of the then dark church Grey lived it out nobly. She was known as a good, by many who could not re in her, a great and gifted woman.

CHIP.

SMUGGLING NOTES.

In the days when high-heeled French boots were the pride of fashron, there was a shoemaker in London who made a fortune by the sale of the best Paris less at a price which all his fellow-tradement declared ruinous. He undersold the tradement and obtained troops of customers. I! - boots must be stolen, said his rivals; bu there was no evidence that they were a containly they were not smuggled boots, for some could satisfy himself that the full date was paid upon them at the custom-Lou-The shoemaker retired from business with fortune. Afterwards his secret was account tally discovered:—although he had paid defor the boots, he had not paid for even the that was in them. There was a heavy for payable on foreign watches; and every he consigned to him from Paris had contained in its high heel a cavity exactly large en och to hold a watch. The great profits obtained by the trade in smuggled watches, mah it posible for this tradesman, when he had all-la their heels, to sell his boots under prime est. This was worth while, again, because of This was worth while, again, because of course, by the extension of his boot-trails, is increased his power of importing watches duty-free.

Some years later, an elderly lady and a bi-dog travelled a good deal between Dover and Ostend. It came to be generally concludes at the custom-house that her travels we for the sole purpose of smuggling Bruelace, then subject to exceedingly high into but neither the examiners of her lugginor the female scarchers at the custom-L. who took charge of her person, could by narrowest scrutiny find matter for a an accusation. At last, when she was noout decline the smuggling business, the accepted a bribe from a custom-hous. accepted a bribe from a custom-house to make him master of her secret. Caide to her side the lap-dog, who was to a strangers a very snappish hittle cur, stasked the officer to fetch a knife and my thittle creature open. Like a to of the dogs (which have sometimes even present be rats) sold in the streets of land begoried outwardly in a false skin; and bes the false skin and the true skin and the false skin and the true skin and enough to provide a thin cur with the fortable fatness proper to a hady's means of a warm padding of the fin. In the reign of Louis the Eightmenth be noted, by the way—very fieres a same interest of the same padding of the fine. trained to carry valuable watches articles under false skins across the fr They were taught to know and aveil uniform of a custom-house officer. Scunning, and fierce, they were never to

taken alive, although they were sometimes pursued and shot.

Not very long ago, a great number of false bank-notes was put into circulation within the dominions of the Czar. They could only have been imported; but although the strictest search was made habitually over every vessel entering a Russian port, no smuggling of false notes was discovered. So strict is meant to be the scrutiny at Russian custom-houses, that the ship-captain, who is bound to give an inventory of every article on board, may fall into unheard of trouble if he forget so much as his own private Canary-bard. There was an English captain once at Cronstadt who, by accident, forgot to enter a fine turtle upon his list. He told the leading custom-house official plainly and honestly of his unfortunate omission, and the functionary, who was a good-natured man, saw no plain way out of the difficulty. He recommended that the matter should be glossed over by assuming that the turtle was intended for the emperor. The captain did, therefore, declare that, if he had not entered the turtle, it was because it had been brought expressly as an Englishman's gift to the Czar, and to the Czar the turtle was despatched accord-Soon afterwards there arrived government messenger inquiring for this government messenger inquiring for this most courteous of captains, who brought the gracious thanks of the Czar Nicholas, together with the gift of a gold snuff-box, embellished with the auto-ratic cipher set in diamonds. Instead of fine and persecution there were gifts and honours for this lucky sanor. But when, afterwards, some other trading captains, acting, as they inagined, cunningly upon the hint, brought turtles to exchange for snuff-boxes, his astute majesty quietly made the turtles into soup, but dequietly made the turtles into soup, but d clined by any act of exchange to add anuff-boxes to the articles of Russian trade shipped at the part of Cronstadt.

Now to go back to the forgel notes. Accident brought also that mystery to light. Several cases of lead-pencils arrived one day from England and wars being from England, and were being examined when one of them fell out from a package, and the custom-house officer picking it up, cut it to a point, and used it to sign the order which delivered up the cases to the consigure. He kept the one loose pencil for his own use; and a few days afterwards, because it needed a fresh point, cut it again, and found that there was no more lead. Another chip into the cedar brought him to a roll of paper nested in a hollow place. This paper was one of the false notes, engraved in London, and thus passed into the dominions of the Muscovite.

During the last epidemic fever which displayed itself in this country as a rage for antique formiture, much of this was imported from the Netherlands. A shrewd Dutch tradesman very much preferred an order for sofas and chairs to an order for sideboards or

tables. Horsehair, he knew, was plentiful enough in England; the duty upon tea, however, was excessive; and by an arrangement entered into with his English agent, it was understood that tea should be used, instead of hay or horsehair, as the stuffing of all cushions attached to furniture transmitted by In this way there was a fortune his house. made.

NEW YEAR'S EVE.

Lapra with memories of tears and laughter; Of sin and lowing faith, and joy and wee; Of warfare that shall live in fause hereafter; Into the past the Old Year turns to go, Looking upon the world with laving eyes, Once more before he die

Then, a young warrior in armoor mail'd,

The New Year, entereth the electing world,

And greets in are his home with snow-robos veil'd; While in his hand be holds his flag unfull'd, Whereon are writ the destinies of fate That his long reign await.

Their eyes encounter, the old man's and the stranger's:
The meek New Year reveres the kingly form,
Austere, with myraid griefs and world feet dangers,
And owns that nobly he has pass'd the storm,
And sighs, "May it be granted unto me
To do great things like thee!"

But the Old Year, in sorrowful contrition, Beholds the warr or's robe that bears no stain.

"Ah! that my countless suns could ga n remission,
And I, as thee, be young and pure again."

In fervent agony the Oil Year cries.

"Pray for my sins," and dies.

As his last breath ascends, the stillness breaking, Glad Christmas-music, from a thousand bells, Mingles two voices in their glad awaking: One, pealing forth a myriad-parting knell For the pale dead, the other, loud and clear, Greeting the new-born Year.

CLARET.

Dongrs and difficulties have been raised as to the origin of the popular word which stands at the head of this article; but it is possible to make a difficulty of anything—of opening your lips and saying, "How do you do?" In certain parts of Spain the greater portion of the wines, and the best of it, is red; it is a light, brilliant, crimson liquor, spoken of as claro tinto, owing to the This alone would be a sufficient etymological hint; but in the French dictionary you will find clairet to be claret wine, and eau clairette to be cherry-brandy, both derived from the adjective clair, light, bright, transparent; thus, clair-bran means light brown. Claret, in short, is a bright, light red, trans-parent wine, and is readily distinguishable by the vulgar eye from the black-strap of the various London shades, and even from the denser and stronger wines of the south of France.

In this sense, Burgundy might often be

called claret, and still more so the wines of the Loire and its tributaries; the latter. indeed, are passed off in enormous quantities as true clarets, either in their natural state, or mixed in various proportions with wines of genuine growth. Pink champague might of genuine growth. Pink champague might even more strictly be called claret; but merchants and their customers have agreed to limit the term to the red wines produced in certain portions of the vast ancient pro-vince of Guienne: notably in the depart-ment of the Gironde. The white wares raised on the same spots are not clarets, though they may be Bordeaux wines; thus, the pleasant and strong family of Vins de Grave (so called from their being produced on the Graves, or gravelly plains, south-western side of the ri which skirt the the river Garonne, and completely surround the city of Lordeaux, as far as the Medoc to the north-west, some far as the Médoc to the north-west, some seven miles to the west, and some twelve to the south-east) are not clarets; nor are the delicate, mignonette-scented, and insidious wines of Earsac and Sauternes. But, Bordeaux being the capital of the district, Eordeaux wines are spoken of as generally synonymous with clavets-in contradistinction to wines from Burgundy, Champagne, Tours, or the Rhine—wnether they come from the Médoc, from St. Emilion, or from La-bourne; the latter town being itself a minor metropolis of claret, which would shine in the constellation of Jean Raisin as a fixed star of very respectable brightness, were it not reduced to the rank of a sate,lite by the overpowering volume and splendour of Bordeaux.

The qualities claimed for good clarets by their partizans rank with the merits of only children, the miracles of Russian saints, and other pet phenomena. They make the old other pet phenomena. They make the old man or woman young, and they strengthen the young with two-man power; they cure the sick, and corroborate the healthy; they are an antidote to fevers; but—say slanare an antidate to levers; but—say slanderers—they bring on the gout, though I do not believe a word of that calumny. They will keep till no one knows when, and will travel to no one knows where. They are endued with the property of exhibitanting without intoxicating, unless you drink too much. The choice growths are remarkable for richness of colour, like the light streaming in at a stained glass window, exhibiting a in at a stained-glass window, exhibiting a alightly violet or purple (but sometimes a bright crimson) tings and refraction, a seducbright crimson) tinge and refraction, a seductive nosegay resembling a mixture of jessamine and violet blossoms, a pieasant fresh flavour and after-taste, considerable body, and a fair share of spirit, as you will find after a few days' induigence in wine-tasting. The latter half of a bottle of claret, after it has been uncorked a day or two, mostly assumes a decided flavour of cedar pencils. England, who are now sworm from the wood; they do not repen, in some inthe wood; they do not repen, in some instances, under eight, and they continue to remain at least five years in the wood; they do not repen, in some instances, under eight, and they continue to remain at least five years in the wood; they do not repen, in some instances, under eight, and they continue to

improve in delicacy and fragrance till the tenth year When new, betrny a trifle of harshness. When new, they are apt w

In consequence of several distinct claret always, up to a certain epoch, has an article of immense export rather than native consumption. What was not donative consumption. What was not drupon the spot, was almost entirely sent a to the stranger. In the first place, it alonger and bears a sea voyage better the strength wines. Burgundy has a riously a dislike to travelling; even a pourney will sometimes put it compount of sorts. For ages, the roads new from the banks of the Garonne to the intervence and the parts and the ages. were so bad and so unsafe, and the mecommunication between one provide communication between one practice another so difficult, that the quanticlaret sent to other parts of France almost a nulity. The English, who masters of Guenne for many years, home large supplies of liquid treatment of the taste for it, which they can install the till were lighted. nicated to still more distant countries found it more convenient to procuse her from Burgundy, Champagne, and the Tours than from Bordeaux; those wines the became the mode in the capital, and the remain so, in the popular taste. Bordeaux is the continues, to a certain degree, so from the central, northern, and eastern of France. Monsieur Claret, consequence of the denuties who appears of the denuties who appears in of France. Monsieur Claret, conseque was one of the deputies who specially re-sented the foreign commerce of his astive

But the great revolution put a str-Claret's career of prosperity. Foreign t rapidly declined under the republic, and republican wars gave it a deadly Napoleon went further; he resolved t England by wounding her commerce, a the utter prohibition of her merch Claret was then obliged to go as began to entreat to be taken in, on any ter Paris and other large cities in the inte the empire. The vineyard owners Médoc were reduced to the last extre At the restoration, hopes were enter that old commercial relations would established; but it turned out of Napoleon's prohibitive system, 2000 also, were continued in existence custom-house duties. The Freud makers, cotton manufacturers, an the continental blockade, were afraid trade and English competition, sufficient influence to perpetuate a repolicy. Our own people did the scontinue to do so, in respect to the duties-touching one of the stands

furry say: "a plague on such protection!"
In spite of the specious sophisms put forth
by red-tape writers—such as, that beer
and wine are one and the same, consumed by
identically the same class of persons, and
thatsed after under exactly the same boddy conditions, and therefore replaceable one by the other; a slight symptom has unmistakably betrayed what the Frenck themselves think the enormous tax which we lay on their The subject of one of the large semicircular transparences which decorate each end of the Palace of Industry is, Equity presiding at the regulation of exchanges. It is a troad hint, that if we prohibit wine, our

own staples must be prohibited in return.
"But," say the British knights of the Red-Tape Garter, "you can't want wine, when you have beer and porter; you can't require claret, so long as you have abundance of whiskey and gin. If I let you have claret cheap, you

and gin. If I let you have claret cheap, you will never more touch a drop of either beer, porter, whiskey, or gin!"

If that be true, O second Solomon, why do you ask your doctor for quantic, when he offers you Epson salts? Why do you tease him for poppy-heads, while he would give you plenty of cayenne pepper? Why do you urge him to mix a selative for your stomach, when he has prepared you a nice caustic gargle, which will cure, or give you, a bad sore throat? What is the wretched doctor to do, if you leave salts, pepper, and doctor to do, if you leave salts, pepper, and fiery gaugle, like mere drugs in the market, on his hands ! He will be obliged to shut up shop: what happens to you is of no con-sequence. Such, O Solomon, is your argu-ment about the admission of French wives into England at a drinkable price for the vulgar herd.

vulgar herd.

I have described the palatial cellars of champagne—claret is housed, as well as reared and educated, in a quite different at the. In the first place, its residence is not called a "cave," or underground cellar, but a "chai"—the local term for an above-ground cellar, if saelf an expression be permissible. The chais are all alike, differing only in size and in the value of their contents. There is a striking family likeness between them, whether you visit the cellars of M. Wustenbirg, peer of France, or peep into those of a mere commoner. Their principle is that of burrows contrived by rabbits ciple is that of burrows contrived by rabbits who have an objection to dwelling in sub-terranean holes. In a chai, you might taney yourself in the clay-covered way or level of here in that line. Mr. Berkeley might passage made by gigantic termites, to lead trem one mountainous aut-hill to another. The mouldiness on Though you are in the dark, breathing a the cases envelopes them, like a coating of

us, or we to Portugal—the same of Spain—that we should give other of them the sightest preference to the disparagement of the bowels of the cauth, but are still taking a neighbour whose locality and hearty goodfellowship we are daily acknowledging with approachous should 1 "Defend us (in compared by the French may firm our friends!" the French may flury say: "a placed on such protection!" four loanging guards or workness. You walk (suppose des Chartrons), you enter a naked mysterious - looking passage, whose open mouth shelters beneath its shadow three or four loanging guards or workmen. You walk through continuations of this long, long passage till you reach a sort of a cooper's shot where were a to homograp and shop, where men are hammering and scraping awayat hodow-sounding purple-stamed cosks From the cooper's soop, a wooden railway than a door. The venerable gates of this temple of Eacchus, especially the internal ones, are completely covered with dingy mouldiness, as if they were made of fine old Stilton cheese. Amnist the tubs, over which you tumble as you approach the sanctuary, are strong wooden boxes for packing the battled wine in. Some of these boxes hold fifty bottles each; others, for England, hold there is a partial way with the Bettel. thirty-six, in compliance with the British mode of calculation by dozens. A lighted candle on the end of a stick is put into your hand, and you enter the actual chai itself. There you behold pyramids of "fotalles," or wine casts taked details a statum course taked a statum course taked. wine casks piled, stratum over stratum, in four or five stories. The cellars leading out of this chai are arened with solid stonework, and altogether contain the modest assemblage of some two thousand casks of claret; more of some two thousand tasks or aminitious treasures of wine collect as many aminitious treasures of wine collect as many aminitions. Here, fifty-one claret is the oldest they have in wood, as five years is the utmost time it re-mains in that state. 'Forty-four wine is the oldest in bottle; for connoisseurs pay stock the compliment of clearing it off inpidly. Three years is the shor est continu-ance in wood—that is, of wine that deserves to be called wine. Ordinary wines are looked upon as merely ephemeral and pleberan drinks. Claret improves much in bottle; but—and the but is everything—it is of great importance who puts it into bottle, and how. There is a great deal of good wine speded in France by carelessness in bottling, and by fase economy in the article of corks. You have often the vexation to find respectable liquor acidnied and tennted by the trumpery with which it is a good. pegs with which it is stopped. It is a penny-wise pound-foolish saving. A few extra wise pound-foolish saving. A few extra pince bestowed on long velvety corks, and a shilling or two more on the employment of a practised bottler, will be found to be money well laid out by whoever has a hogshead of wine in store.

Air is considered injurious to the claret, and therefore our chai is well ceiled with wood. Luxuriant mouldiness is the sign of a

fine lamb's wool, or chinchilli for. It looks as if a driving wind had blown a shower of cider-down into the chai, which you are atraid of disturbing and kicking up a dust by any too great abruptness in your movements. The cellars run back to the depth of more than a quarter of a mile, and delight you with the skill with which they are packed. In one cellar, the bottles are neatly arranged in small bins, like those of a private cellar, tumbered and catalogued. In another, the bottles are built together, as it were, and beautifully packed like the bricks in a piece of solid masonry, omitting the mortar. Then there are miniature collections of bull and quarter bottles, as samples. You have the pleasure of gazing at the outside shell of Chateau Margaux worth eight frames a bottle as it reposes there, and which threatens to rise to fifteen or twenty. The value of the contents of this chai is never In one cellar, the bottles are neatly arranged value of the contents of this chai is never less than a million of france or forty thousand poures-that pretty little sum is a minimum.

But the vinous wealth stored in the chais is a precarious possession, in consequence of the exposed position and the imprudent con-struction of the chais themselves. Inflam-mable materials, on the level ground, in buildings wherein wood enters largely, are liable to the frequent ravages of fire. On the very day on which I paid my first visit to a chai, after dining, I went to the Grand Theatre. When the performance was over-Theatre. When the performance was over, it rained in torrents; and, on looking up, as people do, as if to spy out the holes in the sky through which the water is streaming, I beheld a duil red fitful glare, like a gor-geous but ill-omened sunset, reflected from the under surface of the nimbus cloud which overspread the heavens entirely; and then I heard the bregular booming and the sound of alarm emitted by the great bell of the cathedral. There was a fire somewhere. I hurried down to the Quai; and there, at a distance to the right, far beyond the bridge, on the Quai de Paludate, billows of flame, smoke, and lurid light, were heaving and smoke, and lurid light, were heaving and tossing with frightful reality. A char was tossing with frightful reality. A chai was blazing fiercely. The mad red monster had blazing fiercely. broken loose, and was raving unrestrained, in his own phrensied way. It was a striking centrast to the artificial splendours of the bailet of "The Shooting Star," which I had just been applauding. The only equally strange transition which I ever witnesset of was once when leaving the stage effects of Mosé in Egitto," at the San Carlo, at Naples, I beheld Vesuvius in eruption by moonlight. Here, instead of beds of sulphur and combustibles that have remained unexhausted since the dawn of historicals. hauste I since the dawn of history, the feeders of the fire were hogsheads of cau-le-vie, of the kind called trois six, or three sixes, sacks of homp-seed, and other inflammable wares. Claret was the mildest ingredient of the bon-tire. Some two hundred casks of brandy

roofs of the chais and cellars to fall in. of the burning brandy flowed down the street, and it was with difficulty prevented from reaching the Entrepot, where twelve theo. In bags of saltpetre were lying. If the wood had blown in the direction of the city, it is had blown in the direction of the city, it is impossible to guess where the mischief would have ended. Luckily, a strong guile carried the sparks and the flying lighted brands towards the bosom of the broad Garon, which should like a stream of molten metal crossed by a single black bar—the brings. On the opposite bank, the railway station and other wast buildings shone with interest reflected light. The deluge from the clouds seemed to have no more effect in extinguishing the combination that the deluges have an ing the conflagration than the drops which a blacksmith sprinkles on his embers. At three in the morning, the enemy was beater by the valour of the firemen, aid d by the gendarmes, the civil and military authorities and the bystanders in general, who all got seemed to the bones. All parties concerned had great reason to be thankful for the unflimited supply of water affected by the rater. A stranger may be permitted to point out to the Bordeaux merchants, that there expensive and often fatal accidents (the perot of a casual or a malicious spark) must always happen at intervals of less or greater brevity, so long as chais remain what they are. A recurrence of such serious losses would be tamous

to any less wealthy town than Bordeaux.

The claret country must be personally traversed, to appreciate its extent, richness, and inexhaustibility. The most famous wires are grown in the Médoc, where you find a special and quite novel method of training the vine. In former articles, peculiar losal modes of vineyard culture have been disseribed, as some readers may think, even too much in detail; but it is desirable to corrette current belief that the vine is simply grape-bearing shrub, offering no diversitive relative either to its vegetation or its produce, in the different soils in which it is caltivated, and also in its different varieties. The growth of the vine is not always the same. Unlike most other cultivated plants. whose increase is regulated by exactly th same laws in whatever soil they are planted or sown, the vine undergoes changes so com plete, from the influence of climate, of sand of culture, as to be, to a certain extent, one spot a different vegetable from what it in another—the quality of its grapes at the wine obtained from them being complet dissimilar. These variations are produce within the range of very short distances. change of soil suffices to modify every res It follows, that to have a complete knowle of vine-growing in France, a student must acquainted with the specialities of ever locality which observes a peculiar culture Supposing each local mode to be made it subject of a separate treatise, a collection exploded one after the other, causing the all these treatises would give a summary

viciculture in France. Even the department of the thronde alone offers so many varieties of vine-culture, and of qualities of wine, that it may be stated, without error, that this single department contains more diversities of practice than all the rest of France put together. A word, therefore, on the Médoc system is all that space allows us here. The tengue of land on which the Médoc is

situated is of visible dimensions even on the map of France. On the map of the department its importance is manifest from its actual area, its neighbourhood to Bordeaux, the crowding of the names of villages and chiteaux, and its remarkable boundaries which are the Atlantic ocean, the sandy desert of the Landes, and the broad expanse of that grand union of rivers, the Gironde, which may be anglicised as The Whirl of Waters. From Paudlac, about half-way between Bordeaux and the open sea, an electric telegraph announces the arrival of vessels. In England, we have one or two spots which resemble this broad tongue of level land on a miniature, or, I might say, a microscopic scale; for instance, the South Denes near Great Yarmouth. Plant that peninsula with Liliputian forests of pines; streak it irregularly with thread-like roads; scatter towns of dolls' houses amidst expansive vineyards of not too moss, and you have a model of the Me loe, as far as relative proportions are con-cerned, after the fashion of Uncle Toby's fortifications on his bowling-green. The soil for tifications on his bowling-green. The soil of the vineyards is remarkable. At the best it is a light, scalding, heathy loam, whose natural vegetation consists of plants that are regarded as the representatives of barrenuess. There is no lack (on uncultivated spots) of heath, furze, and shabby pines, intermingled with all sorts of stunted, thorny, crabbed shrubs. It is composed of a large amount of pebbles, amidst which quartz predominates. The pebbles of the Médoc (an omniumgatherum contribution from the Pyrenees in olden time), besides yielding good wine, make pretty buttons and brooches, which are not dispised either by male or female connoisseurs. They are another proof that the vine the best is used in most proof that the vine delights in, and is most grateful for, a diet consisting of the fragments of rocks, instead of the gross and fusome nourishment with which so many English gardeners will surfeit It also confirms Liebig's theory of the e ements important influence which mineral have on vegetation. Strong, well-keeping wine is here produced from mere beds of and and gravel. The composition of the claret soil differs widely from that of the best burgundian vineyards—agreeing with it mainly in its apparent poverty to the eye of English horticulturists. That it is not every-English horticulturists. That it is not every-where really poor, is evident from the thrifty crops of peas, beans, artichokes, and straw-grape-hyacinth. The berries, that are raised in many vineyards age "is naturalised (in the low grounds and offskirts of the the practice and the Médoc principally), between the rows of which it is effected.

vines, at an early period of the year, be-fore they have attained their full luxuriance. luxuriance. Standard figs, too, are here and there to be seen stretching their arms to an extent that would be difficult if they were ill-fed and had no radical support to their constitutable mould and rotting leaves, collected as vine-manure under the name of terreau, attest how the soil is supplied with humus. You see frequent stacks of vine-prunings labelled "vigne à vendre," to be sold for fuel; their ashes enter into the compost here, and help to restore the exhausted plants. presence or the absence of these applications, in combination with the slowly-decomposing particles of rock, account for what has been called the capticionsness of the vine, because it will prove unproductive within a few yards of the finest vineyards. Just so, a man might die of starvation, if chained within a few yards of a well-supplied table which he could not reach. We should not accuse him of caprice and uncertainty. Add to this, that the Médoc is a plain, instead of a hill-side sloping to the south, like the vineyards of the Rhine, the Loire, and the Côte d'Or, and it is evident that with a good climate and careful culture, you may do anything you please with the vine.

The vines of the Médoc are planted in straight parallel rows, just broad enough to allow them to be horse-hoed (if it is not a bull to say so), by the same beautiful breed of bullocks as are used as beasts of draught in Bordeaux itself. In fact, it was on this very spot that Jethro Tull caught his famous idea of horse-hoe cultivation. Each vine-stem rises perpendicularly a few inches, and is then made to send off a single horizontal branch to the right and one to the left, which is supported by a horizontal wooden bar, called a carasson. Being kept so close to the ground, the grapes feel the influence of the reflected heat by day, and of the warnth given out by the heated earth during the lengthening nights of autumn. The lowly vineyards, thus managed, leave the landscape singularly clear. A sea of verdure spreads from beneath your feet in all directions, studded with the various châteaux which give their names to respective clarets, and with clumps of stately trees, between which shone the waters of the Garenne (whence Médoc, medio aque, in the midst of water), backed by the hills on its opposite coast, as the shore of an oceanic estuary may be called. Before the soil of the vincyards is ox-hoed and the vince have put forth their leaves, many of the native weeds of the soil are familiar in the chape of garden plants in England, the marigold (here a single-flowered dwarf), the chive, and the grape-hyacinth. The English word "drainage" is naturalised in the Médoc, as well as the practice and the clay tiles and tubes by which it is effected.

Six leading varieties of grape combine to able to thousands upon thousands in Eugland make the claret of the Médoc. The cabernet and could be produced without any assignable gros, or carmenet, is the most vigorous kind hmit to the supply, notwithstanding what entirented there; its fruit resists well autumnal rains, instead of rotting; but it is rather late in coming into bearing. It has five sublate in coming into bearing. It has five sub-varieties, which increase the difficulty of its culture, as two of them (the cabernet and the cabernet St. Jean) are unproductive and liable to abortion, and are only to be distinguished by experienced eyes when they come into leaf and flower. They have all the external characters of the true cabernet, except that of bearing. Of course they are extirpated when discovered; but the fact deextripated when discovered, our serves to be borne in mind, especially by serves to be borne in mind, especially by colonists who propose to grow wine. The cabernet Sauvignon is the most esteemed "copage," is favoured with marked preference, has spread widely. It is almost exclusively cultivated in the communes of Pauillac and Saint Julien, and enters, in a very considerable proportion, into the wines of Lafitte, Mouton, Latour, Léoville, and Pichon-Longueville. The cabernelle, or carmendre, is the third variety in respect to its abundance. It produces plentifully when the weather is favourable to its blossoming; but its flowers are extremely delicate, and very subject to "coulure," or abortion, from external influences. It has the habit of bearing well every other year, and likes a light, sandy, well-dramed soil. The merlau, or merlot, has only been enitivated of late in the Médoc; it is a robust variety, thriving in gravel where not purched with drought. The mailee, or pied rouge, an abundant bearer, is mainly remarkable for the number of aliases, synonyms, by which it is known. It wheat, and furnishes an excellent table grape. The verdot is the variety of the palus, or low-lands, doing well on clayey, alluvial, and moist soils. It supplies the basis of many of moist soils. It supplies the basis of many of the most famous wines, and endows them with qualities of great commercial value.

Besides these, there are several less esteemed varieties, which deserve the notice of the English green-house gardener for the very reasons which render them undesirable for the purposes of Médocian cultivators. Thus, the Chalosse is a robust vine, bearing enormous grapes, and producing so abundantly that it would be in great request if its wine were not weak, colourless, and deficient in body; but it would supply most saleable bunches for Covent Garden market. As it is, small proprietors are the only perons who dare plant it, because all they want is to increase their number of hogsheads; the it, ulturist of the first class, who, under the ont system of duties, can only grow ex-.. ve wines for export, is compelled to

limit to the supply, notwithstanding what ever Sir Emerson Tennant may assert to the contrary.

ntrary.
Again; there is the Maussein, which almost expelled from the Moloc, becausive too soon to enter into the composite of charet. In short it is rotten before the grapes are ripe. Its grapes are ovid middle-sized, very sweet and well-flavor and in great request for the table. All the are desirable properties for us at home. whom it signifies little that the wine free the Maussein does not correspond to the or cellenes of its grapes; that it is light weak, colourless, and badiless, proving that sugar alone will not make good wine. The found the Maussein is so enticing, that it is obito be carefully guarded from lickerish three Light sands suit it well, and it thrive-there better than any other variety. tenths of the whole army of Scotch and 11:2-lish gardeners would make a bonfin of their wheelbarrows and tools, and cast then proning-knives into the deepest wed, rather than relax their prejudices so far as to point x rites in light sand. " In light sand ! " Theat them exclaim in wonder. But they know, or on ut to know, as well as I do, that there is such a thing as light rich sand.

The wine, grown and made, has to take it rank; and great is the judousy and tensity of precedence. Each quality is known as a cru, or growth. There are writes of the first, second, third, fourth, and fifth restress are the vinous aristograpy. Felos them, clarets range under the second, third, for the chartes range under the second. titles of Bourgeo & Supériour, Bon Bourg Bourgeois Ordinaire, Artizan de Gr Communes, Artizan de Communes Seand Aires, and Paysan de Communes Seand It is between these Bourgeois and Arcz and our own citizens and artisms, to great a sympathy and longing exists. athirst to have them here, - cheap. they, and their proprietors, are anxions should come to us. But there is an unsable wall of taxation interposed. The ab man may swallow his ten or tifteen in bottles of Château Margaux, but the is a workman, the sickly-constitutionel workman, cannot obtain their sixteen; even of Paysan de Communes Soci Meanwhile, the Girondists of high they cannot send us ordinary wine, a they cannot send us ordinary wine, ting up a subscription amongst thetaoffer a present of toineers to the
soldiers in the Crimea. It is a pi
cannot be allowed to gratify both
with equal facility. The time we
however, when they will be able to
In the Médie - famous for le

In the chalosse from his vineyard. But during the vintage — everybody, the our probability tax on charet as a bever-sex most addicted to water, think each, wine made of a mixture of about wine and its specialities. "A chalosse grapes would be accept, taste a glass of our "forty-nine"

paying a morning-visit at the Château Belaux. In driving back to the city of Bordeaux, your thoughts are diverted by other objects. You are amused by flocks of party-coloured sheep, in which the black invaluable (on account of hite ones, You behold dividuals are more their wool) than white ones. You behold crops of pine-cones carried into town, to have their kernels eaten as muts by the populace. You start at the sight of wretched horses and asses, mere living carcases, grazing on a way-side patch of green. They are victims destined to take their turn in that oblong, swampy pond (it covers two bectares) on the left, which is surrounded by a lofty paling of strong willow-poles. On an island in the of string whow-poies. On an Family in the middle, reached by a green peninsula, is a tight little cottage. The pond is a lecchmarsh, the house is for the guardian, and the palisading is to protect the leeches from thieves, who would otherwise come down by night, trouble the water by beating it with aticles, and then, entering it naked-legged, would run off with a good eatch hanging by the mouth to their flesh-coloured pantaloons. The medicinal leach is a valuable description of live stock, being exported from Médoe not only into the interior of France, but even to the United States of America. The young fry are backward in their education; they are three years before they learn to suck When they once begin they make up for lost time. To their voracity those wretched animals are delivered, till they drop down bloodless and exhausted in the marsh. The guardian of that leech-lake must surely some-times dream (if ever he is feverish or has the nightmare), that his sanguinary charge are getting up a revolt, are mounting the bank in insurrection, and are crawling in at the key-hole and through the chinks of the windows, and the door, to attack him with their cupping-machines, as he lies undressed and helpless in bed. Certainly, the leech-herd ought to receive a handsome salary."

Past mulberry-trees, whose leaves feed rast minterry-rrees, whose leaves feed silkworms; past buildings, wherein the worms are reared; past gay villas with luxurous gardens; past suburban places of entertainment, you roll, till you enter proud Bordeaux, wondering whether you will arrive too late to console yourself at the table-d'hôte with

a sample-bottle of old St. Estephe.

GUZLA.

GUZLA was the daughter of an old man who fixed at Beyrout, in Syria, in circum-stances of case. No one knew to what race or country the old man belonged, and few could tell precisely at what period he had begun to inhabit that city. Some said that his face had been known in the mariet-place for more than half a century; others that he had

asked a lady to whom I had the honour of settled there but recently. The truth seemed to be that he had at various times been a citizen of Reyrout; that he had often been absent for long periods; but that he had at length set up his tent there for good. They called him Effendi Ibrahim, a name not commonly adopted by Christians in the East; yet Guzhawas known to frequent the Church of the Maronites with her mother; a grave woman, whose face was always verled, when persons of her own sex only were present.

Effendi Ibrahim was always magnificently dressed, and never appeared in public but with a certain state. He was proud of a tine white beard that flowed down over the breast of his caftan; and ostentationsly exhibited the jewels on his fingers. Many merchants, therefore, were willing to believe in his respectability-despite some ugly rumours that spoke of piracy and unlawful connexions—and more than one made overtures for the hand of Guzla, on behalf of son or self. That she would have a splendid downy no one could doubt; so there was no danger that the world would laugh at the connexion.

The female gossips of the city, moreover, spread abroad the report that Guzla was marvellously beautiful. But, as her beauty was of a peculiar kind, they found it difficult to convey a notion of it by comparisons. Her cheeks were not round and plump and rosy: nor were her eyes full of fire and merriment; her lips did not pout; and her figure by no means admitted of that luxury of description in which oriental match-makers are fond of indulging. She was rather serious than gay, and had something firm and masterly about her appearance. Was she sickly, or boyish, her appearance. Was an her appearance. The suggestion who is roused anger of the good ladies; who declared that they had never seen anything so delicate and mandenly, except, (and they hinted this with some reserve and computation), a certain portrait, before which the faithful signe I them-selves as they entered the church. This was a hold comparison; but the truth was that they meant that Guzla had the bearing of a saint and not of a sultana.

Most of those who had previously aspired bring her home, dropped away when they understood what was meant; for they wanted something very different from a saint. One or two, however, more practical, felt that a good dowry should make them put up with many disagreeable things. They persevered so far as to lay their suit before the father; who received them with a sort of ferocrous jocularity, dendeavoured to represent himself as a very dangerous person to deal with, and finally declined their offers. He was persuaded, he said, that Guzla would not make a good wife for any such persons; and that, if she were not happy, he should be obliged to kill his son-

As for Guzla, she heard little or nothing of these discussions—spending all her time with her mother in the inner rooms of her

^{*} See volume viti., juge 402.

father's great house, which stood alone near Her the land-gate of the city. in great part one of meditation and prayer. Her mother watched over the development her mind and character with nervous anxiety, and the girl more than once suspected that she was often purposely kept from her father's sight. It was certain the old man loved her in his way. All her wishes he was ready to satisfy, the instant they were expressed; but he had a strange, wild, lawless style of talk, in which he would sometimes indulge, as if it gave him a fierce delight: saving things that stupefied poor Guzla, and made her look upon him for a moment as if he were not her father, but another being who had taken his shape. Then the mother, as soon as they were left alone, would labour to direct her attention from what had taken place, and lead her mind to the contemplation of religious subjects; or speak to her of some neighbouring misfortune which it was in their power to alleviate. These arts were generally successful; but, sometimes poor Guzia could not be deprived of her troublesome thoughts, would seek an opportunity to be and she alone, and remain musing in some dim recess, until she felt her mind grow giddy. She then knew where to fly for succour; and her mother's breast was the altar upon which she

prayed.

There was evidently a secret in this household-a secret that hung over it like a cloud: now dark and heavy, now bright and almost transparent, but never entirely dispersed. The legend does not think it necessary to seek the truth with much anxiety; for, as usual, it dislikes retrospection, and prefers to take us by the hand and lead us on towards the future. It seems to be implied that the scandal memorars of the search of the searc dal-mongers of Bevrout were well-informed, and that this Christian Ibrahim-Christian or Pagan, there was no certainty which-had formerly been a self-elected king of the seas; and that all the wealth he had amassed was stained with blood. Where he had first known the mother of Guzla was the most profound part of the secret. She never spoke of her early time but with horror and trembling: and was sometimes seen to smile in a strange she were debating some great manner, as if cause within herself, in which love and hatred The former paspleaded on different sides. sion gained the day no doubt; for, she continued to love on calmly, and never gave outward sign of being disturbed in mind, stronger than when she would, without seeming cause, seize Guzla in her arms and overwhelm her with caresses, in the midst of which some tears were scattered upon the maiden's hands and gurments, like pearls accidentally unstrung.

Thus they lived on until the time came

girl on the head, and mentioned that in a day or two her future husband would prehimself. Guzla, perhaps for the first time in her life, raised her eyes with an arch (zpression to her father's countenance, and w about to make some playful objection, when her mother, in a sad solemn voice, that sounded like the first note of a warning pad said, "And whence, Ibrahim, does this sadden husband come?"

A long glance was exchanged between the two parents—kindled perhaps by terrible memories. The mother of Guzla sank back almost helpless on her couch; and the father rose and slowly moved away from the room. He returned presently, as if he had required a moment's solitude to find all his resolution;

a moment's solitude to find all his resolution; and said in a loud firm voice,

"The husband whom I have chosen for my daughter is named Lanfrane."

"All is lost!" murmured the mother of Guzla when they were left alone; and then they embraced, a long while, in silence.

"Thou must go and east thyself on thy knees before thy father," at length said the mother; "and not stir unit thou hast obtained the promise of another busband. This one is a man of terror and guilt. He will put one is a man of terror and guilt. He will put

"Is he young?" inquired Guzla, in a vague, uncertain voice; and her eyes, filled with unwonted light, seemed to be gazing towards the future. Her mother took her in her arms and dragged her almost roughly upon her knees, where she held her in a

tight embrace.

"Daughter," she said at last, "it is not meet that thou shouldst know all the mysteries of the past. This Lanfranc is a child of blood I and will make both thee and me

Guzla remained silent for some time, but clasped her mother closer and closer was not necessary for her to say at that if, by any means, the marriage could averted she would obey the warning.

Two or three days afterwards, a man prime of life, with bold, handsome feature and manners that were rather boisterous ti cheerful, presented himself at the house Ibrahim. He came without attendants baggage; and there was nothing to a whether he had arrived by sea or by last When Guzla heard that this was Laure and saw that he never entered a room with first cautiously glancing towards every corns that his conversation with her father was whispers; that he saluted her mother w almost contemptuous familiarity, and g on her own features—when in obediens severe orders unveiled—with intent als tion, the sentiment that began to take in her mind was not one of love, spoke freely to her father; but he, when Guzla was nearing the limits of womanhood. Then the Effendi, carclessly, manner was kind, usually, though rough as he was smoking his pipe, upon which Guzla had just placed a live coal, patted the hand to strike her, and swore by powers

which she knew nothing, that within twenty- and prayed for protection. Then, her imagifour hours she must be betrothed to Lantranc. He has no time to lose in trifling. You must consent and go with him at once."
This interview decided Guzla to act, and

made her dissimulate in her own defence.

"Bless me, father," said she, seizing his hand, "that I may become strong and valiant."

Misunderstanding her meaning he blessed her, and even imprinted a kiss upon her fore-head. Then she went, strong, to her mother and announced her intention of flying from the house that night, and taking refuge on the mountains of Lebanon; where there were convents of holy women who would re-

"Wilt thou come with me?" she said

The mother answered that to fly, it was necessary to be young and light of foot. "We live amidst wealth," she said, "and yet have no money. I will remain, but thou must go. Take some jewels, but clothe thyself in mean garments, those of the slave Zura."

The two women, mother and daughter, waited till the sun had gone down; then Guzla was clothed in the borrowed garments; and, after many embraces and tears, climbed over the garden wall and proceeded towards

the gates of the city.

The mother knew how terrible would be the anger of Ibrahim when he discovered what had taken place; but, she had persuaded Guzla that when once convinced how repugnant this marriage was to her, he would relent. Moreover, she had determined to sacrifice herself to insure the safety of her daughter. The absence of both would have been at once perceived. But, at supper-time it was easy to persuade the father and Lanfrance that Guzla had preferred remaining in her room, from modesty or some other similar reason. Afterwards the poor mother had a terrible fright. Zara came to her and whis-pered: "Why have you taken my garments and put them upon Guzla, and helped her to get over the garden wall?"

The only answer was an imploring glance, "It is not good," said the slave-girl, "that Guzla should go to the mountains alone. I will follow her, and before morning we shall be together." So, Zara departed, and was soon running lightly along the path lead-ing towards the wildest parts of Lebanon, whitter she knew her young mistress desired

to repair.

Next morning the truth became known; and Ibrahim drew his sword to slay the mother of Guzla; but something in her glance checked him. He was content to lock her in her room, and bid Lanfranc seek out traces of the fugitives, and follow and bring them back

Meanwhile, Guzla, with leaping heart and uncertain steps, had passed through the city-gates and hastened towards the East, trusting to Providence to be her guide. She paused at a little ruined chapel in the fields,

nation began to warm, and her courage to increase. She even beheld, says the legend, a bright star moving low along the earth fore her; and, giving herself up to faith, followed it until she came to the fost of the mountains. Then it disappeared. She took this to be a warning that she must pause and rest; and, turning aside, went and sat under a tree. Scarcely had she quitted the path when a party of men, speaking loud and boisterously, came along it. If she had continued here incurred the must have men continued her journey she must have met them, and there might have been danger. Presently afterwards the star shone again; and, getting up, she proceeded, ascending the steep slope until again she was warned to halt. This time she took refuge in a Mohamuntil again she was warned to medan tomb, where she fell asleep, and dreamed that her mother was fanning her as she lay, or stooping over her, and kissing her between the eyes. When she woke, the snn between the eyes. was shining over the far up aumnits of the mountains down along its wood slopes where mist and light clouds here and there linger, illuminating the fertile plain, and sparkling in the indigo-coloured sea, which advanced in innumerable curves and creeks far into the land. The city of Beyrout was distinctly visible at her feet; and she thought even, that she could hear the hum of its awaking population, in the midst of which—sharp and clearly defined as the lark's song in the sky above—she could hear the infallible notes of a mother's voice praying for her absent child.

She stood out before the tomb a moment to measure with a glance the space she had traversed during the night. Her name was pronounced by a voice among the was pronounced by a voice among the bushes below. Looking down in affright she beheld Zara, who had lost her way in the darkness, climbing up out of breath.

"Art they care the behalf the control of th

"Art thou come to help those who wish to take me ?" said Guzla. "Know that I have a sharp kmile in one sleeve, and a string of pearls in the other. Which wilt thou of pearls in the other.

have

"I have come to be the companion of thy

steps," was the reply.

Then the slave-garl related how she had become possessed of her secret; and they agreed to go on together in search of a place refuge.
They climbed still higher—cometimes en-

They climbed still higher—soluctimes entering woody gorges—sometimes coming out again into view of the vast country below. Suddenly, Guzla said to Zara:

"I see a group of horsemen galloping. Look whether they do not seem to be our pursuers."

"They may be," replied Zara; "but they

are far distant: the road for horses winds and winds, and they cannot reach this place for hours. Let us leave the broad truck, and go towards the cedars."

They accordingly struck in amidst the trees, and proceeded until nightfall: sometimes

some one, and they at once recognised that voice; "but the ingitives must be in this forest. The wood-cutter saw them. We shall

find them when the day comes. Let us go on."
They rode away; leaving Guzla and her companion overwhelmed with fear. Neither of them dared move from beneath their shelter, even when daylight came, and remained long, trembling and praying. It was near noon when Zara, peeping between the branches held is human for treatments. the branches, beheld a human figure approaching slowly, and looking anxiously to the right and to the left.

"We are discovered," murmured Guzla, oming to gaze over the shoulder of the slave, They have dispersed, and one man will be sufficient to make us both prisoners.

They soon saw that the form they feared, was a youth of grave and sober aspect, who advanced in a line that would have led him past the tree, but stopped every now and then,

and said in a loud voice:
"This is a warning. If any be concealed who fear capture, let them come forth at once, and accept my guidance, them to a place of safety." I only can lead

"A cunning artifice, truly," quoth Zara. "We must not stir."

To her surprise, Guzla pushed aside the branches of the tree that concealed her, and stood out in the sunlight, with folded arms, hefore the young stranger.

"There is truth and virtue in thy aspect," said she. "Be then our guide."

The youth gazed at her for a moment in admiration; and then, without saying a word, led the way beneath the cedars that stretched towards the south. They had scarcely entered a narrow gorge in that direction, before the wood behind them was filled with the voices of men shouting to one another. Guzia started in dismay, and clung to the stranger's

There is no fear." said he, smiling gravely. "We shall soon be in a far country. came to a narrow passage in the rock, like a doorway. As the young man passed through, he waved his hand in a peculiar manner. Guzla and Zara followed; and both for an instant felt drowsy and bewildered. The whole world scened to chainly analysis he from the world seemed to shrink suddenly from them, and then to come back as suddenly. They stopped once, as it were, upon yielding vapour, appeared, coming from beneath the tre-

resting, or staying to seek for roots in the earth. For, they had made no provision, and hunger began to make itself felt. Zara, who had lived as a child in the wild centre of Africa, ran to and fro, and saved her mistress the greater part of the trouble. They are tegether; and talked of the anxious mother who was still praying for their safety. That night they slept under the cover of a brown cedar-tree, with branches sweeping down to the very earth. At an early hour they were awakened by the trampling of horses' feet, and the sound of human voices.

"We cannot look inside every tree," said some one, and they at once recognised that voice; "but the ingitives must be in this forces." The mead authors was no second that provided this beautiful land. The break forces. The mead authors was no traces there was no second that privated this beautiful land. The break did not murmur, nor did the grasses rust of the carbon that provided this beautiful land. The break did not murmur, nor did the grasses rust of the they firmly pressed a lovely of providing that then, they firmly pressed a lovely of providing that then, they firmly pressed a lovely of providing that then, they firmly pressed a lovely of providing that then, they firmly pressed a lovely of present and thought that they firmly pressed a lovely of present and thought that they firmly pressed a lovely of present and thought that they firmly pressed a lovely of present and they are only factors. They want to make itself felt. Zara, the they firmly pressed a lovely of present and thought that they firmly pressed a lovely of present and thought that they firmly pressed a lovely of present a lovely of present and thought then, they firmly pressed a lovely of present and thought then, they firmly pressed a lovely of present and flowers, abaded here on the them, they firmly pressed a lovely of present and flowers, abaded here on the theory of large and flowers, abaded here on the theory of large and flowers, abaded here on the theory of large and flowers, abaded he did not nurmur, nor did the grasses tuste. The waters moved without noise; and, where ever she turned, her steps fell like feathers upon oil. Yet, it was evident that in that mysterious region, there were means by wh thoughts, without the described sound of words. The young man looked at her, and thus told her from his heart, that it is was the refuge of the unfortunate who mished to shim the cares, the dangers, and the respectabilities of the human world. Wherever the second of the unfortunate who mished to abide there, might live for ever in the list turbed happiness, on one sole condition—not turbed happiness, on one sole con litror - and to regret nor care for the mortals, however to regret nor care for the mortals, however near and dear, whom they had left below them. There was no decay to be feared, but no progress. No new ties could be formal, and the pangs of separation could not be felt. That was, in fact, the land of Schibblenter.

Content.

Guzh wandered on with Zara by her side, feeling an ineffable sense of physical well-being; but in her heart, there was began to stir certain regrets, which even the presence of that young man, who is saved her from danger, and who looked good and beautiful, could not allay thought of her mether, to whom she cossend no news of her safety, and who was probably die of grief, if not of ill-treature. She thought also of Reyrout, and the grecountry on one side, and the blue sea of the poor, whose ariflerings the need to the poor, whose ariflerings the need to the poor. the poor, whose sufferings she used to reand of the stern tenderness of her fat Would it not be better to have remain in that world, even in the midst of than to have come to this, where there than to have come to this, which he no duty, because there could be no suffering? The silence around her began to seem horrible. She tried to raise her con in lamentation, but in vain.

Zara was quite happy. She round to all

Zara was quite happy. She roved to a fro, and rolled among the flowers; and, they came to the banks of the lake, p into the shallow, transparent waterippled without sound, and spreading her chony arms, swam to and fro, how the sunlight. Many forms of men and with tranquil faces, and quot dense

but all kept decently apart, as if the slightest contact would have dissolved their dream of happiness. She looked at her guide, and told him her thoughts. He gave her a fearful glance, that intimated she was endangering his existence, or his content. He made as if he would go away; but he could not take his eyes off those of Guzla. A transformation came over his countenance. Its tranquillity disappeared. Joy and anguish struggled for the mastery. The young people advanced one towards the other; their hands touched. Then the whole scene around, wavered and dimmed, and darker and more real forms ros on every side: that brilliant land was visible a moment in fragments like mirage on distant valleys. It was not too late to re-turn to it; but they pressed closer together. All vanished, and they found themselves sit-ting hand in hand in the midst of a wild and desolate country, over which the sun was just about to set. Zara came from beneath the trees; for, without her mistress, there would no content for her.

The young man, whose name was Basil, had fled from oppression, and had lived some time in the unreal land. They agreed to time in the unreal rand. They agreed to put on disguises, and return, in spite of all dangers, to Beyrout. But, they seen found that it was far, far distant. Some peasants whem they met, had, indeed, never heard of that city. They came to the habitations of men, and clothed themselves as prigrims. ruen, and clothed themselves as pilgrins. Guzla sold her pearls, and thus they had sufficient to defray the expenses of their journey. They proceeded, mostly by night; and, whenever they were at a loss for their path, the star which had guided Guzla at first, appeared and directed their footsteps. Yet it was not before many months had passed, that they stood near the gate of the city of Beyrout.

I am atraid to learn the pews." said

"I am atraid to learn the news," said (nuzla. "Go thou, Basil, and I will remain in this chapel with Zara until you come and tell me whether my mother be alive or dead,

whether Lanfranc hath departed, and what hath happened to my father."

Rasii shuddered as if they were about to be reparated for ever. During a single instant he regretted the bright tranquil land he had quitted for her sake. He begard to be allowed to kess her on the brow before he went, He did so, and departed. Guzla saw him disappear amidst the crowd that poured in and out of the great gate of the city, and waited for his return, weeping bitterly. He never came, however; for the oppressor from whom he had fle i, met him, and seized him, and caused him to be thrown into prison.

Towards evening Zara volunteered to go and embeavour to learn some news of what had taken place. But, no somer did she reach the neighbourhood of Ibrahim's Louse, than an old tellow slave recognised and betrayed

Guzla noticed that none walked hand in hand, beaten until she capired, refusing to the last to betray her young mistress. In this way despair. But as soon as the gates were opened, she went in, drawing her hood over her face. There was a great crowd before her face, there was a great crowd before her house, so that she could not approach it with ease. Alarm darkened her soul, and she eagerly enquired what was the matter. They told her that the wife of a wealthy man was about to be buried. This was enough. She pressed eagerly through the crowd; her hood fidling back in her efforts, and arrived just in time to see the bier brought out on which lay her mother. She threw herself upon the body with a loud cry. It is said that a smile of love passed over the face of the corpse. Assuredly, alf present felt that strong love had united those two persons, and that strong necessity alone had separated them. When Lantrunc came forward to suite years that the first strong the strong that the said to suite years. forward to seize poor Guzla, they fell upour him; and, in the midst of great clamour, attacked bim and his friends, so that they were glad to escape from the city with their lives. An old man, with a long white beard, now appeared on the threshold of the house; This was Drahim, who, since Lannanc's arrival, had ceased to be master in his own house, and had rarely appeared abroad. A rough-k oking man in the crowd laid his hand upon Guzia's shoulder. "Effendi," said ie, "this her is wide enough for two. Thy daughter is dead likewise." Without waiting for his answer, the bier-bearers resumed their burden, and the priests, though they mur-mured that all this was irregular, obeying the irresistible impulse of the popular voice, began their chanting. All Beyrout was soon the irresisting and began their chanting. All Peyrous was began their chanting. Mohammedans followed astir, and even the

Guzla's reputation became that of a saint. She was buried in the same grave with her mother; and soon afterwards, in the course of a single night, a magnificent monument was built over it by the order of Brahim, who devoted all his wealth to the erection of churches and rests for travellers, and retired to spend the remainder of his days in a cell dug out of the earth, in the wildest part of the mountains.

There is evidently a mystical intention in

this narrative in which the idea of duty which tells us to meet the worst ills of this life with courage and constancy, whatever may beful. prodominates, and serves to harmonise and render acceptable a number of incidents, some of which are strange and even extravagant, Is it not indeed better to return boldly with Zura, and Eastl, and Guzla, and put our neck under the yoke of suffering—even to taste the bitter waters of death,—than to remain in the silent land of Selfish-content, where there is no communion because there are no I tellow slave recognised and betrayed desires, no pain because there is no joy, no. She was seized by Lanfranc, and hate because there is no love, and where-

isolated beings live in eternal satisfaction, not during, not wishing, to exchange one clusp of the hands! Surely our troublesome earth is better than such a paradise.

CHRISTMAS TOYS.

This is the season of the year when Christmas-trees have to be furnished, when children are to be rewarded, when country cousins and all those hospitable houses where we go to shoot, or fish, have to receive some small token of our gratitude and sense of favours to come. The source of all the toys and trifles that fill our shops was long a puzzle, until the other day a lady, who has never been beyond Boulogne, but ought to have rivalled Madame Pfeiffer, in sailing round the world, guided us, much amazed, through crowded regions of the Minories and Houndsditch to the omnium gatherum warehouse of the Messrs. David—a paradise of toys. Almost all countries, civilised and uncivilised, contribute to its stores. No Russian children are to be rewarded, when country civilised, contribute to its stores. No Russian army can present a greater variety of com-plexion, costume, and nationality than the army can present a greater variety of complexion, costume, and nationality than the assembly of dolls; all known by names mysterious to the public, but perfectly familiar to the trade. In English wooden dolls alone there are half-a-dozen grades, including Bob's-sticks, Dwarf's-thumbs, Putians, and Lilliputians. These—from the rudest kind, with mera sticks, without in the form kind, with mere sticks without joints for limbs—are all the pink-varmshed wooden dobs, dear to the youth of both sexes, which dols, dear to the youth of both sexes, which survive so many others of more artistic construction. The eyes, being painted, cannot be probed out; the body being a solid block cannot be broken; therefore, when the once-curled tresses have been frizzled or ruthlessly torn away, when the varnish has been chipped and the nose snubbed by repeated bangings against the floor, or even seared by an unlawful thrust into the bars of the nursery grate, the wooden doll, introod and an unlawful thrust late the bars of the nur-sery grate, the wooden doll, tattooed and scarred, often survives as prime favourite after the destruction of inert babies of more gor-geous construction. The old original wax-doll, with or without winking eyes, comes next, also an English manufacture and article of export. It seems that the little American ladies follow the tastes of their British cousins, and dress, and put to sleep, and poke out the eyes of wax dolla, just like the little Royalists on this side of the water. Among the changes produced by the Great Exhibition, was an improvement in the features of the higher class of wax dolls : babies now seem to be the type of the modellers, rather than grown women, as formerly. Wax dolls, with canvas bodies, are prepared to suit all purses, from two shillings and eight-pence a dozen, to three pounds each, dressed in long robes, or fashionable morning costume. We next come to the Dutch doll, which does not come from Holland at all but from rural villages of Cormony. They all, but from rural villages of Germany. They

are made of wood, with a genteel face and are made of wood, with a genteer lack shair fashionably dressed, lega and arma the bend stiffly, and often break. Papier-minerals of dolla, are also imported to Germany, and fitted to leather lackies England. A recent invention furnishes pecelain babies, neatly dressed in cap and neal gown, that squeak in a most interest manner. We must not forget the maked half-manner, which with both of an important

gown, that squeak in a most interest of manner. We must not forget the waked habes of porcelain, which with baths of app reprints size, afford a fine example to the modern unseries of the propriety of being good children and going into the bath without crying. We were happy to find that a doll, about the size of an average baby, and very lake one, could be supplied, neatly dressed, for about seven shillings. Then there were ray dollar another Great Exhibition invention, and gutta-percha dolls, more tough than a bosons. At a certain stage of nurserydom, the doll that has previously been only kissed, cuilibal thumped, and put to bed, requires an example that has previously been only kissed, cuilibal thumped, and put to bed, requires an example that has previously been only kissed, cuilibal thumped, and put to bed, requires an example that has previously been only kissed, cuilibal than particles are in the greatest domand in England; in France dinner-services are made in delft, porcelain, lead, tin, and wood in delft, porcelain, lead, tin, and wood. Porcelain and opaque glass tea and dimpreservices, have lately become a large article of importation from Saxony and Pobetma. Lead toys are all made in London, while the tin toyware occupies a destinct and considerable branch of trade of Wilverhampton, in Staffordshire. A tea-service in wood, in a box, is made in Germany and side for a halfpenny; or three shillings and manner pence a gross. A doll's house may be forfor a halfpenny; or three shillings and are pence a gross. A doll's house may be to pence a gross. A doll's house may be for nished very completely, with bureaus in what wood with secretary all complete equal and shutting; chairs, tables, wardrobes of beds with bubies fast asleep in them at the shillings and ninepence a dozen; kitchet with all the apparatus for cooking a good German or English dinner, provided all so that the prime roast is not larger than a jenual when. The carved wood work is done to German villages, many in Columph, and are German villages-many in Coburgh-when would seem, the clever hands produce the w of art, and children and apprentices practice French more elegant. It is worthly of note, that the French manufacturers always write in their own language; but that from the remote villages of Middle Germany, an i from Switzerland, well-written English letters are remote villages of Middle Germany, and from Switzerland, well-written English Getters as received. Of course, there are occasional national for instance, a worthy Coburgh a maker of Noah's arks wrote on one occasional maker of Noah's arks wrote on one occasional maker of Noah's arks wrote on one occasional for a sure you shall be satisfied with charges, as I have put the utmost preservery article."

At the present moment war toys are all the rage. Drums are manufactured in highland, but drumsticks are imported took France. A great trade is done in hing to

[.] See volume vi . page 431.

whistles, which form an usual and most excruciating accompaniment to a juvenile drum. There are four sizes, which have been regularly sold and known to the trade for half tury; their wholesale price is five shillings a gross. An immense trade is done in small brass cannon, with and without limbers; but we have not met with anything like the per-fection of Lillipatian military accourtements that is to be found in Paris; where we once that is to be found in Paris; where we once saw a colonel, aged eight years, march into a ball-room with his regiment, fifty strong, with drums beating, and colours flying, accompanied by a perfect park of wooden artillery, drawn by poodles. But we found very respectable sabres of wood and brown paper gitt scabbard, with belt, at about sixpence each; muskets at a suitable figure, equally serviceable. A great army of all nations and uniforms—but especially English and French, with faces not ill-modelled after modern with faces not ill-modelled after modern celebrities—are sent from Germany. German toys are distinguished for taste, and even a degree of artistic merit; English toys for strength and usefulness. New inventions in toys are chiefly foreign; but, as soon as an article obtains decided favour among the natives of Lilliput, it is made in quantity in England.

Skipping-ropes are always in demand. They begin at eight shillings a gross, or three halfpence a-piece. Marbles are a leading article for boys, as skipping-ropes leading article for boys, as skipping-ropes are for girls. The pattern-box displays common English clays, coloured stones, German porcelain, and glass—the last being an invention since our school-days. The first come into stock at the rate of fifty casks at a time. Luxurious marbles seem unknown in the Roman States; for a lady lately had a bag of coloured taws which she was carry-ing to her son at Rome, seized at Cività Vecchia as a new kind of revolutionary hullets. If she had not been a woman of resources, able to knuckle down, for instruc-tion of the police, it is possible she might have herself been consigned to the same safe keeping as the marbles were.

After an hour among the standing stock of toyshops accumulated in hundreds and thousands of dozen dozens; after learning where the myriads of wooden spades came from by which the yellow sands and rolling shingle of the British coast are dug by infant hands every summer; the endless wooden hoops that will bowl against our less on alignery days—the iron hoop. our legs on slippery days—the iron hoop, like the iron plough, being a purely British production; after pondering on the possible consumers of an annual hundred thousand gross of jews'-harps of five different patterns, after trying some of the harmoniums at three shillings and sixpence a dozen, and concertinas at fourpence each, of which hundreds of dozens go to Australia; after pondering who are the purchasers of the browers drays and horses, carriages and four; after wondering where

the children are found to build up whole waggon-loads of bridges, houses, churches, sheepfolds—we turned to the speciality of the season—the Christmas-tree department. We found a most respectable Father Christmas who might have been copied from a fresco by Cornelius, nicely and strongly carved in wood, with a benevolent face, white head and beard, a red robe, and a stout hand ready to receive a young pine, whose brilliant green leaves would well contrast with his ruddy cloak. would well contrast with his ruddy cloar. To adorn the tree, there were thousands of tiny lamps, metal sconces, brilliant when lighted as Golconda's caves, at a few pence per gross, Sebastopol bombshells, mortars, and cannon of Bohemian glass, loaded with Scotch sweetmeats. Most striking of all are figures of men, Turks, tumblers, enchanters, kaisers, kings, peasants, Circassian beauties, Indian savages, beasts of every degree of variety, birds of large body and splendid plumage, all manufactured with great skill and beauty, in what is technically termed paste, and made to contain large stores of onhons, to be got either by opening a bag in Turk's robes, or unscrewing an owl's head or an elephant's trunk. These paste toys, hollow or solid, are so important a branch of trade, that one celebrated German manufacturer issues very serious pattern-books, in which he announces, that he has not less than ten thousand different specimens of his art. We noted in the catalogue some oddituss—
a whole column of tumblers is marked
thus in very 'literal English: — No. 12,
A gent tumbling on his back; No. 13, A
gent tumbling on his belly. A few pages on,
was a list of all the birds to be found in menageries or poultry-yards—Peacocks and turkey-cocks with glass tails and moving

Then there is a class of what may be Then there is a class of what may be called intellectual toys, for playing games with dissected maps and tee-totum travels. We noted fifty English games, some of them with titles of fearful dryness: as for instance, Geographical and Historical Travels through England and Wales; the Multiplication Table; Weights and Measures; Historical Dominoes and Ditto Teetotum. But these are relieved by the Overn of Results. torical Dominoes and Ditto Tectotum. But these are relieved by the Queen of Beauty; the Magic Ring; and the Race to the Diggings. Every year adds some new game, which, like books, sometimes fail, sometimes achieve a great success. Then tollow dissected games full of old familiar faces—Robinson Crusoe, Whittington and his Cat, Little Red Riding-hood; also, many Scripture Stories, a Register of Current History, the Camp at Chobham, Emigration Life, and Unele Tom's Cabin.

Beads form almost a part of the toy-trade, and are a constant source of trouble at the custom-house in disputes as whether a

the custom-house in disputes as whether a solid glass or stone ball unpierced is or is not a bend. They are collected from several countries; Venice has had a special manufac-

ture of seed beads; which, after importation, are sold, threaded, at a out three halipence for one hundred and twenty strings. There is a great trade in glass bracelets composed of large cut beads from Bohemia, made up in London and sold at twopence each France supplies wax-beads, gilt, silver, and steel beads. England has a reputation for white solid glass, rosary, and other beads; and from England the beads of all these countries are exported, either manufactured or in strings, to divers regions; but specially to the savage tribes of Africa. The African bead-trade requires special knowledge, as each tribe has its peculiar tastes; so that a man might buy an ox with a handful of one sort of coloured beads, and starve with a bushel of an untashionable shape and colcur. ture of seed-heads; which, after importation, shape and colcur.

Tobacco implements filled up a very large ore. Suuff-boxes have declined in constore. Shuff-boxes have declined in consumption; while pipes and other smoking apparatus have increased. The pipe trade has received an immense impetus from eclonisation. The original yard of clay has been competed with by a variety of small, fancy-clay French pipes, coloured and beautifully modelled, contained in cases. The meerschaum trade has received a great extension, and become partly an English manufacture; that is to say, the meerschaum pipe-bowl is imported from Vienna, the amber mouth-piece from Nuremberg; and the two are joined, mounted in silver, and put into a cas in England.

Among the fancy trades in which England specially excels, we find brushes and combs. Bustles are chiefly imported from Russia, Bustles are chiefly imported from Russia, Servia, and the swine countries on the banks of the Danube; but they make some good brushes in Ireland, of native pags hair. Everything in the way of wooden and leather desks, work-boxes, and dressing-cases, is best finished in England. In entlery, either cheapor fine, our workmen cannot be beaten; but the Germans excel in the ornamental handles of hunting-knives, and such things. Hair-combs of imitation shell. such things. Hair-combs of imitation shell, we saw at twopence a gross, affording one reason why rough country heads are without excuse. Time was, when a wooden pin was excuse. Time was, when a wooden pin was the only comb within the reach of a country maid. To accompany the combs are looking-glasses, at infinitesimal prices,—a trade which has increased in England a hundredfold since the repeal of the excise. Among the new materials of this country is vegetable ivory; which, a few years ago, was exhibited as a currosity by the turners at the Porytechnic, but which has now from its cheapness, good colour, and convenient texture for working, been extended to a variety of uses for which ivery was too dear.

A good many mysteries were cleared up by

our vavage of discovery into the Wat &

of Lilliput. We had long laboured under the or that those tin savedle, these mousetraps, and especially those measures, which the cadgers, the vehicle of modern England, extends and such power of lungs, were duce of garret-labour. Fact we for penny varid-measures come from the cade of particular and such penny varid-measures. los phical France; mouse traps times German; saveable are times German; saveable are British manufacture, and our de friends do not waste their valuable t bench, but dive into such wards David's, and lay in stores by that prices which it is not worth mention. The paint-box, that safe at annusement for children, was laid to an endless succession of sizes and quantum ention, for the satisfaction of those to introduce fine art into country that a commencement can be mad-shillings for twelve dozen; viz, the o containing five primative colours of

We pause here. We must be a sten! indicating the enormous small, common things which, evite. or manufactured material, come parts of the world to be made up or parts of the world to be made up or im-and sold here, or sent away again to ren in America, to diggers in Austral the negroes in the West Indus, and pro-and baloos in British India. It is a tra-trilles, in amusements, and luxuries or employs thousands of hands and many as

tive minds.

Now ready, price Threepence, State of P. . . .

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HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

A WEEKLY JOURNAL.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

No. 303.]

SATURDAY, JANUARY 12, 1856.

NOB AND SNOB.

About fifteen years since two young gentiemen whom I will call (in deference to the social distinctions of my beloved country) Nob and Snob, obtained within a few days of each other, commissions by pur-chase in the military service. Nob had imbibed a great love for London life, and was anxious to enter the guards; Snob had read accounts of our great battles in India and other countries, and wished to see service in the line. Both obtained their desires, and were duly gazetted to their respective corps. Nob entered the guards as an ensign and lieutenant,—that is lion in London, and commenced learning his duties. When I say joined, I do not mean that he took up his abode in barrack; for such about an hour : but was allowed to learn a great deal of the mound and platoen ex-ercise from a sergeant of the corps, whom he paid for attending him at his lodgings, without the trouble of going to the dull-ground to learn it. In about two months the daily drills were discontinued; for Nobwas advanced enough to attend the adjutant's parades; which, in the fine season, took place three times a-week in one of the parks. These parades were held at the early hour of seven or eight in the morning, which—considering it was the London season, and that Nob was very much addicted to balls, parties, the opera, and other lateshour amasements—was decidedly a hore. But these ments - was decidedly a bore. But these terrible drawbacks only lasted the first year of his military noviciate: moreover, they occurred only three times a-week, and as, with enough afterwards to profit by experience, an organizational guard-mounting at St. James's, Excepting when a battation of the Bramins they formed the sum total of his daty, he is stationed at Windsor or Winchester,

managed to survive the annoyance, and never missed but one of these dreadful drills.

The duty of gnard-mounting at St. James's was not disagreeable—far from it. To call the work "a 'dushed bore," was a matter of course; but that after all is only a natter of course; but that after all is only a tashion of talking. It was rather pleasant to march through the park, in gorgeous scarlet and gold lace, preceded by one of the best military bands in the world, in part command of a body of bearskin-capped warriors, the admired of bevies of nursery-mands. and wished to see service in the line. Both obtained their desires, and were duly gazetted. Nor whilst on guard did the time pass unto their respective corps. Nob entered the plensantly. There was the lounge up to guards as an ensign and lieutenant,—that is to say, he was, at starting in his career, an spicuous window, and the pleasant dinner of ensign in his regiment, but bore the rank twelve in the palace guard-room; where the of a lieutenant in the army—the privilege best repast and wine is served every evening and advantage enjoyed by young gentlemen upon the most costly plate, at the expense who commence life in either of the three of a grateful country, to the officers who go regiments of foot-guards. He joined his batta-through the toil and exposure of guarding. for twenty-four hours, the sacred precincts of St. James's palace. It imposed just enough duty to let a man know he had a profession; be took up his abode in barrack; for such duty to let a man know he had a profession; a sacrifice of comfort to duty is never asked a profession which gave him a certain nor expected. No; he hired comfortable lodgings in a west-end street; so that, when he was wanted for parade, drill, or guardand that did not always entail a move mounting, he could drive to the barracks in his cab in five minutes. Nor was his presence often required with his men. For a couple of months he had a daily drill of lotter an house but was allowed to hear a forman-street to those in Tracklary courses the officers. Portman-street, or from Portman-street of those in Trafalgar - square, the officers of course need not change their lodgings. To reach their men's quarters cost only five minutes more or less in the cab, and that was of greatest distance our here had to march, was from London to Winchester, the latter being the most distant station of foreign service to which his fortunate corps had ever to undergo banishment.

For these and other excellent reasons, Nob-stuck to the guards. He liked the admiration which emblazonment in scarlet and gold at-tracted to his not ruinously expensive. The cost of living is by no means great in the Guards, provided a young man be prudent during the first years of his service, and be wise

the officers do not keep up a mess. When doing duty in London—and five battalions out of seven are in times of peace, constantly employed there—the officers live at their club; dine when how, and where they like, and are not obliged, as is the rule in other English corps, either to live together, to pay a stipulated sum for their dinners, or to entertain general officers at their messtades. In short, as was lately remarked in the Times—"They belong to a club, and are paid for belonging to it;" and we all know that, for a single man, who is not forced to keep up any pretence of style, London is the cheapest town to get on in, in the three kingdoms.

Time were on, and Nob was promoted from "Ensign in the guards and lieutenant in the army," to be "Lieutenant in the guards and captain in the army." This step, including the sum of one thousand two hondred pounds which be had paid for his first commission, cost him two thousand and fifty pounds—that being the Regulation price; besides one thousand two hundred pounds more, which it was the custom of the regment to pay for the promotion. This was a large sum; but, as the young officer had been but four years in the army, and was by no means ill off, he thought the capital well invested which brought him an increase of both pay and rank. He obtained the commission of captain in less time than some of his friends in the line got that of lieutenant; although they had to undergo almost perpetual banishment from England; and, for the best years of their lives, had to perform the tedious duties of military colonial service. Nob thought—and not without reason—that four years of an easy London existence, was not a very hard apprenticeship to undergo, before acquiring the rank of a captain in the English army.

These years of severe London service, must not however be construed too literally. Out of every twelve months, officers of the guards are allowed four months? leave of absence; which they can claim by right of custom. Unlike their brethren who do not belong to the Braminical portion of the British army, these gentlemen have no uncertainty about the portion of leave granted them. They have but to put down their own names in a book, to set down the name of the officer who has agreed to uncertake their duty during their holiday, and the whole thing is arranged. Upon parade show-days—when toreign magnates witness the mancauvres of the English guards—the presence of as many officers as can be got together with each battalion is deemed indispensable. But, at other times, the standing of these persons in the service may be considered a mere matter of form. The discipline of the men in each barrack-yard, is looked after execusively by the adjutant; whilst the pay-sergents attend to the general conduct and well-being of their

When we batace, conalive at their order books exhibit, on the ever of any their order books exhibit, on the ever of any rule in order books exhibit, on the ever of any rule in order books exhibit, on the ever of any rule in order books exhibit, on the ever of any rule in order books exhibit, on the ever of any rule in order books exhibit, on the ever of any rule in order order in the interpretation of the currous memorandum being, that the ever manders of companies, as well as the soldiers who from their calling as tailors are exemple we all ordinary duties, are desired to take particular day in the field operations.

Nob, after a few years of annual moving

that day in the field operations.

Nob, after a few years of annual moving from Portman-treet to the Tower; there is the Tower to St. George's Parracks; four St. George's larracks to Wellington Barracks; thence to St. John's Wood; from St. John's Wood; from St. John's Wood to Windsor; and from Windsor to Windsor, found himself promoted in the army, to be a captain in the guards and a lieutenant-colonel in the army. For the step, he paid altogether the sum of four the rand eight hundred pounds, as its firegration value, besides two thousand pounds over and above, as the price demanded in this regiment for the rank by custom. It was a great deal of money to give, but, if alway rank is to be bought and sold, it a curety worth paving double for it in a service water double promotion is obtained at each step—this, too, whilst living at case like a gate-man for eight months of the year in its living and, for the remaining four, wherever the recipient of the public pay liked to reside whis own pleasure. In ten years from the ane-Nob entered the service he became, without trouble or anneyance to himself, a housemant-colonel in the army. In this rank he remained only a few months longer want the guards. As soon as he could, he calchanged into a line regiment; taking armand of it the very day he joined, as a market of the public pay liked, as a market of the public pay he pomed, as a market of the public pay he pomed, as a market of the public pay he pomed, as a market of the public pay he pomed, as a market of the public pay he pomed, as a market of the public pay he pomed, as a market of the public pay he pomed, as a market of the public pay he pomed, as a market of the public pay he pomed, as a market of the public pay he pomed, as a market of the public pay he pomed, as a market of the public pay he pomed, as a market of the public pay he pomed, as a market of the public pay he pomed.

of course.

The corps into which Nob had excharged was stationed in one of our colonies; but being under orders for Englant, he let not join it before it reached home. The regiment had for several years not been facturate in promotion. Of the ten on tains belonging to it, seven had been in the service longer than their new commanding after; whilst each of the majors had had Her Majesty's commission before he was form. Notwithstanding this, Nob took charge if it, and thus commanded men who was the of some standing—had proceeded on the service with the corps before their new colonel entered the army.

Here we will leave Nob of the Guart a order to watch the fortunes of Sureband

of these persons in the service may be considered a mere matter of form. The discipline of the men in each barrack-yard, is looked after excusively by the adjutant; whilst the pay-sergeants attend to the general conduct and well-being of their knew the ordinary routine of his dety is

was ordered from Ireland to the latter garrison, where he passed two cears in the monotony of garrison life. Neither at the depot in Ireland, nor with the regiment in Maita, was the young officer ever allowed to live out of barraeks. At all times and in all local race, he had to subject the transfer of the regiment to the regiment lines. scribe to the regimental mess, and was obliged to dine at it every day of his life, unless he could show good reason, from sickness or from other engagements. From no general paother engagements. From no general parade of any kind could be absent hims di. He was not only obliged to know the names of every man in the company to which he belonged; but was frequently questioned respecting their individual habits, tempers, and conduct. From Malta, the regiment was sent for three years to the West Indies; where sickness, and the temptation of cheap rum, killed the men by scores, obliged the officers to be more by scores, obliged the officers to be more careful and more constant than ever in looking after them, and exposed their own constitu-Although Snob did not die, he suffered se-verely from yellow fever. He tried to obtain leave to return home for a time; but there were too many of his brother officers who had been victims to the climate absent, to allow his doing so, and he consoled himself with the likelihood of his corps being speedily moved to Canada. This change of station was however delayed for some time. When at moved to Canada. This change of station was however delayed for some time. When at last it took place, the regiment landed at Quebec a more skeleton—a fragment of its former strength. By this time Snob had obtained the rank of lieutenant; in other words, he had, after five years of colonial to the colonial words. duty (three of which were spent in a most deadly climate) risen to the rank which Nob had nequired in the guards by virtue of his very first commission.

The regiment was quartered during three years and a half in Councie. For a short time after reaching that country, the novelty, together with the advantages which even the extreme cold of North America had over the climate of the West Indies, rendered the change pleasing But all colonies are much the same to the soldier. Unless the colonist be settled down, and has the occupation of watching either the increasing advantages of his family, his property, or both; or the anxiety of seeing his plans and schemes for advancement fail, the demon monotony enters into his mind, and drives from it every other thought Canada is perhaps the least objectionable of any foreign station which English troops have to garrison; but that is not saying much. Skating, sleighing, moose-deer shooting, and zoursions into the States, serve for a time to hapel entini; but it leaves the victim only a season, to return with greater force when the temporary excitement has passed

After three years and a half spent in the motion.

garrisons of Quebec, Montreal, and Toronto, Snoh's regument was ordered home. Snob had by this time been more years in the army ; apwards of eight on foreign service. Like every man in the regiment, from the grey-headed colonel to the youngest drum-hoy, he looked forward with delight to the long pro-fined tour of home duty. The corps reached England that little or no leave of themps England; but little or no leave of absence season, and the men had to be worked up to what the general, commanding the district in which the regiment was stati and, deemed the proper proficiency of soldier-live training. The number of men the corps training. The number of men the coros had lost in Barbadoes had been but slowly replaced by recruits; these recruits had not worked together much in a body, and the whole regiment had to relearn those brigade movements which they had found but few opportunities of practising since they left Multa. Ad this prevented officers getting anything beyond very short leave of absence to visit their friends. Nor was the corps kept long in one station. Six months after coming home, they were sent from the south of England to the extreme north; there, broken into detachments, and sen' to various small country quarters. For three months they were brought together in one of the large manufacturing towns, then scattered for a time over three counties, to be again united and sent over to Ireland. The expense of the return home; of a year in Dublin, and of various movements in England, told heavily upon the pockets of all the officers; so much so, that, as a body they were almost glad when the order came to remove to Galway—cheap quarters. Here, broken up into small parties once more, they assisted the police, the exchange, and the tithe gatherers, in performing their not very fascinating duties.

About this time Snob obtained the rank of captain by purchase. He had been given years in the service, and had now gained the rank which it took our friend Nob exactly four years of London lounging to reach; so that Nob's lientenant-coloneley actually disted a year before Snob obtained the grade of captain.

Calway is not an amusing county, and Snob found he was not alone in wishing himself away from the west of Ireland. Yet, taken as a whole, the quarters were more agreeable than many of the temporary stations, to which the perpetual shifting of quarters whilst they were in England subjected the officers. But they were not fixtures in their Galway quarters. What between changes ordered by the higher mulitary authorities when any disturbance was apprehended, and the natural wish of the colonel to have each company and detachment of his men, in their turn, at headquarters, heither officers nor soldiers had nuch time to grow rusty for want of

and prepare to embark for Bengal. The rethree and four years in the United Kingdom. and war having broken out in Hindostan. troops were required for that country. After a brief sojourn at the port of embarkation, behold Snoh once more on his way to serve abroad! By this time he had been nearly thirteen years in the army; of which he had passed little more than three in his native country; where he had changed his quarters fourteen times: he had purchased his steps, having paid two thousand five hundred pounds for his commissions: he was yet a captain, and had the prospect of remaining in India, if he lived long enough, some fourteen or fifteen years. By this time Nob had been a lieutenant-colonel for three years,

The last time I heard of Snob, he was in a cantonment in the far north-west of India; where he had recovered from his second attack of cholera, and his fourth of liver complaint. He had been several times in action, had been fifteen years in the army, but was still a captain. Nob, who had been five years a lieutenant-colonel, was promoted some time ago to be a full colonel, and will probably be a major-general, before Snob commands a

regiment.

My story is strictly true in all but the names, and exhibits at a glance the working of the two systems—the Guards and the Line-concerning which there has of late been so much controversy in the public papers. Whether the public will best serve itself by holding that such a state of things ought to remain in existence, or by holding that the continuance of exclusive corps with double promotion, is a piece of injustice dangerous to their well-being, I leave my readers to judge. The ovils here depicted are not of yesterday's growth; although the recent pre-tensions of certain high priests amongst the military Bramins who put their trust in Princes, have caused them to be brought before the public more prominently than of old. It is now nearly twenty years since I first put on a red coat; and, during that time, the injustice of allowing the guards to retain the privileges over the rest of the army granted to them by a monarch not over wise, nearly two hundred years ago, has formed a topic of conversation at almost every mess-table at which I have been present. The consequences of such a system to the prosperity and freedom of tax-paying Mr. Bull, may possibly occur to

him just now as somewhat momentous.

If the Hindoo rule of caste is to be retained in the British service, let us assign to its various degrees different duties, corresponding to those of the favoured priesthood of that personsion. In that case each officer, from the very outset of his career, would be able to foretell to a certainty what are his chance of advancement. But, if we want a fair field and no favour for military talent,

At last the order came to move to Cork, let us abolish the distinction between the N. Is and prepare to embark for Bengal. The re- and Snobs of the British army, with other and Snobs of the British army, with otiles nonsense of by-gone days.

OLD BLOIS.

I DELIGHT in a decayed old town. It a like a withered old beauty of the court of George the Third, and gives itself such size, and beasts of its antediluvian conquests, and its former lovers, and the sonnets to its ex-brows—poor old thing !—and shakes its ragged and darns its old finery; for it has to poverty as well as age. Their old fan, fallen into poverty as well as age. Their -periences are indeed very similar, for t maid of honour had married a dissolute lord, and had dissolute children, and ther treated her ill and neglected her, and westtheir substance with riotous living; and to: old nobleman is now dead, and the sous are all likewise departed; and the last bearer of the name is the still haughty wolow, string in her faded satin, and lodging above a greeo grocer's, in a narrow street, but always of the court end of the town; for she is attenty ignorant of the new terraces to the west of Tyburn, and inquires doubtfully even about the locality of Belgrave Square.

I don't think we have any city in England

exactly answering this description of the attendant on Queen Charlotte, for when a town with us falls into the sere and yell a leaf as a resort of fashion, there comes ----tremendous manufacturer of an enterprising mind, and turns the residence of the lor lieutenant of the county into a mill; and another makes an enormous warehouse of the great assembly room—(you see the ring of the ceiling yet, from which the chandeless hung, and if you look minutely there are Cupids playing the harp, imperfectly hidden beneath dust and whitewash, all round the cornice); and behold! in a year or two the streets are alive with busy multitudes, and the air darkened (a little) with smoke, but there are reading recorns and solved. there are reading-rooms, and school-rooms and lecture-rooms, where there were none before and intellect is at work, and there are agree of progress and improvement; and only Mos Rebecca Verjuice (how sour and crubbed she has grown!) sighs for the balls at the seembly in the olden time, what the most all the nobility of the district, and are es danced with a marquis (this was when his lordship's son was candidate for the torong and laments the change. But in Fran .- [3] happy, gallant France—what nombers those urban celebrities there are ' Charac young cities in the fifteenth century, loss full-sized, blocming cities in Louis the ! teenth's time: but faded new - unb feeble, never more to flourish; yet intein their decay,—venerable in their range, traces seen through all their decay to their former charms. For instance-up

What a charming situation on the Law

How aplendidly in its gay young time it dis-played the inimitable beauties of its position! its streets rising from the water steeper ascent than Ryde, and boasting loftier houses than Bath. Then its bridge,—wasn't that a thing to be proud of, spanning the clearest of French rivers, and leading directly towards the château? Not the great, strong, solid construction of the present day with its pyramid in the middle, surmounted by a cross, but the long narrow highway which ran between strong parapets, and sustained on its central portion the oratory of St. Fiacre—that saint who has since extended his protection to the fraternity of hackney coachmen, but was unable, in seventeen hundred and fourteen, to defend his own residence from the accumulated ice which on the breaking up of the frost in that year came down in heaped-up masses, shocking against the piers, piling itself up over arch, over architrave, over parapet; and then with one great crash which must have been heard in every part of the city, carry-ing away stone, iron, earth—everything; even the image of St. Fiacre, and leaving Blois "lone, sitting by the shore," without the power of visiting its opposite neighbours. And there were many churches at that golden et; and then with one great crash which must time, all ringing out with joyous bells when the town made holiday; these are now reduced to the paltry number three, and have forgotten even how to pretend to look happy. But the charm of all, the crowning monument of the city's splendour, was the noble Castle of Blois. It was a real feudal palace, built in the purest taste, vast in its extent, magnificent in its decorations, and giving life, and wealth, and dignity to the whole county.

I do not speak of the time dear to the hearts of patriotic Englishmen, when King Stephen resided here, and probably provided.

Stephen resided here, and probably provided himself in his native capital, with those expensive habiliments which Shakespeare has not disdained to celebrate. And want a bin touch of character it is, to make that gross dom, but the condolence ought to make that gross dom, but the condolence ought to make that gross dom, but the condolence ought to make that gross dom, but the condolence ought to make that gross dom, but the condolence ought to make the said of such vulgar reflections on the tradesman who silence and sorrow, and heard the rejoicings supplied the clothes. Not of the times of for her husband's elevation to the throne.

Within the year the widowed Anne became a lating Onsen of France; and Jeanne, and coarse rival of Manida break forth into such vulgar reflections on the tradesman who supplied the clothes. Not of the times of that worthy peer do I speak, but of a more civilised and gentlemanly personage, the gay and gallant Louis the Duke of Orleans. That was the climax of the grandeur and the happiness of the city. There Orbans. That was the climax of the gran-deur and the happiness of the city. There were crowds in the streets, hundreds of retainers in the castle-yard, knights and nobles coming in to ball or tournament from Orleans or Tours, or even distant visitors from Nevers or Limoges. For Louis is young yet : this is in fourteen hundred and ninety and he is only thirty-four years of age; is planning new additions to his native three years he had spent ma prison at Bourges, where, by the kindness of his sister-in-law. Anne of Beaujeu, he is locked up every night in an iron cage; he is congratulating himself on his victories in the prouder turrets were added to its walls,

Italian campaign of Charles the Eighth; he is consoling himself for the plainness of his wife, the gentle Jeanne de Valois (who had been forced upon him by her father Louis the Eleventh), with noble entertainments to all the beauties of the country. He is doing all these things, and Blois rejoices. It even breaks out into trade in the subshine of royal favour. The gloves of Blois become famous, whether soft and white for the fair hands of princesses, or gauntlets of proof for warriors in the lists; cloths are imported from Holland and Flanders; merchants grow illustrious and rich; and the cream from St. Gervais—alas! what must we confess? The cloths are imported from Flanders; merchants grow glover is unknown; the cloth importation has ceased; the merchants are few and spiritless; and nothing remains but the famous St. Gervais cream! So much more enduring (as a philosophic historian would say) are the (as a philosophic historian would say) are the products of agriculture than the ephemeral successes of trade. Suddenly a rumour finds its way to Blois that Charles the Eighth is very ill. The knights and nobles flock in faster than ever, the ladies smile more sweetly; the town rings out its bells more merrity; and, when in fourteen hundred and ninety-eight, the great herald, after a fatiguing journey from Amboise, dressed in mourning, all the fleurs-de-lis on his tabard covered with crave enters the great hall in mourning, all the fleura-de-lis on his tabard covered with crape, enters the great hall in the château, and kneels at the Duke of Orleans' feet, the city knows no end of its pride and exultation; it has actually given birth to a king, and the racketting, handsome, outspoken inhabitant of the Castle is Louis the Twelfth of France. Vive le Roi!

and the Twelfth of France. Vive le Roi!

What was the first thing this emblem and the embodiment of chivalry does! He sends an insulting message to his poor little wife-Jeanne de Valois-and a message of a very different kind to the widow of his predecessor - Anne of Brittany. He pays a visit of condolence of Brittany. second time Queen of France; and Jeanne, disgraced, despised, repudiated, found refuge in a convent.

It is curious to observe that, in the course of time, this exemplary gentleman became brother-in-law to Henry the Eighth of Eng-But it is with the grand days of Blois we have to do, not with the characters of royal Bluebeards, in either nation. The French, of all the people in the world, know best how to house their monarchs. They have a massive taste in architecture which imlarger galleries attached to its uncient suites of nome, and a style of magnificence affected on that occasions, which contrasts strangely with our Queen rising at four in the morning to give a cop of hot coffee to the King Sardinia before he put on his comforter and

started by the train to Folkestone.
There go the bells of all the seven churches there go off as loud as they are able, and testmately without bursting-the six cannon that ornament the battle-Wondered ments. Here come the trades, very few of them, and very scant o' breath, with banner and music ;-here come the knights in helmet and plume, riding two and two ;-here comes a great escort of a hundred men of the picked a great escort of a manufacture and here comes a trumpeter on a white horse, passing every new and then, and blowing a blast to comnew and then, and blowing a blast to com-mand silence, while a herald—the exact in age of a knave of clubs—stands up in his stirrups and announces:—"The high and paissant princes, visitors to our lord the king, the mighty, noble and magnanimus Philip, Archduke of Austria, and his spouse the great and very stupendous Princess Jentine of Arrang n and Castille." Great preparations Arrag n and Castille." Great preparations had been made for their reception; and it is pleasant to read an account of the ceremony, for it reconciles us to our humble tap at the door or ring at the bell, and the modest announcement, "Mr. Brown, sir, and Mrs.

"The Princess Jeanne rode a handsome backtey, covered entirely with housings of criassan velvet. The Duchess of Vendome, who had been sent to wait on her, tollowed, with all her ladies, carneolling on palfreys covered with black housings of the same material. More than six hundred horses carried the litters or drew the vehicles required by the stranger's train. It was night when the procession entered Blois, but the streets were lighted with immense tapers of yellow wax." This was not sufficient to prevent confusion, for the prince and got separated in the crowd, and Philip first made his appearance in the royal presence. He marched from hall to hall between lines of halberdiers and archers, and at last attained a chamber where the royalty of France was sitting on a chair of state near the fire. side him at od the young Duke o'Augouiême and the Cardinal d'Amboise. Farther off, t oil Monsieur de Brienne, Grand Master of

the ceremon'es, "On entering the hall," says the contemporary chromeler of this great event, "the archduke took off his bounet, and M. de Buenne said, 'Sire, then is my lord the archdule; and the king replied with a sume-dule; and the king replied with a sume-'A handsome prime he is.' The greature made three reverences before reaching the king. On his first entering the ball, the king rose and advanced by short steps; at the second bow of the archduke, the king took off his bonnet; and at the third, the

king embraced hom." For which information we cannot be too grateful to the worthy be But the reception of the princes more wonderful still

When that bewildered personage at he found her way into the presence chamber, always asked whether she would kins the king whereupon, like a good enthulie and a vituous woman, she asked the Bishop of the dova's leave, who was good-humoured the day, and said she might. So Louis him her, burchesded, we are told, for he some have been a little quakerish in his notices dignity, and dignity; and Jeanne, without further app cation to her confessor, kissed the kog, a could be expected. After these osculator achievements, she was led to the queen chamber; and let us see how the great on of the earth received each other in the

The queen advanced only three steps in the chimney; the princess saluted merely by bending the knee. Then the queen advanced kissed her, and hade her welcome to the parquet on which the queen's chair was placed stop, the Duchess of Orleans, and the Counter d'Angouléme; and a little retared, were Mademoiselle de Foix and the Counter de Dunois. Round the room, but not on the parquet, stood other ladies. The ar is duchess kissed the four just named, and was going a regular round among the others, be was stopped by Madame de Bourbou. would not let her kiss them, "because an never done it." And as this reason w "because sn course unanswerable, the princers kept kisses for some more worthy recipients. bowed once more in passing before the and so passed on to her private apartine Now follows a description that will a many mouths water these merry Christ holidays. What do you think this mi princess supped on? Oh, Tom' oh, what a tuck! "First came one of the ters of the household, then six little p dressed in vellow damask turned up werimson velvot, each carrying a golden candstick with a candle of virgin was after them Madame de Bour bos (den take this for Bonbou), currying a gratimy full of various boxes of the Then came Madame d'Angouleur of arother gold tray full of naphus came Madame de Nevers, carrying gold tray full of knives and forks (t gold handes). Then came the Do gold handes). Then came the Da Valentinois and Mademosselle de Fa ing sugar-plumb bexes, of which amazingly beautiful, and the other g. l. was (think of this) so large, th I was neld in the hand it nearly ther! And after them came six contlemen, each holding two pats bands filed with different pressures then (evalently not before he was came the apothecary of the que

carried a golden candlestick with wax can- prisoner to France. But disasters fell upon dies. He did not enter the archduchess's room-not then; but it is certain that he must have been summoned in the course of the night. He and the other gentlemen gave the articles they carried to the ladies at the door; and the whole contents were spread out not only on the sideboard, but on the

"As to the archduke," adds my authority for these incidents, "he supped more solidly than his spouse, along with the Duke de Nevers and the Compte de Ligny. The king abstained from that repast. He fasted king abstained from that repast. brend and water, because that day was

the eve of Notre Dame des Avents.

What a place Blois must have been for and sweetments at that time! randeur What a flourishing trade the confectioner's; and also the dentist's. This was in fifteen hundred and one; and the object of all this cracking of angar-plums was to negotiate a marriage between Charles the Fifth, then Dake of Luxemburg, with Claude of France. But too much sugar-candy had disagreed with all parties; the espousals were broken off, and Chude, in good time, became the wretched wife of the unprincipled roue who is known in history as Francis the First, the same Duke de Angoulême who was kissed by Jeanne of Austria.

Many other visitors came to Bluis; and always to his favourite home came Louis from the disastrous wars that clouded his later years. Once, in fifteen hundred and ten, there came a deep-eyed Italian, calm, mild, and smiling; lying, cheating, and swindling with such an air of honesty that it was impossible to suspect him of anything but the purest intentions, This was Macchia-vel; and poor Cardmal d'Amboise, who was prime minister of France, was twisted round the diplomatist's thumb But off the thumb, and off the face of the earth, that ambitious when he was dying, he said to the simple ecclesiastic who attended him, "Ab, Friar John, Friar John! why wasn't I always Friar John!" He had wanted all his life, like our English Wolsey, to be Pope; and to obtain the tiara, was ready to sacrifice the interests of France. But Louis did not share in his minister's devotion to the Roman See. The Pope of that time had formed a league him, in which were united many ant elements. There were Germans discordant ciements. and Spaniards, and Swiss and Italians. Even the Turks had come to the help of Rome, and the crescent floated side by side with the keys of Saint Peter. Louis waked from his sybnite indulgence at Blois, and scandalised

the French arms; there were defeats Novara, and routs at Guinegate in Picarly The lottiness of Louis was brought low, and in the midst of these reverses his wife died. Blois was now hung with moorning. The king, in despair, had come to catch the last blessing from the dying lips of the only woman he ever really loved, and felt for awhile that life had tew farther enjoyments for him. The authors of the time dwell upon his grief as something drendful; and one of them records that he even abstained from mourn-ing in violet, as the kings of France have done since Clovis, and dressed himself in black,

like the meanest of his subjects.

But a few months made him exchange his sombre black for bridegroom's satin, and he married Mary of England; a short marriage for her, for the old gentleman could not bear the change of life she introduced from the court of Windsor. For anys the chronicler, whereas he used to dine at eight o'clock, he agreed to dine at noon; and whereas he used to go to bed at six, he often sat up till midnight. No constitution could stand those late bours; and he died (partly of want of sleep, and partly of jealousy at the attentions the young Duke d'Angonième paid to the youthful queen) on the first day of the year fifteen hundred and fifteen. Perhaps there is some taint of bitterness arising from the direction he had observed between his wife and his successor in the words he spoke concerning that flower of chivalry and truth. "We may do what we like," he sighed, when he thought he had settled the public affairs satisfactorily, "but that big tellow d'Angou-lème will spoil alk." And he did. He speilt He embroiled himself with Europe, half-ruined his country, and neglected Blois The Castle, as if extrausted with the effort of producing a king, and keeping him so many years in royal state, never did anything more -at least, for a long time. But in titteen hundred and seventy-two, Henry the Fourth, the King of Navarre, came to atrange with Catherine de Medicia about his marrage with Margaret de Valois; and great fêtes were given in honour of the event. Charles the Ninth was there, and the young Prince de Condé, and De la Rochefoucault, and five hundred other nobles of the Protestant faith. There were balls and games every night: feasting, hawking, and hunting every day; but in a secret room of the castle, far away from the noise of the revollers, feebly illu minated by a little lamp, there sat round a small table, night after night, the following personages: the King, the Queen-mother, the Cardinal of Lorraine, the Duke of Guise, the clergy of that city by vowing vengeance sagainst the Seven Hills. He struck medals and some others of the orthodox faith, and with the device "Perlam Babylonis nomen;" plotted a great deed; they arranged all their and determined to force his way into the plans, marshalled all their supporters, precentle of Saint Angelo, and bring his Holiness, pared for all emergencies, and at last were the fighting Pontiff, Julius the Second, a ready to execute their design. It was the

massacre of Saint Bartholomew. No wonder massacre of Sant Bartholomew. No wonder Elois fell into neglect. It had given existence to the most dreadful incident of modern times; and the dances of young Navarre and his comrades—the assemblies of fair women and brave men who were celebrating his approaching nuptials, were the last days of courtly splendour that shone on the devoted castle. But a castle is nothing without a murder of its own; and this was only the imagining of the frightful act; so let us slip by a few years, and again we find a French king in occupation of the chateau. It is the year fifteen hundred and eighty-eight, and the king is Henry the Third—a dastard. effeminate tyrant, and fitting termination to the deteriorated line of Valois.

Again there is a series of rejoicings, and the old Chateau Blois puts on its holiday apparel; for there is a visitor at the castle far more powerful than the king,-a strong-minded, self-willed, unscrupulous man, who does not even try to conceal his hatred and contempt of the puppet who filled and dishonoured the throne. This is the hard-featured, firm-handed Duke of Guise, who had studied French history to such an extent, that he has determined to emulate the old mayors of the palace, and after a few years' government in the name of the phantom monarch, to assume the crown openly, and send the wretched king into a convent. Scissors were already kept in readiness by Guise's sister, to clip the locks of Henry, and arrangements made to find a fitting monastery for him, under the name of Friar Henry of Valois. But Friar Henry of Valois was resolved to keep his shining curls, and outwitted the bold Balafré.

A convention of the states had been summoned, over which, by bribery and terror, the Guises had obtained supreme authority. the Guises had obtained supreme authority. It was only that they might give the semblance of legality to the plans of the discontented, that the form of a deliberative assembly had been given to the deputies now collected in Blois. Each party knew perfectly well what the other meant, but both concealed their real intentions. The king was treated with the most profound respect; the cealed their real intentions. The king was treated with the most profound respect; the duke with the greatest trust and confidence. The latter was too apt to despise his enemy, who, he already felt, was his victim. He did not give so paltry a being credit for the desperate game he played. But he should have remembered that he had to do with the a n of Catherine de Medicis. He should have observed that all of a sudden the king betook himself to the most strict religious observances,-fastings, vigils, prayers,-and received into the chiteau monks of various orders, whom he lodged in little cells above his chamber. He had resolved on the death of Guise; -but, to accomplish this, he required accomplices. He availed himself of a quired accomplices. He availed himself of a certain hight when there was a joyous cele-bention of the marriage of Christine of Lor-raine with Ferdinand de Medicis. It was

The court, occupied December. ball did not perceive the disappearance of the Marshal d'Aumont, and the Sieur-Rambouillet, and Beauvais de Naugis. Thking consulted them on the conduct Guises, but did not venture to hint whehe had resolved. The three counsellors as he had resolved. The three counsellors excussed the question, but offered no proportion. Some other friends were sent for. They also slipped noiselessly out of the ball-room. They were Louis d'Argenne and Colonel Alphonso Corse. They were learn they resolved on the murder of Examples they resolved on the murder of Examples and by different doors rejoined to dancers. How they danced that night, and so did the other guests. Among the And so did the other guests. Amoto the rest the doomed Balafre distinguished has

if by his gaiety and abandon. The day was fixed for the twenty-third Nor were warnings, as usual in such cases wanting. One day a roll of paper was possed on Guise's plate at dinner. On it was written, "Be on your guard. There is a design against you." He contemptationly wrote, "They dare not," and threw the paper under the table. But Christmas was drawing near. Henry gave way to still widder manifestations of religious austerity,—and on the night of the twenty-meaned austerity. the night of the twenty-second, announced that on the following day he was going a pilgrimage to Notre Dame de Clery. In the morning of that day the Duke of Guise was to be murdered.

A certain Loignac had undertaken the task, and had engaged the services of another villain of the name of Larchant. The mount were removed privately from their cells in the roof, and replaced with the ordinar guards of the king, called the Forty-ore, whom he had bought over to his dea-Henry gave orders that he should be a at four o'clock. At that hour pune turkly to rose,—as calmly, as unembarrossed as if did not know of the dreadful thing that was to be done—and, candle in hand, went the cabinet. Du Halde and Bellevande, he valeta-de-chambre were there already nac soon arrives with nine of the gunul, wehad slipped down from the garret on types but well armed. There, by the light of a solitary candle they receive their last userue tions. And the king posts them have it is his own bedchamber, with orders to let a one out or in. He returns to the asta without a change of muscle, or the least pearance of emotion; and sends down to the Marshal d'Aumont to open the one of the day, at which Guise was to the seat. He despatches Bellegarde at the time with two chaplains into the commanding them to offer up their for the success of an enterprise unifor the repose of the kingdom.

The weather was cold and sombre:

rain was falling in torrents, when about

past eight o'clock the Duke of Guise went towards the council-chamber. There was a company of soldiers at the foot of the grand staircase. The duke, astonished at their approximation. company of soldiers at the iconstaircase. The duke, astonished at their appearance, asked the cause, and was put off with some frivolous excuse. He passed on Larchant instantly planted soldiers on the steps; he then sent twenty more to the stair of the old cabinet. And at that moment Crillon ordered every door in the château to be closed. The bird was caught. On entering the chamber he found the cardinals of Vendome and Guise; marshals d'Aumont, de Retz, and other gentlemen. The duke de Retz, and other gentlemen. The duke complained of the cold, and sat down near the fire; but the door immediately opened, and he was told the king was waiting for him in the cabinet. He rose at once, and saluting the meeting, gracefully drew his clock round him, and disappeared. The door was instantly shut behind him. In the ante-room he found, to his surprise, the Forty-five. But he saluted them and passed He was just about to lift the curtain of the cabinet-door, when a soldier of the name of Montsery seized him by the arm and stabbed him with a poignard in the throat. "Help! treason!" cried the duke. Treason enough there was, but no help. The others assailed him with swords and daggers. The duke "gathering life's whole energy to die," resisted though unarmed. He knocked down one of his murderers and dragged the others after him in his effort to escape. For a moment he shook them off, and staggered—bleeding, blind, and weak—whither to the chamber of the king! Here, with out-stretched arms, open - mouthed, sunken-eyed, he fell at the feet of the bed, and ex-claiming "Mon Dieu!—Misericorde!" lay stark and motionless.

The door of the cabinet at this moment opens. The king steals noiselessly out, and gazes, calm and unmoved, on the corpse. He orders all the papers to be secured, and slips back into the cabinet.

But there was another personage resident in the chiteau to whom the news of this great event must be communicated. This great event must be communicated. was Catherine de Medicia; old, feeble, and confined to her bed with gout, but retaining all her taste for blood and treachery. The king goes into her room. "Tis a noble stroke, my son," said the ancient tigress; "but have you foreseen the effects?" "Yes," replied the king. "I have provided for all." — The cloth's well cut," said the queen with a grim smile, "we must look to the sewing now."

The sewing was admirably strong. The adherents of the Guises were murdered in cold blood. The cardinal fell beneath the hands of common assassins, for the Forty-five were men of strong religious feelings, and would not stain their hands with the shoughter

the kingdom. It was a reign of terror, and all men looked only for safety to Henry of Navarre.

With kings and princes Blois had little to do after this. The Bourbons had no here-ditary attachment to the place; and, having had a royal birth to boast of, and a royal murder, what more could a town expect ! But its situation still continued as heautiful as ever; its hill as green, its skies as pure, its river as clear and winding. With a little alteration of a line of Horace, in praise of Baiæ, a native poet exclaims,

Nullus in orbe locus Blesis prælucet amomie.

A less classical enthusiast dwells upon the charm of its site, the Loire encircling it with a silver band; the towers of Chambord, on the left, rising majestically above the trees of the Forest of Boulogne; opposite, the eye rests on the dark tops of the woods of Russy; then, turning to the right, you see gentle elevations covered with vineyards and country houses; and might still dream of pomp and chivalry if it were not for the long straight line you perceive running through the valley. Alas! it is the railway from Orleans to Bourdeaux - and pomp and chivalry are no

If I had time I could dwell on the later history of Blois; how it suffered during the revolution, and how it furnished its quota of heroes to build up the glory of Napoleon. Also how, when the return from Ellia was first talked of, a corps of gallant loyalists was raised in defence of altar and erown; and how on the day appointed for the first drill a how, on the day appointed for the first drill, a report was spread that Napoleon was already in Paris, and not a soul made his appearance on parade. Of these and many other things I might tell; but of what use to rausack the records of a town which even the railway can't restore; which rests on old recollections instead of present dealers had been been the railway. climated of present deeds; but has the best climate, the richest woods, and the sweetest grapes in France! If you are ever in Paris in the summer, take a return ticket by the Orleans line, and spend three days in old

CHIP.

THE LEGEND OF ARGIS.

ONE of the most curious and pathetic legends of Wallachia, tells of the foundation of the great metropolitan church of

Argis.

In the middle of the fifteenth century, the Prince Niagoe, warring against the Turks, was on the eve of fighting a great battle, and went to the hermitage of a pious anchorite, before whom he made a vow that, it was a supply the property of the p if victorious, he would build on that very spot the most splended temple that ever sought the rays of the san. Consequently it is supposed, his triumph was complete. The of a prest. The other enemies of the king is supposed, his triumph was complete. The were kept in dangeons in different parts of Ottomans were dispersed; and he had nothing

to do but to accomplish his promise. Princes But his own life, with that of many others, are usually mithful in these kin is of undertakings. Niegoc had much wealth at his cell sally, accommend to obey what he commend, and knew of an able architect ceived to be a civine command. He was asset of constructing the temple, — bidding workmen, and climbed up immediately to him collect the last Greek, Arab, and Byzantine workmen. That solitary region was from the low sun with his hand, he and accordingly soon peopled with strangers. The forests began to retire, the flanks of the forests began to retire, the flanks of the mountains were torn open; and the bears that looked in while passing down the long clades on the rugged rans, became convinced that their compation in that part of the world was gone for every the world was gone for ever.

Manoli had set about his task with enthu-

siasm. There were day gangs and night gangs; so that the walls rose as if by

Already the topmost pinnacle began to appear to the distant traveller over the surrounding trees, when suddenly the editice sunk into the earth, and spread upon it in ruin. Manoli attributed this disaster to some defect in his plan, or to the too great haste with which it was carried out; and began again with more caution. But, no sconer had the building reached the former elevation than down it came again. Not one stone remained upon another. Manoli had confidence in his own talent, and was therefore convinced that some invisible power was determined to cross his purposes. He would have been inclined to give up the work altogether; but Ning ë had become furious. As usual in building enterprises, the expenses of the first construction exceeded the estimate by at least a half. To effect the second, the prince was obliged to sell the diamonds of his wife. His yow was costing him dear; but he dared not break it. The simpler course was to swear

break it. The simpler course was to swear by his beard that Manoli should be deca-pitated, and all his workmen hanged, if the church were not finished by a given time. Under these circumstances, Manoli went to consult the aged anchorite who had wit-nessed Prince Niagoe's vow, and asked him what was to be done. "Build again," was the ready." and when the last city is about what was to be done. "Build again," was the reply, "and when the last stone is about to be placed, come to me, and by that time I may have found an expedient." Manoh are condingly, for the third time, laboured, and for the third time brought the church near perfection. Then be paused and went to the analysists who received him with a clare of anchorite, who received him with a glare of horror such as he had never seen before, horror such as he not never seen before, hurriedly interrupted his pious salutation, and said, in a strange unearthly voice, "Watch to-morrow from the pinnacle, and the first woman thou beholdest approaching from the east cause her to be taken, when she reaches the place of work, with whatever she may have in her arms, and walled up within one of the pillars of the church. Thus only will success crown thy efforts."

Manoli was a humane man; and his heart shrank within him at hearing this order. from the low sun with his hand, he analysis of looked forth. Some time passed and no feneration appeared. At length a slight figure was seen approaching down a glade, in the midst of a light mist, kindled into gold by the still slanting rays of the sun Macoh was about to reporce, when suddenly he recognised in the devoted victim his own young wife Uca,—his wife of two summers only, the mother of the boy whose suches and even whose cries gladdened has heart, when he drew near home. He knelt down and prayed, with streaming even that some absprayed, with streaming even the stream and the streaming even that some absprayed, with streaming even that some absprayed. prayed, with streaming eves, that some abstacle might present itself to turn back her steps. He had scarcely concluded, when a huge dog rushed out from a thicket con-turned the basket of provisions which the was bringing for her husband, and forced her

to go back to prepare a new meal.

Manoli rejoiced, and continued to look towards the silent and motionless set. Sta-denly the form of a woman again at each. He strained his eyes beneath his bross lead hand, leaning forward, so that he much toppled over, and to his dismay saw that it was Uca again. The good housewife had returned to her home, had replemshed her basket, and was now not walking, but running, lest her husband might suffer by the delay. Manoli resorted to prayer once more although he believed it was almost important thus to strive with fate. This time a guest walf stalked forth from beneath the trees and Uca again fled back to her dwelling.

Manoli returned thanks in a passion of joy, and remained for the whole day still looking auxiously out. The sun had gone down beneath the long black horizon behind him; the trees had melted into a dira shadow. the course of the stream could no longer be traced; the flocks on the hill sides faded from sight, though their monotonous bleating and the shorting of the shepherds could at lebe heard. Manoli began to believe that the church was destined never to be finished, and resolved to share its destruction. Suddens, near at hand, quite among the workings, no beheld the indomitable Uca, with a third basket of provisions on one arm, and her bask upon the other. She looked around for her upon the other. She tooked around for he husband, eager to explain the causes of her delay and to justify herself. He was soon in her presence. Looking on, by the work mean torches which were already lighted, she wondered at the solemnity of his aspect. He did dered at the solemnity of his aspect. He did not now shed many tears; for he believed that he was obeying the three-expressed will of Heaven. He kissed his wife tended, putting aside the hands of the little chief which endeavoured to clasp his neck—for

how could be have resisted that caress !and then, in a loud hosky voice, ordered the two victims to be enclosed in the central pillar of the great aisle. They wondered and normured, but they obeyed; and the shricks of despair that thrilled at first through the darkness were soon drowned in the noise of hummers and chisels and pickaxes. looked sternly on until the pale face of his wife had disappeared; and then be went apart, and throwing himself on the ground. spent the night in despair, which no consolation came to visit.

Shortly afterwards, the church was finished, and all the country round came to shower praises on the architect. But some say envy, and some say injured affection, was on the watch. I father of The most probable story is that the f Uca, a master-workman, silently excited his comrades against Manoli. One day he had ascended to the highest tower to see that all was right, they drew away the hader, and called out to him tauntingly to come down if he could. The unbappy man shricked aloud, endeavouring to justify himself. He had obeyed the orders of Heaven, given through the anchorite of the cell. They replied that the anchorite had died the day before his last visit, and that he had been deluded by a fiend in human shape. His despair then became overwhelming. But love of life is strong. He was a great mechanician, and endeavoured, they say, to fabricate a pair of wings, by which he might fly down from that of wings, by which he might hydown from the immense height. He dared not implore the succour of Heaven, and he leaped with mad courage. Down he came. The wings, shattered by the first shock, beat uselessly round him during that terrible dive. He was seen to descend like an arrow; and they say that the earth opened like water to receive him, and closed again over his head. The legend asserts closed again over his head. The legend asserts that ever since, at the hour of midnight, a plaintive woman's voice is always heard murmuring through the church, imploring Manoli to release her and her child.

The present inhabitant of the ruined Argis has never heard these words; for he has never been present at the hour when they are uttered. But he knows that he can do so when he will. Meanwhile, he never wakes at midnight without offering up a prayer for the soul of poor Uca, and even for that of the infortunate Maneli.

unfortunate Manoli.

DOUBLE LIFE.

Man hath two lives; the one of patient toil, Of ceaseless travail with the stubborn ground, Of battling with the burly sea's turnoid;
With stubborn meta's and the anvile sound:
The other is a maze of vision'd things,
Infinitely fill'd up with shapen ideal;
Of gentle thoughts or wild imaginness. Ot discless bliss, or terrors grimly real, And all the winged spirit may conceive Of he man happiness or heavenly wonder. O, blest is he who best can interweave

This earthly toil with images sublime; And dwell and common usings such giories under! Most hapless he who wracks his westy time. In each apart, and remis these lives as under.

THE LAND-SHARK.

In that wild region of mountains in Van ieman's Land, called the Western Tier, Dieman's Land, called the Western Tier, which stretches north and south, over a large portion of that side of the island, and terminates only on the western coast, in high black precipices lashed by the booming tillows of the ocean, two young men were travelling in the month of May, and lamenting that the fall of the year was about to put an end to their delightful wanderings. Through the their delightful wanderings. long, light summer they had lived the life of nature and of free-lom, which is the heaven of the hunter: and hunters they were, being naturalists-hunters of plants and of animals, not for the mere pleasure of destroying or devour ing them, but to widen the realm, and enrich the life, of science. The spirit of the chace was their soul and their life's blood. To pursue their object over sea, and moor, and mountain; to seek out, discover, and make prize of something new and curious, was the dream of their existence. To rush impetuously upon some unknown thing, as the hunter rushes upon his noblest game, and to stand on mountain peak or in forest glen with waving caps, and exulting "juehhe!" as they stood before some beautiful object that never the fore gladdened the even of putarshipt weight before gladdened the eye of naturalist, which before gladdened the eye of naturalist, which yet had never found its name or its place in the books of the learned,—that was their glory and their reward. Young as they were, they had traversed many lands, in the frozen North, in the flowery South, in the vast and wonder-fraught realms of America; they had sailed on the Mississippi, the Annazon, and the Plate, and revelled in the exhaustless forests of Brazil. But here, at the antipodes, a Flora and a Fauna existed, exhibiting singular laws and nucles of hears. exhibiting singular laws and modes of being, hitherto unknown to them. They had visited every quarter of the island, climbed the mountains, traced its shores, dived into the densest obscurity of its forests, and stretched themselves, when wearied, on the green banks of its streams, counting up and putting in order their acquisitions.

their acquisitions.

From day to day they drove their faithful packhorse before them, burdened with bundles of their gatherings and their supplies, or left him in some luxurious nock, while they accended hills, or explored woods. With the lowering sun they lit their fire at the foot of some tree or crag, raised a screen of boughs from the night-dew and the wind, and over their hopes's appearance the screen of and over their homely supper sung the songs of the Fatherland-for they were Teutons-and slept. From time to time, they found warmest welcome in country-homes, where manly men and fair women had brought the refined tastes and intelligence of European life, to blend them with the peace and freshness of

gracions southland nature. These happy and hospitable people almost invariably beame their guides to new discoveries. With eagerest enthusiasm, men and women mounted their horses, and led the way to distant rock, river, mountain, or morass, where were to be found the peculiar produc-tions of the district. And, for many a long year yet, will come back on their memories, enatches of rounnitic country, bits of solitary forest, the sounding shores of the ocean, the scalp of the naked hill overlooking worlds of woods, and illimitable sea, where the feathered hat and flying veil led the way,—or some hat and flying veil led the way,—or some bewitching face flushed like a rose at the presentation of some glorious new thing; or the manly form of the Tasmanian gentleman on his sure footed steed, pioneered the track down the shelving declivity or across the rushing stream.

But now their travel drew to a close, for the year drew to a close. The myriad flowers had disappeared, except the crimson epaces, and a few other natives of sheltered glades; they were on their way homewards, and by rains, and winds, and sharp noc warned

nights.

The scene in which they found them-selves, was wild and remote from life. They had made their way up profoundly silent and spectral forests, along the banks of the Mersey, rank with most luxuriant vegetation, over steepest rocks, and through the grimmest outlets of precipitous ravines, and to the lofty table-lands of the Tier.

Their way was still through dreary forests, in the glades of which already lay patches of snow, where stringy bark-trees of such bulk and altitude still met their view as even, after all they had seen, awoke fresh astonishafter all they had seen, awoke fresh astonishment. They were in search, as the evening came on wild and stormy, of a resting-place which they had occupied on a former occasion. It was a rude hut erected of boughs and bark, probably by bushrangers or convicts who had fled hither at some time when government was keen in its pursuit of them. It was raised against the face of a rock in a little green glen which bordered a mountain lake, whose dark deep waters increased the awe-inspiring gloom of the scene. Having reached it, they gloom of the scene. Having reached it, they turned out their tired horse, and proceeded to kindle a fire in their hut. Fritz, the younger, obtained a bright blaze of dead leaves and twigs in the chimney, which dazzled their eyes by its sudden lustre, and then fetched the tears into them by filling the place with smoke. But presently the flame bore the smoke. But presently the flame bore the damp air upwards in the chimney, and all became clear; and the active Fritz was not long in cultivating the fire into a generous glow. Around the wretched tenement were sents formed of posts driven into the ground supporting a rule framework of branches, three friends sat down, and comments. These, covered with a mass of boughs and animated conversation which ran thro leaves of the gum-tree, were to constitute the recent adventures of the two friends.

heds of the traveliers, as they had don

heds of the travelters, as they had do of their unknown predecessors.

While Fritz was collecting this i the professor, his companion, for his learning and his early-won far the scientific world, drew from the gage a small frying-pan, and a to bearing the familiar name of a bill proceeded to stee a solid piece of he the frying-pan. Anon, there comme the frying-pan. Anon, there comme lusty frying and crackling over the Fritz brought in the billy full of was set it to boil; and the place, with scheerful faces, and a very savoury floating through it, assumed a went leaves like aspect. Fritz, humaning home-like aspect. Fritz, humming favourite Studenten Lied, threw a of tea into the billy as it began to on the nearest bed, tin pannikins and and the two comrades sate down to t

The wind roared, as if it would the struggling trees all away to Fritz declared it was dark even not they mutually congratulated themselves. having reached this shelter while be seen. But hark! at the mon they were setting about to enor rocky ground caught their ear instant came the thump of a hear stick on the rade door, and a loud "there, within!" Fritz started up, and plucked open the hurdle, in steppe man, stooping, as was needful, humility of the portal.

"What! Fritz! what, mein helor Professor!" exclaimed a tall, gentle man, in dark green riding-cont and some jack-boots, vehemently, shaki hands of the strangers. "Well, i a surprise; though one ought not surprised to meet you in any savinge s saw a light here, to my great wonde determined to take refuge from the though it were with bushranger of what a night-dark as the lowe Erebus, and with a sufficating wind sends the dead branches down about

sends the dead branches down about ears in most perilous style. Had it noter my faithful Jack, I must have gup; but he tumbled along, couragover stock and stone."

"But what in the world," said the naturalists, "leads you here, Doctor, in a might? Sit down, and tell us all it, over a pannikin of tea."

"But, first, my horse! Jack," and the doctor, who was the medical man a township, some twenty miles disand, stepping out, he brought up him to the light of the door, took off his a girthed his own rug round his enhalt, and hung to his took a little bag that he had carried with him. This deathree friends sat down, and comment

doctor's too; who, it turned out, had been over the mountains to a new settlement, at a most urgent call to a sick man, and a proportionate

"A case of life and death," said he, really almost of the same to the doctor. May the settlement flourish and set up its own surgeon; for I never wish to go there again. Fifty miles through these terrible ranges, on the edge of winter, is no tritle; one ought to make one's will before attempting it."

Here the doctor seeing his horse finished his oats, jumped up, and little Fritz, with a flaming brand, took the animal to be company for the naturalist's horse, in the little sheltered glen, just by. Returned to the blazing fire, they once more blessed their stars for so opportune a shelter, drank pannikin after pannikin of tea, digested many a good slice of ham, and baked in luxurious content in the

ham, and baked in luxurious content in the glow of the ample fire.

"This has been some robber's den, take my word for it," said the doctor. "Some desperate convict skulked here till he found means to get over to the other side, and the goldfields. But what times these are to those of our fathers in the island? The Musquito came down upon them with the enraged natives, and Michael Howe and his gang spread terror from the Tamar to the Derwent. There is a story—a wonderful one—told of those times, which few who hear it will believe; yet, it is quite true, and has been mentioned by West in his history of the colony.

"At the time when a heavy sum was offered for the capture of Howe, alive or dead, and when the desperate fellow was so hunted and laid want for, that he was irritated to a state of deadly ferocity,-a convict happened to make his escape. He bolted to the woods in nohis escape. He bolted to the woods in no-thing but the bright yellow suit which the so-carled canary-birds, the convicts, wear. He had made his way up the country, by ventur-ing to approach shepherds and solitary stockmen, who were often of the class, and actuated by the fellow-feeling which makes wondrous kind. From them be had procured damper enough to carry hou on, and at length, arriving in the mountains, he encountered the celebrated bandit, at the head of a gang of his

desperate followers.

"Eh, mate 'said Howe, whither away!"

"To join the bushrangers, said the man:

I have made my escape.

"'That won't pass, my friend,' said Howe, pouncing savagely on the man. 'This is a state dodge,—won't do here; it has been tried too often. Rather tempting, eh !- that price on my head? But we've settled all that. The man that comes here, dies; and so all's safe. Mate, here's a choice for you;—
we don't wish to be too arbitrary. The
cuthas, the pistol, or the contents of this
little vial; producing one from his waistcoat-pocket.

"The poor fellow, thunderstruck with astonishment and terror, begged pitcously for his life, protested over and over his innocence any treason, and his desire to join them. In whining, and make his choice, or they would at once choose for him. The poor wretch selected the poison as the least appalling. They saw him swallow it off, wished him a comfortable doze, and disappeared in the wood. The potion began to take instantaneous effect. The man sank down, overcome with drowsiness, on a stump, and felt himself falling into an overpowering stupor. But the dose was too strong, it produced violent sickness, and the man, relieved, arose in a while, and marched on.

"After travelling some hours, taking, as well as he knew, a direction widely different from that of the bushrangers, to his own and their astonishment, he found himself once their astonishment, he f more crossing their path. "'What!' exclaimed to

exclaimed they, 'are you not

dead !

"The man fell on his knees, and praved vehemently for his life. It was useless. The choice of sword or pistol was again offered him, and as he continued to implore to mercy, crack went Howe's pistol, and the victim fell mo-ticulars on the ground.

tionless on the ground.

"But he was not yet killed. he recovered consciousness, felt the top of his head smarting and burning terrifically, and his eyes blinded by blood. But his bodily strength and feeling of soundness was wholly undiminished. He rose, wiped the blood from his eyes, washed his head at a pool, and found that the ball had merely grazed his skull. Binding up his head with his handkerchief, he once more set forward, trusting this time to steer clear of the merciless crew of bushrangers. But no such good fortune attended him. After marching some miles through a most laborious mountain-track in a deep inlet valley, he again saw to his horror the robber troop approaching. It was too

the robber troop approaching. It was too late to conceal himself; they already saw him; and he heard distinctly the shout of wonder that they raised on perceiving him. "What!" exclaimed the terrible Howe, 'still alive? Will neither poison nor builet destroy thee? Why, thou art a cat-o'-mountain, with not nine, but any number of lives at the devil's need. Art thou man, or ghost, or fiend?"

"The peor wretch once more, and still more movingly, pleaded for his life.

movingly, pleaded for his life.

"What had he done?" he asked. 'He wanted only to join them, and he would be their slave, their fag, their pack-horse, their

their slave, their lag, their pack-horse, their forform hope in any desperate cases—anything, so that they only let him live."

"Live! why, thou livest in spite of me! Neither fire nor physic harm thee! Nay, I would kill thee, if it were only to see what it takes to do it. I have a curosity to know

whether thou can'st be killed, or whether thon art not the Wandering Jew, or Old Nock himself.' With these words, listening no more to the tears and entreaties of the man than if he had been a hyena, he devoted him to the infernal powers in familiar lan-guage, and, stabbing him with his cutlass, and 'Take that!'

"The man struggled violently on the ground for a few seconds, and then lay still on the

saud. ". That's a settler, I think," said the outlaw, whose hand had executed worse horrors than even that, since he had been hunted and bidden for by government; burning secluded families in their own huts at midnight, and making solitary travellers run a race for their lives as a mark for the rifles of his men. If the fellow comes to life again, he said, coolly, 'I must get his secret, for it is very likely to be useful to me.' Wiping his cutlass, first on some long grass that pulled up, and then on his cont-sleeve, he coolly murched away with his crew."

And that certainly must have been a

settler," said the professor.

By no means," added t "By no means," added the doctor. "After a time the convict returned to consciousness. " After Fearfully weak, he was tormented with a burning thirst; but was still alive. With much effort, and various faintings, he managed to crawl in the direction of a stream that ran riotous'y and sonorously down the rocky vatley, and there quenched his burning thirst in the deliciously cold water. Again ex-hausted, he sank back on the bank; and would no doubt have perished, had not a stockman come in quest of stray cattle. He removed him to his hut, having first bound up the wound in his chest; and, after a long period of illness and detrility the man was once more well, and determined to return, and deliver himself up to the authorities at Hobart Town, where you may be sure, his story and the confirmatory scars upon him, excited an immense sensation.

" But how could the man survive a thrust through the body!" said the professor, in

amazement.

"It was a mere case of loss of blood," replied the doctor; "the weapon had luckily passed between the ribs without touching any vital part, and the man had swooned

from agony and hamorrhage."

"Horrid times!" ejaculated Fitz. "In those days of unnatural history, natural history, of course, was not. Only think of standling on Musquito or Howe, who may be called the Tasmanian Alexander the Great : for, literally—

* Thuse he tought his battles o'er,

And three he slew the slain.

"Fie, Fritz!" said the doctor, laughing.
"Yet, even in my early days, here I botamised and entomologised. And that was the sole cause of my encountering any danger, or being compelled to shed blood."

"To shed blood!" simultaneous claimed his beavers.

A serious cloud passed over doctor's features, and in a different added-" Yes! In all my rough and rides in this insular depot of excited ! in all my night wanderings, when must be the case, to often distant in the very worst parts of the island always found my profession and my an intallible safeguard. Whenever been stopped by outlawed fellows, whenever and fame all over the island horror, to their demand of 'Who goes my reply, 'The Doctor,' brought the rejoinder—'All right! Go, in God doctor!' Nay, these very fellows many an occasion, been my guides, ec me by ways known only to themse fident that I would never betray then I owe a knowledge of passicuts through these bills that mis acquainted with. I have of refreshments from these theree humanity, when I was ready to I have oft exhaustion; more than once slept all night in their rade i in guards who had the repute of 'tute of all feelings but the most at have attended them in their su their wounds, and I have seen at revelations by the death-begs of robl murderers that would draw stone. Oh! if the world did but kne glorious faculties and feelings might tivated in youth, in the poorest an abject of our population—toads and if reptiles as they afterwards appear to in whose heads and hearts (fod has or deposited the precious jewel of capable nature-many a man, who he hither leprous with crime, and venent trodden scrpent, would have repin home to adorn society, and to accele progress towards higher knowledge

But what was the exception ?"

"This: I had but little to do, made long rambles, devoting those tions to insects which were not requipatients. In one of these, I entered township in a remote situation, and t for the night at an inu still but par nished. I observed that my bedround lock, but that was too common to any concern. But, having deposited room when I had gone up, on entering, my hands, a brace of pistols, am morocco case in which I carried my observed that these articles had moved and replaced in a very manner. I examined the pistols. to my surprise, that they had be unboaded, and that water had been into them. This gave me a strong tion, and it occurred to me that

case had been supposed to contain money and that there was a design to rob me. was too late to quit the house without notice. and without running greater risk outside than in the room itself. I carefully wiped dry and reloaded the pistols, drew with as little noise as possible a heavy chest of drawers against the door, and threw myself down in my clothes, anxiously waiting for the anticipated attack. It came. About midnight, I have a large of the series of the ser heard something at the door-force applied to push back the obstruction. My candle had burnt out; but I exclaimed, 'Who's

"'Oh! are you awake!' said a man's voice which I supposed that of the landlord; 'I want to come in for some bed linen in the drawers-a guest has just arrived, and we

can't do without it.'
"I told him nobody should come in on any account till merning. The man swore that he must and would, and proceeded to push violently at the door. On this I started up and cried, 'I esist ' or take the consequences whoever comes in here is a dead man ! the man—and he was a huge, brawny fellow—swore dreadful oaths that he would come in; and, as he furiously thrust open the door,

"Mein Gott!" exclaimed the two German gentlemen, recurring in their excitement their native tongue, though they usually spoke English like Englishmen.

"Yes," continued the doctor; "he fell, I heard a groan. I could see nothing, but I heard a great running on the stairs, and low, suppressed ex lamations of horror, and whisperings. Then all was still, and I remained in a condition which you may imagine, till morning. No one came near the chamber. At daybreak I pushed away the drawers, looked out, expecting to see a frightful stain of blood, but all was cleanthe floor had been catefully scoured.
"I descended. There was no one to be seen

"I descended. There was no one to but a girl, who looked at me with a sort of but a girl, who looked at me with a sort of but a girl, who looked at me with a sort of but a girl, who one appeared to her, and walked away. No one appeared to oppose or to question me. It seemed all like a horrible dream. As I ascended the village, a man began tolling a bell which hung in a tree by a new wooden chapel. I asked

what that meant.

" 'It is the passing-bell,' said the man, 'for the landlord down yonder, who died sud-

dealy in the night."

"The words struck me like an actual blow; went on-no one pursued me-no one ever afterwards spoke or seemed to know of the affair. A short time ago I was in that neighbourhood. The place is become a great town; a new family is in the inn, which is if such a tradition did not exist ! No one had heard a syllable about it."
"You had a narrow escape, doctor." said

his wondering friends.

"Ay; and what would I now give if had not told that dishonest landlord that I had discovered his trick, and that my pistols were once more loaded. It was his conviction that they were empty which made him secure.

"No doubt of it," replied the professor, "and enabled you to rid the country of a monster who would have victimised others if

monster who would have victimised others it he even failed with you? "That is my only comfort," said the doctor musingly; "but we must soon to bed, and before I can do that, I must relieve my nond of another scene, which I can only effect by giving it words, and thus maure my sleep have just witnessed the end of one of those extraordinary criminals which it requires the air of Europe and that of new colonies combined, to produce.

"What criminal can that be?" asked the naturalists, their attention excited by the expectation of some novelty in their own re-

gion of inquiry.

"It is the land-shark," said the doctor.

"It is the land-shark!" said the eager expectants, laughing; "that must be a lusus nature, a nondescript, indeed."

"No," replied the doctor; "it is a creature."

well known, accurately described and classified, no sport of nature, but the offspring of colonial life and of the spirit of modern Europe. You have seen the Tasmanian devil—a furious beast that will devour its own species when wounded. The band-shark is even a worse devourer of his kind. You have seen how horses here will paw up and devour earth on which salt has been spalled (

"Yes," said Fritz, merrily; "I know that to my cost; for many a time have I had to rise and rush forth in the night was, undressed, chase away into the bush wretched horses who were champing, and pawing, and snorcing close to our tent, where our host laid poured out the salt water from pickled beef."

"Well," continued the doctor, "the landshark swallows up earth by acres and leagues; the webi-wolf of Scandinavian legends never had such a capacity for the marvellous in Australia has produced no lim, deglutition. tiger, trizzly bear, or such terocrous monsters, but it has produced the land shark, and that is a monstrum horrendum worse than all of them put together. It is worse, because it wears the shape of a man; and, with a face as innocent, as meek, and placed as a manticora or a syren, takes shelter under human haws. In a word, a land-shark is a thing which combines all the attributes of the incubus, the cannibal, the vampyre, and the choke-damp. Where it lives nobody else can rive. It is the upas-tree become annuated and, walking over the southern world like a new Franceistein, producing stagnation, dis-tortion, death-in-life, and desolution wherever it arrives. It is the regrater and forestaller

of the old world, against whose inhuman actice so many statutes have been enacted, thus turned up as the opponent of Providence

in a new sphere. It is the meal-worm of the shop converted by what it feeds on into the hungry caterpillar of these lands.

"I have to-day stood by the death-bed of a primate of this class. Peter Stonecrop was one of the earliest inhabitants of this colony, and his death will make a sensation, Of his beginning, which must have been tolerably obscure, I know nothing; but he was an illiterate man, and sordid from the first known of him. He got a large grant of land known of him. He got a large grant of land here, when grants were going as freely as the winds or the clouds. He never cultivated it. He bought more land—cheap, dog cheap-but he never cultivated it. What he got h kept, for he spent nothing. A hut scarcely fit for a labourer was his sole abode. He never could afford to marry. He was in this respect more penurious than Long Clarke, a congener, and the prince of land-sharks.

Peter Stonecrop is little behind his celebrated chief, I mean in accumulation of lands.

Though to-day he possesses but some six feet of earth, yesterday he was lord of fifty thousand acres. In one respect his influence has been more mischievous than Clarke's; for he has contrived to pitch, with a singular fore-sight, on a whole host of places that must, in the nature of things, become populous and influential. Where a port was needed, they had to repurchase the site from Stonecrop, at cent. per cent. cost. Where a town should spring up, the purchases of Stonecrop stood in the way, and turned the tide of building into a far worse position. Where families into a far worse position. Where families longed to settle, and saw in imagination fertile farms and happy homes, Stonecrop had put his hand on the waste, and a waste it re-mained. Thus have this man and his congeners, gone on obstructing settlement, distorting progress, pushing back from the warm sunshine of existence thousands of human human because there was no place for crentures, them in the new and beautiful lands which them in the new and beautiful lands which God has revealed to the deserving uses of crowded Europe. Imagine Esttery Point, in Hobart Town, with its magnificent situation on the estuary, and in the very centre of the new metropolis, being bought by the father of the present excellent termode for eight hundred pounds. Imagine what it is worth now, with its sites, its buildings, its capabilities, nay, its necessities—every foot of earth precious as so much gold-dust. It is such precious as so much gold-dust. It is such startling, prominent, exciting spectacles, that starting, prominent, exercises, have created the tribe of voracious, yet indi-have created the tribe of voracious, yet indi-land abaseks. But it is in Victoria gesting hand-sharks. But it is in Victoria that the race and the mischief have at length culminated. There, the in-rushing terrents of gold-seckers have found the equatter and the land-shark in a condition terrible as an vives I had rendered him. I theref antarctic frost. What the one was reinctantly careful to charge him as moderately compelled to let go, the other seized. The sine. I left bound to rely on his gor land-shark was before the population, but He took his bill, paid me exactly to

certain of its arrival purchasing un tracts when they were to be had, the government offered modicums of I the clamorous public, the land-star there, and outbil them, because he wait, and knew that the higher the p population the higher the price. no strangers to the outeries on that Straits for land: the indignant remon and the reflux of deeparing constant those fair and fertile shores, who squatter and the land-shark reign—th a monopoly that amazes all wise m fills the valleys and prairies of Ameri millions on millions of people meant i vidence for the planters and forefathe glorious England of the south. You hear, if this unholy alliance be not seancelled, of woful tempests of vai pressed passion, and melancholy chron bloodshed.

Adelaide is the only Australian which, warned by the vicinity of the pro monster, has guarded against him, offered to the small capitalist the onity of securing small farms; and it its reward in a numerous, increasing, the and happy rural population, capable of sending out surplus produce to the ridden Victoria. But to my man.

"Peter Stonecrop was one of my ver patients, and he taught me one of my e patients, and he taught in our lessons of caution. He came to me violent inflammation of the plents doubtless selected me, as a young, and hand a cheap practitioner. He hoped, a cheap practitioner. He a able medical man, and in agomes whe enabled him to endure, arrived at my Any other individual would have sen medical man to come to him, but his rious soul would not allow him such al I opened my door, and saw him sente white, bony steed. I involuntarily the of Death upon the pale horse; such ghastly and tortured aspect.

"I took him in, dectored, nursed, "I took him in, dectored, nursed, as him for a month. As he grew nearly he began to talk to me of my practic prospects. Said he knew it was anxious up-hill work for a young man in a next candidly confessed it was, and he a thised—as I thought, feelingly—wit He frequently shook his head seriously tered, 'Yes; hard work, very hard but we must help one another. My harden let me know what I over you doctor, let me know what I owe you been very kind to me, and I hope show myself sensible of it."

"My impresson was that he meant to me some handsome present-somet respondent to his ample fortune, and

thing, called for his horse, and rode off. The land-shark and the miser are one.

"Twenty years have flown since then. Old age has only bent his iron frame nearer to the earth which held his soul. If ever there was thing of the earth, earthy, it was Stonecrop. Like Mammon,

The least erected spirit that fell

From Heaven, for even in Heaven his looks and thoughts

Were always downward bent,

Stonecrop seemed only to see the earth, and be anxious of its existence. Whether he be anxious of its existence. Whether he ever saw the sky, with its translucent and inspiring universe of suns and worlds, is doubtful, but certainly it never suggested to him vast colonies of spiritual life, and all the sublime thoughts that claim for us kinship with the infinite. From time to time and stories of hard dealings and oppressive acts towards widows and orphaus, over whose property he had extended his more towards used. property he had extended his mortgage net, reached the public, and of wondrous sums of of no more real use to him than so oyster-shells. From the day that I restored him to a worthless life, he never came again under my hands, and never did me the slightest kindness.

"Yet, the other day came a messenger with hot haste to call me to him. Stonecrop, he said, was dying, or feared so. A new settlement was laid out on the western coast, the vultures of speculation had already flocked there, and Stoneerop was put in the field. He had pounced on various lots just when an acute surveyor should have reserved them public. He had possessed himself of site for quays and wharves, for the for the public. the only erection of a church, and for the supply of spring water. He had managed to monopolise woodlands, just where their magnificent timber was at hand for exportation. If they wanted a market, they must re-buy it of

"From what the man could tell me, I per-ceived that the very complaint of which I had formerly relieved him, had seized him once more in his old age. I believed his time was come, but I did not feel justified in refusing his call under such solemn circumstances, where no other aid was to be got; I resolved, however, to make a stand for some fair remu-neration this time. When the messenger aw I hesitated to undertake the journey, he wall of from his nocket an open note. It was pulled from his pocket an open note. in Stonecrop's own scraggy, scrambling hand, new almost illegible from feebleness; but it offered large terms, which showed that he doubted of my coming. I wrote at the foot of the note that I accepted them, and made the messenger witness it. We went.
"When we descended into this new town-

ship it was evening, almost dark, and there was a fog so thick that as my guide said, 'you might almost hang your hat up on it.'
We made our way through roods of mire a yard deep, ploughed up by bullock-teams; I cannot die. I have so much to do.'

and piles of sawn timber, and trunks of felled trees, amongst blazing fires that blinded us, when near, and which gave us no help at a distance for the dense haze. In the mults of all the indescribable confusion, discomfort, and ugliness of such a mescent settlement, we found our great man, domicited in a mere shed, which had been erected by some There he had cooked for himself and, if one might jest on such a subject, had literally taken in and done for himself. The literally taken in and done for himself. dampness of that low, hollow spot, and the

incessant rains had again produced a pleurisy.

"A kind-hearted woman, the wife of a drayman just by, had gone in at his crees, and nursed him to the best of her ability. She described his agonies and moans as having been terrible; and when I said, 'but he is still now; ' she gave a look full of meaning,

and said:
"'Yes, and to my thinking will soon be

A candle burnt on a deal box, besides the bedstead, the only wide awake, hut. The wretched man lay wide awake, watching with a keen look the doorway, and an I advanced he lifted up his right hand, besides the bedstead, the only furniture of the and said-

"That's you, doctor; but I'm better, we were in too great a hurry. You'll consider

that, eh?'
"You are better, you think?'
"O, much better! my pains are gone They were shocking, shocking. If I could but move my legs—but they seem to be bad. Yet what can all them? I am better, much better.'

" During this time I was feeling his pulse. He watched me with a look which betrayed a far deeper anxiety than his words would I put down his arm quietly, and indicate. sate in solemn silence on a rude stool, which

the woman brought me to his bedside.
"'You think me better, doctor, don't you?'
said the wasted old man with a guastly and
cager look. 'You must think so, I am so

easy now.'
"'Mr. Stonecrop,' I said, in a tone to prepare him as well as I could for the truth. 'You are now an old man, and no circumstance should take you by surprise, especially where it concerns your most important athers. You are easy; thank God for it; but don't calculate upon that as delaying the crisis at which we must all arrive. I cannot flatter

which we must all arrive. I cannot flatter you with hopes of recovery.

"The thin, prominent features of the dying man, which looked wan and bloodless before, at these words grew livid. His eyes glared on me with a fearful expression, their white gleaming with a strange largeness and glaziness. He clutched me by the sleeve within an iron grass.

"At these words, he lay for a few moments, as if stunned. Then, dragging hard at my sleeve, he exclaimed, in a fearful, gasping voice, between a screech and a whisper—

voice, between a screech and a whisper—
"No, no, doctor, you must not say that!
You won't say that! Save me! Save me!
and take half my land."

"' Not all the land on earth,' I said, 'could save you for a second beyond the two short hours that the progress of your disease has

marked out for you

" But you must save me, doctor. You can bit; you did it before. Think what I have do it; you did it before. Think what I have to do; what affairs I have unsettled; and that Widow Tredgold, who prayed that I might never see her mortgaged fields again. What won't she say? A judgment she'll call it. No, no, doctor, save me! Say but the word, and I'll forgive the widow ali. And those Hexham's children—them, too—them, too! O Lord! O Lord! who would have to do with widows and orphans! A man has no chance. There is no driving a large of with them with any confort college. bargain with them with any comfort—only trouble, trouble! But let them do just as they like. Doctor, say the word, and I'll build a church here. They'll want one. I'll build a church here. They'll want one. Say it at once, doctor. I can't die, for I have so much -so very much to do!

"Have you made your will I'
"No—yea, I once did. I left my nephew the land, and my two nieces the houses and the money. But it would not do. When I looked on my lands they seemed no longer mine. These, I said, are Tom's: and when I looked at the houses and securities, these, I said, are Mary's and Jane's. No, no; they were no longer mine. I could not feel them mine, and I tore up the will.

You must make another.

"'Yes, yes, doctor—you'll give me time for at? Oh, I have much—so very much to

"I gave the woman instructions to fetch in "I gave the woman instructions to fetch in pen and paper, quickly; but such things are not soon procured in such a spot. When she was gone, I added: 'And your Maker, who has crowned you with so much of his wealth, how stand your preparations with him?'
"Time change for that, doctor. Let us make the will first. That's the first thing—

must be done first.

" He end-avoured to turn himself, as if to be ready to dictate; but sudden spasms seized him; he gasped for breath; clutched convulsively my sleeve; grouned, his head tell back, and with a deep sigh, saying half-audibly, I have so much—to do! the days of the great owner of many lands were over. The shrewd foreseer of events, the sugarnous speculator, the keen safe bargainer, died, with his chief work unaccomplished—the grand bargain of existence unsecured!

"It has required the sharp ride of ver rock, and stone, and fallen true time to do itin. Your hours, nay your minutes, are numbered."

"At these words, he lay for a few moments, as if stunned. Then, dragging hard at my dissipate the black impression of that he avelaimed, in a fearful, gasping but these friends threw themselves.

The three friends threw themselve their hard concles; and, at break of were travelling through a region of a cent mountains, with a bright sun be above them amid flying clouds, toware hospitable home of the accomplish

popular Lisculapius.

A ZOOLOGICAL AUCTION

We have been present at auctions kinds; we have seen a single gold or size of a five-shilling piece sold for tw dred and sixty-five pounds. We have fessil sprat soid for as many sovereign had ribs; and we have seen an arden chologist give a fabulous sum for enc shell, and having obtained it, then are crush it under his foot, in order th specimen of this peculiar shell, in at home, should still remain the or sentative of the species known to we were never present at an anet amused us so much as that held at the Zoological Cardens, the twenty-sev November last, when the whole colle animals belonging to that establishme

brought to the hammer.

On the south side of London, would appear, is on the decline—muc dancing in the ascendant; for the idea proprietor is, having got rid of all h stock, to build a very large concert capable of holding ten thousand personnel M. Jullien and his celebrated ba to give promenade concerts, &c.

It was a dull misty morning when red the gardens, some few minute tered the gardens, some few the sale had commenced, and they the picture of wretchedness. The m Sebastopol, whose cannon last summer dered simultaneously with the cannon prototype far away in the Crimea, we silent; the wooden Zouave and the aguardsman, wearied with the long siegstanding at anything but 'tention; we Allies had done for the real Sebuston elements had done for its model—ruin and desolation.

Not far from Sebastopol was the agoing on; the head of Mr. Stevens the tioneer formed a centre round who crowd was collected. " Eight shilling wax-bill and two cut-throat sparrows. "A paradise grakel—nine shifting—you, sir. The next lot—a red soil macaw. No. There is some mistake—low and blue macaw. What shall we this fine bird, gentlemen (Three pound)

for Now for the snakes. There were only five snakes for sale, and these all boa-constrictors; one came from South America, the others all from India. The Yankee was bought for five guineas, the others at prices varying from two to four pounds. The sale was a peripatetic one, and the auctioneer, having descended from his chair, we all followed submissively a man, who carried the chair in one hand and rang a bell with the other. Suddenly the bell ceased;

you have a bargain, sir. A sulphur-crested cockaton—two guineas—mind your fagers, sir; that lot is spiteful. The next lon—an armadillo—what shall I say for the armadillo, gentlemen? Ten shillings?—thirty?—

dying squirrels—one pound—cheap as things go Now for the snakes." There were only five snakes for sale and the

the chair was pitched opposite the aviary, and business began again.

During our short walk we had time to look about us at the company. There were about five hundred people present, who consisted of regular animal-lealers (very properly repre-sented by Mr. Jamrack of Ratcliff Highway, the greatest animal merchant in the world), of proprietors of shows, both great and sm., from the Messrs. Wombwell, who own no less than five travelling menagories, to your scantily clad man who owns the penny show, and who has just bought the smallest and the cheapest of the boa-constrictors, to be shown to gaping villagers at country fairs

Then we noticed, as the morning papers say, many London bird-stuffers, who came to they could pick up something whereon to show their dexterity in taxidermy; also a deputation from the Regent's Park Gardens (now triumphant), as well as from the natural the were imposint, as well as from the natural history department of the Crystal Palace. Lastly, many who, like ourselves, came to learn the value of an elephant or a lion. This crowd of naturalists, therefore, halted in front of the hawk's cage, the occupier of which was shortly sold for one pound seven shallings. Then came two Indian falcons, two pounds ten shillings each. Then, a pair white for either white-brawn) starks of white (or rather whity-brown) storks,— they sold for sexteen shillings; but lately were sold in Leadenhall Market at shidings and sixpence each; so somebody was present who evidently did not know the value of storks. A black stork (being like another black bird well known to school-boys, a rare bird) brought two pounds six stillings. Then followed lot fifty-seven, a pelecan, a very amiable, or else a very hungery bird, for he kept jabbering with his great bill at the numerous gloves held out to him, and endeavouring to swallow them. Here a spirited competition began, and the bird was at length knocked down for eighteen gouteas. In faypt, a friend informs no, he ately beight a much finer bird for two hillings, which makes me think seriously of speculating in pelicans. The reason why a bear as we ever saw, sold for only six

The raven (talks well) was not put up for sale. May-be he had talked his master into keeping him; for he was the only lot advertised that was not put up for sale, except an Indian leopard wno had died since his name was put in print. Next came the his name was put in print. Next came the monkeys. Great was the rush to the monkey house, which was speedily filled, but as speedily emptied again; for Mr. Sevens wisely took up his position outside, under cover of the wooden guns of one of the Sebastopol batteries. But though the folks were so anxious to see the monkeys, they did not seem equally anxious to buy; for the biddings were few and far between. The first lot was a Rhesus monkey-a fine name for an ugly creature. He was sold for twelve shillings, as also were two more of a sandar species. Then followed divers sorts of monkeys rejoicing in divers names, such as bonnet, green sooty, macague, et cetera; but none of them fetched more than ten shallings each; and one of the customers wanted Mr. Stevens to give him an organ into the bar gam. Another wanted his monkey—a great savage Barbary ape—delivered immediately, which Mr. S. said he really could not under-

take to do, but he would be happy to receive the money for him on the spot.

Lot eighty-three—a Russian cat—was looked forward to with anxiety by sundry persons present. But it turned out to be a persons present. But it turned out to be a very ordinary-looking cat, very like a common English black cat. Besides which, it was kept in a cage, which did not promise well for future domesticity by the lire-sade of the enemes of its country: so it was sold for the sum of ten shillings.

It was getting cold, and we all ran off after the bell and the chair, to the opposite side of the gardens. Here, two jackals were the first sold—twenty-four shillings the two. Then a pair of porcupines—good slow.

Then a pair of porcupines - good show animals again -eight pounds tifteen shillings. Then an Indian goat, one four-horned steep, and one Indian sheep-only two guineas to three; cheap, at that rate, even as mutton. Then followed a red hind (who nearly de-voured our catalogue while we were looking another way), for two pounds ten shillings, Then followed the sale of six eagles, namely, two golden eagles, a wedge-tailed eagle, a sea eagle, and two from Chili. These sold at prices varying from two pounds to thereon shillings; and some of the lot, if I mustake not, are by this tame full of hay and tow, with glass eyes in their heads.

pounds six shillings. The next, also a brown bear, nearly as lug, for five pounds. The other two for four pounds, and four pounds ten shillings. Poor things: They also, by this time, are probably defunct; for they were all bought by an eminent han-dresser

in the city.

in the city.

Shortly afterwards, a hair-dresser with whom we were talking on this subject informed us that some years ago, there was a man in London, who did a good trade in bear's grease, and all with one bear—which one bear he killed three times a week. He kept the bear in an area, where he could be plainly seen by the passers by. At the appointed day the bear was made to retire from the area and shortly afterwards were heard. the area, and shortly afterwards, were heard the most dreadful yells and rearings, followed by growns as of the poor beat in the agonies of death at last. All was over and the bear's cage was brought out, apparently empty, and taken off to the docks, as the crowd were duly informed. The next morning another bear was brought back from the docks, deposited in the area, in his turn to be killed, and so on. But the truth was at last discovered. There was a certain Jew fishmonger, who went by the name of Leather-mouthed Jim, on account of his tremendously powerful voice. This man was hired on bear-killing days to produce the roars and groans of the dying animal, which he did with wonderful accuracy. On one unfortunate day, the the dying animal, which he did with wonderful accuracy. On one unfortunate day, the hair-dresser would not give the accustomed fee of five shillings. Leather-mouthed Jim imme lintely told the whole conceit, and the hair-dresser was obliged to shut up his shop. After the sale of the bears came a hybrid their with the sale of the bears came a hybrid their with the sale of the sale of the bears came as hybrid the sale of the bears came as hybrid the sale of the sale of the bears came as hybrid the sale of the bears came as hybrid account.

After the sale of the bears came a hybrid (between a zebra and wild ass), this spiteful brute sold for eight pounds, he was formerly the property of Lord Derby, and when brought up per train from that sale kicked the horse lox to pieces and did ten pounds worth of damage, so that he is dear at any price. A fine ostrich sold for twenty-seven pounds, and a hylghau for nine pounds, both fair prices. Then came the lions and tigers. The first, a fine tigress, sold for seventy-nine

guineas, not her value. one lien, for two hundred guinesthe hammer was going down the nosteod upright in his den, and looking at the crowd gave a roar of indiguate study for an artist.

The evening was now drawing in people did not seem to show signs tience, as the elephant and larger remained. "Next we will proceed elephant," exclaimed Mr. S. The done opened, and gently led by his the elephant came forth; sad and the tear boost leaked tracter. the poor beast looked, never again his cart full of happy, smiling children the gravel walks of the Survey Garceiving biscuit contributious from his employers.
"Trot him out," cried a bidder, as b

ed guineas were bid.
"By your leave," o crowd cleared away, and the eleph a sort of a mock trot; his pri the market immediately, and h the market immediately, and he was knocked down to Mr. Batty, the current prietor, for three hundred and twenty He will, therefore, be destined to a gas-light and saw-dust in the thestroof breathing the fresh air, and pural grounds of the Regent's Park than managers of which we understoom to buy him.

After the elephant came the cam and female; being stupid, they looked Nevertheless, the male was known for sixty-two pounds, the female pounds, to Mr. Edmonds, late of Wo concern. Lastly, came the giraffetoo cold for him to come out, and be was not big enough to hold the go present, so that while he was pastall in solitude, the figures two and fifty pounds were put down oppname on the entalegue outside. After the elephant came the can name on the catalogue outside, been informed on the best authority only animals bought in, were the gi the hons, and that the remainder of mals realised very feir prices in gen

THE END OF VOLUME THE TWELFTH.

THE HOLLY-TREE IN

BEING THE EXTRA CHRISTMAS NUMBER OF HOUSEHOLD WORDS.

CONDUCTED BY CHARLES DICKENS.

CONTAINING THE AMOUNT OF ONE NUMBER AND A HALF

CHRISTMAS, 1855.

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THE GUEST.

I have kept one secret in the course of my life. I am a bashful man. Nobody would suppose it, nobody ever does suppose it, nobady ever did suppose it. But, I am naturally a bashful man. This is the secret which I have never breathed until now.

I might greatly move the reader, by some account of the innumerable places I have not been to, the innumerable people I have not called upon or received, the innumerable social evasions I have been guilty of, solely because I am by original constitution and character, a bashful man. But, I will leave the reader unmoved, and proceed with the object be-

fore me.

That object is, to give a plain account of my travels and discoveries in the Holly-Tree Inn; in which place of good entertainment for man and beast, I was once snowed up.

It happened in the memorable year when I parted for ever from Angela Leath whom I was shortly to have married, on making the discovery that she preferred my bosom friend. From our school days I had freely admitted Edwin, in my own mind, to be far superior to myself, and, though I was grievously wounded at heart, I felt the preference to be natural, and tried to forgive them both. It resolved to go to America—on my way to the Devil.

Devil.
Communicating my discovery neither to Angela nor to Edwin, but resolving to write each of them an affecting letter conveying my blessing and forgiveness, which the steam-tender for shore should carry to the post when I myself should be bound for the New World, far beyond recall;—I say, locking up my grief in my own breast, and consoling myself as I could, with the prespect of being generous, I quietly left all I held dear, and started on the desolate journey I have mentioned.

The dead winter-time was in full dreari-

ness when I left my chambers for ever, at five o'clock in the morning. I had shaved by candle-light, of course, and was miserably cold, and experienced that general all-pervading sensation of getting up to be hanged, which I have usually found inseparable from untimely rising under such circumstances.

How well I remember the forlorn aspect of Fleet Street when I came out of the Temple! The street-lamps flickering in the gusty north-east wind, as if the very gas were contorted with cold; the white-topped houses; the bleak, star-lighted sky; the market people and other early stragglets, trotting, to circulate their almost frozen blood; the hospitable light and warmth of the few coffershops and public-houses that were open for such customers; the hard, dry, trosty rime with which the air was charged (the wind had already beaten it into every crevice), and which lashed my face like a steel whip.

It wanted nine days to the end of the month, and end of the year. The Postoffice packet for the United States was to depart from Liverpool, weather permitting, on the first of the ensuing month, and I had taken this into consideration, and had resolved to make a visit to a certain spot (which I need not name), on the further borders of Yorkshire. It was endeared to me by my having first seen Angela at a furnhouse in that place, and my melancholy was gratified by the idea of taking a wintry learce of it before my expatriation. I ought to explain, that to avoid being sought out before my resolution should have been rendered irrevocable by being carried into full effect. I had written to Angela overnight, in my usual manner, lamenting that urgent business—of which she should know all particulars by-and-by—took me unexpectedly away from her for a week or ten days.

There was no Northern Railway at that time, and in its place there were stage-coaches: which I occasionally find myself, in

common with some other people, affecting to lument now, but which everybody dreaded as the box-seat on the fastest of these, and my business in Fleet Street was, to get into a can with my portmanteau, so to make the best of my way to the Peacock at Islington, where I was to join this conch. But, when one of our Temple watchmen who carried my portmantean into Fleet Street for me, told me about the huge blocks of ice that had for some days past been floating in the river, having closed up in the night and made a walk from the Temple Gardens over to the Surrey shore, I began to ask myself the question, Whether the box seat would not be likely to put a sudden and a frosty end to my unhappiness? I was heart-broken, it is true, and yet I was not quite so far gone as to wish to be frozen to death.

When I got up to the Passock—where I

When I got up to the Peacock-where I found everybody drinking hot purl, in self-preservation—I asked, if there were an inside sent to spare? I then discovered that, inside sent to spare? sent to spare? I then discovered that, inside or out, I was the only passenger. This gave me a still livelier idea of the great inclemency of the weather, since that coach always loaded particularly well. However, I took a little parl (which I found uncommonly good), and got into the coach. When I was scatted, they built me up with straw to the waist, and, conscious of making a rather ridiculous appearance, I began my journey.

It was still dark when we left the Peacock.
For alittle while male uncertain ghosts of houses

For a little while, pale uncertain ghosts of houses roralittle while, pale uncertain ghosts of houses and trees appeared and vanished, and then it was hard, black, frozen day. People were lighting their fires; smoke was mounting straight up, high into the rarefied air; and we were rattling for Highgate Archway over the hardest ground I have ever heard the ring of iron shoes on. As we got into the country everythme assemed to have grown the ring of iron shoes on. As we got into the country, everything seemed to have grown old and grey. The roads, the trees, thatched roofs of cottages and homestcads, the ricks in farmers' yards. Out-door work was abandoned, horse-troughs at roadside Inus were frezen hard, no strugglers lounged about, doors were close abut, little turnpike-houses has beginn from involve and children from the country. blazing fires inside, and children (even turn-pike-people have children, and seem to like them), rubbed the frost from the little paner them), rubbed the frost from the nute panes of glass with their chubby arms, that their bright eyes might catch a glimpse of the solitary coach going by. I don't know when the snow began to set in; but, I know that we were changing horses somewhere when I heard the guard remark, "That the old lady up in the sky was picking ber geese old lady up in the sky was picking her geesc pretty hard to-day." Then, indeed, I found the white down falling fast and thick.

The lonely day wore on, and I dozed it out

The coach and horses ecemed to execute in cherus, Auld Lang Syne, with a moment's intermission. They kept the ti a moment sintermission. They kept the time and tune with the greatest regularity, and rose into the swell at the beginning of the Refrain, with a precision that worried me to death. While we changed horses, the grant and coachman went stumping up and down the road, printing off their shoes in the snow, and housed as much house. the road, printing off their shoes in the snow, and poured so much bequid consolation into themselves without being any the worse for it, that I began to confound them, as it darkened again, with two great white casks standing on end. Our horses tumbled down in solitary places, and we got them up—which was the pleasantest variety I had, for it warmed me. And it snowed and snewed, and still it snowed, and never left off snowed. All night long, we went on in this manner. Thus, we came round the clock, upon the torsal. Thus, we came round the clock, upon the Great North Road, to the performance of Aud-Lang Syne by day again. And it snowed and snowed, and still it snowed, and never left of showing.

I forget now, where we were at room on the second day, and where we ought to have been; but, I know that we were score of miles behindhand, and that our case was grown worse every hour. The drift was lessen predigiously deep; landmarks were gett... snowed out; the road and the fields were one; instead of having fences an I holgen to guide us, we went crunching on, occumbroken surface of ghastly white throught aink beneath us at any moment drop us down a whole hill-side. Still, coachman and guard—who kept together the box, always in council, and looking wabout them—made out the track with nishing sagacity.

When we came in sight of a town, it looks when we came in signt of a town, it leads to my fancy, like a large drawing on a sixty with abundance of slate-pencil expended at the churches and houses where the snew is thickest. When we came within a town, an found the church clocks all stopped, it dial-faces choked with snow, and the Insigns blotted out, it seemed as if the while place were overgrown with white mose. A place were overgrown with white more to the coach, it was a mere anowhy similarly, the men and boys who ran absende us to the town's end, turning clogged wheels and encouraging our horwere men and boys of snow; and the lowind solitude to which they at last disminus, was a snowy Suharah. One would be thought this enough; notwithstanding what I pledge my word that it snowed and street and still it snowed and never left off annual

old lady up in the sky was picking ber goesc pretty hard to-day." Then, indeed, I found the white down falling fast and thick.

The lonely day were on, and I dozed it out as a lonely traveller does. I was warm and valiant after eating and drinking—particularly o'clock at night, on a Yorkshire moon times. I was always bewildered as to time and place, and always more or less out of my moving about of lanterns, roused me traveller does.

They helped me out, and I said to a waiter, whose bare head became as white as King Lear's in a single minute: "What Innis this?"

"The Holly-Tree, sir," said he.
"Upon my word, I believe," said I, apologetically to the guard and conchusan, "that

I must stop here

Now, the landlord, and the landlady, and Now, the landford, and the landfady, and the ostler, and the postboy, and all the stable authorities, had already asked the conchman, to the wide-eyed interest of all the rest of the establishment, if he meant to go on? The coachman had already replied, "Yes, he'd take her through it"—meaning by Her, the coach—"if so be as George would stand by him." George was the guard, and he had by him." George was the guard, and he had already sworn that he would stand by him. So, the helpers were already getting the

horses out.

My declaring myself beaten, after this parley, vas not an announcement without preparation. was not an announcement without preparation. Indeed, but for the way to the announcement being smoothed by the parley, I more than doubt whether, as an inuately bashful man, I should have had the confidence to make it. As it was, it received the approval, even of the guard and coachman. Therefore, with many confirmations of my inclining, and many remarks from one bystander to another, that the gentleman could go for ard by the mail to-morrow, whereas to-night he would only be froze, and where was the good of a gentleman being froze was the good of a gentleman being froze-ab, let alone buried alive (which latter clause was added by a humorous helper as a joke at my expense, and was extremely well received), I saw my portmanteau got out stiff, like a frozen body; did the handsome thing by the guard and coachman; wished them good night and a prosperous journey; and, a little ashamed of myself after all, for leaving them to fight it out alone, followed the hundledd leadledy and waiter of the landlord, landlady, and waiter of the

Holly-Tree, up-stairs.
I thought I had never seen such a large room as that into which they showed me. It had five windows, with dark red curtains that would have absorbed the light of a general illumination; and there were complications of drapery at the top of the curtains, that went-wandering about the wall in a most extraordinary manner. I asked for a smaller room, and they told me there was no smaller room. They could screen me in, however, the land-lord said. They brought a great old japanned sercen, with natives (Japanese, I suppose), engaged in a variety of idioric pursuits all over it; and left me, roasting whole before

au immense fire.

My bedroom was some quarter of a mile off, up a great staircase, at the end of a long gallery; and nobody knows what a misery this is to a bashful man who would rather not meet people on the stairs. It was the

drowsy state. I found that we were going to grimmest room I have ever had the nightmare in ; and all the furniture, from the four posts of the bed to the two old silver candlesticks, was tall, high-shouldered, and spindle-waisted. Below, in my sitting-room, if I looked round my screen, the wind rushed at me like a mad bull; if I stuck to my arm-chair, the fire accrehed me to the colour of a new brick. The chimney-piece was very high, and there was a bad glass—what I may call a wavy glass—above it, which, when I stood up, just showed me my anterior phrenological developments—and these never look well, in any subject, cut short off at the cyebrow. If I stood with my back to the fire, a gloomy vault of durkness above and beyond the screen insisted on being looked at; and, in its dim remoteness, the drapary of the ten curtains of the five windows went twisting and creeping about, like a nest of gigantic worms. The chimney-piece was very high, and there worms.

I suppose that what I observe in myself must be observed by some other men of similar character in themselves; therefore I aimilar character in themselves; therefore I am emboldened to mention, that when I travel, I never arrive at a place but I immediately want to go away from it. Before I had finished my supper of broiled fowl and mulled port, I had impressed upon the waiter in detail, my arrangements for departure in the morning. Breakfast and bill at eight. Fly at nine. Two horses, or, if needful even four eight. Fly at ful, even four.

Tired though I was, the night appeared about a week long. In cases of nightmare, I thought of Angela, and felt more depressed than ever by the reflection that I was on the shortest road to Gretna Green. What had I shortest road to Gretna Green. to do with Gretna Green? I was not going that way to the Devil, but by the American route, I remarked, in my bitterness.

In the morning I found that it was snowing

still, that it had snowed all night, and that I was snowed up. Nothing could get out of that spot on the moor, or could come at it, until the road had been cut out by laborers from the market-town. When they might from the market-town. When they might cut their way to the Holly-Tree, nobody could

tell me.

It was now Christmas Eve. I should have had a dismal Christmas-time of it anywhere, and, consequently, that did not so much matter; still, being snowed up, was, like dying of frost, a thing I had not bargained for. I felt very lonely. Yet I could no more have proposed to the landford and hudhady to admit me to their society (though I should have liked it years much) than I could have to admit me to their society (though I should have liked it very much), than I could have asked them to present me with a piece of plate. Here my great secret, the real bushfulness of my character, is to be observed. Like most bashful men, I judge of other people as if they were bashful too. Besides being fur too shame-faced to make the proposal myself, I really had a delicate misgiving that it would be in the last degree disconcerting to them. disconcerting to them.

Trying to settle down, therefore, in my solitude, I first of all asked what books there were in the house? The waiter brought me a Book of Roads, two or three old Newspapers, a little Seng-book terminating in a collection of Toasts and Sentements, a little Jest-book, an old volume of Peregrine Pickle, and the Sentemental Journey. I knew every word of the two last already, but I read them through again; then tried to hum all the songs (Auld Lang Syne was among them); went entirely through the jokes—in which I found a fund of melancholy adapted to my state of mind; proposed all the toasts, enunciated all the sentiments, and mastered the papers. The latter had nothing in them but Stock advertisements, a meeting about a county rate, and a highway robbery. As I am a greedy reader, I could not make this supply hold out until night; it was exhausted by tea-time. Being then entirely cast upon my own resources, I got through an hour in considering what to do next. Ultimately, it came into my head (from which I was anxious by any means to exclude Angela and Edwiu), that I would endeavour to recall my experience of Inns, and would try how long it lasted me. I stirred the fire, moved my chair a little to one side of the screen—not daring to go far, for I knew the wind was waiting to make a rush at me—I could hear it growling—and began.

knew the wind was waiting to make a rush at me—I could hear it growling—and began. My first impressions of an Inn, dated from the Nursery consequently, I went back to the Nursery for a starting-point, and found myself at the knee of a sallow woman with a fishy eye, an aquiline nose, and a green gown, whose speciality was a dismal narrative of a landlord by the roadside, whese visitors unaccountably disappeared for many years, until it was discovered that the pursuit of his life had been to convert them into pies. For the better devotion of himself to this branch of industry, he had constructed a secret door behind the head of the bed; and when the visitor (oppressed with pie), had fallen asleep, this wicked landlord would look softly in with a lamp in one hand and a knife in the other, would cut his throat, and would make him into pies; for which purpose he had coppers underneath a trap-door, always boiling; and rolled out his pastry in the dead of the stings of conscience, for he never went to sleep without being heard to mutter, "Too much pepper!"—which was eventually the cause of his being brought to justice. I had no sooner disposed of this criminal than there started up another, of the same period, whose profession was, originally, housebreaking; in the house. It is also being brought to justice. I had no sooner disposed of this criminal than there started up another, of the same period, whose profession was, originally, housebreaking; in the house. It is also being brought to justice. I had no sooner disposed of this criminal than there started up another, of the same period, whose profession was, originally, housebreaking; in the house. It is also being brought to justice. I had no sooner disposed of this criminal than there started up another, of the same period, whose profession was, originally, housebreaking; in the house. It is a went to the pursuit of which art he had had his right car chopped off one might as he was burginated by the profession was, originally, housebreaking; in dark men steading u

lord of a country Inn: which landlerdkad this remarkable characteristic, that he always were a silk nightesp, and never would, on any consideration, take it off. At last, one night, when he was fast asleep, the brave said lovely woman lifted up his silk nightesp on the right side, and found that he had no ear there; upon which, she sagaciously perceived that he was the clipped housebreaker, who had married her with the intention of putting her to death. She immediately hexical the poker and terminated his career, for which she was taken to King George upon his throne, and received the compliments of royals on her great discretion and valour. The lord of a country Inn: which landlerd Lad this on her great discretion and valour 7 same narrator, who had a Ghoulish pleasu I have long been persuaded, in terrifying an the utmost confines of my reason, had anoth authentic anecdote within her own experience authentic ancedote within her own experience, founded, I now believe, upon Raymond and Agnes or the Bleeding Nun. She said it happened to her brother-in-law, who was immensely rich—which my father was not, and immensely tall—which my father was not. It was always a point with this Ghoule to present my dearest relations and friends to my youthful mind, under circumstances of disparaging contrast. The brother-in-law was riding once, through a forest on a magnificent horse (we had no magnificent horse as our house), attended by a favourite and valuable Newtoundland dog (we had no deg, when he found himself benighted, and case to an Inn. A dark woman opened the door, and he asked her if he could have a bed therebe he asked her if he could have a bed therebe answered yes, and put his horse in the stable, and took him into a room where there were two dark men. While he was at support a parrot in the room began to talk, say to. a parrot in the room began to talk, say "Blood, blood! Wipe up the blood!" U which, one of the dark men wrung the partneck, and said he was fond of roasted partneck, and said he was fond of roasted partneck. and he meant to have this one for breakf and he meant to have this one for breakfas the morning. After cating and drunk heartily, the manensely rich tall brother law went up to bed; but, he was rail vexed, because they had shut his dec the stable, saying that they never alled dogs in the house. He sat very quiet more than an hour, thinking and think when, just as his gandle was burning out, heard a scratch at the door. He opened door, and there was the Newfoundland of The dog came softly in, smelt about h The dog came softly in, smelt about went straight to some straw in a which the dark men had said covered as streped in blood. Just at that mome candle went out, and the brother-looking through a clunk in the door, a

stagnated within me for some quarter of an | distress.

These barbarous stories carried me, sitting there on the Holly-Tree hearth, to the Road-side Inn, renowned in my time in a sixpenny book with a folding plate, representing in a central compartment of oval form the portrait of Jonathan Bradford, and in four corner com-partments four incidents of the tragedy with which the name is associated—coloured with a hand at once so free and economical, that the bloom of Jonathan's complexion passed without any years into the hyperches of the without any pause into the breeches of the ostler, and, smearing itself off into the next division, became rum in a bottle. Then, I remembered how the landlord was found at the murdered traveller's bedside, with his own knife at his feet, and blood upon his hand; how he was hanged for the murder, netwith-standing his protestation, that he had indeed come there to kill the traveller for his saddlebags, but had been stricken motionless on finding him already slain; and how the ostler, years afterwards, owned the deed. By this time I had made myself quite uncomfortable, I stirred the fire, and stood with my back to it, as long as I could bear the heat, looking up at the darkness beyond the screen, and at the wormy curtains creeping in and creeping out,

at the darkness beyond the screen, and at the
wormy curtains creeping in and creeping out,
like the worms in the ballad of Alonzo the
Brave and the fair Imogene.

There was an Inn in the cathedral town
where I went to school, which had pleasanter
recollections about it than any of these. I
took it next. It was the Inn where friends
used to put up and where we used to go to used to put up, and where we used to go to see parents, and to have salmon and fowls, and be tipped. It had an ecclesiastical sign—the Mitro—and a bar that seemed to be the next best thing to a bishopric, it was so saug. I loved the landlord's youngest daughter to distraction—but let that pass. It was in this Inn that I was cried over by my rosy little sister, because I had acquired a black eye in a fight. And though she had been, that Holly-Tree night, for many a long year where all tears are dried, the Mitre softened we yet

a long year where all tears are dried, the Mitre softened me yet.

"To be continued, to-morrow," said I, when I took my candle to go to bed. But, my bed took it upon itself to continue the train of thought that night. It carried me away, like the enchanted carpet, to a distant place (though still in England), and there, alighting from a stage-coach at another Inn in the snew, as I had actually done some years before, I repeated in my sleep, a curious experience I had really had there. More than a year before I made the journey in the course of which I put up at that Inn, I had lost a

distress. It was at a lonely Inn in a wide moorland place, that I halted to pass the night. When I had looked from my bedroom window over the waste of snow on which the moon was shining, I sat down by my fire, to write a letter. I had always, until that hour, kept it within my own breast that I dreamed every night of the dear lost one. But, in the letter that I wrote, I recorded the circumstance, and added that I felt much interested in proving whether the subject of my dream would still be faithful to me, travel-tired, and in that rewhether the subject of my dream would still be faithful to me, travel-tired, and in that remote place. No. I lost the beloved figure of my vision in parting with the secret. My sleep has never looked upon it since, in sixteen years, but once. I was in Italy, and awoke (or seemed to awake), the well-remembered voice distinctly in my ears, conversing with it. I entreated it, as it rose above my bed and seared up to the vaulted roof of the old room to answer me a question I had asked. old room, to answer me a question I had asked, touching the Future Life. My hands were still outstretched towards it as it vanished, when I heard a bell ringing by the garden wall, and a voice, in the deep stillness of the night, calling on all good Christians to pray for the souls of the dead; it being All Souls Eve.

To return to the Holly-Tree. When I

To return to the Holly-Tree. When I awoke next day, it was freezing hard, and the lowering sky threatened more snow. My breakfast cleared away, I drew my chair into its former place, and, with the fire getting so much the better of the landscape that I sat in twilight, resumed my Inn remembrances.

That was a good Inn down in Wittshire where I put up once, in the days of the hard Wiltshire ale, and before all beer was bitterness. It was on the skirts of Salisbury Plain, and the midnight wind that rattled my lattice window, came moaning at me from

lattice window, came moaning at me from Stonehenge. There was a hanger-on at that btoliehenge. There was a langer-on at that case tablishment (a supernaturally-preserved Druid, I believe him to have been, and to be still), with long white hair, and a flinty blue eye always looking afar off: who claimed to have been a shepherd, and who seemed to be ever watching for the re-appearance on the verge of the horizon, of some ghostly flock of sheep that had been mutton for many ages. He was a man with a weird belief in him that no one could count the stones of Stonethought that night. It carried me away, like the enchanted carpet, to a distant place (though still in England), and there, alighting from a stage-coach at another Inn in the show, as I had actually done some years before, I repeated in my sleep, a curious experience I had really had there. More than a year before I made the journey in the course of which I put up at that Inn, I had lost a very near and dear friend by death. Every the best of which I put up at that Inn, I had lost a tright stuce, at home or away from home, I had dreamed of that friend; sometimes, as still living; sometimes, as returning from the world of shadows to comfort me; always, as being beautiful, placid, and happy; never in association with any approach to fear or to be a lean dwarf man upon a little pony. rated into a wingless state, and running along the ground. Resolved to capture him or perish in the attempt, he closed with the bus-tard; but, the bustard, who had formed a counter-resolution that he should do neither, threw him, stunned him, and was last seen making off due west. This weird man at that stage off due west. This weird man at that stage of metempsychosis, may have been a sleep-walker, or an enthusiast, or a robber; but, I awake one night to find him in the dark at my bedside, repeating the Athanasian Creed in a terrific voice. I paid my bill next day, and retired from the county with all possible

precipitation.

That was not a common-place story which worked itself out at a little Inn in Switzer-land, while I was staying there. It was a very homely place, in a village of one narrow, zig-zag street among mountains, and you went in at the main door through the cow-house, and among the mules and the dogs and the fowls, before ascending a great bare stair-case to the rooms; which were all of unpainted wood, without plastering or papering-like rough packing-cases. Outside, there was nothing but the straggling street, a little toy church with a copper-coloured steeple, a pine forest, a torrent, mists, and mountain-sides. A young man belonging to this Inn, had disappeared eight weeks before (it was winter-time), and was supposed to have had some undiscovered love affair, and to have gone for a soldier. He had got up in the night, and dropped into the village street from the loft in which he slept with another man; and loft in which he slept with another man; and he had done it so quietly, that his companion and fellow-laborer had heard no movement when he was awakened in the morning, and they said "Louis, where is Henril" They looked for him high and low, in vain, and gave him up. Now, outside this lim there also as those stood as th he had done it so quietly, that his companion and fellow-laborer had heard no movement when he was awakened in the morning, and they said "Louis, where is Henri?" They looked for him high and low, in vain, and gave him up. Now, outside this Inn there stood, as there stood outside every dwelling in the village, a stack of firewood; but, the attack belonging to the Inn was higher than any of the rest, because the Inn was the richest house and burnt the most fuel. It began to be noticed, while they were looking high and low, that a Bantam cock, part of the livestock of the Inn, put himself wonderfully out of his way to get to the top of this woodstack; and that he would stay there for hours and hours, crowing, until he appeared in danger of splitting himself. Five weeks went on—six weeks—and still this terrible Bantam, neglecting his domestic affairs, was always on the top of the wood-stack, crowing the very eye, out of his head. By this time it was perceived that Louis had become inspired with a violent animosity towards the terrible Bantam, and one morning he was seen by a woman who sat nursing her goltre.

Having followed this object for some distance at a little window in a gleam of sun, to catch without gaining on it, and having called to up a rough billet of wood, with a great eath, it many times without receiving any answer, burl it at the terrible Bantam crowing on he pursued it for miles and miles, when, at length coming up with it, he discovered it to be the last bustard in Great Britain, degenerated into a wingless state, and running along the ground. Resolved to capture him or those wood-stack, and, being a good climber, as all the ground. Resolved to capture him or those women are, climbed up, and soon was seen much the summit, acceptance, because seen upon the summit, accaming, look down the hollow within, and crying. "So Louis, the murderer! Ring the church be there is the body!" I saw the muste that day, and I saw him as I sat by my tist the Holly-Tree Inn, and I see him now, ly shackled with cords on the stable litter, a shackled with cords on the stable litter, ame the mild eyes and the smoking breath of cows, waiting to be taken away by the poland stared at by the fearful village. A heatimal—the dullest animal in the stable with a stupid head, and a lumpish face void of any trace of sensibility, who been, within the knowledge of the murde youth, an embezzler of certain small mean helpping to his master and who had tall youth, an embezzler of certain small membelonging to his master, and who had taithis hopeful mode of putting a possible actual of this hopeful mode of putting a possible actual this hopeful mode. All of which he confessions that who could be troubled any more, now that they had hold of him and meant to make an end him. I saw him once again, on the day my departure from the Inn. In that Continue headsman still does his office. my departure from the Inn. In that Coult the headsman still does his office with sword; and I came upon this murde sitting bound to a charr, with he shandaged, on a scaffold in a little mark place. In that instant, a great sword show with quicksilver in the thick part of a blade), swept round him like a gust of war fire, and there was no such creature in a or fire, and there was no such creature in the world. My wonder was—not that he was suddenly dispatched, but that any head was left unreaped, within a radius of fifty variation of that tremendous sickle.

screen, and penetrated as far as the fourth window. Hore, I was driven back by stress of weather. Arrived at my winter quarters once more, I made up the fire, and took

another Inn.

It was in the remotest part of Cornwall. great annual Miners' Feast was being holden at the Inn, when I and my travelling companions presented ourselves at night among the wild crowd that were dancing before it by torchlight. We had had a before it by torchlight. We had had as break-down in the dark, on a stony morass some miles away; and I had the honor of leading one of the unharnessed post-horses. If any lady or gentleman on perusal of the present lines, will take any very tall post-horse with his traces hauging about his legs, and will conduct him by the bearing-rein into the heart of a country dance of a rein into the heart of a country dance of a hundred and fifty couples, that lady or gentle-man will then, and only then, form an adequate idea of the extent to which that post-horse will trend on his conductor's toes. Over and above which, the post horse, finding three hundred people whirling about him, will probably rear, and also lash out with his hind legs, in a manner incompatible with dignity or self-respect on his conductor's part. With such little drawbacks on my usually impressive aspect, I appeared at this Cornish Inn, to the unutterable wonder of the Cornish Miners. It was full, and twenty times full, and nobody could be received but the post-horse—though to get rid of that noble animal was something. While my fellow-travellers and I were discussing how to pass the night and so much of the next day as must intervene before the jovial Over and above which, the post horse, findnext day as must intervene before the jovial blacksmith and the jovial wheelwright would be in a condition to go out on the morass and mend the coach, an honest man stepped forth afraid), playing outside the door while I took

from the crowd and proposed his unlet floor of two rooms, with supper of eggs and bacon, ale and punch. We joyfully accompanied him home to the strangest of clean homes, where we were well entertained to the satisfaction of all parties. But, the novel feature of the entertainment was, that our host was a chairmaker, and that the chairs assigned to us were mere frames, altogether without bottoms of any sort; so that we passed the evening on perches. Nor was this the absurdest consequence; for when we unbent at supper, and any one of us gave way to laughter, he forgot the peculiarity of his position, and instantly disappeared. I my-self, doubled up into an attitude from which self extrication was impossible, was taken out of my frame, like a Clown in a comic panto-mine who has tumbled into a tub, five times by the taper's light during the eggs and bacon.
The Holly-Tree was fast reviving within me

a sense of loneliness. I began to feel conscious that my subject would never carry me ou was dug out. I might be a week here

weeks!

There was a story with a singular idea in it, connected with an Inn I once passed a night at, in a picturesque old town on the Welch horder. In a large, double-bedded room of this Inn, there had been a suicide committed by poison, in one bed, while a committed by poison, in one bed, while a tired traveller alept unconscious in the other. that time, the suicide bed was never used, but the other constantly was: the disbedstead remaining in the room empty, though as to all other respects in its old stat The story ran, that whoseever slept in this room, though never so entire a stranger, from never so far off, was invariably observed to come down in the morning with an impres-sion that he smelt Laudanum; and that his mind always turned upon the subject of suicide; to which, whatever kind of man he wight he he was certain to make some refermight be, he was certain to make some reference if he conversed with any one. This went on for years, until it at length induced the landlord to take the disused bedstead down, and bodily burn it—bed, hangings, and all. The strange influence (this was the story), now changed to a fainter one, but never changed afterwards. The occupant of that room, with occasional but very rare exercises, resultings, resultings. ceptions, would come down in the morning, trying to recall a forgotten dream he had had in the night. The landlerd, on his mentioning his perplexity, would suggest various common-place subjects, not one of which, as he very well knew, was the true subject. But the moment the landlord suggested "Poison," the traveller started, and cried "Yes!" never failed to accept that suggestion, and he

never recalled any more of the dream.

This reminiscence brought the Welch Iuns in general, before me; with the women in their round hats, and the harpers with their

my dinner. The transition was natural to the Highland Inns, with the catmeal ban-nocks, the honey, the venison steaks, the trout from the loch, the whiskey, and perhaps (having the materials so temptingly at hand) the Athol brose. Once, was I coming south from the Scottish Highlands in hot haste, from the Scottish Highlands in hot haste, heping to change quickly at the station at the bottom of a certain wild historical glen, when these eyes did with mortification see the landlord come out with a telescope and sweep the whole prospect for the horses: which horses were away picking up their own living, and did not heave in sight under four hours. Having thought of the loch-trout I was taken by quick association to the Anglers' Inna of England (I have assisted at inpurate Inns of England (I have assisted at innumerable feats of angling, by lying in the bottom of the boat, whole summer days, doing nothing with the greatest perseverance: which I have generally found to be as effectual towards the taking of fish as the finest tackle and the utmost science); and to the pleasant white, clean, flower-pot decorated bed-rooms of those inns, overlooking the river, and the ferry, and the green ait, and the church-spire, and the country bridge; and to the peerless Emma with the bright eyes and the pretty smile, who waited, bless her! with a natural grace that would have converted Beard. Casting my eyes upon my Holly-Tree fire, I next discerned among the glowing coals, the pictures of a score or more of those wonderful English posting-inns which we are all so sorry to have lost, which were so large and so comfortable, and which were such and so comfortable, and which were such monuments of British submission to rapacity and extortion. He who would see these houses pining away, let him walk from Basingstoke or even Windsor to London, by way of Hounslow, and moralise on their perishing remains; the stables crumbling to dust; unsettled laborers and wanderers bivonacing in the outhouses; grass growing in the yards; the rooms where exit growing in the yards; the rooms where erst so many hundred beds of down were made up, let off to Irish lodgers at eighteen-pence a-week; a little ill-looking beer-shop shrink-ing in the test of forces been been been been ing in the tap of former days, burning coach-house gates for fire-wood, having one of its two windows bunged up, as if it had received punishment in a fight with the Railroad; a low, bandy-legged, brick-mak-ing bulldog standing in the door-way. What ing bulldog standing in the door-way. What could I next see in my fire, so naturally, as the new railway-house of these times near the dismal country station; with nothing particular on draught but cold air and damp, nothing worth mentioning in the larder but new mortar, and no business doing, beyond a conceited affectation of luggage in the hall? Then, I came to the Inns of Paris, with the pretty appartement of four pieces up one hundred and seventy-five waxed stairs, the privilege of ringing the bell all day long without influencing anybody's mind or body but your own, and

the not-too-much-for-dinner, considering the price. Next, to the provincial luns of France, with the great church-tower roung above the courtyard, the horse-bells jinging merrily up and down the street beyond, at the clocks of all descriptions in all the rooms, which are para right. which are never right, unless taken at the pre-cise minute when by getting exactly twelve hours too fast or too slow, they unintenter-ally become so. Away I went, next, to the lesser road-side Inns of Italy; where all the days elethes in the house (not in wear) are always lying in your ante-room; where the mosquitous make a raisin pudding of your face in sommer, and the cold bites it blue in winter; where you get what you can, and forget what you can't; where I should again like to be boding my tea in a pocket-handkerehief dumping. For what to the cold make the c want of a ten-pot. So, to the old palace and old monastery Inna, in towns cities of the same bright country; cities of the same bught country; whence you may look from among whence you may look from among tering pillars high into the blue vanit Heaven; with their stately temperations, and vast refectories; with their larinths of ghostly bed-chambers, and their larinths of ghostly bed-chambers, and their larinths of ghostly bed-chambers, and their planeses into gorgeous streets that have appearance of reality or possibility. So, to close little Inns of the Malarra districts, witheir pale attendants, and their peasured of never letting in the air. So, to immense fantastic Inus of Venics, withery of the gondolier below, as he skins corner; the grip of the watery colors of particular little bit of the bridge of a nose (which is never released while your there); and the great bell of St Mark states. there); and the great bell of St. Mark's dral tolling midnight. Next, I put up for nute at the restless Inns upon the Rhine. your going to bed, no matter at what your going to bed, no matter at what happears to be the toesin for averybally agetting up; and where, in the table of getting up; and where, in the table of the long table (with a ral Towers of Babel on it at the other eral made of white plates), one knot of atout sho entirely drest in jewels and dirt, and has nothing else upon them, will remain all to clinking glasses, and singing about the mathat flows and the grape that grows a fabine wine that beguiles and this work deads are them. that smiles and hi drink drink my frien ho drink drink my brother, and all the it. I departed thence, as a matter of co other German Inns, where all the cata sodden down to the same flavor, and the mind is disturbed by the appear hot puddings, and boiled cherries aw slab, at awfully unexpected percents of past. After a draught of specking ba fearing glass jug, and a glance of tion through the windows of the beer-houses at Heidelberg and else put out to sea for the Inne of Amer their four hundred beds a pince. eight or nine hundred ladies and gen dinner every day. Again, I stood is

rooms thereof, taking my evening cobbler, julep, sling, or cocktail. Again, I listened to my friend the General—whom I had known for five minutes, in the course of which period he had made me intimate for life with two Majors, who again had made me intimate for life with three Colonels, who again had made me brother to twenty-two civilians again, I say, I listened to my friend the General leisurely expounding the resources of the establishment, as to gentlemen's morningroom, sir; ladies' morning-room, sir; gentlemen's evening-room, sir; la lies' evening-room, sir; ladies' and gentlemen's evening re-uniting-room, sir; music-room, sir; reading room, sir; over four hundred sleeping-rooms, sir; and the entire planned and finited within twelve calendar months from the first clearing off of the old incumbrances on the plot, at a cost of five hundred thousand dollars, sir. at a cost of hve hundred thousand dellars, sir. Again I found, as to my individual way of thinking, that the greater, the more gorgeous, and the more dollarous, the establishment was, the less desirable it was. Nevertheless, again I drank my cobbler, julep, aling, or cocktail, in all good-will, to my friend the General, and my friends the Majors, Coloness, and civilians, all; full-well knowing, that whatever little matter my knowing that whatever little motes my beamy eyes may have descried in theirs, they belong to a kind, generous, large-hearted, and

I had been going on lately, at a quick pace, to keep my solitude out of my mind; but, here I broke down for good, and gave up the subject. What was I to do? What was to become of me? Into what extremity was I submissively to sink? Supposing that, like Baron Trenck, I looked out for a mouse or apider, and found one, and beguiled my imprisonment by training it? Even that might be dangerous with a view to the future. I might be so fur gone when the road did come he cut through the snow, that, on my way forth, I might burst into tears, and beseech like the prisoner who was released in his old age from the Eastille, to be taken back again to the five windows, the ten curtains, and the

sinuous drapery.

desperate idea came into my Under any other circumstances I should have rejected it; but, in the strait at which I was, I held it fast. Could I so far overcome the inherent bashfulness which withheld me from the landlord's table and the company I might find there, as to make acquaintance, under various preteuces, with some of the inmates of the house, singly-with the object of getting from cach, either a whole autobiography, or a pus-sage or experience in one, with which I could cheat the tarrly time: first of all by seeking out, then by listening to, then by remembering and writing down? Could I, I asked myself, so far overcome my retring nature as to do this. I could. I would. I did.

The results of this conception I proceed to asks what is the matter give, in the exact order in which I attained what I have just seen.

them. I began my plan of operations at once, and, by slow approaches and after over-coming many obstacles (all of my own making, I believe), reached the story of:

THE OSTLER,

I FIND an old man, fast asleep, in one of the alls of the stable. It is mid-day, and rather stalls of the stable. It is mid-day, and rather a strange time for an ostler to devote to sleep. Something curious, too, about the man's face. A withered woe-begone face. The eyebrows painfully contracted; the mouth fast set, and drawn down at the corners ; the hollow cheeks sailly, and, as I cannot help fancying, prema-turely wrinkled; the scanty, grizzled hair, telling weakly its own tale of some past sorrow or suffering. How hast he draws his breath, too, for a man asleep! He is talking in his

"Wake up!" I hear him say, in a quick whisper through his fast-eleuched teeth. "Wake up there! Murder! O Lord help

me! Lord help me, alone in this place!"
He stops, and sighs again—moves one lean
arm slowly, till it rests over his thront—
shudders a little, and turns on his straw—
the arm leaves his throat—the hand stretches itself out, and clutches at the side towards which he has turned, as if he fancies himself to be grasping at the edge of something. Is he waking I No—there is the whisper again;

he is still talking in his sleep.

"Light grey eyes," he says now, "and a droop in the left eyelid. Yes! yes!—flaxen hair with a gold-yellow streak in it all right, mother—fair, white arms with a down on them—little lady's hand, with a reddish look under the finger-nails—and the knife—always the cursed knife—first on one side, then on the other. Aha! you shedevil, where's the knife? Never mind, mother—too late now. I've promised to many, and marry I must. Murder! wake up there! for God's sake, wake up!" up there! for God's sake, wake up!

At the last words his voice rises, and he grows so restless on a sudden, that I draw back quietly to the door. I see him shudder on the straw-his withered face grows distorted-he throws up both his hands with a quick, hysterical gasp; they strike against the bottom of the manger under which he lies; the blow awakens him; I have just time to slip through the door, before his eyes are fairly open and his senses are his own

ngain. What I have seen and heard has so startled and shocked me, that I feel my heart beating fast, as I softly and quickly retrace my steps across the inn-yard. The discomposure that across the inn yard. The discomposure that is going on within me, apparently shows itself in my face; for, as I get back to the covered way leading to the Inn stairs, the landlord, who is just coming out of the house to ring some bell in the yard, stops astomshed, and asks what is the matter with me ! I tell him

"Alm!" says the landlord, with an air of day; and Mrs. Scatchard, with her usual for relief. "I understand now. Poor old chap! ness, made him promise, before he started the was only dreaming his old dream over that he would be back in time to keep the started that he was a started that he would be back in time to keep the started that he would ful kind, too, mind you—connected with him and his dream, that ever was told." I entreat the landlord to tell me the story.

After a little hesitation, he complies with my

request.

Some years ago, there lived in the suburbs of a large sea-port town, on the west coast of England, a man in humble circumstances, by name Isane Scatchard. His means of subsistence were derived from any employment that he could get, as an oatler; and, occasionally, when times went well with him, from temporary engagements in service, as stable-helper in private houses. Though a faithful, steady, and honest man, he got on badly in his calling. His ill-luck was proverbial among his neighbours. He was always missing good opportunities, by no fault of his own; and always living longest in sorvice with amiable people who were not punctual payers of wages. "Unlucky Isaac" was his nickname in his own neighbourhood—and no one could say that he did not

richly deserve it.

With far more than one man's fair share of adversity to endure, Isaac had but one consolation to support him-and that was of the solation to support him—and that was of the dreariest and most negative kind. He had no wife and children to increase his anxieties and add to the bitterness of his various failures in life. It might have been from mere insensibility, or it might have been from generous unwillingness to involve another in his own unlucky destiny—but the fact undoubtedly was, that he arrived at the middle term of life without marrying; and what is much more remarkable, withand, what is much more remarkable, with-out once exposing himself, from eighteen to eight and thirty, to the genial imputation of ever having had a sweetheart. When he was out of service, he lived alone with his widowed Mrs. Scatchard was a woman above the average in her lowly station, as to capacities and manners. She had seen better days, as the phrase is; but she never referred to them in the presence of curious visitors; and, though perfectly polite to every one who approached her, never cultivated any intimacies among her neighbours. She contrived to provide, hardly enough, for her simple wants, by doing rough work for the tailors; and always managed to keep a decent home for her son to return to, whenever his ill-luck drove him out helpless into the world.

One bleak autumn, when Isnac was getting on fast towards forty, and when he was, as usual, out of place, through no fault of his own, he set forth from his mather's cuttage on a long walk inland to a gentleman's seat, where he had heard that a stable-helper was required. It wanted then but two days of his birthness, made him promise, before he started, that he would be back in time to keep that anniversary with her, in as festive a way as their poor means would allow. It was eas for him to comply with this request, even supposing he slept a night each way on the road. He was to start from home on Monday morning; and, whether he got the new place or not, he was to be back for his birthday dinner on Wednesday at two o'clock

Arriving at his destination too late on the Monday night to make application for the stable-helper's place, he slept at the village-inu, and, in good time on the Tucaday more of presented himself at the gentleman's home, to fill the vacant situation. Here, again, his ill-luck pursued him as inexorably as ever. The excellent witten textings with The excellent written testimonials, as to cha racter, which he was able to produce, available him nothing; his long walk had been taken in vain—only the day before, the stable helper's place had been given to another

Isaac accepted this new disappointment resignedly, and as a matter of course. Naturally slow in capacity, he had the blantness of sensibility and phlegmatic patience of disposition which frequently distinguish men with aluggishly-working mental powers. He thanked the gentleman's steward, with his usual quiet civility, for greating him an intersion and took has degranting him an interview, and took his parture with no appearance of united depression in his face or manner. But starting on his homeward walk, he made see enquiries at the inn, and ascertained that might save a few miles, on his return, by lowing a new road. Furnished with funlowing a new road. Furnished with full atructions, several times repeated, as to t various turnings he was to take, he set for day with only one stoppage for bread a cheese. Just as it was getting towards in the rain came on and the wind began to reand he found himself, to make matters in a part of the country with which he entirely unacquainted, though he know be self to be some tifteen miles from home first house he found to inquire at was a road-side inn, standing on the outskirts thick wood. Solitary as the place looke was welcome to a lost man who was was welcome to a lost man also was hungry, thirsty, footsore, and wet. The lord was a civil, respectable-looking man the price he asked for a bed was reasonable. Leason the months of the control of the enough. Isaac, therefore, decided on secomfortably at the inn for that night.

He was constitutionally a temperat His supper simply consisted of two re-bacon, a slice of home-made bread, and a bacon, a steep of home-thrite oreas, and a parale. He did not go to bed immediately after the moderate meal, but sat up with the hand talking about his bad prospects and his learn of ill-luck, and diverging from the topics to the subject of horse-flesh and resolutions are said citizen by the subject of horse-flesh and resolutions. Nothing was said either by himself, his Lo

ties; and he never took his eyes off the woman. She said not one word as they stared each other in the face; but she began to move slowly towards the left-hand side of

the bed.

tap-room, which could, in the slightest degree, excite the very small and very dull imaginative faculty which Isaac Scatchard роввесвед. At a little after eleven the house closed. Isaac went round with the landlord and held the candle while the doors and lower-windows were being secured. He noticed with surprise the strength of the

bolts, bars, and iron-sheathed shutters.
"You see, we are rather lonely here," said
the landlord. "We never have had any attempts made to break in yet, but it's always as well to be on the safe side. When nobody is sleeping here, I am the only man in the house. My wife and daughter are timid, and the servant-girl takes after her missusses. Another glass of ale, before you turn in ?— No!—Well, how such a sober man as you comes to be out of place is more than I can make out, for one.—Here's where you're to sleep. You're our only lodger to-night, and I think you'll say my missus has done her best to make you comfortable. You're quite sure you won't have another glass of ale ?— Very well. Good night,"

It was half-past eleven by the clock in the passage as they went up stairs to the bedroom, the window of which looked on to the woodat the back of the house. Isaac locked the door, set his candle on the chest of drawers, and wearily got ready for bed. The bleak autumn wind was still blowing, and the solemn, monotonous, surging mean of it in the wood was dreary and awful to hear through the night-silence. Isaac felt strangely wakeful, and resolved, as he lay down in bed, to keep the candle a-light until he began to grow sleepy; for there was something unendurably depressing in the bare idea of lying awake in the darkness, listening to the dismal, ceaseless moaning of the wind in the wood.

Sleep stole on him before he was aware of His eyes closed, and he fell off insensibly to rest, without having so much as thought of

extinguishing the candle.

The first sensation of The first sensation of which he was conscious after sinking into slumber, was a strange shivering that ran through him suddenly from head to foot, and a dreadful sinking pain at the heart, such as he had never felt before. The shivering only disturbed his alumbers—the pain woke him instantly. In one moment he passed from a state of sleep to a state of wakefulness—his eyes wide open—his mental perceptions cleared on a sudden as if by a miracle. first sensation of which he was consci-

as if by a miracle.

The candle had burnt down nearly to the last morsel of tallow; but the top of the unsuffed wick had just fallen off, and the light in the little room was, for the moment, fair and full. Between the foot of his bed and the closed door there stood a woman with a barifa in her hand looking at him. He was knife in her hand, looking at him. He was stricken speechless with terror, but he did not

His eyes followed her. She was a fair, fine woman, with yellowish flaxen hair, and light grey eyes, with a droop in the left eyelld. He noticed those things and fixed them on his mind, before she was round at the side of the bed. Speechless, with no expression in her face, with no noise following her footfall,—she came closer and closer—stopped—and slowly raised the knife. He laid his right arm over his throat to save it; but, as he saw the knife coming down, threw his hand across the bed to the right side, and jerked his body over that way, just as the knife descended on the mattress within an inch of his shoulder.

His eyes fixed on her arm and hand, as she His eyes fixed on her arm and hand, as and alowly drew the knife out of the bed. A white, well-shaped arm, with a pretty down lying lightly over the fair skin. A delicate, lady's hand, with the crowning beauty of a pink flush under and round the finger-nuils. She drew the knife out, and passed back again slowly to the foot of the bed; stopped there for a moment looking at him; then

there for a moment looking at him; then came on—still speechless, still with no expression on the blank, beautiful face, still with no sound following the stealthy footfalla—came on to the right side of the bed where he now lay. As she approached, she raised the knife again, and he drew himself away to the left side. She struck, as before, right into the mattress, with a deliberate, perpendicularly-downward action of the arm. This time his eyes wandered from her to the knife. It was like the large clasp knives which he had often seen labouring men use to cut their bread and bacon with. Her delicate little fingers did not conceal more than two thirds of the handle; he noticed that it was made of buck-horn, clean and shining as the blade was, and looking like

For the second time she drew the knife out, concealed it in the wide sleeve of her gown, then stopped by the bedside, watching him. For an instant he saw her standing in that position—then the wick of the spent candle fell over into the socket. The flame diminished to a little blue point, and the room grew dark. A moment, or less, if possible, passed so—and then the wick flamed up, smokily, for the last time. His eyes were still looking eagerly over the right-hand side of the bed when the final flash of light came, but they discerned nothing. The fair woman with the krift was rolled.

with the knife was gone.

The conviction that he was alone again, weakened the hold of the terror that had have hone to this time. The preternatural sharpness which the very intensity of his panic had mysteriously imparted to his faculties, left them suddenly. His brain grew confused—his heart beat wildly—his ears opened for the first time since the appearance of the woman, to a sense of the woful, ceaseless moaning of the wind among the trees. With the dreadful conviction of the reality of what he had seen, still strong within him, he leapt out of bed, and screaming—"Murder!—Wake up, there, wake up!"—dushed headlong through the darkness to the door.

It was fact bested exactly as he had left it leads or the uncertainty about his search has seen. darkness to the door.

It was fast locked, exactly as he had left it

on going to bed.

His cries on starting up, had alarmed the house. He heard the terrified, confused, exclamations of women; he saw the master of the house approaching along the passage, with his burning rush-candle in one d and his gun in the other. What is it?" asked the landlord, breath-

lesaly.

Isaac could only answer in a whisper. "A woman, with a knife in her hand," he gasped out. "In my room—a fair, vellow-haired woman; she jobbed at me with the knife, twice over."

The landlord's pale cheeks grew paler. looked at Isaac eagerly by the flickering light of his candle; and his face began to get red again-his voice altered, too, as well as his complexion.

"She seems to have missed you twice," he

"I dodged the knife as it came down," Isaac went on, in the same scared whisper. It struck the bed each time.

The landlord took his candle into the bedroom immediately. In less than a minute he came out again into the passage in a violent

passion. "The devil fly away with you and your woman with the knife! What do you mean by coming into a man's place and frightening his family out of their wits about a dream!"

"I'll leave your house," said Isane, faintly.
"Better out on the road, in rain and dark, on my way home, than back again in that room after what I've seen in it. Lend me a light to get on my clothes by, and tell me what I'm

to pay." Pay !" "Pay!" cried the handlord, leading the way with his light sulkily into the bedroom. "You'll find your score on the slate when you go down stairs. I wouldn't have taken you in for all the money you've got about you, if I'd known your dreaming, screeching ways beforehand. Look at the bed. Where's the beforehand. Look at the bed. Where's the cut of a knife in it? Look at the window—is the look bursted? Look at the door (which I heard you fasten myself)—is it broke in? A murdering woman with a knife in my house! You ought to be ashamed of yourself!"

Isaac answered not a word. He huddled on his clothes; and then they went down stairs together.

"Nigh on twenty minutes past two!" said

to his faculties, left them suddenly. His the landlord, as they passed the clock. "A

cold, or the uncertainty about his way b matter to Isaac. If he had been turned or into a wilderness in a thunder-storm, it wo have been a relief, after what he had suffe in the bedroom of the inn.

What was the fair woman with the known! The creature of a dream, or that wind creature from the unknown world among men by the name of ghost ! nothing of the mystery-had made nothing of it, even when it was mid-day on Wednesday, and when he stood, at last, after many times missing his road, once more co

the doorstep of home.

His mother came out eagerly to receive m. His face told her in a moment that

him. His face told her in a moment that something was wrong.

"I've lost the place; but that's my luck. I dreamed an ill dream last night, worter—or, may be, I saw a ghost. Take it cities way, it seared me out of my senses, and I'm not my own man again yet."

"Isaac! your face frightens me. Come in to the fire. Come in, and tell mother all about it."

about it.

He was as anxious to tell as she was to hear; for it had been his hope, all the way home, that his mother, with her query capacity and superior knowledge, might be able to throw some light on the mystery which he could not clear up for himself. His memory of the dream was still medanically vivid, though his thoughts were antiredy confused by it. entirely confused by it.

His mother's face grew paler and paler as he went on. She never interrupted him by so much as a single word; but when he last

done, she moved her chair close to his put her arm round his neck, and said to him: "Isnac, you dreamed your ill dream on this Wednesday morning. What time was it Wednesday morning. What time was it when you saw the fair woman with the knife in her hand?"

Isnac reflected on what the lawlord had said when they passed by the clock on the said when they passed by the clock on the said the inn—allowed as nearly as the could for the time that must have closed between the unlocking of his bedrown the and the paying of his bill just before away, and answered:

"Supenhers about tree the said of the said th

"Somewhere about two o'clock in the

morning.

His mother suddenly quitted her hold of his neck, and struck her hands together with a gesture of despair. "This Wednesday is your birthday Isaac;

and two o'clock in the morning was the time when you were born !

Isaac's capacities were not quick enough to catch the infection of his mother's superstitious dread. He was amazed and a little startled also, when she suddenly rose from her chair, opened her old writing-desk, took out pen and ink and paper, and then said to

"Your memory is but a poor one, Isaac, and now I'm an old woman, mine's not much better. I want all about this dream of yours to be as well known to both of us, years hence, as it is now. Tell me over again all you told me a minute ago, when you spoke of what the woman with the knife looked like."

Isaac obeyed, and marvelled much as he saw his mother carefully set down on paper the very words that he was saying. "Light saw his mother carefully set down on paper the very words that he was saying. "Light grey eyes," she wrote, as they came to the descriptive part, "with a droop in the left eyelid. Flaxen hair, with a gold-yellow streak in it. White arms, with a down on them. Little lady's hand, with a reddish look about the finger-nails. Clasp knife with a buck-horn handle, that seemed as good as new." To these particulars, Mrs. Scatchard added the year, month, day of the week, and time in the morning, when the woman of the dream appeared to her son. She then locked up the paper carefully in her writing-desk. up the paper carefully in her writing-desk.

up the paper carefully in her writing-desk.

Neither on that day, nor on any day after, could her son induce her to return to the matter of the dream. She obstinately kept her thoughts about it to herself, and even refused to refer again to the paper in her writing-desk. Ere long, Isaac grew weary of attempting to make her break her resolute silence; and time, which sooner or later, wears out all things, gradually were out the impression produced on him by the dream. He began by thinking of it carelessly, and he ended by not thinking of it at all. This result was the more easily brought about by the advent of some important changes for the the advent of some important changes for the better in his prospects, which commenced not long after his terrible night's experience at the inn. He reaped at last the reward of his long and patient suffering under adversity, by getting an excellent place, keeping it for seven years, and leaving it, on the death of his master, not only with an excellent character, but also with a comfortable annuity bequeathed to him as a reward for eaving his mistress's life in a carriage accident. Thus it happened that Isaac Scatchard returned to his old mother, seven years after the time of the dream at the inn, with an annual sum of money at his disposal, sufficient to keep them both in case and in-

dependence for the rest of their lives.
The mother, whose health had been bad of late years, profited so much by the care bestowed on her and by freedom from money anxieties, that when Isaac's next birthday came round, she was able to sit up comfortably at table and dine with him.

On that day, as the evening drew on, Mrs. Scatchard discovered that a bottle of tonic medicino—which she was accustomed to take, and in which she had fancied that a dose or and in which she had fancied that a dose or more was still left—happened to be empty. Isaac immediately volunteered to go to the chemist's, and get it filled again. It was as rainy and bleak an autumn night as on the memorable past occasion when he lost his way and slept at the roadside inn.

On going into the chemist's shop, he was passed hurriedly by a poorly-dressed woman coming out of it. The glimpse he had of her face struck him, and he looked back after her as she descended the door-steps.

"You're patiting that woman?" said the

"You're noticing that woman?" said the chemist's apprentice behind the counter. "It's my opinion there's something wrong with her. She's been asking for laudanum to put to a bad tooth. Master's out for half an hour; and I told her I wasn't allowed to sell poison to strangers in his absence. She langhed in a queer way, and said she would come back in half an hour. If she expects master to serve her, I think she'll be disappointed. It's a case of suicide, six, if ever there was

These words added immeasurably to the sudden interest in the woman which Isanc had felt at the first sight of her face. After had got the medicine-bottle filled, he looked about auxiously for her, as soon as he was out in the street. She was walking slowly up and down on the opposite side of the road. With his heart, very much to his own surprise, beating fast, Isane crossed over and spoke to her.

He asked if she was in any distress. She pointed to her torn shawl, her scanty dress, her crushed, dirty bonnet—then moved under a lamp so as to let the light fall on her stern,

pale, but still most beautiful face.
"I look like a comfortable, happy womandon't I1" she said with a bitter laugh.

She spoke with a purity of intonation which Isaac had never heard before from other than ladies' lips. Her slightest actions other than ladies lips. Her signtest actions seemed to have the easy negligent grace of a thorough-bred woman. Her skin, for all its poverty-stricken pateness, was as delicate as if her life had been passed in the enjoyment of every social comfort that wealth can purchase. Even her small, finely-shaped hands, gloveless as they were, had not lost their

Little by little, in answer to his question,

Little by little, in answer to his question, the sad story of the woman came out. There is no need to relate it here; it is told over and over again in Police Reports and paragraphs about Attempted Suicides.

"My name is Rebecca Murdoch," said the woman, as she ended. "I have ninepence left, and I thought of spending it at the chemist's over the way in securing a passage to the other world. Whatever it is, it can't be worse to me than this say why should I be worse to me than this -so why should I stop here !"

felt within him some mysterious influence at work all the time the woman was speaking, which utterly confused his ideas and almos deprived him of his powers of speech. All that he could say in answer to her last reckless words was that he would prevent her from attempting her own life, if he followed her about all night to do it. His rough, trembling carnestness seemed to impress

her.

"I won't occasion you that trouble," she answered, when he repeated his threat.

"You have given me a fancy for living by speaking kindly to me. No need for the mockery of protestations and promises. You may believe me without them. Come to Fuller's Meadow to-morrow at twelve, and you will find me alive, to answer for myself. you will find me alive, to answer for myself.

No!--no money. My ninepence will do to
get me as good a night's lodging as I want."

She nodded and left him. He made no

attempt to follow-he felt no suspicion that

she was deceiving him.

"It's strange, but I can't help believing her," he said to himself—and walked away,

bewildered, towards home.

On entering the house his mind was still so completely absorbed by its new subject of interest, that he took no notice of what his mother was doing when he came in with the bottle of medicine. She had opened her old writing-desk in his absence, and was now reading a paper attentively that lay inside it. On every birthday of Isaac's since she had written down the particulars of his dream from his own lips, she had been accustomed to read that same paper, and ponder over it in private.
The next day he went to Fuller's Mcadow.

He had done only right in believing her so implicitly—she was there, punctual to a minute, to answer for herself. The last-left faint defences in Isaac's heart against the fascination which a word or look from her began inscrutably to exercise over him, sank down and vanished before her for ever on

that memorable morning.

When a man, previously insensible to the influence of women, forms an attachment in middle life, the instances are rare indeed, let the warning circumstances be what they may, in which he is found capable of freeing himself from the tyranny of the new ruling passion. The charm of being spoken to familiarly, fondly, and gratefully by a woman whose language and manners still retained enough of their early refinement to hint at the high registration that the high registration and would have been a dangerous luxury to a man of Isane's rank at the age of twenty. But it was far more than that—it was certain ruin to him-now that his heart was opening unworthily to a new influence, at that middle time of life when strong feelings of all kinds, once implanted, strike root most stubbornly

Resides the natural compassion and sadness in a man's moral nature. A few more stolen moved in his heart by what he heard, Isaac interviews after that first morning in Fuller's interviews after that first morning in Fuller's Meadow completed his infatnation. In less than a month from the time when be first met her, Isaac Scatchard had consented to give Rebecca Murdoch a new interest in existence, and a chance of recovering the character she had lost, by promising to make her his wife.

She had taken possession, not of his passion, only, but of his faculties as well. All arrangments for the present and all plans for the future were of her devising. All the mind he had he put into her keeping. She directed

him on every point; even instructing him how to break the news of his approached marriage in the safest manuer to his mother "If you tell her how you met me and who I am at first," said the cunning woman, " she will move heaven and earth to prevent our marriage. Say I am the sister of one of your fellow-servants—ask her to see me before you go into any more particulars—and leave it to me to do the rest. I want to make her

love me next best to you, land, before she knows anything of who I really am."

knows anything of who I really am."

The motive of the deceit was sufficient to sanctify it to Isane. The stratagem proposed relieved him of his one great anxiety, and quieted his uneasy conscience on the subject of his mother. Still, there was something wanting to perfect his happiness, something that he could not realise, something anyteriously untraceable, and yet, something that perpetually made itself felt; not when he was absent from Rebecca Murdach but strange to say, when he was actually in strange to say, when he was actually in her presence! She was kindness itself with him; she never made him feel his inferior capacities, and inferior manners.—she showed the sweetest anxiety to please him in the smallest trifles; but, in spite of all these attractions, he never could feel quite at his ease with her. At their first meeting, there had mingled with his admiration when he looked in her face, a faint involuntary feeling of doubt whether that face was entirely atrange to him. No after familiarity had the slightest effect on this inexplicable, wearisome uncertainty.

Concealing the truth as he had been

Concealing the truth as he had been Concealing the truth as he had been directed, he announced his marriage curactment precipitately and confuserly to his mother, on the day when he contracted it mother, on the day when he confusered to find the perfect confidence in her son by flinging her arms round his neck, and giving him joy of having found at last, in the sister of other his fellow-servants, a woman to consist and care for him after his mother and care for him after his mother woman of her son's choice; and the next day was fixed for the introduction.

was fixed for the introduction.

It was a bright sunny morning, and the little cottage parlour was full of light, as Mrs. Scatchard, happy and expect at dressed for the occasion in her Sunday gove.

sat waiting for her son and her future daughter-in-law. Punctual to the appointed time, Isaac hurriedly and nervously led his promised wife into the room. His mother rose to receive her—advanced a few steps, smiling—looked Rebecca full in the eyes—and suddenly stopped. Her face, which had been flushed the moment before, turned white in an instant—her eyes lost their expression of softness and kindness, and assumed a blank look of terror—her outstretched hands fell to her sides, and she staggered back a few steps with a low cry to her son. "Isaac!" she whispered, clutching him

"Isaac!" she whispered, clutching him fast by the arm, when he asked alarmedly if she was taken ill. "Isaac! Does that woman's face remind you of nothing?"

Before he could answer; before he could look round to where Rebecca, astonished and angered by her reception, stood, at the lower end of the room; his mother pointed impatiently to her writing-deak, and gave him the

key. "Open it," she said, in a quick, breathless

whisper,
"What does this mean? Why am I
treated as if I had no business here? Does
your mother want to insult me?" asked

Rebecca, angrily.

"Open it, and give me the paper in the left-hand drawer. Quick! quick, for Heaven's sake!" said Mrs. Scatchard, shrinking further back in terror. Isaac gave her the paper. She looked it over eagerly for a moment—then followed Rebecca, who was now turning away haughtily to leave the room, and caught her by the shoulder—abruptly raised the long, loose sleeve of her gown, and glanced at her hand and arm. Something like fear began to steal over the angry expression of Rebecca's face as she shook self free from the old woman's grasp. "Mad!" she said to herself; "and Isaac never told me." With these few words she left the

Isaac was hastening after her when his mother turned and stopped his further pro-

mother turned and stopped his turner progress. It wrung his heart to see the misery and terror in her face as she looked at him.

"Light grey eyes," she said, in low, mournful, awe-struck tones, pointing towards the open door. "A droop in the left eyelid. Flaxen hair with a gold-yellow streak in it. White arms with a down on them. Little, band with a raddish back under the lady's hand, with a reddish look under the The reoman of the dream !-Oh,

Heaven! Isaac, the woman of the dream!"

That faint cleaving doubt which he had never been able to shake off in Rebecca Murdoch's presence, was fatally set at rest for ever. He had seen her tace, then, before—seven years before, on his birthday, in the bedroom of the lonely inn. "The woman of

the dream!"

"Be warned, Oh, my son! be warned!

Isaac! isaac! let her go, and do you stop
with mo!"

Something darkened the parlour window, as those words were said. A sudden chill ran through him; and he glanced sidelong at the shadow. Rebecca Murdoch had come back. She was peering in curiously at them over the low window blind.

"I have promised to marry, mother," he said, "and marry I must."

The tears came into his eyes as he spoke, and dimmed his sight; but he could just discern the fatal face outside moving away again from the window.

His mother's head sank lower. "Are you faint !" he whispered. " Broken-hearted, Isaac."

He stooped down and kissed her. The shadow, as he did so, returned to the window; and the fatal face peered in curiously once

Three weeks after that day, Isaac and Rebecca were man and wife. All that was hopelessly dogged and stubborn in the man's moral nature, seemed to have closed round his fatal passion, and to have fixed it unassailably in his heart

sailably in his heart.

After that first interview in the cottage parlour, no consideration would induce Mrs. Seatchard to see her son's wife again, or even to talk of her when Isaac tried hard to plead her cause after their marriage. This course of conduct was not in any degree occasioned by a siscovery of the degradation in which Rebecca had lived. There was no question of that between mother and son. There was no question of anything but the fearfully exact resemblance between the living breathing woman and the spectre woman of Isaac's dream. Rebecca, on her side, neither felt nor expressed the slightest sorrow at the estrangement between herself and her motherconduct was not in any degree occasioned by a ment between herself and her mother-in-law. Isanc, for the sake of pence, had never contradicted her first idea that age and long illness had affected Mrs. Scatchard's mind. He even allowed his wife to upbraid him for not having confessed this to her at the time of their marriage engagement, rather than risk anything by hinting at the truth. The sacrifice of his integrity before his one all-mastering delusion, seemed but a small thing, and cost his conscience but little, after the sacrifices he had already made.

The time of waking from his delusion—the cruel and the rueful time—was not far off. After some quiet months of married life, as the summer was ending, and the year was getting on towards the month of his birthday, Isaac found his wife altering towards him. She grew sullen and contemptuous—she formed acquaintances of the most danshe formed acquaintances of the most dan-gerous kind, in defiance of his objections, his entreaties, and his commands,—and, worst of all, she learnt, ere long, after every fresh difference with her husband, to seek the deadly self-obtivion of drink. Little by little, after the first miserable discovery that his wife was keeping company with drunkards, the shocking certainty forced itself on Isaac that she had grown to be a drunkard her-

He had been in a sadly desponding state for some time before the occurrence of these domestic calamities. His mother's health, as he could but too plainly discern every time he went to see her at the cottage, was fai-ing fast; and he upbraided himself in secret as the cause of the bodily and mental suffer-ing she endured. When, to his remorse on his mother's account, was added the shame and misery occasioned by the discovery of his wife's degradation, he sank under the double trial—his face began to alter and he looked what he was, a spiritbroken man. His mother, still struggling bravely against the illness that was hurrying her to the grave, was the first to notice the sad alteration in him, and the first to hear of his last bitterest trouble with his She could only weep bitterly, on the wife. day when he made his humiliating confession; but on the next occasion when he went to see her, she had taken a resolution, in reference to his domestic afflictions, which astonished, and even alarmed him. He found her dressed to go out, and on asking the reason, received this answer:

"I am not long for this world, Isaac," and she; "and I shall not feel easy on my death-bed, unless I have done my best to the last, to make my son happy. I mean to the last, to make my son happy. to put my own fears and my own feelings out of the question and to go with you to your wife, and try what I can do to reclaim her. the me your arm, Isaac; and let me do the last thing I can in this world to help my son before it is too late."

He could not disobey her: and they walked together slowly towards his miser-able home. It was only one o'clock in the afternoon when they reached the cottage where he lived. It was their dinner hour, and Rebecca was in the kitchen. He was thus able to take his mother quietly into the parlour, and then prepare his wife for the interview. She had fortunately drank but little at that early hour, and she was less sullen and capricious than usual. He returned to his mother, with his mind tolerably at ease. His wife soon followed him into the parlour, and the meeting between her and Mrs. Scatchard passed better than he had ventured to anticipate: though he observed, with secret apprehension, that his mother, resolutely as she con-trolled herself in other respects, could not look his wife in the face when she spoke to her. It was a relief to him, therefore, when

Rebecca began to lay the cloth.

She laid the cloth — brought in the breadtray, and cut a slice from the loaf for her husband-then returned to the kitchen. that moment, Isaac, still anxiously watching that mother, was startled by seeing the same in secret. The search ghastly change pass over her face, which had came on and he left altered it so awfully on the morning when the streets. He was a flabesca and she first met. Before he could same room with her.

say a word she whispered with a look of

"Take me back! - home, home, again."

Isaac! Come with me, and never come last

He was afraid to ask for an explanation,he could only sign to her to be enent, as help her quickly to the door. As they pro-the bread tray on the table she stopped me pointed to it.

"Did you see what your wife cut your bread with!" she asked, in a low, our

whisper.

"No, mother,—I was not noticing—what was it?"

"Look!"

He did look. A new clasp knife, with a buck-horn handle lay with the last in the bread-tray. He stretched out his hand, shot-deringly, to present himself of it; but at the same time, there was a miss in the kitchen, and his mother caught at his

"The knife of the dream '- Isane; I in hint with fear - take me away: before she comes back !

He was hardly able to support her—the visible, tangible reality of the kinds struck him with a panic, and utterly destroyed are faint doubts that he might have entertained up to this time, in relation to the mysterious dream-warning of nearly eight years before By a last desperate effort, he cummend sempessession enough to help his mother quartly out of the house,—so quietly, that the "dream woman" (he thought of her by that mann now) did not hear them departing, from

the kitchen.

"Don't go back, leave,—don't go tack"
implored Mrs. Scatchard, as he terrol
to go away, after seeing her saidy mater

again in her own room.
"I must get the kunfe," he answered under his breath. She tried to stop him again.

"I must get the kinfe," he answered under his breath. She tried to stop him again, but he hurried out without mosther word. On his return, he found that his wife had discovered their secret departure from the house. She had been drinking, and was in a fury of passion. The dimor in the house was flung under the grate; the click was fithe parlour-table. Where was the kines Unwisely, he asked for it. She was only toglad of the opportunity of irrusting him which the request afforded her. He was in the kinfe, did he? Could be give her a resson why 1—No 1—Then he should not have it,—not if he went down on his kinesa toglar it." Further recriminations of the for it." Further recriminations of fact that she had bought it a hard for it." that she considered it her own capperty. Isaac saw the uselessame at ing to get the knife by fair zare, and determined to search for it, later is the flar the secret. The search was unsues to walk and the streets. He was afraid now to steep in the

Three weeks passed. Still sullenly enraged with him, she would not give up the knife; and still that fear of sleeping in the same room with her, possessed him. He walked about at night, or dozed in the parlour, or sat watching by his mother's bed-side. Before the expiration of the first week in the new month It wanted then but ten his mother died. days' of her son's birthday. She had longed to live till that anniversary. Isaac was present at her death; and her last words in this world were addressed to him: "Don't go back, my son, don't go back!"

He was obliged to go back, if it were only to watch his wife. Exasperated to the last deree by his distrust of her, she had revengefully sought to add a sting to his grief, during the last days of his mother's illness, by declaring that she would assert her right to attend the funeral. In spite of all that he could do, or say, she held with wicked pertinacity to her word; and, on the day appointed for the burial, forced herself inflatoed and shameless with drink-into her busband's presence, and declared that she would walk in the funeral procession to his mother's grave.

This last worst outrage, accompanied by all that was most insulting in word and look, mad-dened him for the moment. He struck her. that was most manning and dened him for the moment. He struck her, The instant the blow was dealt, he repented the instant in a corner to the struck her and the way a of the room, and eyed him steadily; it was a look that cooled his hot blood, and made him tremble. But there was no time now to think of a means of making atonement. Nothing remained, but to risk the worst till the funeral was over. There was but one way of making sure of her. He locked her into

her bed-room.

When he came back some hours after, he found her sitting, very much altered in look and bearing, by the bedside, with a bundle on her lap. She rose, and faced him quietly, and spoke with a strange stillness in her voice, a strange repose in her eyes, a strange compo-sure in her manner.

"No man has ever struck me twice," she said, "and my husband shall have no second opportunity. Set the door open and let me go. From this day forth we see each other

no more.

Defore he could answer she passed him, and left the room. He saw her walk away up

Would she return? All that night he watched and waited; but no footstep came near the house. The next night, overpowered by fatigue, he lay down in bed, in his clothes, with the door locked, the key on the table, and the candle burning. His slumber was not disturbed. The third night, the fourth, the fifth, the sixth, passed, and nothing happened. He lay down on the seventh, still in his clothes, still with the door locked, the key on the table, and the candle burning; but easier in his mind.

Easier in his mind, and in perfect health of body, when he fell off to sleep. But his rest was disturbed. He woke twice, without any sensation of uneasiness. But the third time it was that never-to-be-forgotten shivering of the night at the lonely inn, that dreadful sinking pain at the heart, which once more aroused him in an instant.

His eyes opened towards the left hand side of the bed, and there stood- The woman of the dream, again ?-No! His wife; living reality, with the dream-spectre's face —in the dream-spectre's attitude; the fair arm up—the knife clasped in the delicate,

white hand.

He sprang upon her, almost at the instant of seeing her, and yet not quickly enough to prevent her from hiding the knife. Without a word from him—without a cry from her—he pinioned her in a chair. With one hand he pinioned her in a chair. With one hand he felt up her sleeve—and, there, where the dream-woman had hidden the knife, she had hidden it,-the knife with the buck-horn handle, that looked like new.

In the despair of that fearful moment his brain was steady, his heart was calm.

brain was steady, his heart was calm. He looked at her fixedly, with the knife in his hand, and said these last words:

"You told me we should see each other no more, and you have come back. It is my turn, now, to go, and to go for ever. I say that we shall see each other no more; and my word shall not be broken."

He left her, and set forth into the night. There was a bleak wind abroad, and the smell of recent rain was in the air. The distant church-clocks chiraced the guester as

smell of recent ram was an end quarter as distant church-clocks chimed the quarter as

distant church-clocks chimed the quarter as he walked rapidly beyond the last houses in the suburb. He asked the first policeman he met, what hour that was, of which the quarter past had just struck. The man referred sleepily to his watch, and answered: "Two o'clock." Two in the morning. What day of the month was this day that had just begun? He reckoned it up from the date of his mother's funeral. The fatal parallel was complete—it was his birthday!

birthday !

Had he escaped the mortal peril which his dram foretold? or had he only received a second warning? As that ominous doubt forced itself on his mind, he stopped, reflected, and turned back again towards the city. He was still resolute to hold to his word, and never to let her see him more; but there was a thought now in his mind of ing her watched and followed. The knife was in his possession—the world was before him; but a new distrust of her—a vague, unspeakable, superstitious dread-had overcome

him.
"I must know where she goes, now she thinks I have left her," he said to himself, as he stole back wearily to the precincts of

his house.
It was still dark. He had left the candle burning in the bedchamber: but when

there was no light in it. He crept cautiously to the house-door. On going away, he re-membered to have closed it: on trying it

membered to have closed it: on trying it now, he found it open.

He waited outside, never losing sight of the house, till daylight. Then he ventured indoors—listened, and heard nothing—looked into kitchen, scullery, parlour; and found nothing: went up, at last, into the bedroom—it was empty. A pick-lock lay on the floor, betraying how she had gained entrance in the night; and that was the only trace of her. of her

Whither had she gone? That no mortal tongue could tell him. The darkness had covered her flight; and when the day broke, no man could say where the light found her.

Before leaving the house and the town for ever, he gave instructions to a friend and neighbour to sell his furniture for anything that it would fetch, and apply the proceeds to employing the police to trace her. The directions were honestly followed, and the money was all spent; but the enquiries led to nothing. The pick-lock on the bedroom floor remained the one last useless trace of

At this point of the narrative the landlord

paneed, and looked towards the stable-door.
"So far," he said, "I tell you what was told to me. The little that remains to be added lies within my own experience. Be-I have just been relating, Isaac Scatchard came to me, withered and old-looking before his time, just as you saw him to-day. He had his testimonials to character with him, and he asked for employment here. I gave him a trial, and liked him in spite of his queer habits. He is as sober, honest, and willing a man as there is in England. As for his rest-lessness at night, and his sleeping away his leisure time in the day, who can wonder at it after hearing his story? Besides, he never objects to being roused up, when he's wanted, so there's not much inconvenience to complain of, after all."

"I suppose he is afraid of waking out of that dreadful dream in the dark?" said I.

"No," returned the laudlord. "The dream comes back to him so often that he laudlord.

"No," returned the laudlord. "The dream comes back to him so often, that he has got to bear with it by this time resignedly enough. It's his wife keeps him waking at night, as he has often told me."

'What! Has she never been heard of yet?"

Never. Petual thought about her, that she is alive and looking for him. I believe he wouldn't let himself drop off to sleep towards two in the morning for a king's ransom. Two in the morning, he says, is the time when ahe will find him, one of these days. Two in the morning is the time all the year round, when he likes to be most certain that he has Isaac himself has the one per-

looked up at the window of the room now, got that clasp-knife safe about hus. He there was no light in it. He crept cautiously does not mind being alone, as long as he to the house-door. On going away, he re-awake, except on the night before his birthawake, except on the night before his birthday, when he firmly believes himself to be in peril of his life. The birthday has only come round once since he has been here and then he sat up, along with the night-porter. 'She's looking for me,' he always says, when I speak to him on the one thome of his life; 'she's looking for me.' He may be right. She may be looking for him. Who can tell?"

"Who can tell!" said I.

THE BOOTS.

Where had he been in his time! he repeated when I asked him the question. Lord, he had been everywhere! And what had be been? Bless you, he had been everytime; you could mention a most.

Seen a good deal? Why, of course he had. I should say so, he could assure me, if I only knew about a twentieth part of what had come in his way. Why, it would be easier for him, he expected, to tell what he had a twentieth part of what had would.

What was the curiousest thing be had.

What What was the curiousest thing he had seen? Well! He didn't know. He condin't momently name what was the curiousest thing he had seen—unless it was a Unicorp—and he see him once, at a Fair. But, supposing a young gentleman not eight year old, was to run away with a fine young woman of seven, might I think that a queer start? (Crtamly) Then, that was a start as he himself had had his blessed eyes on — and he had cleaned the shoes they run away in—and they was so httle that he couldn't get his hand into 'em.

Master Harry Walmers's father, you see, he lived at the Elmses, down away by Sheoter's Hill there, six or seven mile from Lumma. Hill there, six or seven mile from Lunna He was a gentleman of spirit, and good looking, and held his head up when he walked, at had what you may call Fire about him. It wrote poetry, and he rode, and he ran and it cricketed, and he danced, and he acted, as he done it all equally beautiful. He wancommon proud of Master Harry as whis only child; but he didn't spoil his neither. He was a gentleman that had will of his own and a eye of his aso, as that would be minded. Consequently, the he made quite a companion of the fine bright he made quite a companion of the fine by boy, and was delighted to see him so for reading his fairy books, and was never to of hearing him say my name is Northearing him say my name is Northearing him sing his songs about Your.

Moons is beaming love, and When he as a thee has left but the name, and that still kept the command over the chest and

course he couldn't be under-gardener, and be always about, in the summer-time, near the windows on the lawn, a mowing, and sweeping, and weeding, and pruning, and this and that, without getting acquainted with the ways of the family.—Even supposing Master Harry hadn't come to him one morning early, and said, "Cobbs, how should you spell Norah, if you was asked?" and then begun cutting it in print, all over the fence.

He couldn't say he had taken particular utilize of children before that the but really its

notice of children before that; but, really it was pretty to see them two mites a going about the place together, deep in love. And the courage of the boy! Bless your soul, he'd have throwed off his little hat, and tucked up his little sleeves, and gone in at a Lion, he would, if they had happened to meet one and she had been frightened of him. One day he she had been frightened of him. One day he stops, along with her, where Boots was hoeing weeds in the gravel, and says—speaking up, "Cobba," he says, "I like you." "Do you, sir? I'm proud to hear it." "Yes, I do, Cobbs. Why do I like you, do you think, Cobbs?" "Don't know, Master Harry, I am sure." "Because Norah likes you, Cobbs." "Indeed, sir? That's very gratifying." "Indeed, sir ? That's very gratifying."
"Gratifying, Cobbs ? It's better than millions of
the brightest diamonds, to be liked by Norah."
"Certainly, sir." "You'm the sir." "Certainly, sir." "You're going away, ain't you, Cobbs?" "Yes sir." "Would you like another situation, Cobbs?" "Well, sir, I shouldn't object, if it was a good 'un." "Then, Cobbs," says he, "you shall be our Head Gardener when we are married." And he tucks her, in her little sky blue mantle, under his arm, and walks away.

under his arm, and walks away.

Boots could assure me that it was better than a picter, and equal to a play, to see them babies with their long bright curling hair, their sparkling eyes, and their beautiful light tread, a rambling about the garden, deep in love. Boots was of opinion that the birds believed they was birds, and kept up with lem singing to please lem. Sometimes. with 'em, singing to please 'em. Sometimes, they would creep under the Tulip-tree, and would sit there with their arms round one another's necks, and their soft checks touching, a reading about the Prince, and the Dragon, and the good and had enchanters, and the king's fair daughter. Sometimes, he would hear them planning about having a house in a forest, keeping bees and a cow, and living entirely on milk and honey. Once, he came upon them by the pond, and heard Master Harry say, "Adorable Norah, kiss me, and say you love me to distraction, or I'll jump in head-foremost." And Boots made no question he would have done it, if she hadn't complied. On the whole, Boots she hadn't complied. On the whole, Boots said it had a tendency to make him feel as if he was in love himself—only he didn't

"Cobbs," said Master Harry, one evening, when Cobbs was watering the flowers; "I am going on a visit, this present Midsummer, to my grandmamma's at York."

"Are you indeed, sir ! I hope you'll have a pleasant time. I am going into Yorkshire myself, when I leave here."

"Are you going to your grandmamma's, Cobbs?"

"No, air. I haven't got such a thing." "Not as a grandmamma, Cobbs !
"No, nir."

The boy looked on at the watering of the flowers, for a little while, and then said, "I shall be very glad indeed to go, Cobbe—Norah's going."

"You'll be all right then, sir," says Cobbs, "with your beautiful sweetheart by your side."

"Cobbs," returned the boy, flushing. "I never let anybody joke about it, when I can prevent them."

"It wasn't a joke, sir," says Cobbs with humility, "— wasn't so meant."

"I am glad of that, Cobbs, because I like you, you know, and you're going to live with us.—Cobbs!"

"What do you think my grandmamma gives me, when I go down there?"

"I couldn't so much as make a guess, sir."

"A Bank of England five-pound note, Cobbs."

"Whew!" says Cobbs, "that's a spanking sum of money, Master Harry."

"A person could do a good deal with such a sum of money as that. Couldn't a person, Cobbs 7

"I believe you, sir!"

"Cobbs," said the boy, "I'll tell you a secret.
At Norah's house, they have been joking her about me, and pretending to laugh at our being engaged. Pretending to make game of it, Cobbs!" of it, Cobbs!"
"Such, sir," says Cobbs, "is the depravity

The boy, looking exactly like his father, atood for a few minutes with his glowing face towards the sunset, and then departed with " Good-night, Cobbs.

od-night, Cobbs. I'm going in."
I was to ask Boots how it happened that he was a going to leave that place just at that present time, well, he couldn't rightly answer me. He did suppose he might have stayed there till now, if he had been anyways inclined. But, you see, he was younger then and he wanted change. That's what he wanted—change. Mr. Walmers, he said, to him when he give him notice of his intentions to leave, "Cobbs," he says, "have you anythink to complain of I make the junquiry, because if I find that any of my neonle really has anythink to correlate of I inquiry, because if I find that any of my people really has anythink to complain of, I wish to make it right if I can." "No, sir," anys Cobbs; "thanking you, sir, I find myself as well sitiwated here as I could hope to be anywherea. The truth is, sir, that I'm a going to seek my fortun." "O, indeed, Cobbs?" he says; "I hope you may find it." And Boots could assure me—which he did, touching his hair with his boot-jack, as a salute in the way of his present calling-that

he hadn't found it yet.

Well, sir! Boots left the Elmses when his time was up, and Master Harry he went time was up, and Master Harry he went down to the old lady's at York, which old lady would have given that child the teeth out of her head (if she had had any), she was so waspt up in him. What does that Infant do -for Infant you may call him and be within the mark-but cut away from that old lady's with his Norah, on a expedition to go to Gretna Green and be married!

Sir, Boots was at this identical Holly-Tree (having left it several times since to better himself, but always come back through better himself, but always come back through one thing or another), when, one summer atternoon, the coach drives up, and out of the coach gets them two children. The Guard says to our Governor, "I don't quite make out these little passengers, but the young gentleman's words was, that they was to be brought here." The young gentleman gets out; hands his lady out; gives the Guard something for himself; says to our Governor, "We're to stop here to-night, please. Sitting-room and two bed-rooms will be required. Chops and cherry-pudding for be required. Chops and cherry-pudding for two!" and tucks her, in her little sky-blue Chops and cherry-pudding for mantle, under his arm, and walks into the house much bolder than Brass.

Boots leaves me to judge what the amazement of that establishment was, when those two tiny creatures all alone by themselves was marched into the Angel ;-much selves was marched into the Angel;—much more so, when he, who had seen them without their seeing him, give the Governor his views of the expedition they was upon. "Colbe," says the Governor, "If this is so, I must set off myself to York and quiet their friends' minds. In which case you must keep your eye upon 'em, and humour 'em, till I come back. But, before I take these measures, Cobbs, I should wish you to find from themselves whether your eminious

measures, Cobbs, I should wish you to find from themselves whether your opinions is correct." "Sir to you," says Cobbs, "that shall be done directly."

So, Boots goes upstairs to the Angel, and there he finds Master Harry on a e-normous sofa—immense at any time, but looking like the Great Bed of Ware, compared with him—a drying the eyes of Miss Norah with his pecket hankecher. Their little legs was entirely off the ground of course and it entirely off the ground, of course, and it really is not possible for Boots to express to me how small them children looked.
"It's Cobbs! It's Cobbs!" cries N

cries Master Harry, and comes running to him and catching hold of his hand. Miss Norah comes running to him on t'other side and catching hold of his t'other hand, and they both jump

"I see you a getting out, sir," says Cobbs.
"I thought it was you. I thought I couldn't be mistaken in your height and figure. What's the object of your journey, sir !— Matrimonial?
"We are going to be married, Cobbs, at

Gretna Green," returned the boy. have run away on purpose. Norah has been in rather low spirits, Cabbs, but she'd be happy, now we have found you to be our friend."

"Thank you, sir, and thank says Cobbs, "for your good of

says Cobbs, "for your good opinion. Dad you bring any luggage with you, ser !"

If I will believe Boots when he gives me his word and honour upon it, the lady had got a parasol, a smelling-bottle, a round and a half of cold buttered toast, eight pepparaulat drops, and a hair-brush—securingly, a doll's The gentleman had got about half-a dezen yards of string, a knife, three or four sheets of writing-paper folded up surprising small, a orange, and, a Chaney mug with his name upon it.

"What may be the exact natur of your plans, sir ?" says Cobbs.
"To go on," replied the boy—which the courage of that boy was something wonderful!—"in the morning, and be married to morrow."

"Just so, sir," says Cohbs. " Would it meet your views, sir, if I was to accompany you?"

When Cobbs said this they both jumped for joy again, and cried out, "O yes, yes, Cobbs! Yes!"

Cobbs! Yes!"

"Well, sir," says Cobbs. "If you will excuse my having the freedom to give an opinion, what I should recommend would be this. I'm acquainted with a pany, sir, which, put in a pheayton that I could berrow, would take you and Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior (myself driving, if you approved) to the end of your journey in a very short space of time. I am not altogether sare, sir, that this pony will be at liberty to my my. that this pony will be at liberty to-more we but even if you had to wait over te-more we to the small account here, sir, in case you was to find yourself running at all short that don't signify; because I'm a part; reprietor of this inn, and it could stand over "

Boots assures me that when they clapped their hands, and jumped for joy again, and called him "Good Cobbs!" and "lear Cobbs!" and bent across him to kiss one another in the delight of their confined hearts, he felt himself the measure tracel for deceiving 'em, that ever was born.

"Is there anything you want just at present sir?" anys Cobbs meetally six and the present sir?"

"Is there anything you want just at present, sir?" says Cobbe, mortally ashatnod of himself.

"We should like some cakes after dinner answered Master Harry, folding his amount one leg, and looking straight at him, "and two apples—and jam, With about we should like to have toast-and-water half a glass of current wine at descert And en glass of current wine at descert And en have I."
"It shall be ordered at the har, sir," a)

Cobbs; and away he went.

Boots has the feeling as fresh upon him at

21

The way in which the women of that house -without exception-every one of 'em-married and single-took to that boy when they heard the story, Boots considers sur-prising. It was as much as he could do prising. It was as much as he could do to keep 'em from dashing into the room and kissing him. They climbed up all sorts of places, at the risk of their lives, to look at him through a pane of glass. They was seven deep at the key-hole. They was out of their minds about him and his bold spirit.

In the evening, Boots went into the room, to see how the runaway couple was getting on. The gentleman was on the window-seat, supporting the lady in his arms. She had tears upon her face, and was lying, very tired and half asleep, with her head upon his

"Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior, fatigued,

says Cobbs.

"Yes, she is tired, Cobbs; but, she is not used to be away from home, and she has been in low spirits again. Cobbs, do you think you could bring a biffin, please?"

"I ask your pardon, sh;" says Cobbs.
"What was it you?——"

"What was it you?——"
"I think a Norfolk biffin would rouse her,
Cobbs. She is very fond of them."

Boots withdrew in search of the required restorative, and, when he brought it in, the gentleman handed it to the lady, and fed her with a spoon, and took a little himself. The lady being heavy with sleep, and rather cross, "What should you think, sir," says Cobbs, "of a chamber candlestick?" The gentleman approved; the chambermaid went first, up the great staircase; the lady, in her sky-blue mantle, followed, gallantly escorted by the gentleman; the gentleman embraced her at her door, and retired to his own apartment, where Boots softly locked him up.

Boots couldn't but feel with increased acuteness what a base deceiver he was, when they consulted him at breakfast (they had ordered sweet milk-and-water, and toast and ordered sweet milk-and-water, and toast and current jelly, overnight), about the pony. It really was as much as he could do, he don't mind confessing to me, to look them two young things in the face, and think what a wicked old father of lies he had grown up to be. Howsomever, he went on a lying like a Trojan, about the pony. He told 'em that it did so unfort nately happen that the pony was half clipped, you see, and that he couldn't be taken out in that state, for fear it should strike to his inside. But, that he'd be finished clipping in the course of the day,

and that to morrow morning at eight c'clock the pheayton would be ready. Beots's view of the whole case, looking back upon it in my room, is, that Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior was beginning to give in. She hadn't had her hair curled when she went to bed, and she didn't seem quite up to brushing it herself, and it's getting in her eyes put her out. But, nothing put out Master Harry. He sat behind his breakfast-cup, a tearing away at the jelly, as if he had been his own father.

After breakfast, Boots is inclined to consider that they drawed soldiers-at least, he knows that many such was found in the fire-place, all on horseback. In the course of the place, all on horseback. In the course of the morning, Master Harry rang the bell—it was surprising how that there boy did carry on—and said in a sprightly way, "Cobbs, is there any good walks in this neighbourhood?" "Yes, sir," says Cobbs, "There's Love Lane."

"Get out with you Cobbs."

"Get out with you, Cobbs!"—that was that there boy's expression—"you're joking."
"Eegging your pardon, sir," says Cobb.,
"there really is Love Lane. And a pleasant walk it is, and proud shall I be to show it to

which is, and proud shall I be to show it to yourself and Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior."

"North, dear," said Master Harry, "this is curious. We really ought to see Love Lane. Put on your bonnet, my sweetest darling, and we will go there with Cobbs."

Boots leaves me to judge what a Beast he felt himself to be, when that young pair told him, as they all three jogged along together, that they had made up their minds to give him two thousand guineas a year as head gardener, on accounts of his being so true a friend to 'em. Boots could have wished at the moment that the earth would have opened and awallerd him up; he felt so mean, with their beaming eyes a-looking at him, and be-lieving him. Well, sir, he turned the con-versation as well as he could, and he took 'em down Love Lane to the water-meadows. and there Master Harry would have drownded himself in half a moment more, a-getting out himself in half a moment more, a-getting out a water-lily for her—but nothing daunted that boy. Well, sir, they was tired out. All being so new and strange to 'em, they was tired as tired could be. And they laid down ou a bank of daisies, like the children in the wood, leastways meadows, and fell asleep.

Boots don't know—perhaps I do—but never mind, it don't signify either way—why it made a man fit to make a fool of himself, to see them, two pretty babies a lying there

to see them two pretty babies a lying there in the clear still sunny day, not dreaming half so hard when they was asleep, as they done when they was awake. But, Lord! when you come to think of yourself, you know, and what a game you have been up to ever since you was in your own cradle, and what a poor sort of a chap you are, and how it's always either Yesterday with you, or else To-mor-row, and never To-day, that's where it is! Well, sir, they woke up at hat, and them

one thing was getting pretty clear to Boots:
namely, that Mrs. Harry Walmerses Junior's
temper was on the move. When Master
Harry took her round the waist, she said he
"teased her so;" and when he says, "Norah,
my young May Moon, your Harry tease you?"
she tells him, "Yes; and I want to go home!"
A biled fowl, and baked bread-and-butter
pudding, brought Mrs. Walmers up a little;
but Loots could have wished, he must
privately own to me, to have seen her more
sensible of the woice of love, and less
abandoning of herself to currants. However,
Master Harry he kept up, and his noble abandoning of herself to currants. However, Master Harry he kept up, and his noble heart was as fond as ever. Mrs. Walmers turned very sleepy about dusk, and began to cry. Therefore, Mrs. Walmers went off to hed as per yesterday; and Master Harry ditto repeated.

ditto repeated.

About eleven or twelve at night, comes About eleven or twelve at ingut, comes back the Governor in a chaise, along with Mr. Walmers and a elderly lady. Mr. Walmers looks amused and very serious, both at once, and says to our missis, "We are much in lebted to you, ma'am, for your kind care of our little children, which we can never sufficiently advantage. Pear maker where is ciently acknowledge. Pray ma'am, where is my boy?" Our missis says, "Cobbs has the dear child in charge, sir. Cobbs, show Forty!" Then, he says to Cobbs, "Ah Cobbs! I am glad to see you. I understood you was here!" And Cobbs says, "Yes, sir. Your most chedient vin."

Your most obedient, sir."

I may be surprised to hear Boots say it, perhaps; but, Boots assures me that his heart has tike a hammer, going up stairs. "I beg beat like a hammer, going up stairs. "I beg your pardon, sir," says he, while unlocking the door; "I hope you are not angry with Master Harry. For, Master Harry is a fine boy, sir, and will do you credit and honour." And Boots signifies to me, that if the fine how's father had controlled him in the

And Boots signifies to me, that if the fine boy's father had contradicted him in the daring state of mind in which he then was, he thinks he should have "fetched him a crack," and taken the consequences.

But. Mr. Walmers only says, "No, Cobbs. No, my good fellow. Thank you!" And, the door being opened, goes in.

Boots goes in too, holding the light, and he sees Mr. Walmers go up to the bedside, head gently down, and kiss the little sleeping face. Then, he stands looking at it for a minute, looking wonderfully like it (they do say he ran away with Mrs. Walmers); and then he gently shakes the little shoulder. shoulder.

"Harry, my dear boy! Harry!"
Master Harry starts up and looks at him.
Looks at Cobbs too. Such is the honour of
that mite, that he looks at Cobbs, to see
whether he has brought him into trouble.

"I am not angry, my child. I only want
you to dress yourself and come home."

"Yes, Pa."
Master Harry descriptions

Master Harry dresses himself quickly.

as he stands at last, n-looking at his father; his father standing a-looking at him, the quiet image of him.

"Please may I"—the spirit of that little creatur, and the way he kept his racing tears down!—"Please dear Pn—may I—k-Norah, before I go !"

"You may, my child."
So, he takes Master Harry in his hand, and Boots leads the way with the candle, and they come to that other bedroom: where the elderly lady is seated by the bed, and poor little Mcs. Harry Walmers Junior is fast asleep. There, the father lifts the child up to the pillow, and he lays his little face down to the pillow, and he lays his little face down for an instant by the little warm face of poor unconscious little Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior, and gently draws it to him—a sight so touching to the chambermaids who are calls out "It's a shame to part 'em!" hat this chambermaid was always, as Poots informs me, a soft-hearted one. Not that there was any harm in that girl. Far from it. Finally, Boots says, that's all about it. Mr. Walmers drove away in the chaire, having hold of Master Harry's hand. The elderly lady and Mrs. Harry Walmers Junior that was never to be, (she married a Captain, long afterwards, and died in India), went off next day. In conclusion, Boots puts it to me whether I hold with him in two opinions; firstly, that there are not to the pillow, and he lays his little face down

in two opinions; firstly, that there are not many comples on their way to be married, who are half as innocent of guile as those twochildren; secondly, that it would be a jobs. good thing for a great many couples on their way to be married, if they could only be stopped in time and brought back separately.

THE LANDLORD.

Uniah Tattenhall is my elder brother by fifteen years. I am Sain Tattenhall.

My brother Uriah rang at his gate at his sing retreat of Trumpington Cottage, Peckham, near London, exactly at a quarter to six -his regular hour—when the omnibus from the city set him down at the end of the lane. It was December, but the weather was fine and frosty, and as it was within a few days of Christmas, his children—four in number two boys, just come home from school and two girls who came home from school every day—were all on the alert to receive him, with a world of schemes for the delecta

with a world of schemes for the delectative of the coming holiday-time.

My brother Urah was an especial family man. He made himself the companion and play-fellow of his children ce all occasions that his devotion to his barness in the city would adont of the hearty, cheery voice was heard as he entered the hall, and while he was busy patterned the hall, and while he was busy patterned this over-coat, and hauging up he into Well, my boys, well George, well Mass Lacy, there. What are you all about I

How's the world used you since this morning? Where's mamma? The kettle boiling, ch?" Where's mamma? The kettle boiling, ch?" The running fire of hilarity that always anihim seemed to throw sunshine and new life into the house, when he came in. The children this evening rushed out into the The children this evening rushed out into the hall, and crowded round him with such a number of "I say, pa's," and "Do you know, pa?" and "Don't tell him now, Mary,—let him guesa. Oh! you'll never guess, pa!" that he could only hurry them all into the sitting-room before him like a little flock of sheep, saying, "Well, well, you rogues,—well, well,—let us have some tea, and then all about it" about it."

The fire blazed bonnily, as it was wont, in the bright grate, and that and the candles made the room, with light and warmth, the very paradise of comfort. Mrs. Tattenhall, a handsome woman of five and thirty or soshe might be more, but she did not look itwas just in the act of pouring the water from a very bright little kettle into the equally a very bright little kettle into the equally bright silver tea-pot, and with a sunny, rusy, youthful, and yet matronly face, turned smilingly at his entrance, and said, "Well, my dear, is it not a very cold night?"

"Not in this room, certainly, my dear," said my brother Uriah, "and with such a snuggery before one, who cares for cold outside."

outside.

Mrs. Tattenhall gave him a brighter smile still, and the neat Harriet coming in with the toast, the whole family group was speedily scated round the tea-table, and the whole flood of anticipated pleasures and plans of the younger population let loose, and cordially entered into, and widened and improved by my brother Uriah. He promised them an early night at the very best pantonime, and they were to read all about all the pautonimes in the newspapers and find out pantomimes in the newspapers, and find out which was the best. He meant to take pantonimes in the newspapers, and find out which was the best. He meant to take them to see all sorts of sights, and right off-hand on Christmas Eve he was going to set up a Christmas-tree, and have Christkindchen, and all sorts of gifts under it for everybody. He had got it all ready done by a German who came often to his warehouse, and it was same whose set for extractions. warehouse, and it was somewhere, not far off just now.

"Thank you, papa,—thank you a thousand nes. Oh! what heaps of fun!" exclaimed

times. Oh! what heaps of fun!" exclaimed the children, altogether.

"Why, really, my dear," said Mrs. Tattenhall, delighted as the children, "what has come to you! You quite out-do yourself, good as you always are. You are quite magnificent in your projects."

"To be sure," said Uriah, taking hold of the bands of little Lucy, and dancing round

nice book—begin, and read it aloud: it will be a very pleasant book for these winter even-ings before all the dissipation begins. It is Pringle's Adventures in South Africa, and is Pringle's Adventures in South Arrica, and is almost as good as Robinson Crusoe. I knew Pringle well; a lame, little man, that you never would dream could sit on a horse, much less ride after lions and elephants in that style."

"Lions and elephants!" all were silent, and George read on. He read till eight o'clock, their bed-time, and the whole group parents and children—were equally de-lighted with it. As they closed the book —"Now," said the father, "would it not be grand fun to live out there, and ride after

"Ah! grand fon!" said the boys, but the mother and the girls shuddered at the lions.
"Well, you could stay in the house, you know,"

with your count stay in the house, you all said Bob.

"Right, my fine fellow," said the father, clapping him on the shoulder. "So now off to bed, and dream all about it."

When the children were gone, my brother Urish stretched out his feet on the fender

and fell into a silence. When my brother' lasted some time his wife said, silence had

"Are you sleepy, my dear?"

"No; never was more wakeful," said
Uriah; "really, my dear, I never was less
inclined to be sprightly: but it won't
do to dash the spirits of the children. Let
them enjoy the Christmas as much as they

"What is amiss?" asked Mrs. Tattenhall, with a quick apprehensive look. "Is there with a quick apprehensive look. "Is something amiss? Good gracious!

with a quick apprehensive look. "Is there something amiss? Good gracious! you frighten me."

"Why no, there is nothing exactly amiss; there is nothing new; but the fact is, I have just taken stock, and to-day finished casting all up, and struck the balance."

"And is it bad? Is it less than you expected?" asked Mrs. Tattenhall, fixing here even seriously on her husband's face.

eyes seriously on her husband's face.

"Bad! No, not bad, nor good. I'll tell you what it is. You've heard of a tond in a mud wall. Well, that's me. Twenty years "Bad I No, not bad, nor good. I'll tell you what it is. You've heard of a toad in a mud wall. Well, that's me. Twenty years ago, I went into business with exactly three thousand pounds, and here I have been trading, and fagging, and caring, and getting, and losing, business extending, and profits getting less and less, making large sales, and nen breaking directly after, and so the upshot is,—twenty years trade, and the balance the same to a pound as that I began with. Three thousand I started with, and three thousand is precisely my capital at this moment." moment.

"To be sure," said Uriah, taking hold of the hands of little Lucy, and dancing round the room with her. "To be sure; we may just us well be merry as sad; it will be all the ame a hundred years hence."

Presently the tea-table was cleared, and, as they drewround the fire, my brother Uriah pulland out a book, and said, "George, there's a with, and a happy home, and live as well and

comfortably as any one need to do, or as I wish, I am sure. What do we want more?" anid Uriah, drawing up his legs suddenly, and clapping his hands in a positive sort of a way on his knees. "Why, I for one, want a great deal more. We've children, you say, and a home, and all that. Heaven be thanked, so we have! but I want our children to have a home after

Three thousand pounds divided amongst four, leaves about seven hundred and fifty each. Is it worth while to fag a whole life, and leave them that and a like prospect? No," continued Uriah, in a considering manner, and shaking his head. "No, I want something more; more for myself; more for them; more room, more scope, a wider horizon, and a more proportionate result of a whole human existence. And do you know Maria what I have come to as the best conclusion? To go out to Australia."

"To go out to Australia!" said Mrs. Tattenhall, in astonishment. "My dear Uriah, you are joking. You mean no such thing." four, leaves about seven hundred and fifty

"But that is just what I do mean," said Uriah, taking his wife's hand affectionately; "I have thought of it long, and the toad-inthe wall balance has determined me. And now what I ask of you is to look at it calmly and earnestly. You know the Smiths, the Browns, and the Robinsons have gone out. They report the climate delicious, and that wonders are deing. A new country if it he a good are doing. A new country, if it be a good country, is the place to grow and thrive in, without doubt. Look at the trees in a wood. They grow up and look very fine in the mass. The wood, you say, is a very fine wood; but when you have looked at the individual trees, they are crowded and spindled up. They cannot put out a single bough beyond a certain distance; if they attempt it, their presuming twigs are poked back again by sturdy neighbours all round, that are all sturgeling for light and space like them. sturdy neighbours an round, that are an struggling for light and space like them. Look then at the tree on the open plain,—how it spreads and hangs in grand amplitude its unobstructed boughs and foliage: a lordly object. Just so, this London. It is a lordly object. Just so, this London. It is a vast, a glorious, a most imposing London, but thousands of its individuals in it are pressed and circumscribed to a few square yards and no more. Give me the open plain,
-the new country, and then see if I do not
put out a better head, and our children too

Mrs. Tattenhall, now she felt that her husband was in earnest, sat motionless and confounded. The shock had come too suddenly upon her. Her husband, it is true, had often told her that things did not move as he wished; that they seemed fixed, and stereotyped, and stagnant; but then, when are merchants satisfied? She never had entertained an idea but that they should go on to the end of the chapter as they had been nies. The order of the Government at he going on ever since she was married. She

was bound up heart and soul with her own country; she had her many friends and relations, with whom she lived on the most out tions, with whom she lived on the most cor-dial terms; all her tastes, feelings, and ideas were English and metropolitan. At the very idea of quitting England, and for so new, and so distant a country, she was seized with an indescribable consternation.

"My dear Maria!" said her husband;
"mind, I don't ask you to go at first. You and the children can remain here till I have

been and seen what the place and prospects are like. My brother Sam will look after are like. business-he will soon be at home in it-aci all is pleasant, why, you will come then, of not I won't ask you. I'll work out a good round sum myself if possible, or open up some connection that will mend matters here. What can I say more?"

"Nothing, dear Uriah, nothing. But thee poor children—"

poor children -"
"Those poor children!" said Urinh. "Why
my dear Maria, if you were to ask them
whether they would like a voyage to Australia, to go and see those evergreen woods, tralia, to go and see those evergeeen woods, and gallop about all amongst gay parrots, and great kangaroos, they would jump off their seats with joy. The spirits of the young are ever on the wing for adventure and new countries. It is the prompting of that Great Power which has constructed all this marvellous universe, and bade mank in multiply and replenish the earth. Last trouble yourself about them. You saw has they devoured the adventures at the Cape and you'll see how they will kindle up in a wonderful enthusiasm at the promise of a voyage to Australia. What are pantonness to that!" to that !"

to that !"

"Poor things!" said Mrs. Tattenial!

"They know nothing about the reality; all is fairyland and poetry to them."

"The reality! the reality, Moria, will be all farryland and poetry to them."

Mrs. Tattenhall shook her head, as I retired that night—not to sleep, but with a very sad heart to ruminate over this unexpected revelation. My brother's words were realised at the first mention of the project to the children. After the first short of surprise and doubt whether it were realised at the project to the children. After the first short of surprise and doubt whether it were really meant, they became unboundedly delighted. The end of it was, that by the middle of fobruary, my brother Uriah, having had a handsome offer for his business and stock, had word up all his affairs; and Mrs. Tattenhall have concluded, like a good wife and mother, to particulate the control of t concluded, like a good wife and mother. with the whole family, they bade fare England, Mrs. Tattenhall with many Uriah serious and thoughtful, the full of delight and wonder at every

pound per acre, had checked emigration, and as there had been a good deal of speculation in Melbourne in town allotments, things just now looked gloomy. This was in eighteen hundred and forty-three. "But it can't last long," said the Captain, "that silly order of raising the price of the land is so palpably absurd; while America is selling land so much nearer at a quarter of the price, that it must be repealed; and then all will be right

again." It was the middle of May when our party arrived in Hobson's Bay. It was very rainy, gloomy weather—the very opposite to all that the climate had been represented in the accounts sent home—but then it was the commencement of winter, the November of our season. Uriah got a boat, and sailed up the winding river to the town. The sail was through a flat tract of land densely overgrown with a mass of close, dark bushes, of some ten feet high, somewhat resembling our sloe-tree, the tea-tree of that country. reaching the foot of the town, which stood on a range of low hills, Uriah and his companions stepped out into a most appalling slough of black mud, through which they waded till they reached the town, which was of no great extent, scattered over a considerable space, however, for the number of houses, and with great intervals of woodland, places where the trees had been felled and where the stumps, a yard high, remained

in unsightly nakedness.
Uriah walked on through a scene which somehow in keeping with the weather, fell heavily on his spirits. There was nothing doing, or stirring; houses in various degrees of progress stood as they were. There were piles of timber, lime, shingles, posts, and rails, empty wagons and carts, but no people employed about them. On every hand he saw lots marked out for fencing or building upon, but there they remained all stationary.

all stationary. all stationary.

"Is it Sunday?" Uriah asked himself.
No, it was Tuesday. Then why all this
stagnation; this solitude? In a lane, or
rather deep track of mud and ruts, since
known as Flinders' Lane, but then without a name, and only just wide enough between the trees for a cart to pass. Uriah wading and plunging along, the rain meantime pouring, streaming, and drumming down on his umbrella, he came face to face with a large active man in a mackintosh cloak, and an oilskin hood over his head. Neither of them found it very convenient to step out of the middle mud track, because on each side of it rose a perfect bank of sludge raised by the wheels of drays, and stopping to have a look at each other, the strange man suddenly put out a huge red hand warm and war and applying the strange of the

wet, and exclaimed:
"What! Tattenhall! You here! In the name of all wonders what could bring you here at this moment!"

"What, Robinson! is that you?" cried Uriah. "Is this your climate? This your paradise!"

paradise ?"

"Climate — paradise — be hanged!" said Robinson. "They're well enough. If everything else were as well there would be nought to complain of. But tell me Uriah Tattenhall, with that comfortable Trumpington Cottage at Peckham, with that well-to-do warehouse in the Old Jewry, what could possess you to come here?"

"What should I come for, but to settle?" asked Uriah, somewhat chagrined at this salutation.

salutation.

"To settle! ha, ha!" burst out Robinson.
"Well, as for that, you could not come to a
better place. It is a regular settler here.
Everything and everybody are settled here out and out. This is a settlement, and no mistake; but it is like a many other settlements, the figures are all on the wrong side the ledger."
"Good gracious!" said Uriah.

"Nay, it is neither good nor gracious," replied Robinson. "Look round. What do Ruin, desertion, dirt and theyou see?

"Why, how is that?" asked Uriah. "I thought you, and Jones, and Brown, and all of you had made your fortunes."
"So we had, or were just on the point of doing. We had purchased lots of land for building, and had sold it out again at five hundred per cent, when chop! down comes little Lord John with his pound an acre, and heigh, presto! everything goes townand heigh, presto! everything goes topsyturvy. Our purchasers are either in the bankruptcy court, or have vanished. By jingo! I could show you such lots, fine lots for houses and gardens, for shops and warehouses; ay, and shops and warehouses upon them too, as would astonish you."

"Well, and what then!" asked Uriah.

"What then! why warehouse don't are garages.

"What then! why man don't you comprehend. Emigration is stopped, broken off short as a pipe-shank, not a soul is coming out to bny and live in all these houses-not soul except an odd-excuse me, Tattenhall, I was going to say, except you and another fool or two. But where do you hang out! Look! there is my house," pointing to a wooden erection near. "I'll come and see you as soon as I know where you fix yourself."

"But mind one thing" exied Uright spiring

"But mind one thing," cried Uriah, seizing him by the arm as he passed. "For heaven's sake, don't talk in this manner to my wife. It would kill her."

"Oh no, mum's the word! There's no use frightening the women," said Robinson. "No, confound it, I won't creak any how. And, after all, bad as things are, why, they can't remain so for ever. Nothing ever does, that's one comfort. They'll mend sometime."

"When !" said Uriah.

"Well," said Robinson, pausing a little, "not before you and I meet again, so I may

leave that answer to another opportunity;" and with a nod and very knowing look he

"Odd fellow!" said my brother Uriah. "He is very jocose for a ruined man. What is one to think!" and he waded on. After making a and he waded on. After making a considerable circuit, and actually losing himself in the wood somewhere about where the Reverend Mr. Morrison's chapel now stands in Collins' Street, he again came across Robinson who stood at the door of a cousiderable erection of wattle-and-dab, that is, a building of boughs wattled on stakes, and dabled over with mud; then not uncommon in Melbourne, and still common enough in the bush. It stood on the hill-side with a swift muddy torrent produced by the rains rushing down the valley below it, towards the river, as it has often done since it bore

the neer, as it has often done since it bore the name of Swanston Street.

"Here, Tattenball! here is a pretty go!" shoutel Robinson; "a fellow has cut with bag and baggage to-night who owes me four thousand pounds, and has left me a lot more houses and land. That's the way every day. But look, here is a house ready for you. You have a hetter and you can have me any can't have a better, and you can pay me any trifle you like, something is better than

nothing

He led Uriah in. The house was thoroughly and comfortably furnished; though, of course, very simply, with beds and everything. there, and had time to ramble about with his boys, and learn more fully the condition of the colony. It was melancholy beyond de-acription. Wild, reckless speculation brought to a sudden close by the cessation of immi-gration, had gone like a hurricane over the place, and had left nothing but ruin and paralysis behind it. No words that Robin-son had used, or that any man could use, could overpaint the real condition of pros-tration and of misery. Two hundred and eighty insolvencies in a population of ten thousand, told the tale of awful reality. Uriah was overwhelmed with consternation at the step he had taken. O! how pleasant seemed that Trumpington Cottage, Peckhau, and that comfortable warehouse in the Old Jewry, as he viewed them from the Antipodes in the midst of rain and ruin.

What, however, was my brother Uriah's astonishment to see Robinson stalk in the next day, his tall figure having to steep at every door, and in his brusque, noisy way, go up to Mrs. Tattenball, and shaking her hand as you would shake the handle of a pump, congratulate her on her arrival in the colony.

"A lucky hit, madam, a most lucky, scientific hit! Ah! trust Tattenhall for knowing what he is about."

Mrs. Tattenhall stood with a singular ex-

pression of wonder and bewilderment on her countenance, for the condition of the place, and the condolings of several female neighbours who had dropped in in Urinh's absence, had induced her to believe that they had

made a full move of it.

"Why, sir," said she, "what can you mean, for as I hear, the place is utterly rules and certainly it looks like it?"

"Runed! to be sure it is, at least "Runned! to be sure it is, at least the people are, more's the pity for me, and the like of me who have lost everything; but for Tattenhall who has everything to gain and money to win it with, why it is the golden opportunity, the very thing! If he had watched at all the four corners of the world, and for a hundred years, he could not have dropped into such a chance. All trust Tattenhail, make me believe he did no plan it." Thrusting his knuckles into Urish aide, and laughing with a thunder clap of a laugh that seemed to come from lungs of leather.

leather.

"Why, look here now," he continued drawing a chair and seating himself on its front edge; "look here now, if you had come six months ago, you could have bought nothing except out of the fire. Town allotments, land, houses, bread, meat, sugar exerciting ten times the natural price exerciting ten times the natural price. everything ten times the natural price and, now! cheap, dog cheap! of no value at all, you might have them for asking for; nay, I could go into a duzen description, and take any quantity for nothing. And property! why three thousand pounds cash would almost buy all the place—all its colony."

"What is the use," asked Mrs. Tattenhall.
"of buying a ruined colony?"
"A ruined colony?" said Robinson, edging himself still more forward in his chair, an himself still more forward in his char, and seeming actually to sit upon nothing, he huge figure and large ruddy five appearing still larger. "The colony, madam, is not ruined; never was ruined, never can be ruined. The people are ruined, a goal lot of them; but the colony is a goal and a grand colony. God made the colony still let me tell you, madam," looking very serious. "Providence is no speculator, up to lay down or morrow. What he does he does. Well the people have ruined themselves; but it is out of their power to ruin the colony; "... out of their power to ruin the colour nor the town. The town and the nor the town. The town and the solutare sound as a bell, never were sound as a bell, never were sound in them; never has so much. There is the land still, tee a part of it is gone; no great follow has part the on his back and gone off with it. The lat is there, and the houses, and the murchardise, and the flocks, and her is, and horse and—what concerns you—"

He sate and looked at Mrs. Tatte who stood there intently listening, and Frank stood just behind her listening too, at all the children with their mouths open co

on the strange man.

"Well, what-what concerns as ?" edd

Mrs. Tattenhall,
"To get a huge, almighty beap of some thing for nothing," said the large next

as if he would enclose a whole globe, and in a low, slow, deep tone, calculated to sink into the imaginations of the listeners.

"If we did but know when things would mend;" said my brother Uriah, for the first

time venturing to put in a word.
"When!" said Robinson starting up so suddenly that his head struck against a beam in the low one-storeyed house. "Confound in the low one-storeyed house. "Confound there low places," said he, turning hery red, and rubbing his crown, "there will be better anon. When? say ye? Hark ye! this anon. When? say ye? Hark ye! this colony is—how old? Eight years! and in eight years what a town! what wealth! what bulldings! what a power of sheep and cattle! The place is knocked down, won't it get up again? Ay, and quickly! Here are a pair of sturdy legs," he said, turning to Bob, who flushed up in surprise; "but, Mrs. Tattenhall, you did not teach him to walk without that turning to be a fact turning to Bob and turning to Bob. But he get up again and a few tumbles, ch? But he got up again, and how he stands now! what a sturdy young roque it is! And what made him get up again? Because he was young and strong, and the colony is young and strong, madam. Eight years old! What shall I give you for right years old! What shall I give you for a three thousand pounds purchase made now, three years hence? Just think of that," said the tall man, "just turn that over a time or two," nodding solemnly to my brother, and then to my sister-in-law, and then cantiously glancing at the menacing beam, and with a low duck diving out of the louse. the house.

"What a strange fellow!" said Uriah.
"But how true!" said Mrs. Tattenhall.
"How true! What true!" asked Uriah,

astonished.

"Why," said Mrs. Tattenhall, "what he ys. It is truth, Uriah; we must buy as

much as we can."

"But," said Uriah, "only the other day he said the clean contrary. He said everybody was ruined."

"And he says so still," added Mrs. Tatten-hall, enthusiastically, "but not the colony. We must buy! We must buy, and wait. One day we shall reap a grand harvest."

"Ah!" said Uriah; "so you let yourself, my dear Maria, be thus easily persuaded, because Robinson wants to sell, and thinks we have money?"

"Is it not common sense, however? Is it not the plainest sense?" asked Mrs. Tattenhall. "Do you think this colony is never to recover?"

"Never is a long while " said Haisle. 6 Do

Never is a long while," said Uriah. "But

"Well, we will think it over, and see how the town lies; and where the chief points of it will be, probably, hereafter; and if this Mr. Robinson has any land in such places, I would buy of him, because he has given us the first bles of it.

stretching out his arms in a circular shape, and houses, chiefly from Robinson, to the amount of two thousand pounds. Robinson fain would not have sold, but have mortgaged and that fact was the most convincing proof that he was sincere in his expectations of a revival. Time went on. Things were more and more hopeless. Urish, who had nothing else to do, set on and cultivated a garden. He had plenty of garden ground, and his boys helped him, and enjoyed it vastly. As the summer went on, and melons grew ring the summer went on, and melons grew ripe, and there were plenty of green peas and vegetables, by the addition of meat, which was now only one penny a-pound, they could live almost for nothing; and Uriah thought they could wait and maintain themselves for years, if necessary. So, from time to time, one tale of urgent staring distress or another lured him on to take fresh bargains, till he saw himself almost penniless. Things still remained as dead as the very stones or the stumps around them. My brother Uriah began to feel very melancholy; and Mrs. Tattenball, who had so strongly advised the wholesale purhad so strongly advised the wholesale purchase of property, looked very serious. Uriah often thought: "Ah! she would do it; but-Bless her! I will never say so, for she did it for the best." But his boys and girls were growing apace, and made him think. "Bless me! In a few years they will be shooting up into men and women; and if this speculation should turn out all moonshine!—if the place should never revive!"

He sate one day on the stump of a tree on

He sate one day on the stump of a tree on a high ground, looking over the bay. His mind was in the most gloomy, dejected condition. Everything looked dark and hopeless. No evidence of returning life around; no spring in the commercial world; and his good money gone; as he sate thus, his eyes fixed on the distance, his mind sunk in the lowering present, a man came up, and asked him to take his land off his hands: to take it,

for Heaven's sake, and save his starving family.

"Man!" said Uriah, with a face and a voice so savage that it made the suppliant start even in his misery, "I have no money! I want no land! I have too much land. You shall have it all for as much as will carry me back to England, and set me down a beggar there!" The man shook his head. "If I had a

"If I had a single crown I would not ask you; but my wife is down of the fever, and my children are dying of dysentery. What shall I do t and my lots are the very best in the place."

"I tell you!" said my brother Uriah, with a fierre growd and any nears that of the every

a fierce growl, and an angry flash of the eye,

a herce grown, and an angry flash of the eye,
"I have no money, and how can I buy?"
He glanced at the man in fury; but a face
so full of patient suffering and of sickness—
sickness of the heart, of the soul, and, as it
were, of famine, ruet his gaze, that he stopped short, felt a pang of remorse for his anger, They thought and looked, and the end of it in the valley below, he said, in a softened was, that very soon they had bought up land tone, "Look there! The other day a man told me such a tale of horror—a sick family, and a gaol staring him in the face, that I gave him my last money—my carefully hoarded money, and of what use are those cattle to me? None whatever: You may have them for your land, if you like. I have nothing else."

I will have them? a cilet.

"I will have them," said the man. "On a distant station I know where I could sell them, if I could only leave my family. But they have no flour, no tea, nothing but meat,

meat, meat."

"Leave them to me," said Uriah, feeling the warm blood and the spirit of humanity beginning to circulate in his bosom at the sense of what was really suffering around him. "Leave them to me. I will care for them. Your wife and children shall have a dector. I will find you some provisions for doctor. I will find you some provisions for your journey, and if ever your land is worth anything, you shall have it again. This state of things makes monsters of us. It turns our blood into gall, our hearts into stones. We must resist it or we are ruined, indeed!"

"Nay," said upon you. Tal the man, "I won't impose

upon you. Take that piece of land in the valley there; it will one day be valuable."

"That!" said Uriah, looking. "That!
Why, that is a swamp! I will take that—
I shall not hurt you there!" And he laughed outright, the first time for two years

Years went on, and my brother Uriah lived but as it were in the valley of the shadow of death. It was a melancholy and dispiriting time. The buoyancy of his soul was gone. That jovial, sunny, ebullient spirit with which he used to come home from the city, in England, had fled, as a thing that had never been. He maintained himself chiefly out of his garden. His children were spring-ing up into long, lanky lads and lasses. He educated them himself, as well as he could; and as for clothes! Not a navvy—not a beg-gar—in the streets of London, but could have stood a comparison with them, to their infinite disparagement. Ah! those good three thousand pounds! How will the balance stand in my brother Uriah's books at the end

of the next twenty years?
But anon there awake a slight motion in the atmosphere of life. It was a mere flutter of the air, that died out again. Then again it revived—it strengthened—it blew like a breath of life over the whole landscape. breath of life over the whole landscape, Uriah looked around him from the very place where he had sat on the stump in despair. It was bright and sunny. He heard a sound of an axe and a hammer. He looked, and saw a house, that had stood a mere skeleton, once more in progress. There were people passing to and fro with a more active air. What is that? A cart of goods? A dray of what is that? A cart of goods? A dray of whilding materials. There was life and motion again! The discovery of converting motion again! The discovery of converting sheep and oxen into tallow had raised the value of atock. The shops and the merchants

were once more in action. The man to whom he had sold the oxen came up smiling— "Things mend, sir. We shall soon be all

right. And that piece of land in the awarm, that you were so merry over, will you sell it? It lies near the wharves, and is wanted for warehouses."

"Bravo!" cried Uriah, and they descended the hill together. Part of the land was sold; and soon substantial warehouses, of the nature trapstone, were rising upon it. Uriah's old attachment to a merchant's life came over him. With the purchase-money he built a ware-house too. Labour was extremely low, and house too.

house too. Labour was extremely he built a large and commodious one.

Another year or two, and behald Uriah busy in his warehouse; his two boys clerking the counting-house. Things busy in his warehouse; his two boys clerking it gravely in the counting-house. Thingo grew rapidly better. Urinh and his family were once more handsomely clad, handsomely housed, and Uriah's jolly humour was sign in the ascendant. Every now and then Robinson came hurrying in, a very busy man indeed he was now, in the town council, and moreover, mayor; and saying, "Well, Mrs. Tattenhall, didn't I say it, ch? Is not this boy of a colony on a fine sturdy pair of lega again? Not down? Not dead? Well, well, Tattenhall did me a kindness, then—by ready cash for my land—I don't forget it; but I cash for my land-I don't forget it; but I don't know how I am to make him amenda unless I come and dine with him some day. And he was off again.

Another year or two, and that wonderful crisis, the gold discovery, came. Then, what a sensation—what a stir—what a revolution what running, and buying and bidding for land, for prime business situations!—what rolling in of people—capital—goods. Heaven and earth!—what a scene—what a place—

what a people.

Ten years to a day from the last balance at the Old Jewry, Uriah Tattenhall balanced again, and his three thousand pounds was grown to seventy thousand pounds, and was still rolling up and on like a snow-ball.

There were George and Bob grown into really tall and handsome fellows. George was the able merchant, Bob had got a station out at the Dandevene halfs and

really tall and handsome fellows. Green was the able merchant, Bob had got station out at the Dundenong-hills, at told wonderful stories of riding after handsome, and wild bulls, and shooting splic did lyre-binds—all of which came of recommendations. There was mary and Lucy, two handsome girls as at in the colony, and wonderfully attracted to a young Benson and a younger falls son. Wonders were the next year to true forth, and amongst them was to be a grampic-nic at Bob's station, at the Dunderout which they were to live out in real treatment of the forest, and cook, and bake, and brev. The the forest, and cook, and bake, and breve the ladies were to join in a builthur, shoot with revolvers, and nobody was be hurt, or thrown, or anything to bap but all sorts of merriment and wildAnd really my brother's villa on the Yarra River is a very fine place. The house is an Italian villa built of real stone, ample, with large, airy rooms, a broad verandah, It stands on a high and all in the purest taste. bank above the valley, in which the Yarra winds, taking a sweep there, its course marked by a dense body of acacia trees. In the spring these trees are of resplendent gold, loading these trees are of resplendent gold, loading the air with their perfume. Now they were thick and dark in their foliage, casting their shade on the river described. shade on the river deep between its banks. From the house the view presented this deep valley with this curving track of trees, and beyond slopes divided into little farms, with their little homesteads upon them, where Uriah had a number of tenants making their fortunes on some thirty or forty acres each, by hay at forty pounds a ton, and potatoes and onions at one shilling a pound, and all

other produce in proportion.

On this side of the river you saw extensive gardens in the hollow blooming with and many tropical flowers, and along the hill sides on either hand vineyards and fruit orchards of the most vigorous vegetation, and loaded with young fruit. The party assembled at my brother Uriah's house on that hospitable Christmas day, descended amid a native shrubbery, and Uriah thrust a walking-stick to its very handle into the rich black soil, and when his friends as precased their surprise, he told them friends expressed their surprise, he told them that the soil there was fourteen feet deep, and would grow any quantity of produce for ages without manuring. Indeed, they passed through green corn of the most luxuriant character, and, crossing the bridge of a brook which there fell into the river, they found themselves under the acacias; by the river side there lay huge prostrate trunks of ancient gum-trees, the patriarchs of the forest, which had fallen and given place to the acaeia, and now reminded the spectators that they were still in the land of primitive woods.

"Why, Tattenhall," said Robinson, to my brother Uriah, "Trumpington Cottage, my dear fellow, would cut a moor figure after

dear fellow, would cut a poor figure after this. I'd ask any lord or gentleman to show me a fertiler or more desirable place in the tight little island. Bigger houses there may be, and are, but not to my mind more desirable. Do you know, very large houses always seem to me a sort of asylums houses always seem to me a sort of asylums for supernumerary servants—the master can only occupy a corner there—he cuts out quite small in the bulk. And as to fertility, this beats Battersea Fields and Fulham hollow. Those market-gardeners might plant and plant to all eternity, always taking out and never putting in, and if they could grow peaches, apricots, grapes, figs twice a year, and all that as fine in the open air as they do in hot-houses, and sell their bunches of paraley at sixpence a-piece, and waterof parsley at sixpence a-piece, and water-niclons—gathered from any gravel heap or dry open field—at five shillings a-piece, the hand of his wife, faithful and

plentiful as pumpkins, wouldn't they astonish themselves!

"But what makes you call this place Bow-stead?" continued Robinson, breaking off a small wattle-bough to whick the flies from his face. "Orr has named his Abbotsfordthat's because he's a Scotchman; and we've got Cremorne Gardens, and Richmond, and Hawthorne, and all sorts of English names about here;—but Bowstead! I can't make it out."

"You can't?" said Uriah, smiling; "don't you see that the river curves in a bow here,

"O! that's it," said Robinson; "I fancied it was to remind you of Bow Bells."

"There you have it," said Bob, laughing.

"Bow Bells! but, as there was a bow and no said bells in the said bells."

bells, my father put a stead to it, that's instead of the bells, you know."
"Bless me!" said Robinson: "now I should have thought of never h that - how very

And he took the joke in such perfect simplicity, that all burst into a simultaneous laugh; for every one else knew that it was so called in honour of Maria Bowstead, now the universally respected Mrs. Tattenhall.

The whole party were very merry, for they had good cause to be. Mr. and Mrs. Tattenhall, still in their prime, spread out, enlarged every way, in body and estate, rosy, handsomely dressed, saw around them nothing but prosperity. A paradise of their own, in which they saw their children already developed into that manly and femining beauty so conspicuous in our kindred of the south; their children already taking root in the land and twining their branches amongst those of other opulent families, they felt the full truth of Robinson's rude salutation, as he exclaimed, on coming to a fresh and more striking view

of the house and grounds,—
"Ah! Tattenhall, Tattenhall!" giving him
one of his jocose pokes in the side, "didn't
I say you knew very well what you were
about when you came here, eh? Mrs. Tattenhall, ma'au? Who said it? Robinson, tenhall, ma'au wasn't it, eh?"

When they returned to the house, and had taken ten in a large tent on the lawn, and the young people had played a lively game of romps or bo-peep amongst the bushes of the shrubbery, with much languter, the great shrubbery, with much laughter, the great drawing-room was lighted up, and very soon there was heard the sounds of violins and dancing feet. My brother Uriah and his wife were at that moment sitting under the veraidah, enjoying the fresh evening air, the scent of tropical trees and flowers which stole silently through the twilight, and the clear, deep blue of the sky, where the magnificent constellations of Orion and the Secritical Secr pion were growing momentarily into their full nocturnal splendour. As the music broke out my brother Uriah affectionately pressed

and encouraging through the times of their difficulty and depression, and saying "Thank God for all this!" the pressure was as affectionately and gratefully returned. Then my brother and his wife rose up, and passed into the blaze of light which surrounded the gay and youthful company within.

THE BARMAID.

SHE was a pretty, gentle girl—a farmer's orphan daughter, and the landlord's niece—whom I strongly suspected of being engaged to be married very shortly, to the writer of the letter that I saw her reading at least twenty times, when I passed the bar, and which I more than believe I saw her kiss one night. She told me a tale of that country which went so pleasantly to the music of her voice, that I ought rather to say it turned itself into verse, than was turned into verse by me.

A little past the village
The inn stood, low and white,
Green shady trees behind it,
And an orchard on the right,
Where over the green paling
The red-checked apples hung,
As if to watch how wearily
The sign-board creaked and swung.

The heavy-laden branches
Over the road hung low,
Reflecting fruit or blossom
In the wayside well below;
Where children, drawing water,
Looked up and paused to see,
Amid the apple branches,
A purple Judas Tree.

The road stretch'd winding onward
For many a weary mile—
So dusty footsore wanderers
Would pause and rest awhile;
And panting horses halted,
And travellers loved to tell
The quiet of the wayside inn,
The orchard, and the well.

Here Maurice dwelt; and often
The sunburnt boy would stand
Gazing upon the distance,
And shading with his hand
His eyes, while watching vainly
For travellers, who might need
His aid to loose the bridle,
And tend the weary steed.

And once (the boy remember'd
That morning many a day—
The dew lay on the hawthorn,
The bird sang on the spray)
A train of horsemen, nobler
Than he had seen before,
Up from the distance gallopp'd,
And paused before the door.

Upon a milk-white pony,
Fit for a facry queen,
Was the loveliest little damsel
His eyes had ever seen;

A servant-man was bolding
The leading rein, to guide
The pony and its inistress
Who cantered by his side.

Her sunny ringlets round her A golden cloud had made, While her large hat was keeping Her caim blue eyes in shade; One hand held firm the ailken remo To keep her steed in cheek, The other pulled his tangled tunne, Or stroked his glossy neck.

And as the boy brought water,
And loosed the rein, he heard
The sweetest voice, that thank'd him
In one low geutle word;
She turned her blue eyes from him,
Look'd up, and smiled to see
The hanging purple blossoms
Upon the Judax Tree.

And show'd it with a gesture,
Ifalf pleading, half command,
Till he broke the fairest blossom,
And land it in her hand;
And sho tied it to her saddle
With a ribbon from her hair,
While her happy laugh rang garly.
Like silver on the air.

But the champing steeds were re-ted-The housemen now spurr'd on, And down the dusty highway They vanish'd and user gone. Years pass'd, and many attracter Paused at the old inn-door, But the little milk-white pony And the child return'd un more.

Years pass'd, the apple branches
A deeper shadow shed;
And many a time the Judas Tree,
Blossom and leaf lay dead.
When on the lostering western breeze
Came the bells' merry sound,
And flowery arches rose, and flags
And banners waved around.

And Maurice stood expectant.
The bridal train would stay
Some moments at the innudeur,
The eager watchers say;
They come—the cloud of dust draw pour
'Mid all the state and prode.
He only sees the golden hair
And blue eyes of the bride.

The same, yet, ah! still fairer,
He knew the face once more.
That bent above the pony's neck.
Years past at the intedeer.
Her shy and smiling eyes look'd cound.
Unconscious of the place.
Unconscious of the cager gars.
He fix'd upon her face.

He pluck'd a blossom from the tree The Judas Tree - and cast
Its purple fragrange towards the bode,
A message from the Past,

The signal came, the horses plunged-Once more she smiled around The purple blossom in the dust Lay trampled on the ground.

Again the slow years fleeted, Their passage only known By the height the Passion-flower Around the porch had grown; And many a passing traveller Paused at the old inn-door, But the bride, so fair and blooming Return'd there never more.

One winter morning, Maurice, Watching the branches bare, Rustling and waving dimly In the grey and misty air, Saw blazon'd on a carriage Once more the well-known shield, The nzure fleurs-de-lis and stars Upon a silver field.

He looked-was that pale woman, So grave, so worn, so sad,
The child, once young and smiling,
The bride, once fair and glad?
What grief had dimm'd that glory
And brought that dark eclipse
Upon her blue eyes' radiance,
And saled these teembling line? And paled those trembling lips?

What memory of past sorrow,
What stab of present pain,
Brought that deep look of anguish,
That watch'd the dismal rain,
That watch'd (with the absent spirit
That looks, yet does not see) That looks, yet does not see)
The dead and leafless branches
Upon the Judas Tree.

The slow dark months crept onward 'Till April broke in showers, And Spring smiled forth in May, Upon the apple-blossoms
The sun shone bright again,
When slowly up the highway
Came a long funeral train.

The bells toll'd slowly, sadly, For a noble spirit fled; Slowly, in pomp and honour, They bore the quiet dead. Upon a black-plumed charges One rode, who held a shield, Where naure fleurs-de-lis and stars Shone on a ulver field.

'Mid all that homage given To a fluttering heart at rest, Perhaps an honest sorrow Dwelt only in one brea One by the inn-door standing Watch'd with fast-dropping tears The long procession passing, And thought of bygone years.

The boytsh, alent homage To child and bride unknown, The pitying tender sorrow Kept in his heart alone, Now laid upon the coffin With a purple flower, might be

Told to the cold dead sleeper; The rest could only see A fragrant purple blossom Pluck'd from a Judas Tree.

THE POOR PENSIONER.

I mer her in the corridor, walking to and fro, and muttering to herself with a down-looking aspect, and a severe economy of dress, the season considered. I wondered how she came there, and was, to say the least of it, decidedly startled when she stopped directly opposite me, and, lifting a pair of blank, brown eyes to my face, said, in

a stern voice :

pair of blank, brown eyes to my face, said, in a stern voice:

"He was not guilty, my lord judge. God will right him yet. It will all come out some day. I can wait: yes, I can wait. I am more patient than death: I am more patient than injustice."

I made a hasty and undignified retreat down stairs when she left the passage free, and, meeting the waiter, inquired who the woman was. The man touched his forehead significantly, and said that she was harmless (I was very glad to hear it); and that she lived on the broken victuals; and that his mistress always gave her a dinner on Christmas-day. While we were speaking together, she descended to where we stood, and repeated the exact formula of which she had made use before. She was a tall woman, strong-limbed, and thin to meagreness. She might be fifty, or perhaps fifty-five; her skin was withered, and tauned by exposure to all sorts of weather, and her uncovered his reason.

was withered, and tanned by exposure to all sorts of weather, and her uncovered hair was burnt to a rusty iron-grey. The waiter suggested to her to go to the kitchen fire; at which she broke into a scornful laugh, and reiterated, "I am more patient than death. I am more patient than death. I am more patient than death of the waiter, opening my door for me to enter.

I do not think she feels it, sir," said the waiter, opening my door for me to enter.

I do not think she did. I watched her from my window. She took up a handful of the newly-fallen snow and thrust it into her bosom, then hugged it close, as if it were a living thing, that could be warmed by that eager clasp; I saw also, as she turned her dark face up towards the sky, that the angry scowl left it. I should imagine that all sensation in her was dead, except in one corner of her heart, to which had gathered the memory of some miserable wrong, whose neuteness would bide with her to the day of her death. her death.

Her name, as I learnt on further inquiry, as Hester. She had been born and bred in was Hester. She had been born and bred in the Yorkshire dales; her parents were of the yeoman class, and poor through improvidence rather than misfortune. As a girl, Hester was remarkable for her pride and her beauty, of which no more relies remained than are left of the summer rose-gurden in drear and misty November. She received the scant education ommon to her condition half-a-

century ago, and grew up a wild, wilful-tempered girl, impatient of all restraint, and eager for change and excitement. At six-teen she married, and very shortly after-wards her husband found it expedient to leave the dules, and to enlist in a regiment which was ordered on foreign service. Hester followed him to India, and led the life of camps for several years. During this in-terval her family lost sight of her completely; for, having parted in anger, no correspondence for, having parted in anger, no correspondence was kept up between them. This silence and separation lasted full nine years, during which time, Death dealt hardly with those left at home. Of all the large family of sons and daughters whom the old people had seen grow up to man's and woman's estate, not one survived. Their hearts began to soften towards the offending child, and they made efforts to learn if the regiment to which her husband belonged had returned to England. It had not. It had not.

One bleak and wintry night, while the solitary and bereaved couple were sitting by their silent hearth—it was a very lonely and retired spot where the house stood-a heavy step came up the little garden path. Neither of them stirred. They thought it was one of the farm-servants returning from the village, the farm-servants returning from the village, whither he had been sent on some errand. The curtains had not been closed over the window, and all the room, filled with the shine of a yule-tide fire, was visible to the wayfarer without. The mother sat facing the window; lifting her slow, dull gaze from the white wood-ashes on the hearth, she looked across towards it, and uttered a low, frightened cry. She saw a dark face peering in at the glass, which wore the traits of her daughter Hester. She thought it was her wraith, and said so to the old man, who, taking a lantern, went out to see if anybody taking a lantern, went out to see if anybody was lurking about. It was a very boisterous night: loud with wind, and black with clouds of sleety rain. At the threshold he stumbled over a dark form, which had crouched there for the slight shelter afforded by the porch. He lowered the lantern, and threw the light on the face of a woman.

"Dame! dame! It is our bairn: it is lile Hester!"

Hester!

The mother appeared, and, with a great,

gasping cry, recognised her daughter.
They led her into the house, towards the glowing heat of the fire, and set her down by the hearth; for her limbs would scarcely support her. support her. Hester were a thin and ragged cleak, beneath the folds of which she had hidden her child from the storm. He had cloak, beneath the folds of which she had hidden her child from the storm. He had fallen asleep in her bosom; but as her mother removed the dripping garment from her shoulders, he woke up with a laugh of childish surprise and pleasure. He was a fine, well-grown boy, of from six to seven years old, and showed none of those signs of want and suffering which had graven premature age upon the wasted features and gaunt deeply irritated at his persistence as to appear to the control of t

fore Hester recovered from her from exhaustion, and then her first and cages

demand was for food for the cheld.

"O Heaven, pity me!" cried the obliveman, who was weeping over the pair. "Heater and her lad starving, while there was to spare at home!"

She supplied their wants soon, and would have taken the boy; but Hester held him to her with a close and jealous grasp, chaing his limbs, warming his little hands in her bosom, and covering his hand with parameters. kisses.

kisses.

He fell asleep in her arms at last; and then she told her brief story. She was widowed; her husband had died in India from wound-fever, and she had been sent home to England; on her arrival there she found herself destitute, and had traversed the country on foot, subsisting by the casual charity of strangers. Thus much she said and no more. She indulged in no details the own exquisite sufferings: ner have the and no more. She indulged in no details of her own exquisite sufferings; perhaps the were forgotten, when she ended by axyong, "Thank the Lord, the lad is saved!"

Hester lived on at the farm with her parents; and, as the old man failed more and a state of the river and the research.

more daily, she took the vigorous management of it upon herself, and things throve with them. By degrees, her beauty was more daily, she took the vigorous management of it upon herself, and things throve with them. By degrees, her beauty was restored, and then she had repeated offers of marriage; for, the inheritance which would be hers at her father's death was by no means despicable. But, she kept herself single, for the lad's sake. Wilfred grew strong, handsome, and high-spirited—like his mother, indeed, with whom, much as they loved each other, he had many a fierce contention. He never could hear to be thwarted or checked by her, and often Hester, in the bitterness of her unbridled anger, would cry, "O Wilfred! it would have been better for thee and thy mother if we had died on the degreeous at the snow, that night we came home."

Still, she had an intense pride in him; and always, after their quarrels, she allowed he extravagance to have freer scope, though

arways, after their quarrels, she allowed he extravagance to have freer scope, though that was what usually led to their desputes. As might have been expected, Wilfred, unter such uncertain training, became reach wild, and domineering, though he present a certain rough generosity and frankeed of character which redeemed his faults, and made him a favourity and made him a favourite with the country and a sort of king amongst his company whose superior in all rustic sports he w

"I would sell the Ings to save your life, Wilfred, but for nothing less!"

There was at this time, living on a neighbouring farm, an old man of Price, who had a grand-daughter to keep his house. She was called Nelly; and, besides being a small heiress, was a beauty, and something of a coquette. Nelly and a short, plump little figure; a complexion as soft and clear as a blush-rose, and auburn hair. Wilfred fell in love. He was a tall, hardy, self-willed, and proud young fellow; but in Nelly's hands he was plustic as wax, and weak as water. She encouraged him, teased him, caressed him, mocked him, set him weak as water. She encouraged him, teased him, caressed him, mocked him, set him beside himself. She played off all her little witcheries and fascinations upon him; looked sweetly unconscious of their mischievous influence; and, when Wilfred stormed laughed in his face. He and raved, she laughed in his face. He and raved, she laughed in his face. He wanted to marry her immediately; she had played with him long enough, he thought; and one evening when she had been soft and coy, rather than teasing, he put his fortune to the proof. She told him flatly she did not like him—wherein Nelly told anything but the truth, as perhaps better women have done under like circumstance. Wilfred took her reply in earnest, and went away in a rage—mad, jealous, and burn-

ing with passionate disappointment. Hester hated Nelly, and gave her not a few hard words; for in her camp life, the mother had expressive than culled some epithets, more expressive than polite, which she used with vigorous truth when her wrath was excited. She kept her son's wound raw and sore by frequent scornful allusions to his "Nelly Graceless," and did her best to widen the breach between them with ample success.

Wilfred stayed away from the Prices for

ten whole days.

This desertion did not suit the golden-headed but tinsel-hearted little coquette. She contrived to meet him in a shady wood-walk, where they had often loitered together. He was out with his dog and gun; very ill at ease in mind, for his handsome face looked sullen and dangerous, and he would not see her as she passed by. Mortified and angry, Nelly went home and cried herself ill. Wil-fred heard she had caucht a fever and must Nelly went home and cried herself ill. Wilfred heard she had caught a fever, and must needs go to ask. She met him at the garden gate, with a smile and a blush; whereat Wilfred was so glad, that he forgot to repreach her. There was, in consequence, a complete reconciliation, ratified by kisses and promises—light coin with beauty Nell, but real heart-gold with poor, infatuated Wilfred. Hester almost despised her son when she heard of it.

"She is only fooling thee, lad!" said she,

"She is only fooling thee, lad!" said she, indignantly. "Come a richer suitor to the door, she il throw thee over. She is only a light, falso-hearted lass, not worth a whistle of thine."

Therein Hester spake truth.

Nelly played with her lover as a cat plays with a mouse. Wilfred urged their marriage. She would one day, and the next day she would not. Then arose other difficulties. would not. Then arose other difficulties. Hester did not want an interloper by her fire-side, and would not give up the farm to her son; in fact, else was so jealous of his affection, that the thought of his marriage was hateful to her. Old Price said tue young tokks might settle with him, if they would; but Nelly liked the house at the Ings better, and thought Wilfred ought to take her there. When he explained that the her there. When he explained that the property was his mother's for her life, she immediately accused him of not loving her, and assumed a decided coldness and repulsiveand assumed a decided coldness and repulsive-ness of manner. Wilfred, both hurt and angry, tried to give her up, but his bonds were not so easily escaped. If he stayed away from her two days, on the third he was sure to be at her side, either winning her with tender words, or reproaching her with bitter ones. Nelly must have found the game a pleasant one, for she kept it up a long time, undergoing herself as many changes of hue and form as a bubble blown up into the sunshine. sunshine.

sunshine.

Frequently, during his lengthy visits at the Glebe Farm, Wilfred had encountered a man, Joseph Rigby by name, a dales-yeoman, and one of considerable wealth, but no education. This man was one of the last in the world to excite jealousy; but presently Wilfred was compelled to see that Nelly gave the coarse-mannered, middle-aged Rigby, more of her attentions than consorted with her position as his promised wife. He more of her attentions than consorted with her position as his promised wife. He charged her with the fact. At first she denied it with blushes, and tears, and loud protestations; but at last confessed that Rigby had proposed to her—she did not dere to add that she had half-accepted him. They parted in mutual depleasure; and old Price said, as they agreed so badly, they had better break off the match, and Nelly should marry Joseph Rigby, who was well-to-do, and would know how to keep his wife in order. Wilfred went near her no more.

went near her no more.

Presently, it was rumoured in the countryside that Nelly Price and Mr. Rigby were to
be married after the October fairs. Hester would repeat his bargain before Saint Mark's, and rejoiced greatly at her son's escape.

Meanwhile, Wilfred went about the farm

and the house, silent, moody, and spiritless. He was quite changed, and, as his mother thought, for the better. Instead of associating with his former companions, he stayed much at home, and again renewed his entreaties that his mother would sell the Ings, and leave the dales altogether. He wanted to emigrate. He did not care where they went, so that they got away from that hateful place. Hester was as reluctant as ever to comply; but she modified her refusal—they would try a year longer: if he were still in the same

noted at the end of that period-well, perhaps

she would yield to his urgent wishes.

On the morning of the Leeford Fair he left home early, and returned towards dusk—so it was said by Hester. No other person saw him until noon next day. Joseph Rigby was found murdered, and thrown into a gully by the Leeford road, that night. There were traces of a violent struggle upon the road, and the body had been dragged some distance. It had been rifled of money and watch, but a broad engraved ring which Rigby were on the fourth finger of his left hand, was not removed. He was known to have left the market-hall at Leeford with a considerable sum in gold upon his person, for have left the market-hall at Leeford with a considerable sum in gold upon his person, for his brother-in-law had remonstrated with him about carrying so much; but the doomed man made light of his warnings. The whole country-side was up, for the murder was a barbarous one. Suspicion fell at once ou Hester's son. His behaviour at Leeford had attracted observation. He had been seen to Hester's son. His behaviour at Leeford had attracted observation. He had been seen to use angry gestures to Rigby, who had laughed at him, and had offered the young man his hand, as if wishing to be friends; the other had rejected it, and turned away, shaking his clenched fist. He had also been seen to mount his horse at the inu door, and ride off in the afternoon. Rigby started about an hour later, and alone. He was seen no more until his body was found in the ditch by some mon going to their work in the morning.

when Wilfred was taken, he and his mother were sitting by the fireside together; she sewing; he reading. It was towards twilight, and he had not been over the threshold all day. He was very downeast and gloomy; irritable when spoken to, and short in his answers. His mother said to him that he was very strange, and added that she wished he would give over hankering after Nelly Graceless. He laughed painfully, and did not lift his eyes from his book. There was a loud knock at the door. Hester There was a loud knock at the door. Hester rose and opened it. Three men pushed their way into the house, the foremost asking if

her son was at home.

"Yes; he is in there, by the fire. What do you want with him?"

"You must come with us Mr Wilfred.

"You must come with us, Mr. Wilfred-nay, it's no use showing fight," cried a burly, muscular fellow, laying his hand heavily on his shoulder; for Wilfred had turned deadly pale, and had attempted to shake off the man's grasp.
"What is it for?" asked Hester, with her

cyes on her son.

God knows.-I don't," said he, quietly. "Mr. Rigby was robbed and murdered last night, as he came home from Leeford Fair, and suspicion points at your lad, mistress," said the man, who still held his hand on Wilfred's shoulder.

Hester gave utterance to no frantic de-unds; she laughed, even. "Why he was at home by this hour yester-

day, in this very room, at his tra. Want't he, Jessy!" said she, turning to the mad-servant; who, with a countenance of alarm,

stood by the door.

The girl said "Yes;" then hesitated, and added that she didn't see young master when

"I was up-stairs," said Wilfred.

"I was up-stairs," said Wilfred.

"You had better keep all that for another time and place: you must go with us now," observed the man.

Wilfred made no resistance. His mother brought him his coat, and helped him to put it on.

it on.

"Say then didn't do it, Willy—only and so?" whispered she, fiercely.

"I didn't mother: so help me, God!" was

"You hear him!" cried Hester, turning to the men; "you hear him! He never lied in his days. He might have killed Rigby in a fair tight, or in hot blood; but he is not the had to lie in wait at night to murder his enemy and rob him! He is not a thirf, this son of mine!"

a thief, this son of nime!"
The officers urged their departure. Wilfred was placed in the vehicle which had been brought for the purpose, and driven off.
"I'll follow thee, Willy!" cried his apother, "Keep up thy heart; they can't touch thee! Good-bye, my poor lad!"
They were out of hearing, and Hester turned back into the house, cursing Nully Grandless in her heart.

Graceless in her heart

Wilfred was committed to take his trud at the winter gaol-delivery on a charge of what murder. The evidence against him was overwhelming. Hester sold the Ings and collected all the money she could, that if gold would buy his redemption, it might be done; for herself, she had a perfect tath it his innocence, and was confident of his acquittal, but few persons, if any, shared her feelings. The best legis indvice had been retained for the accused, and the trisl came as shortly before Christmas. Hester was taken by witness for her son. The woman described to the controlled herself over and over any and at last, flurried and confused, she has into tears, crying out that she would as Wilfred was committed to take his trial at and at last, flurried and confused, she had not tears, crying out that she would anything to get her young master off. I was nobody to speak with certaint to the prisoner's having been at home certain hour but his mother; he had put horse into the stable himself, the ground absent at the fair, and Jessy could not a that he was in to ten; she believed only one cun was used. only one cup was used.

Two witnesses, labourers on a farm the Ings, swore to having seen and spoke the prisoner after the hour stated; they as the was riding fast, and seemed agitated, it was too dark to see his face. Nelly Proalso had her word against him; it was from her reluctantly, in the midst of shanfaced tears and noisy sobs, but it quite as

throw the attempt to prove an alibi. She stated that she had watched until dark, in the garden, for Wilfred's return from Leeford, and had not seen him go by. The prisoner never looked towards her, but murmured that he had gone home by the bridle-road and Low Lane to avoid passing the Glebe Farm. The Lane to avoid passing the Glebe Farm. The former witnesses, on being recalled, said that to the highway, nearly a mile from the place where the lower road branched off, and nearer to the Ings, that they encountered the accused. These two decent men, being strictly cross-examined, never swerved to the first story and arread in from their first story an iota, and agreed in every particular. They were individuals of decent character; both had worked on the prisoner's farm, and acknowledged him to be a liberal and kind master. Their evidence was not to be shaken. As a final and damning proof of guilt, the watch of which the murdered man had been robbed was produced: dered man had been robbed was produced; it had been found concealed under the thatch of an out-house at the Ings. At this point of the evidence the prisoner was observed to draw himself up and look round defiantly,— despair gave him a fictitious strength, per-

despair gave him a necitious strength, perhaps, or, was it conscious innocence!

Wilfred spoke in his own defence, briefly, but strongly. His life, he said, was sworn away, but he was as guiltless of the crime laid to his charge as any of those gentlemen who sat in judgment upon him. His mother, who had remained in court all the time and

who had remained in court all the time and had never spoken except when called upon for her evidence, had preserved a stoical calmness throughout. When he ceased to speak however, she cried out in a quivering voice:

"My lad, thy mother believes thee!"

Some friend would have led her out, but she refused to go. The jury gave their verdict of guilty without any recommendation to mercy, and the sentence of death was prenounced. Then it was that Hester rose on her feet and faltered that formula of words with which she had startled me in the with which she had startled me in the corridor :

"He is not guilty, my lord judge. God will right him yet. It will all come out ome day. I can wait; yes, I can wait. I am more patient than death. I am more

wilfred died stubborn and unconfessing; on the scaffold, with his last breath, he persisted in asserting his innocence. His mother bade him farewell, and was carried to this inn, where she had stayed, raving in a frenzy-fit. For many months she was subject to restraint, but, recovering in some measure, she was at length set at liberty. Her mind was still distraught, however; she wandered back to the dates and to her old home, but the new owner had taken possession, and after enduring her intrusions for some time, he was com-

pelled to apply for her removal.

After this, her money being lost or exhausted, she strayed about the country in a purposeless way; begging or doing day's

work in the field, until she strayed here again, and become the Pensioner of the Holly Tree. The poor demented creature is always treated kindly, but her son's sentence has not yet been reversed in men's judgment. Every morning during the time judgment. Every morning during the time the judges are in the neighbouring Assize town she waits in one of the streets through which they must pass to reach the court; and as the gilt coach, the noisy trumpets, and the decrepit halberdiers, go by, she scowls at them from beneath her shaggy brows, and mutters her formula of defiance. She will die saying it : comforting her poor, worn, wounded heart

with its smarting balm.

Will she find, when she comes before the Tribunal of Eternal Decrees that she has leaned thus long upon a broken reed, or will she find her son there, free from the guilt of

The Great Judge only knows.

THE BILL

I could scarcely believe, when I came to the last word of the foregoing recital and finished it off with a flourish, as I am apt to do when I make an end of any writing, that I had been snowed up a whole week. The time had hung so lightly on my hauds, and the Holly-Tree, so bare at first, had borne so many berries for me, that I should have been in great doubt of the fact but for a piece of documentary evidence that lay upon my

table.

The road had been dug out of the snow, on the previous day, and the document in question was my Bill. It testified, emphatically, to my having eaten and drunk, and warmed myself, and slept, among the sheltering branches of the Holly-Tree, seven days and sight.

nights.

nights.

I had yesterday allowed the road twentyfour hours to improve itself, finding that I
required that additional margin of time for the
completion of my task. I had ordered my
Bill to be upon the table, and a chaise to be
at the door, "at eight o'clock to-morrow
evening." It was eight o'clock to-morrow
evening, when I buckled up my travelling
writing-desk in its leather case, paid my
Bill, and got on my warm coats and
wrappers. Of 'course, no time now remained for my travelling on, to add a frozen
tear to the icicles which were doubtless hanging plentifully about the farm-house where I ing plentifully about the farm-house where I had first seen Angela. What I had to do, was, to get across to Liverpool by the shortest open road, there to meet my heavy baggage and embark. It was quite enough to do, and I had not an hour too much time to do it in.

I had taken leave of all my Holly-Tree friends—almost, for the time being, of my bashfulness too—and was standing for half a minute at the Inn-door, watching the oatler as he took another turn at the cord which tied my portmanteau on the chaise,

saw lamps coming down towards the Holly-Tree. The road was so padded with snow that no wheels were audible; but, all of as who were standing at the Inn-door, saw lamps coming on and at a lively rate too, between the walls of mow that had been heaped up, on either side of the track. The chambermaid instantly divined how the case stood, and called to the ostler: "Tom, this is a and called to the ostler: "Tom, this is a Gretna job!" The ostler, knowing that her sex instinctively scented a marriage or anything in that direction, rushed up the yard, bawling, "Next four out!" and in a moment the whole establishment was thrown into commotion.

I had a melancholy interest in seeing the happy man who loved and was beloved; and, therefore, instead of driving off at once, I therefore, instead of driving off at once, I remained at the Inn-door when the fugitives drove up. A bright-eyed fellow, unaffed in a mantle, jumped out so briskly that he dimest overthrew me. He turned to apologise, and, by Heaven, it was Edwin!

"Charley!" said he, recoiling. "Gracious powers, what do you do here!"

"Edwin," said I. recoiling, "Gracious powers, what do you do here!" I struck my forchead as I said it, and an insupportable blaze of light are not to shoot before my eyes.

" Gracious

scened to shoot before my eyes.

He hurried me into the little parlor (always kept with a slow fire in it and no poker), where posting company waited while their were putting to; and, shutting the

door, said:
"Charley, forgive me!"
"Edwin!" I returned. "Was this well?
When I loved her so dearly! When I had
garnered up my heart so long!" I could say no more.

He was shocked when he saw how moved I was, and made the cruel observation, that he had not thought I should have taken

that he had not thought I should have taken it so much to hear.

I looked at him. I reproached him no more. But I looked at him.

"My dear, deer Charley," said he; "don't think ill of me, I beseech you! I know you have a right to my utmost confidence, and, believe one, you have ever had it until now. I abhor secresy. Its meanness is intolerable to me. But, I and my dear girl have observed it for your sake."

If and his dear girl! It steeled me.

"You have observed it for my sake, sir?" said I, wondering how his frank face could face it out so.

"Yes!—and Angela's," said he.

"Yes!—and Angela's," said he.

I found the room reeling round in an uncertain way, like a laboring humming-top.
"Explain yourself," said I, holding on by one hand to an arm-chair.

"Dear old darling Charley!" returned Ed-win, in his cordial manner, "consider! When you were going on so happily with Augela, you were going on so happily with Augela, why should I compromise you with the old gentleman by making you a party to our engagement, and (after he had declined my proposale) to our secret intention? Surely it proposals) to our secret intention i barry, was better that you should be able honorably to say, 'Ho never took coursel with me, to sav. never told me, never breathed a word of it never told me, never breathed a word of it.' If Angela suspected it and showed me all the favor and support she could — God bless her for a precious creature and a priceless wife!—I couldn't help that. Neither I nor Emmeline ever told her, any more than we told you. And for the same good reason, Charley; trust me, for the same good reason, and no other upon earth!"

Enumeline was Angela's cousin. Lived

Edwin ?" said I, embracing him with the Edwin Property. greatest affection.

"My good fellow!" said he. "Do you sup-pose I should be going to Grotna Green without her!"

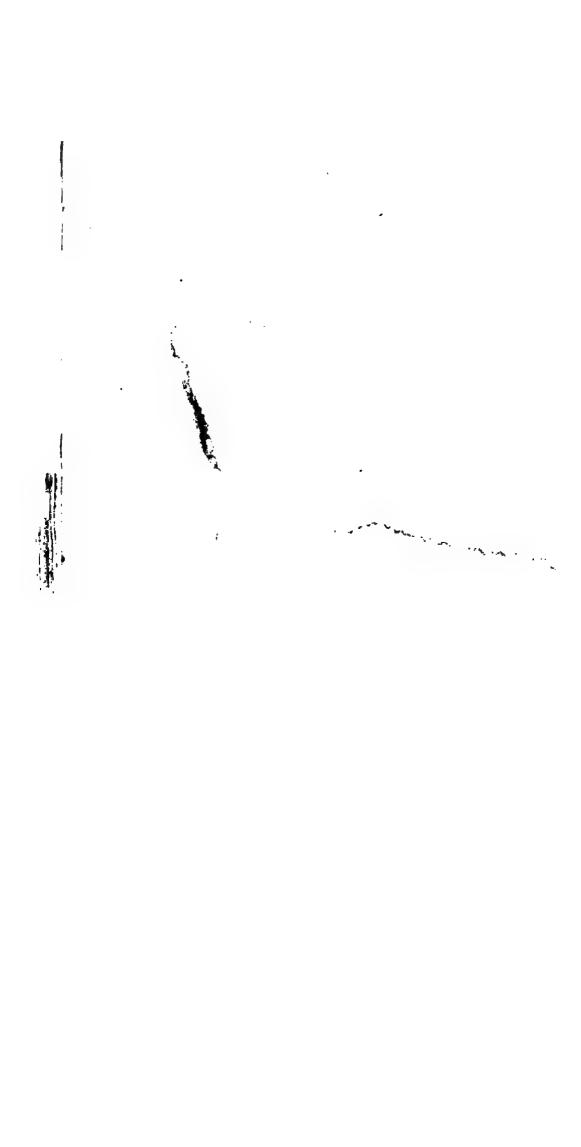
I ran out with Edwin, I opened the chaise for, I took Emmeline in my arms, I folded or to my heart. She was wrapped in soft

door, I took Emmeline in my arms, I folded her to my heart. She was wrapped in soft white fur, like the snowy landscape; but was warm, and young, and lovely. I put their leaders to with my own hands, I gave the boys a five-pound note a-piece, I cheered them as they drove away, I drove the other way myself as hard as I could pelt.

I never went to Liverpool, I never went to America, I went straight back to London, and I married Angela. I have never until this time, even to her, disclosed the secret of my character, and the matrust and the mataken journey into which it led me. When she, and they, and our eight children and their seven—I mean Edwin's and Emmeline's, whose eldest girl is old enough now to wear she, and they, and our eight chairen and their seven—I mean Edwin's and Emmeline's, whose eldest girl is old enough now to wear white fur herself, and to look very like her mother in it—come to read these pages, as of course they will, I shall hardly fail to be found out at last. Never mind! I can bear it. I began at the Holly-Tree, by idle accident, to associate the Christmas time of year with human interest, and with some inquiry into, and some care for, the lives of those by whom I find myself surrounded. I hope that I am none the worse for it, and that no one near me or afar off is the worse for it. And I say, May the green Holly-Tree flourish, striking its roots deep into our English ground, and having its germinating qualities carried by the birds of Heaven atl over the worl!

THE END OF THE CHRISTMAS NUMBER FOR 1855.









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